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Ranma 1/2 - Tea Ceremony

It was annoying how often the pair of them wound up running into desperate weirdos. Case in point, the Daimonji family, who specialised in martial arts tea ceremony. No, you didn't misread that. Martial arts tea ceremony. Of all the forms of martial arts available, this one is perhaps the least obviously connected to reality. Gymnastics? Figure skating? Cheerleading? Physical activities with an obvious competitive bent. Dining? One need only watch Ranma and Genma eat to understand this.

The Japanese tea ceremony, though... That's a very specific tradition, one that is calm and poised. A refined experience that calms the nerves by its very nature. It's not the sort of thing you would imagine a fight going on within, or indeed anything competitive at all! Yet there they were. A school of martial arts that apparently stretched back for generations, with various different families teaching it, and there was even an arranged marriage between the children of two of those schools to create a stronger union.

Sometimes, it feels like you pick up a rock out there in the public and discover a world you never knew existed. Did you know, for example, that there's a theme park based on Asterix the Gaul? Yes, he is so popular in some parts of the world that they were able to open a theme park.

In any event, normally Ranma and Akane would have their little misadventure with whatever weirdo they stumbled upon, then either they would fall madly in love with one of them or disappear back under whatever rock their little world existed in. That's largely what they expected with martial arts tea ceremony*, that they'd never hear of it again. Receiving an invitation to the Daimonji home was completely out of left field.

"You don't think they split up already or something, do you?" Ranma asked.

"No, I heard she's already pregnant," Akane replied. "They hit it off pretty quickly, don't you think? For an arranged marriage, I mean."

"Yeah, well, not everyone is like us, some couples actually get along..." Ranma muttered to herself. Yes, herself. Ranma had elected to show up in girl form to minimise confusion. They'd only really seen 'her' as a girl, and explaining the curse in full detail would have only made things messier.

"Welcome, welcome!" Sentaro greeted them with far too much enthusiasm, and - Next to him was his wife, definitely showing signs of pregnancy. Goodness. "It is so good to see you both again."

"Ah, congratulations," Akane bowed, while Ranma stayed silent, trying not to stare at the bulging belly. "We're so glad it's worked out, aren't we Ranma?"

"Yeah, yeah," Ranma rolled on her heels. "So, why did you summon us out of the blue like that?"

Husband and wife shared an odd look between themselves, before beckoning for the two to enter with great big smiles on their faces. Ranma felt a little bit wary here. First time she'd met Sentaro, she'd been knocked out and carried off to 'marry' him, in an effort to put off the marriage to Satsuki. That's not the kind of first impression you simply brush off.

Oh well, whatever.

"The marriage is going well," Satsuki said, bowing as she efficiently went about making tea. Doing everything smoothly, preparing the leaves, the cups, the water with a style that bordered on superhuman. It was strange, she was engaging in it quickly, quicker than either Ranma or Akane felt they could conduct it, but they could easily track every single thing she was doing. "We are both perfectly happy and content."

"But...?" Ranma asked. They wouldn't have been called here if there was nothing else to it.

"But the interest in martial arts tea ceremony has waned somewhat," Sentaro said, nodding with an oddly stern expression on his face. "Now that the main two schools are joined, there's nobody to compete against - and nobody is seeking to learn the style!"

"We were wondering if you might be able to help us out," Satsuki said. She placed the tea in front of them and - initially, both Ranma and Akane thought 'sat down' but actually she'd been sitting and moving the entire time. It was more like she stopped moving and allowed herself to rest. "Oh, please! Please, let us train you in martial arts tea ceremony!"

"I'm not sure..." Akane began, only for Satsuki to rub her belly. "I mean, it's not really something we'd really use." She was rubbing that belly like it was a magic lamp. Akane squirmed a bit. Not hard to see, the financial future of this happy couple might depend on new students. "R-Ranma, maybe we could stand to learn a little about it?"

"Ain't gonna cost us anything, is it?" Ranma asked.

"Spread word of mouth, and the first lesson is free," Sentaro said. "You do not need to answer right away, of course."

"Yes, please take your time to think it through," Satsuki said. "For now, we should drink our tea and catch up on our lives. Such conversation is only natural during a tea ceremony."

Indeed, that made a great deal of sense to the two of them. Besides which, Ranma was a bit parched. A bit of tea would sure hit the spot right about now. She lifted the tea up to her lips and knocked it back in a single go -

And then... it was like a lightning bolt shot through her body. Ranma's pigtail unfurled, its colour changing from red to black. It retied itself into a smart bun on top of her head. Her demeanour changed, from being a sort of cute relaxed posture to one that was calmer, more refined, like all the little stresses had evaporated off her body with just that single cup of tea.

As for Akane, she'd almost had the cup to her lips when Ranma had downed hers. She stared at her fiance in utter horror, the change catching her completely off guard.

"R-Ranma?" she asked, the teacup dropping from her hand. "What just -"

"Careful, my beloved," Ranma said, elegantly catching the teacup before it fell, or even spilled a single drop of tea. "At a tea ceremony, one must not let shock or wonder distract you from your posture."

Telling Akane Tendo to calm down is not generally advisable. Instead of turning on Ranma though, she turned her attention to the two who had invited them here. "What was in that tea?"

"Nothing much," Sentaro said. "A little something we came up together, after comparing notes."

"You see, both schools have been grappling with this for some time now," Satsuki said, beaming at Akane. "How best to further recruitment? It turned out, both schools had part of the answer - but only part."

"Well, you'd better change her back right now -" Akane began, but before she could say another word, Ranma had taken a sip of the tea from Akane's cup, grabbed her chin and kissed her on the lips. Passing the tea directly into her mouth. At first, Akane's eyes went wide upon realising what was happening. The multiple layers, in fact, of what was happening... but that shock quickly left her body as she, too, transformed on the spot.

Her hair tied up, just like Ranma's, into a snug, cute little bun on top of her head. Of course, she had a bit less hair due to her bowl cut style, but that was fine - it grew out long enough to make up the difference. Once it had, the light faded a little in her eyes, her shoulders slumped, her aggression washed right off of her... and she began to kiss Ranma back. There was something there, a spark, something barely restrained. Like a boulder sitting on top of a hill about to fall, the water behind a dam at the moment it starts to break. It felt like any moment now, at the slightest release of pressure, the two of them would rip one another's clothes off and perform all manner of deviant acts upon one another.

"Goodness dear, you were right," Satsuki giggled to herself. "The two of them were into one another."

"Trust your husband's intuition more," Sentaro said. Oh, but his wife noticed him staring a bit too much at the cute girls making out, and playfully nudged him with her elbow. "Ahem! Yes, I think we can call this a rousing success." He had said rousing, not arousing, which may be the only

thing that saved him from another harsh nudge from his wife. "Girls, do pardon me. It is quite clear you are holding yourselves back. May I ask why?"

Ranma and Akane parted, and turned to him slowly. "Because there is a limit," Ranma smoothly replied, enunciating her words with great care.

"Indeed, a chaste kiss at a tea ceremony is stretching the boundaries of good taste... But to do more would be out of the question," Akane added. "May we retire to a private room? There are a few issues we need to sort out."

"Now, now, beloved. There is no need to rush," Ranma said, holding onto her tightly. "After all, we still have a few other issues to discuss first. For example, our families. They shall surely notice our unusual change in outlook."

"Can we watch?" Sentaro asked, before his wife nudged him again. "I mean, yes you are quite correct. Your families will be quite aware that something is amiss. Do you have something in mind?"

Indeed they did. Although, to pull it off, they were going to need a little help first...

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It wasn't exactly a common thing for an okonomiyaki restaurant to get called in to cater for an event, but - you know what, she was hurting for cash right now, so Ukyo decided to take it up. Some place owned by the Daimonji family, apparently? Friends of Ranma and Akane or something like that?

"Hello Ucchan," Akane said, greeting her at the door with a bow. Oh gosh, didn't she look fancy today? It made Ukyo feel a bit bad only having her hair up in a ponytail "Welcome to the Daimonji residence. Masters of martial arts tea ceremony."

Ukyo nodded along with that. As the practitioner of a strange food based martial arts style herself, she was in absolutely no place to argue the matter.

"Where's Ranchan," she asked while stepping inside, not seeing her best friend/future husband anywhere nearby.

"Oh, helping to set up," Akane said. "Please, take a seat while we wait for the husband and wife to arrive. Do you know why we are here today?"

Ukyo shook her head. No, actually. She had no idea at all.

"We are here to celebrate," Akane said. "This newlywed couple has been blessed with their first child, and they are gathering friends and family together to celebrate. Please, drink some tea."

Well, wasn't that nice? Ukyo sat down, feeling a bit uncomfortable at first. It had been a while since she'd practised the tea ceremony. Normally, she'd be behind a grill slaving away. Although... watching Akane go about it, that was kinda surreal. The girl was going about her business with the kind of smooth calm that Ukyo simply wasn't used to seeing from her. No wasted movements, no hesitation, none of the stuff she usually had when trying to cook or clean or whatever. She didn't use too much of her strength, or try to do something anyone with basic knowledge on the subject would tell you was a bad idea...

It was almost like watching a whole other person. It was a little eerie, she'd freely admit. Still, she seemed happy enough.

"Is Ranma in boy or girl form?" Ukyo asked to break the silence.

"Girl," Akane replied immediately. "She looks very cute, too."

Yeah no doubt about that. Still, Ukyo preferred the buff manly Ranma to the petite girly one. Oh well. It wasn't like she was here to flirt anyway. She was here to work. Akane quickly put a cup right in front of her, which Ukyo took with grace and poise. She lifted it to her lips -

And felt her world fall away. Her love of okonomiyaki was replaced, as if someone had done a search on her brain and surgically removed every bit that liked the dish she'd made her entire life and replaced it with tea ceremony. Her long hair untied itself from the ponytail and into a bun on top of her head. In an instant, she too was like a completely different person.

Her eyes had been opened. Her love of tea ceremony was now total and absolute. There was no need for her to pretend to be a boy, either. She would surely be more comfortable wearing a cute kimono, displaying her elegant, refined feminine figure, as she prepared tea alongside her fellow mistresses of tea ceremony - Ranma and Akane.

"Tonight, when the ceremony is done, we shall share a bed," Akane said, choosing her words with care, even as Ranma entered the room. Ukyo turned slightly to look at her, and had to restrain herself from falling over. Ranma shuffled over on her knees, retaining the sitting position the entire time until she was sitting opposite Ukyo. "How are the preparations proceeding, my fellow mistress?"

"All goes well," Ranma said. "Ukyo Kuonji, it is a pleasure to introduce you to this world of martial arts tea ceremony. Will you assist us in ensuring the stability of this venerated, traditional martial art?"

"Do you need to ask?" Ukyo calmly replied, though in truth her loins were burning for both the girls sitting near her. "One must do what one must do." She took another sip from the tea - and the bun on top of her head grew a bit larger. "Tradition is such an important thing, and together we shall see that it endures, as it should."

There was nothing strange about this, so far as she could see. So it was now traditional for three girls to enter a relationship like this, was it? No, one could hardly say that it was... but then again, most traditions are made up anyway, so why couldn't it become one from now on?

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For a long time now, Nodoka Saotome had been frighteningly lonely. She had been separated from her husband and son, who had become travelling martial artists, ever since Ranma was little. She missed him, dearly. Genma, less so. A promise had been made. That Ranma would grow up to become a man among men. The meaning behind that was a little subjective, she could readily admit - but she was confident that her husband would find a way to make it an objective fact.

Granted, the reason for that confidence was less to do with his own skills or intelligence and more to do with low cunning, and his eagerness to avoid death. For that had been the core idea here - if he could not manage this simple promise, seppuku would follow, with Nodoka acting as second for her husband and son. A cruel thing, don't you think?

Anyway, she had received a letter out of nowhere from the Daimonji family, telling her that they had news of her dear little Ranma. Oh, how must he look now? It was a little strange that this family had summoned her for news about him, but... She could hardly hold back now!

Nodoka knocked on the front door, and was greeted by a rather adorable young girl, who somewhat reminded her of a younger version of herself. A refined, young madam. If she hadn't known any better, she would have assumed this was her own daughter standing in front of her.

"Are you Nodoka Saotome?" the girl asked. Of course, she nodded and bowed in response to this, offering a reassuring smile to the nervous seeming, charming girl. "Please, if you would come in. We shall prepare some tea for you."

"Thank you, that would be much appreciated." Nodoka followed her inside without hesitation. Actually, part of her was anticipating this as well. A school dedicated to martial arts tea ceremony - they must be quite adept at brewing tea. Indeed, the girl that had greeted her had done so on her knees, and remained kneeling while guiding Nodoka inside. Astonishing. Truly, astonishing!

She was led to a wide open room, where the girl was already at work brewing the tea. "Would you mind telling us a little more about yourself?" the girl asked. "I... Ranma is quite eager to learn more about you."

"There is precious little to tell, I'm afraid," Nodoka said. "I am the wife of a poor travelling martial artist. Over the years, I have learned to be frugal and careful with money."

"I see," the girl said, looking up to look eyes with Nodoka. Oh! That smile. She would surely make any man feel quite fortunate, one day. "I can tell, Mrs Saotome, that you are a good and wonderful woman. You shall be able to meet your child shortly. In the meantime, please. Drink your tea."

Of course, how could she refuse? There was no reason to. Nodoka brought the tea to her lips - and felt her view of the world shift and change. She had come here to see her... daughter. Not her son. A master of martial arts tea ceremony in her own right. Ranma, dear Ranma! Her motherly love exploded in her chest, compelling her to reach out and hug this girl in front of her -

But such behaviour would not be appropriate for a tea ceremony like this. Nodoka swallowed her emotions, intending to unleash them at a more appropriate moment. Instead, she went for a more appropriate, polite and cordial conversation.

"You are doing well, my daughter," she said, bowing slightly. "Your tea is quite excellent."

"Your hair works better, tied up as a bun, mother." Ranma bowed. Oh yes, indeed. This was Ranma. What a charming young woman she had grown up to be. "For now, let us drink our tea, and discuss how we shall ensure the future of martial arts tea ceremony."

Ranma then took a sip of her tea - and the bun on top of her head grew ever so slightly. It was almost as though the hooks of martial arts tea ceremony were digging themselves deeper and deeper into her the more that she sipped... So far as Nodoka was concerned, that could only be a good thing.

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Nabiki couldn't believe she'd been pulled into this. The one person she could never pull anything over was, of course, Kasumi. It was like trying to trick a brick wall. She'd keep on doing what she was doing, smiling and nodding, and then the next thing you know you're going along with her.

It was kinda exasperating, really. By now, the few rare times where Kasumi asked her for help with something, Nabiki just... went along with the ride. Best thing for it really.

"What do you think Akane needs these kimonos for, anyway?" Nabiki asked, looking down at the carefully folded clothes she was carrying. "She normally only wears this sort of thing to a festival or special occasion."

"I'm sure we will find that out when we get there," Kasumi replied. What a stock, boring answer. Oh, never mind. Let's get this over with. They'd arrived at the stupid place where they were doing their stupid martial arts form. Honestly now, how were these idiots supposed to find this useful in any way, shape, or form? Answer: They couldn't possibly. There was no way! The whole thing was just... plain dumb. Martial arts tea ceremony, who would even come up with

something like that? A comedian telling a bad joke? That's the most realistic thing she could think of! Nobody could possibly take it seriously!

And yet, from what she could tell... they actually were. Both Ranma and Akane were skittering around the floor in a seated position. Somehow, Nabiki had to begrudgingly admit that they were doing something kinda impressive there, but even so...

"Where do you want these?" Nabiki asked. Eager to get out of here and get back to reading. She had better things to do than this nonsense.

"Now, now, there's no need to rush," Akane said, sounding... oddly patient and calm. "Please, won't you both join us for some tea?"

"Oh, yes! I'm quite eager to see this," Kasumi clapped her hands together. Urgh. Look at her, eager to get on with it. Whatever. Nabiki didn't have any real patience for this nonsense, but - "Come along Nabiki. Wouldn't you like to see the training Ranma and Akane have been doing together?"

"Not especially," Nabiki replied. But Kasumi simply smiled at her until Nabiki, grumbling away, sat down. Not in the same way the others were sitting down, mind. Rather, cross legged and uncouth, quite on purpose. She wasn't even in the mood for tea anyway. Whatever. She took her cup and slammed it back - Then felt impossibly giddy, as she felt quite embarrassed for sitting in such an unrefined manner at a tea ceremony. She straightened her back, she adjusted her posture, she set her tea cup back down in the proper manner, and bowed by way of apology. All the while, she could feel her hair growing out, tying itself up into a nice neat bun on top of her silly little head.

"Please accept my most profane apologies," she said, touching the floor with her forehead. "My conduct has been unbecoming of a guest. By way of penance, would you teach me in the ways of martial arts tea ceremony?"

Gone were her thoughts that this was foolish. Gone were her concerns about money. In their place, all that remained was a newfound love and appreciation for this most regal and austere of traditions. Next to her, Kasumi looked her over and took a sip of her own tea, remaining elegant and poised as she did so.

"Ah, I see, so you've all been brainwashed by the herbs in this tea," Kasumi said. "Yes, I thought I recognised the blend."

"How strange," Ranma said. "Your hair is changing, but your personality is not. Why is that?"

"Perhaps because I am already interested in martial arts tea ceremony," Kasumi replied. "Oh my. Trying to get us both at once was rather risky. It would have been safer for you to get us to drink it separately."

Ranma, Akane, and Nabiki all nodded in agreement with this. It didn't seem as though Kasumi had any particular problem with becoming an adherent to the martial arts tea ceremony style, just like them. In which case... They probably didn't actually need Ukyo or Nodoka after all. They could move forward with their plans, onto the next level, with no further difficulties.

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"And stay out!"

An unusual sight befell the streets of Furinkan. Actually, something unusual happening here probably wasn't too unusual in and of itself. Still, one could hardly call this a normal event by any means. Genma Saotome (panda form) and Soun Tendo were thrown bodily out the front gate of the Tendo family home by a pair of wooden ladles, gripped firmly in the hands of their very own children.

"But why?!" Soun wailed, while Genma held up a sign asking much the same question. "You said you were getting married! Oh, our children have betrayed us, Saotome!"

"It is because you lack the proper elegance," Ranma said, one hand holding a wooden ladle, the other clasped firmly in Akane's. Both on their knees, both wearing fine kimonos with their hair tied up into buns that were, by now, very large atop their heads. "From now on, this shall be the Saotome school of martial arts tea ceremony."

"Martial arts <i>what</i>?" Soun boggled in disbelief. "Saotome, we must do something about our - Saotome? Where are you going?!"

A sign flew down the street, striking Soun in the face just as a familiar looking woman in her late 30s strolled by. The sign read "Just saw the missus, gotta go!" By the time Soun had picked himself up, the gate had been closed, sealing him from the place that had been his own property.

Probably for the best really. Ranma and his daughters would be much happier without those two idiots mucking everything up.

Inside the training hall, Ukyo was painting a new sign to hang out front reading Saotome School of Martial Arts Tea Ceremony, while Nabiki and Kasumi were preparing bridal kimonos for Ranma and Akane. All of them seated, all of them zipping around the floor without rising at all. Each of them with a bun of varying size upon their heads. Signifying how deeply they had fallen into the grasp of martial arts tea ceremony.

"Oh, daughter!" Nodoka called out, moving into the property on her knees like the rest of them. "The date at the shrine is set! You will soon have a truly beautiful wedding!"

All of them were happy and content with how things had turned out. That might well prove to be the most unusual thing of all, in this little corner of the world. Calm, refined, genuine happiness and contentment, waiting for the moment that Ranma and Akane said the words 'I do'.

*fans of the anime are laughing to themselves right now about how there were four episodes surrounding this odd style, while the manga had it appear just once.

- Ranma and Akane pay a visit to the Daimonji family to find out how things are going.
- It's going well, though they lament for the lack of interest in martial arts tea ceremony. They then guilt trip Ranma into learning a bit more from them, but to his irritation.
- This results in Ranma getting hypnotised by the tea. Akane thinks she notices something is off with Ranma, but they claim that Ranma is simply getting into the tea ceremony.
- Ranma then demonstrates for Akane - and hypnotises her as well despite her caution.
- The two of them under now, they warn that others will find it weird that they're acting like this... But no fear. They will be shown the way as well.
- Starting with Ukyo, Ranma's best friend. She is invited to attend under the pretense of setting up a dinner for them, but is quickly accosted and hypnotised to join the new clan.
- When a girl drinks the tea, their hair grows out, long and dark with a bun atop their head. They must drink this tea daily to maintain their appearance and calmer outlook. They are refined, calmer, and thoroughly obsessed with tea ceremony. The only thing that makes them upset is if someone takes the ceremony lightly- this should be something that sets off Ranma when Akane does it, and both of them when Ukyo does it by accident.
- The three girls then perform a perfect martial arts tea ceremony among themselves, which takes a slightly lewder turn as they discuss what to do about their families.
- The next lured in is Nodoka, as the Daimonji family was able to track her down. They promise to introduce her to Ranma, and use this to bring her in. She will act as the mother figure for the group.
- Kasumi is next, called in by Akane to bring a new kimono over. She thinks it's cute Akane is training like this, and winds up drinking the tea - only for it to have no effect beyond changing her hair. She's been a practitioner of this style for a long time already, and is simply happy that Akane has found inner peace. She winds up joining anyway, as her beloved sister.
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Mariko's New Team, Shampoo + Kodachi

The sight of a Chinese girl cycling down the streets of Furinkan is not an unusual sight, regardless of the unusual colour of this girl's hair. A bright and stark lavender, that gave the impression of a bright, bubbly personality. Which was a fair assessment. However, that bubbly personality was hiding spikes within. Spikes that were, somehow, not bursting the bubbles containing them.

This girl was Shampoo of the Joketsuzoku. A tribe of warrior women who lived deep within China. They might seem a backwards, simple, even primitive village, but do not be fooled. They do have all the modern amenities. The appearance is simply for the tourists. What, would you like to pay a visit to the warrior women, a bustling modern metropolis where everyone has their cellphones out, playing on the latest Nintendo console or listening to music on a CD player? Or would you rather visit the mysterious village with straw roofs, that has maintained its tradition for millenia? While also playing on their Nintendo consoles inside said straw huts, watching news reports on televisions, calling up friends halfway across the country, and so on. The illusion brings in the punters, don't you know? They're a shrewd village. Cunning, and quite dangerous.

Shampoo certainly was a dangerous woman as well. Her mastery of martial arts outstrips her peers within the village, which once again, was one devoted to *warrior women*. So you know she's tough. She routinely walks through walls, knows a variety of dangerous shiatsu based martial arts tricks, is stronger than a truck and about as fast as a speeding train.

Think of it this way. In a village where martial arts is a major focus point for young women, would you be more afraid of the one that looks like an ogre, or the one that could have her picture on the cover of a fashion magazine? An odd question? Then consider this: That ogre took a lot of hits to the face. The warrior able to keep themselves beautiful was able to avoid those blows. How best to avoid taking blows in a fight? Easy. Strike first, and strike hard.

Today though, she was not engaging in martial arts. She was doing her job. Being strong doesn't pay the bills, you know. Her great grandmother had set up the Cat Cafe, which offered a takeout service. That's what she was returning from now, yet another delivery, made with plenty of time to keep the customers too, too satisfied. Her winning smile would surely help, too!

As she cycled along the road a familiar sight came before her eyes. It was a girl with a very distinctive hairstyle. A red pigtail bobbing along, and before her eyes the familiar face of her beloved, Ranma Saotome (girl form) came before her. Oho! Shampoo immediately peddled forward, excitement filling her young heart. She had a turbulent relationship with this cursed young man. At first she had not known about his Jusenkyo curse, that turned him into a girl. Now, she knew. Now, she accepted it. And now, she would show him the depths of her love, much as she had a hundred times before, and would do a thousand times again!

"Airen!" she called out, and for those of you who do not know how to speak Mandarin, that word basically means 'spouse'. A phrase reserved for the one that you love, to whom you are

betrothed. It was Shampoo's term of endearment, her announcement to the world and to Ranma that, so far as she and her village were concerned, they were already husband and wife. Or, uh, wife and wife sometimes. Like now, for example.

Ranma turned to look at her as she leaped through the air. "Yipes! Crazy chick incoming!"

Now, Ranma had some pretty quick reaction times going for her, but at this point there was no escaping Shampoo's grasp. She was getting glomped good and hard whether she wanted it or not. Given the expression on Ranma's face was one of muted shock and horror, we can safely surmise that "not" was how she felt currently.

Shampoo snuggled into her airen. It was funny. At first she hated this form, this face, this body due to the misunderstanding... But now, she is getting used to it. The man underneath was the one she loved, curse be damned. In fact, she'd started warming up to experimenting a bit with Ranma's cursed body, trying out this and that to see how they enjoyed themselves...

Except, wait a minute. Something wasn't quite right here. Was it the fact that Ranma wasn't trying to get away like normal? No, no, that was actually a nice change of pace. It let her snuggle in more. Was it the lack of the kitchen wrecker or annoying panda getting in the way of her funtime with her beloved? No, once again that was a welcome change of pace.

It soon clicked. Shampoo looked over Ranma once again and saw something very strange. Too, too strange indeed. Her airen was wearing a rather unusual outfit. A green dress, with a tiny frilly skirt. It showed off quite a lot of leg, and had an extremely girly atmosphere. That was strange. The only time her airen ever wore something so girly, it was to trick someone. The only one around to trick was Shampoo, and she didn't feel tricked...

"Why airen wear girly clothes?" Shampoo asked, gesturing in particular to the skirt. "Get challenged to dumb fight again?"

"Airen?" Ranma asked. "Sorry, I think you have me confused with someone else."

Yeah, sure. Shampoo snuggled her cheek right into Ranma's. "It too cute when airen play dumb!"

"No really!" Ranma said, sounding quite insistent. "Uh, I'm Ranma's twin sister, Ranko."

That was too stupid to be a lie. While Ranma had said many, many stupid lies over time, even he would not say something as dumb as this. Still, Shampoo had to check.

"Why airen not mention you before?"

"Since when has that jerk ever talked about his past when he didn't H-A-V-E to?" Ranko said, waving some weird filly balls around in her hand. It looked like someone had attached a bunch

of streamers to a tennis ball, to the point you couldn't even see the ball anymore. Very bright and glittery, very distracting.

Oh, hold on. Shampoo knew what this was. It was cheerleading. She'd seen it in a few sports on television sometimes. It seemed a bit silly to her, but whatever helped motivate the (typically male) players... Alright. Then she'd play along for the time being.

"Eh, you is cute sister?" she looked the girl over. "You look just like- "

"We're estranged twins!" Ranko said. "Uh, I lived with mother, and only recently got to meet my super cool brother again!" Kind of weird they both went for the same hairstyle. Some twins did that to mess with people, make them think they were talking to the other one. That didn't make as much sense for twins of different genders. Unless... you take the curse into account? Weird, too too weird!

In any event, whether it was Ranma or Ranko, this was a good chance to get close to her airen. Through family friendship, it would not be hard to get closer to him. If his sister liked her, then airen would like her too too much more. She would practically be family already!

That's how Shampoo's mind works, you understand. While Nabiki has the reputation for being the devious one around Furinkan, that's because it's the only thing she really has going for her. Shampoo? She's monstrously strong, but every bit as devious. Far more willing to physically hurt someone to get her way as well... Although, she'd rather not do that if she can find another way to do it. Like using her good looks to charm people into going along with her.

"So, sister is cheerleader?" Shampoo asked, and on cue Ranko began to demonstrate a fairly simple cheer. "Is too, too cute!"

"You wanna give it a t-r-y?" Ranko asked. She performed an alternating kneelift routine while shaking her arms around. All but thrusting those glittering, dazzling pompoms into Shampoo's face.

"Ah, no!" Shampoo waved it off. "Not Shampoo's style." Of course, she'd say that at first... which would encourage Ranko to tell her more about it. Which, in turn, would let her pretend to develop a keen mutual interest. From there, friendship blossoms, and Ranko would surely have no problem at all in - Gosh, that cheerleading routine was quite distracting.

"Oh, but I insist!" Ranko chanted along, knee lifting in time, turning around and planting her fist firmly in the sky. There was an odd cadence to it that Shampoo couldn't ignore. She tried to focus on her plan to befriend Ranko, but - All that came through was how much fun she was having.

It was such a big, happy smile that it made a small gasp escape her. "Ah!"

Ranko then switched up her routine slightly, spinning around and sticking her arms out to the side while performing a perfect high kick. Shampoo's martial arts mind couldn't help but analyse the form. Normally putting your arms out like that would leave you wide open to attack, but the speed, the angle, the ferocity of that snap kick... it was like a work of art. Beautiful and stunning.

"You'll be a -" Ranko continued, spinning around and stepping closer to Shampoo with each passing step. That poise, that grace, that sheer style. It was everything she adored about her airen, being represented through a different from than normal. The more she watched, the dizzier she got.

"- Great bit -" Ranko spun in place, whirlwinding her arms away from Shampoo while leaning in close, so close, somehow even closer than when Shampoo had hugged her before. She could smell Ranko, feel the softness and warmth of her skin. Through them, she could feel a reflection of the love she had for Ranma coming back at her.

"- Hit!" Ranko concluded, ending with a kiss on Shampoo's cheek. Reminiscent of the kiss of death. In a sense, yes it was. A death to Shampoo's previous life, her previous existence. For now, she felt a keen understanding of Ranko's hobby.

What would her airen think if she took it up? Would he think she was cute, like Ranko? Because Ranko was too, too cute. It was almost not fair. Shampoo looked down. She was holding a set of clothes. They were in the middle of the street - but who cared? She tossed her clothes aside, and in the blink of an eye had this new set on. Her new uniform.

"Go on, give it a T-R-Y!" Ranko said. "I'm sure my brother would L-O-V-E it!"

Ranma. Yes. If she could help herself look half as cute as Ranko D-I-D, then there was no way, no chance, no possibility that her airen could keep his hands off her. Shampoo's airen would be unable to look away. Unable to resist. Unable to fight the feelings burning deep within his heart.

And so, Shampoo put her uniform on. It was a cute pink number, the skirt even briefer than Ranko's and the midriff completely gone. Experimentally Shampoo gave it a quick try. She followed Ranko's lead. Knee lift, air strike, windmill your arms.

"Feel the L-O-V-E," Ranko said in time with her movements. "Do you feel the L-O-V-E?"

Shampoo nodded. Her heart was racing in her chest. Her eyes, completely glazed over... but life was starting to return to them. Her lips turned up. Into a bright smile to match Ranko's. She felt... happy. She felt content. She felt so, so much happier and so, so much more content than she could remember ever F-E-E-L-I-N-G!

"You right!" she called out happily next to Ranko. "This is too too much fun!" Her kneelifts got faster and faster, alternating between the two legs. Both of them were deceptively powerful, causing an updraft of air that caused interesting effects with both of their skirts.

"You're every bit as cute as I thought you'd be!" Ranko nodded. She then slipped in beside Shampoo, standing side by side with her as the two of them cheered.

But, you know, as she cheered - for how long, she couldn't say. She lost track of time, like this. A strange new feeling welled up inside her. She wanted to show Ranma her body. No, that wasn't strange... she wanted to show off her body to more than just her airen!

"Come on boys, come around! Shampoo want to flaunt what she got!" Shampoo cheered without even thinking about it. "Oooh, that weird, Shampoo not feel like that before!"

"Ah, ignore it," Ranko advised. "It's normal. I feel like that A-L-L the time!" Of course, Shampoo didn't realise that she was talking to the perpetually horny, high nymphomaniacal supernatural copy of her airen's cursed form. Yet. As such, she had no real basis for being a normal cheerleader, and accepted that this feeling was a-ok. "Come on, let's find some boys to show off for!"

That sounded like an amazing idea to this former warrior. From now on though, Shampoo was going to give that up. All so that she could cheer, cheer, cheer and spread the L-O-V-E!

-----Kodachi-----

For as long as she could remember, Ukyo Kuonji had rejected her femininity. It had started when the Saotomes abandoned her way back when - Not that she was an especially girly girl to start with. As an okonomiyaki chef in training, of course she'd wear a chef's clothes. Which meant trousers, an apron, nothing frilly or showy because you'd wind up getting food on yourself. The last thing you want is a hot piece of meat getting dropped on your thigh while cooking right?

Well, OMG, she'd been soooo stupid about this. Out in public, rocking this cheerleader uniform, Ukyo was feeling happier and more confident than she had ever felt. Her legs were on full display and she was L-O-V-ing every bit of attention coming her way.

"Ohohohohoho!"

Though that opinion may totally change in a moment, because who should appear but -
"Kodachi!"

The insane gymnast was leaping down from above, a ribbon lashed out from her hand. "That's right, feeble minded chef!" The ribbon snaked around Ukyo with remarkable speed, wrapping her up like an anaconda debating whether or not it wanted to eat the prey it had captured. "You have fallen victim to the Black Rose!"

Ukyo struggled against the ribbon, but it must have been infused with ki - or whatever. It was clearly made of silk or something similar to it, but this flimsy pink material wasn't giving an inch.

She was no slouch, either. Ukyo might not primarily be a martial artist, but she was decent enough to hang with Ranma... for a little while, before he got serious.

A scowl set upon her features as Kodachi landed in front of her. "Like, what are you up to this time?" Ukyo demanded.

"Moi?" Kodachi gestured at herself in faux surprise. "How foolish! I am not the one brainwashing the weak willed and foolish into joining their little cheerleading team!"

Oh. She knew about that, did she? Well, Kodachi might be crazy but she was also more alert than she was given credit for. This wasn't exactly the best situation for Ukyo to wind up in, she could only move her legs and even then just barely. Kodachi would be pulling out paralysis powder soon enough, and then it would be all over.

Kodachi put the back of her hand up against her forehead, smug as smug could be. It was really infuriating. Especially 'cuz she had a really cute body, nice long legs, but she absolutely ruined it with that superior attitude of hers.

"No doubt you were planning to subdue me as well at my home." Kodachi cackled. "But I decided to attack first, in all fairness."

Ukyo tilted her head. Attack first in all fairness, huh? That arrogance, that cockiness... That was the perfect weapon to use against her. And all it would take was dropping a few truth bombs.

"We weren't going to recruit you."

There. That was perfectly true. Kodachi wasn't on their list of 'must recruit' girls. Why would she be? None of them really liked her, and she barely ever actually showed up anyway. If anything, it was more like - like her name hadn't come up at all. Not that Ukyo intended to say anything of the sort. She was sure that would be damaging to her pride, but Ukyo was planning to go straight for the throat.

Kodachi's reaction didn't disappoint. It was as if she'd suddenly turned to stone, right there in the middle of the pavement. Her eyes turned white, her skin a deathly grey. Even her green leotard was completely monochrome! Oh, and that smug expression had become something Munch might have painted, tee hee! Seeing her brought down a peg or two was worth it alone!

"Pardon!" Kodachi yelled, having recovered from the initial shock. "You were not going to recruit moi?!"

What, was she Miss Piggy all of a sudden? No, no, focus on one avenue of attack at a time.

"Uh, no? Why would we?" Ukyo said, calm, collected, casual. "You're crazy, sugar."

"I'm not crazy!" Kodachi shrieked, using the sort of tone usually associated with, like, unflattering straightjackets, padded cells and heavy, heavy medication. "What are you -?"

She cut herself off, possibly realising how she sounded. Still, Kodachi was aggressively leaning towards Ukyo now. As if threatening her, daring her to repeat what she'd just said. Oh dear! Ukyo had no intention of doing that, like, at all!

"Besides, out of all the girls after Ranma, you're the only one no boy has shown any interest in at all." Bang! There we go, Kodachi. Straight for the throat. Shampoo had Mousse all over her, Akane had both Ryoka and Kodachi's brother, while Ukyo had Tsubasa... come to think, where did that creep get to? Oh well! So long as she didn't see any mailboxes trembling, or hearing a loud 'charge' call, she didn't really care.

The expression on Kodachi's face grew darker and darker. Ukyo knew she was on track with something here. Grit her teeth any harder, and they might break in her mouth. Now it was time for Ukyo to bring it home. Play on her emotions like a good cheerleader should - even if the purpose here wasn't exactly to, you know, motivate.

"So why would we wanna recruit you?"

She tried to phrase it as a genuine question, but honestly... Looking over those legs, Ukyo simply couldn't wait to see what she looked like in uniform. The trick was, now that she'd played on Kodachi's pride, where to go next...?

"You... You dare mock the Black Rose?!" Kodachi scoffed. "How foolish! Very well then!"

Kodachi pulled out a strip of cloth from... somewhere or other. Draped it over her body - and when it dropped fully to the ground it revealed a cheerleader uniform in its place. A black form fitting leotard, with a rose motif plus a cute frilly microskirt.

Ukyo blinked and stifled a laugh at how easy she was making this. Maybe Kodachi subconsciously wanted to be a cheerleader anyway? That made perfect sense to Ukyo. Cute girls should want to C-H-E-E-R anyway!

"You see?" Kodachi jeered, giving a little spin in place. "This is what you're missing out on!"

Control yourself here, Ukyo. Just because she's making it easy for you, don't go ruining it now. Keep your calm, roll your eyes dismissively, and then "Oh please!" There we go, you nailed it. Let out a sigh, disguise it as disgust, and then - "Cheerleading's more than filling out the uniform. Let's see what you can really do."

"With pleasure!"

Oh. My. God. The smugness was back, but this time Ukyo loved it. She was setting herself up for the fall, and didn't even know it. Then again, that made sense. If there was any one thing that Kodachi L-O-V-E-D, it was her own supremacy. Her superiority over others.

Look, she'd even brought out some cute pink pompoms! Oho, she was even putting a bit of gymnastics into it, that was a very high kick. Yes, that was, like, definitely a good idea, combining gymnastics with cheerleading was super, duper easy.

She had the coordination, she had the grace, she had the dexterity and - OMG - she sure had the flexibility for it too!

High kick! Knee lift! Somersault in place! Kodachi tossed her pompoms in the air and cartwheeled perfectly before catching them again! Ukyo was already eating her words, they should have thought to recruit her sooner. Looking at her in action, it totally made a whole lot of sense. Kodachi leaped and twisted on the air, spinning around like a corkscrew, then elegantly landed and began to kick backwards, while thrusting out her pompoms, and giving Ukyo a mean old stink eye.

But she was also smiling. Spellbound by her own natural talent in what would soon be her total obsession.

"You gotta cheer too!" Ukyo observed. "Let me help you out with that! Gimme a C!"

"C!"

"Gimme an H!"

"H"

"Gimme two Es!"

"E E!"

"And an R!"

"What do we love to do?"

"We love to cheer! And strike a pose! Nobody outcheers the Black Rose!"

Of course not. There's that arrogance again. Let's take it down a peg, while she's distracted. Now that Kodachi's attention wasn't on her, Ukyo was able to shrug off these ribbons easily. Should've used the paralysis powder first, Miss Kuno. Heh. Kodachi noticed her slipping free - but too late now. Ukyo had already pulled out her baton, and was twirling it around with hypnotic speed.

"Isn't it fun, isn't it great?" Ukyo asked. "Cheering is now both our fates!"

"Ah!" Kodachi gasped. She had a clear moment of epiphany there, but... too late. Her body trembled as she tried to resist the urge to continue the routine that she was doing, and so -

"Maybe not, had enough? Maybe cheering is too tough?"

Kodachi must know what Ukyo was up to by now. She had to. But... that was the nature of the trap, you know? She was too deep in, now.

"Take a look, deep inside. We both know that you love pride."

Slowly, gradually, as if moving through treacle, Kodachi continued her routine. Kneelift, pompom thrust, very high kick, twirl in place. All the time her head moved to keep watch of the baton.

"You should know just what to do, I'm better at this than you!"

Faster. Faster now. Faster! Her body was going back to the same pace as before! Her eyes were going wide, her expression blank, the pride compelling her on. It was such a cute look for her. So unlike the normal.

"Tell me, sugar!" Ukyo said, dropping the cheering cadence now that she had Kodachi totally under her control. "Which of us was weak willed again?"

"I am," Kodachi replied. The spirals in her eyes were deep and blank, like water circling the drain... or like her own confidence spiralling down, down, deep into the depths of her own mind. Replacing it with a true L-O-V-E for cheering! A passion for it that would supplant alllll others. "I fell completely for your obvious ruse. Oh. Hoh. Oh. Hoh."

A weaker version of her regular laugh, but that was fine. After a couple of training sessions she'd be back to her usual self. Actually... On second thought, maybe they could build her a better personality? One that's more F-U-N to be around?

Oh, whatevs! For now, Ukyo fully intended to enjoy her new cheering buddy. And she'd start by finding out how flexible she could be...

Ranma 1/2 - Pride and Joy

It was moments like this that made Akane keenly aware of how weird her life was. In summary - she was carrying her big sister Kasumi bridal style while Kasumi's breasts were inexplicably growing bigger and bigger, which made shifting how she was being carried essential, after she had been hit by a weird technique by the guy that was, in essence, stalking Akane. Said stalker also had a crush on Akane's fiance's girl form.

"Hey Akane, you look really cute today," Kasumi said. Oh yeah, and apparently the big breasts come with a boundless arousal that threatens to drive the target of said technique into cloud horniland. As such, Akane was currently carrying her big sister off to get a righteous dicking by Akane's fiance, whose penis was so monstrously large and satisfying that he was currently in an intense relationship with no less than six complete babes. Including Akane herself.

Throw on top of that the general insecurities Akane was feeling about her position in said polyamorous relationship, and her jealousy towards Kasumi in particular for her superior feminine attributes... Yeah, make no mistake, Akane was feeling pretty weird about this whole situation.

I mean, look at those things! Goodness, as if Akane wasn't feeling insecure enough already. Ranma would prefer Kasumi, after seeing those! Not just Ranma, the other girls as well. They wouldn't be able to keep their hands off her! And... given how she was behaving right now, she probably wouldn't say no, either.

"Hold on Kasumi, just a little longer," Akane said. "Ucchan's is just around the corner." Hopefully Ranma hadn't left there quite yet. Also, hopefully Ranma will be able to satisfy the apparently quickly growing lust building and rising within Kasumi, as surely as her bosom was rising and swelling.

Gosh this really was a weird day. Kidnapped by an idiot, then all of this?! What did she do to deserve -

"I strike!"

In a feat of strength that surprised herself, Akane tossed Kasumi in the air, rolled forward and caught her, then turned her head to see her eternal tormentor, Tatewaki Kuno, standing not too far away. Damn! She felt pretty confident she could beat him in a fight, but while carrying Kasumi and dealing with his new attack? She didn't like her chances! Escape wasn't an option either, he was too fast for that.

"Attacking an opponent who is carrying someone else? Do you have any sense of honour?!" Akane spat.

"My fair Akane," Kuno said. Whose fair Akane was she supposed to be? Not Kuno's, that's for damn sure! "Have more faith in yourself. Did you not dodge my attack with expert skill and grace? Befitting my woman!"

Nothing else for it. Akane had to put Kasumi down, let her rest against this wall while she dealt with this blowhard. "Way to miss the point," Akane said, shifting into her battle posture once again. "I won't let you get away with what you did to my -"

"Man!"

Suddenly, Kasumi pounced out towards Kuno like a tiger on the hunt. Uh? What? That wasn't on Akane's bingo card! Then again, nothing today would be.

"Unhand me, woman! While I do appreciate your yearning for a true man, it is your sister that I am infatuated with!"

"Oooh, please! I need it! I need it soooo badly!"

Seeing Kasumi like this was... Very unsettling. Pouncing on a man, trying to rub her breasts up against him in a completely wanton way... It was completely against the image she had of her big sister. Even when Ranma was dicking her, she wasn't quite so relentlessly thirsty as this. It wasn't her fault, really. Obviously, Kuno's technique had made her so insanely horny that it didn't matter who she was jumping on. All that mattered was that they had a dick. She should really step forward to stop this -

"Why should you stop it, dummy! Hrmph!" a little devil Akane popped up on her left shoulder. *"I mean, it's not like we like Ranma or anything - but if Kasumi hooks up with Kuno instead then we wouldn't need to deal with her anymore."*

Poof! An angel appeared on Akane's right shoulder. *"But we do love Ranma! Lots and lots and lots! Ooooh, he'd be so upset if Kasumi stole him away."*

"Oh yeah? And since when do we care about what that idiot thinks?" the devil retorted. *"Listen, that jerkface over there? He's been a pain in the butt for ages now. Have him hook up with Kasumi. There's no way he'd be able to turn her down for long."*

"And what about what Kasumi wants?" the angel replied. *"I mean, she's not thinking properly right now. Letting her start a relationship with Kuno is - that's far too cruel! Especially since we love her soooo much!"*

That's right. It was far too cruel. Akane almost couldn't believe there was a part of her that was okay with inflicting such a fate upon Kasumi! She shook her head, as the tsun devil and dere angel continued trying to argue over her shoulders, another figure appeared behind them both.

"*Uncute,*" whispered a devil Ranma, grabbing the devil Akane from behind. His enormous dick pushed in between her thighs, and her attention shot right down to it. After a needy moan, the devil Akane bent over and let Ranma thrust that mighty shaft all the way in, right to the hilt in a rough, animalistic rutting session.

"*My fiance...*" whispered an angel Ranma, hugging the angel Akane from behind. The angel turned around, hooked her leg around Ranma's waist, and the two of them began to mutually hump into each other, lip locked, holding onto one another in a tender, loving, yet also mutually passionate way.

"Hands off my sister, Kuno!"

Akane rushed across the street, pushing Kuno away and standing in front of Kasumi protectively. Like hell she'd play along with that idea! Honestly, if anything Akane was disgusted with herself for even having the thought! Green eyed monster, yeah, that's the name of it. She was going to give this creep the clobbering he deserves! No way was he getting his hands on either of them!

Akane stepped forward, guard raised while Kuno returned his attention to her. Watch his body language. Pick up on his killing intent. This boy was fast, but he wasn't exactly subtle. Draw from your experience in watching Ranma's fights. Come on! You can visually keep up with him just fine, someone like Kuno is practically moving in slow motion by comparison. Look for an opening, then kick him away and head straight for Ucchan's!

"I strike!" Kuno yelled, lifting his sword. There, the moment before he attacks! If she managed a kick to the upper thigh, and followed through with a strike to the solar plexus, it would put him down and out long enough for her to get away! Here goes!

"Akane! You're soooo cute!" Kasumi warbled while clutching onto Akane's leg at a really, really inconvenient time. Cradling into it, rubbing her cheek into Akane's upper thigh with extreme affection.

"K-Kasumi! This isn't the time!" Akane yelled. Oh no! A distraction like that in the middle of a martial arts contest was exactly what she didn't need! Kuno's sword flew out in a flurry of motion. She felt light strikes pepper her upper torso. Her shoulders, the nape of her neck, all around her breasts. Like a series of pellets being fired into her. None of them hurt, but they were moving so quickly that she couldn't react to them anymore.

Cue another shoulder angel and devil pair, except this time the roles were reversed. The dere devil was fistpumping the air in gratitude. "*Yahoo! Now we'll have big boobs too!*"

Meanwhile, the tsun angel was rolling its eyes dismissively. "*Urgh, whatever!*" it scoffed. "*Having longer hair than Kasumi didn't get Doctor Tofu interested. What makes you think bigger breasts is going to get Ranma interested?*"

"Well! He's always going on about how flat chested we are. With bigger breasts, Ranma won't be able to say we're uncute anymore! Score!"

But the tsun angel was having none of it. *"If that's all he's interested in then maybe we shouldn't be interested in his penis."* Oh? Huh? Weird. The angel shook its head and furrowed its brow. *"Ranma's penis. Ranma, Ranma, Ranma."*

"Penis. Ranma's penis. Ranma's big hard cock," the dere devil sighed contentedly. *"Horny for Ranma, only Ranma."*

"Only Ranma make Akane horny," the tsun angel said in apparent agreement.

"Also fellow treasures, like Kasumi. Kasumi has big boobies, nice big boobies. We should cover them in sauce and lick them off."

"Like we licked the sauce off Ranma's penis..."

Needless to say, but the course of the conversation hadn't quite gone the way either metaphorical entities had imagined when it had started. The argument was meant to be about whether or not this was a good thing, and was about to dovetail into the fact that apparently this technique not only enhances breasts but also makes a girl thirstier than a beached whale while Kuno was the only man in sight. And that point about him being a man is quite questionable. Call this a No True Scotsman if you will, but no true man would behave like this immature samurai wannabe, right?

Anyway, something quite odd started to happen to Akane as her chest grew. Firstly, oh my yes was she getting aroused. Hornier than a crowd of stampeding bulls, wetter than the Mariana Trench, and it was growing in proportion with her bust. However, instead of that raw passion, that bottomless desire being aimed at the general direction of 'he'll do', it was going only one place, and one place alone.

"Rrrrrranmmmmmmaaaaa...." Akane's tongue flopped out her mouth.

"Hrm? Was my aim not true?" Kuno asked. "Surely you should be free from that scoundrel's grasp! Come to me! Nay, come to your senses first! See through him for the rat that he truly is, do not allow him to lay claim to your body and soul as he has the pigtailed girl!"

Akane tuned him out, which is a skill she dearly fucking wished she'd acquired a long, long time ago. Testing herself, she found her bust... big. Wow, that was big. Couldn't fit them into the palms of her hands, and she doubted Ranma's male form could either. Huge breasts. Easily equal to Kasumi's current size. Weirdly, there was no extra stress on her back as far as she could tell. A normal person wouldn't necessarily notice right away, but a martial artist that had practised as long as Akane sure could.

She looked at Kuno's big dumb face and felt - nothing. Well. No, not nothing. Disgust wasn't nothing. Calling him a *man* simply couldn't sit right in her mind, for reasons similar to what was outlined above. Boy. Yes, she looked at her upperclassman and saw a boy. An immature little boy who wouldn't know what to do with a woman if she were served up to him on a silver platter.

"Akane, let me have him for five minutes please," Kasumi begged. "Please? I've been a good little slut, please let me have some dick."

"Sorry Kasumi, but that *male* is off the table," Akane said firmly. Looking down at her big sister, she saw... A sensual woman. A fellow piece of treasure that belonged to the mighty dragon, the *manliest man* called Ranma Saotome. Her man. Their man. The others as well. She didn't see a sister anymore, merely a beautiful specimen who she leaned down to kiss on the lips with searing (incestuous) passion.

"How dirty! How wicked and sinful!" Kuno yelled, raising his sword into the air. "It is clear that you need another round of treatment to be free from his wretched grasp! I attack!"

This time, Akane was ready for him. While steadying herself on Kasumi, and keeping their lips locked together, she swung her foot up right past Kuno's guard and struck him in the leg. Then, with his balance ruined she was able to put her weight on his dropped knee, pulling Kasumi up with one arm while the other brought around a punch that landed right in the middle of his torso. The air was forced from his lungs, and that was the sort of thing that would leave even Ranma unable to move for at least a little while.

"Come on sis," Akane sniffed, scooping up Kasumi bridal style. "I'm gonna get you laid."

"Yay!" Kasumi squeaked happily, nuzzling into Akane's neck. Akane shuddered in appreciation. Oh yeah, this is the good shit, right here. This is what she needed, this is what she was talking about. Although, wasn't this strange? Why had she not been affected by Kuno's technique the same way that Kasumi had?

"It's the power of love!" a the dere angel sang upon Akane's shoulder

"Nah, that's lame! It's gotta be something else." that was the tsun devil.

"I'm just relieved we're not laying that jerkface!" the tsun angel added.

*"Yep! Now we can go get laid with **our** jerkface!"* the dere devil sang happily.

Yeah, that was a positive, huh...? Akane might have just managed to get her some, but there wasn't anything wrong with getting some more, right? She licked her lips in anticipation, forgetting why exactly she'd left in the first place while things were still heating up...

=====

"And then the jerk didn't fucking tell me for ten! Fucking! Years!"

Akane was remembering why she left, or was at least coming up with whole new reasons. The fact that she was learning all of this while in the midst of an intense scissoring session with Ukyo was neither here nor there.

Her attention kept on drifting off to the other side of the room where Kasumi was sitting atop Ranma in the cowgirl position, happier than she'd ever seen the girl. Akane's gaze was fixed upon the sight. Her own sister, happily riding *her* fiance's monster dick. Her amazing, feminine, housewife body with those enormous heaving breasts sitting on her chest like a bowl of delicious ice cream.

Except with a lot more jiggle and shake than ice cream was known to have. A lot warmer to the touch as well. So, basically the only thing they had in common was that they were delicious and inviting and *god* those were nice boobs. Ranma couldn't keep his busy little hands off them and Akane could not blame him. Honestly, she was feeling a bit jealous of the two of them. Her for being such a *perfect* example of femininity (and also for, right this moment, having Ranma's manhood buried in her), Ranma for being able to fondle those boobs to her heart's content.

"Seriously, Kuno did this to you?" Ranma asked. "I mean, I knew he was a pervert, but this is..."

"Hey! Tendo!" Ukyo suddenly grabbed Akane's nipples and gave them a good hard squeeze, which made Akane completely forget a few important little things for a second, like her own name, the colour of the sky, and what 1+1 means. It was a momentary thing, it passed soon enough. She'd been momentarily overwhelmed by the inexplicable pleasure of the experience *and wanted more of it*, no big deal. "I appreciate the intensity, and that Kasumi is..."

Ukyo trailed off, distracted by Akane's breasts. Which were as big as Kasumi's, and they jiggled around like Kasumi's, but she couldn't help but feel they weren't nearly as... girly on her body as they were on hers.

"Ukyo?" Akane grabbed Ukyo's foot and began to rub it. That didn't work, so she pulled the foot over and smooshed it in between her breasts. "What were you saying?"

"Uh... I was saying that I know Kasumi is distracting, but I'm pouring my heart out here!" Ukyo pouted. "The least you could do is..." Oh, there she goes again, staring at Akane's chest.

"Focus!" Akane snapped her fingers to get Ukyo's attention. "Honestly now, is this what we're reduced to? So horny we can't even have a conversation without -" And she lost her again. "Ukyo Kuonji! Eyes up here?" Which is a weird thing to say when you're giving another girl an intense scissoring.

"R-right!" Ukyo yelled in surprise. "Anyway, what I was saying was, the thing that gets me the most is I am absolutely steaming mad at him right now. Furious beyond reason - and I still can't stop spreading my legs for him!"

This was a pain that Akane knew all too well. At times, she worried that one day she would reach the point where Ranma did the dumbest thing in the world and she flat out forgave him so that she could continue crawling into bed with him without any fuss. I mean. Look at him over there. Letting Kasumi ride him like that... Well, fine, she couldn't actually be upset at him for that. Kasumi was a *fine* piece of ass. He'd be a total fool to pass that up.

"I'm not exactly thrilled with Kuno going around messing with you girls like this," Ranma said. "I mean, Kasumi and Akane's boobs are kinda nice and all, but it's still messing with you." He thrust up, shot his load inside Kasumi, and then she toppled over with glazed over eyes and glazed over insides. "First thing, I'm heading to watermelon island to... Hey, where'd Shampoo go?"

Oh. Right. Shampoo was here as well. The four of them had kinda got themselves involved in something a bit distracting, namely sweaty passionate and vigorous sex with an extremely hot partner, and so they hadn't noticed Shampoo had apparently left. Why would she slip out like that? It didn't make any sense, unless -

"She wouldn't," Akane said. Then remembered who she was thinking about. "She would. That jealous, spiteful idiot absolutely would."

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When it came to the question of what Shampoo would do for her airen, well, it's a fairly long list. What she wouldn't do? Shorter. Mostly consisting of things she couldn't actually do, or things that her great grandmother had advised her quite strongly against. For example, great grandmother had been very explicit on one particular point - No killing Akane Tendo.

Of course, Shampoo had tried to clarify this point. Murder was off the table. Maiming? No. Crippling? No. Hospitalisation? No. Torture? No. Driving to the point she took her own life? No, no, no. Apparently her airen would not appreciate such measures and it would make life a lot more difficult for her if she did try anything like that.

It was infuriating, though. Being beaten by a flat chested weakling who was as lost in a kitchen as that Ryoga boy in a labyrinth. A girl who, by all accounts, apparently wasn't even trying. She was the clear favourite. Ask anyone. It wasn't fair. It wasn't how the world was meant to work. Shampoo was *objectively* the best wife for Ranma by any reasonable metric.

So you can imagine how it felt when Akane came in with boobs like *those*. Despite their new, friendlier relationship, it... rankled. To say the fucking least. And so, Shampoo listened carefully. Learned of this mysterious new technique. Then come to a too too important decision.

"Hey, stick boy!" Shampoo yelled across the street. "Ranma sent Shampoo to whoop your ass using his strange magic!"

And then she spread her arms open. It went against her instincts to let an enemy strike her like this. However, her instincts were easily ignored because she was an intelligent, ruthless being. Come on then, stupid stick boy. What are you waiting for? It can't be an open invite because Shampoo already gave you one, so come on and get this over with!

"Tsk, the foreign girl with a predilection for destroying walls and riding bikes," Kuno tutted. "Yes, I have oft witnessed you hanging off his arm. While I do not favour a foreign taste, seeing a pretty face such as yours become so obsessed with one such as him does not sit well! Hold fast, fair foreign maiden, for I shall liberate you!"

To pass the time Shampoo started counting internally the ways she could have kicked his ass by now. Goodness. Could it be? Had she finally found someone more annoying than Mousse?! When she got home tonight she'd have to give him another hard kick in the head. On principle.

Anyway, the technique hit and Shampoo had a pretty good idea of where all the pressure points were. Interesting, interesting. She'd have to map this out later on with great grandmother, they could surely learn a few things from penis penis Ranma's penis.

"There, have no more fear about you," Kuno said. "This time, I am sure of it. This time I can be certain. I can already see his influence leaving your body."

It was strange. Shampoo felt like she was floating on a cloud. In front of her, she could see the change happening already - breasts growing larger, and larger, swelling like balloons. It was ridiculous really. It was almost as though someone had attached a pump and started to work it like their life depended on it.

And the more it grew, the more her yearning for her beloved airen grew. Focusing on that feeling, it was as if... something was trying to push her forward, but a track kept getting laid out in front of her, pushing her in a particular direction. Hrm... Yes, how strange. What could be the cause of -

Oh. Of course. That sensation at the back of her throat. It was just like when she got that stamina boost from that awful, rancid sauce. That might explain some oddities in Akane's story.

"You seem to be coming back to yourself, that is good!" Kuno said. "Now, tell me where your tormentor is, so that I may slay the beast -"

Shampoo smiled at her idiot benefactor, and then repaid him with a special technique of her own. It was simple enough. Slip behind him, pull out a bottle of shampoo from... somewhere or

other, then wash his hair while striking a series of pressure points of her own. It all took a matter of seconds for her to finish, and then she was walking away dusting her hands.

"There, now idiot forget all about dumb technique!" Shampoo smirked triumphantly to herself. "Hrmph! That solve problem without need for airen at all. Maybe if Shampoo feel generous, maybe figure out way to give spatula girl bigger boobs too...?" A fine chance to extract a favour from the girl, if she was interested. Oh, she was protesting earlier, but Shampoo knew that she wouldn't be able to keep away from her airen's dick.

Speaking of which, these bigger breasts had come with a package deal. Once again, Shampoo's libido was wide awake and very attentive. Time to feed that beast yet again...

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As Shampoo slipped away, a figure dropped down from the rooftops and approached Tatewaki Kuno as he rubbed his head in obvious confusion.

"Ah, I feel so refreshed!" Kuno yelled. "My scalp feels like it has undergone a masterful massage! It must be a moment of true enlightenment!"

"Or someone's used a certain technique to manipulate your memory," said that figure. Mousse, out searching for Shampoo, and witnessing a truly strange scene. "Tell me. What was it you did to Shampoo just now?"

"I know not what you speak of," Kuno insisted. "Begone, I have to journey to watermelon island to master a new martial arts technique."

"Is that so?" Mousse asked. "Are you sure you've not already mastered that technique?"

"I am quite certain, now cease with your foolish pratter! I am not in the mood!"

"Watermelon Island..." Mousse repeated to himself. "Perhaps I'll find some answers there. You have my gratitude." And then, he was off to the rooftops yet again, rushing away before Kuno could pull his sword on him. "Shampoo, what is going on with you recently? I just don't understand!"

Danganronpa - Master PC

Standing outside this building, Shuichi Saihara felt nervous. The owner of this building, this laboratory, had called him for help in solving a mystery. Now, granted, when Shuichi was presented with a mystery normally he had to grapple with matters such as his own concerns over whether or not the truth was something he should reveal carelessly. Sometimes, the comfortable lie could be better than the harsh truth.

Yet it was the job of the Ultimate Detective to bear that lie out, expose it to the world. It weighed on him constantly... but it was not the reason he was nervous. It was not the reason he had brought Kaede with him, too. She was standing by his side, like always, believing in him when he could not believe in himself.

"You can do this," she said. "You can handle her."

"I know," he said, though his tone betrayed the lack of confidence in that. "She's a handful, but we can deal with her."

"There you are, Pooichi! Get your sweet ass in here, and bring your sugar momma with you!"

That was Miu Iruma, the Ultimate Inventor. For reasons known only to God and her, Miu was a brilliant young woman when you put a set of tools in her hands. Capable of making almost anything she put her mind to. Trouble was, that mind was dirtier than a pig pen. A metaphor Shuichi resolved to never, ever utter out loud as she'd probably find the comparison arousing. Somehow. She was turned on by the weirdest things. Even the Ultimate Detective was baffled by her behaviour.

"Waaaaah!" Miu wailed, and pointed to a table in the corner of her laboratory. "Someone stole one of my inventions!" She rushed into Shuichi to rest her head on his shoulder, and bawled into his jacket... while rubbing her breasts up against him in a very obvious way. "Oh, it's so horrid! As an inventor, I must pride myself on my prototypes! They're like my children! I gave birth, and someone stole that child from me! Shuichi, you're the only one who can -"

"Okay, that's enough of that," Kaede said, tweaking Miu's ear and hauling her away. Phew! Thank goodness, he honestly didn't know how he'd handle that. Shuichi tugged his hat down over his head and let out a sigh of relief. "You'd better stop crawling all over him or -"

"Or what?" Miu interrupted, her face euphoric at the ear tweak. See, this is what he meant. Turned on by the weirdest things. "You getting jealous that your <i>man</i> is paying more attention to my splendid breasts than your fat udders?"

"I'm warning you!" Kaede puffed out her cheeks. "You'd better stay on point or else!"

"Or else...?" Miu asked excitedly.

"Or else!" Kaede took a deep breath. "Or else I'll get down on my hands and knees and beg for you to stop."

"Ehhhhhhh?!" Miu gasped. "N-No! Please don't do that! Alright, alright. Pooichi, I need you to find my invention. Please find it, that's what you do right? You're the Ultimate Detective, you find people's stolen items!"

"Okay," Shuichi said, agreeing far too easily, probably. "Fine, fine. Just tell me what it is that went missing, and I'll look for it."

"Oh! That's my latest and greatest invention yet!" Miu said, boasting as always. What would it be this time? Something that lets you play games in your sleep? Exercise in your sleep? That was the running theme she had going for her 'greatest inventions'. "It's called the Master -" she trailed off, as though someone had reached inside her head and plucked the knowledge out. "The Master... Master something or other..." Miu muttered to herself. "Oh, how embarrassing! Please, spank me Shuichi and Kaede, for being so forgetful! I deserve it, I have it coming!"

Kaede began impatiently tapping her foot. "You forgot what your own invention does?" she asked. "Ugh, how are we supposed to track it down if we don't know what we're looking for?"

"It's a laptop in a pink case," Miu said firmly. On that point, she seemed confident enough that Shuichi was certain she was right on the money there. "It was definitely there when I opened the laboratory this morning. Oh, and I did keep a record of everyone who entered the lab, but... I don't remember when the case vanished."

Well, that was fine. If she'd noticed that, it would've been trivial for her to recognise who, exactly, had taken it. Shuichi leaned down around the table the case was supposedly resting on and looked around it for signs of clues. Let's see what we have...

Boing, boing, boing! Shuichi tugged at his trousers, his butt was wedging up again. He hoped the girls didn't notice, it was something of a complex for him. Anyway, from down here, what clues could he see...?

"Let me guess," Shuichi said. "Kirumi, Tsumugi and Maki visited today, right?"

"Huh? How did you know?" Miu gasped in genuine delight, arousal, and surprise. "I mean, were you - Were you spying on me all day? Like a voyeur?! Oh no, he must have seen what I was doing over lunchtime! How shameful!"

"As if you had any sense of shame to start with," Kaede said. "For real though, Shuichi, how did you know?"

"Ah, well, the floor around this table was immaculate, even more so than other parts of the lab," Shuichi said. "This was surely the handiwork of the Ultimate Maid. She wouldn't be able to see a dusty surface and leave it alone. Also, I can see one of Maki's ribbons under the table over there..."

"And Tsumugi?"

Shuichi sighed, beckoned for Kaede to come over, and pointed to a spot by one of the consoles. Written in some dust by a big red button was the phrase 'Oooh! What does this button do?!', next to a cartoonish scribble of a stick thin girl, more leg than torso, and twintails atop her head, staring at the button with big wide eyes.

"Only Tsumugi would reference a western cartoon from the 90s like that." Of course, it was more an educated guess based on the personalities of their friends. Maki noticed it, of course - and wound up washing it off.

"Urgh! Stupid Kirumi, why didn't she clean that off while she was here?!" Miu grumbled.

"Most likely she wasn't at the right part of the lab to see that," Shuichi said. "I only noticed because I was looking around for it... but that does indicate a likely pattern of movement around the laboratory."

Spontaneously, when Shuichi turned around he suddenly had an enormous pair of breasts that completely outstated Miu and Kaede put together, and let me tell you, that's no mean feat. These were the kind of breasts that are quickly associated with words like 'no way those are real' and 'your back will hate you forever'.

"Just to make sure, did anyone else enter?" Shuichi asked.

"Nope, I'm absolutely positive," Miu said. "My sensors indicate whenever someone comes in, and it was only those three. Tsumugi first, then Maki, and Kirumi last."

Oh dear. That was concerning. Miu was taking this seriously enough that she didn't give them weird insulting vulgar nicknames. That was a really bad sign.

"In that case, we need to talk with them in order," Shuichi said, leaning forward to better emphasise her boobs, while staring long and hard at Kaede's. This helped him concentrate. Hrm. She stepped forwards and squished her enormous titties into Kaede's the ideal way to make herself both feel better and concentrate. Of those three suspects, which was likelier to steal an invention? It was honestly quite hard to imagine any of them doing so. Tsumugi was too plain, Maki didn't seem interested in Miu's inventions, and Kirumi... Might have done it, if someone had ordered her to with a good enough justification.

No. He couldn't prejudice himself. Interview all three of them, make it clear that Miu was after a missing invention and they should play ball. Shuichi could only hope that the truth, whatever it might be, wasn't a harmful thing.

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It didn't take long to find Tsumugi, who was hanging out in her Ultimate Laboratory. Unlike Miu, this wasn't actually a literal science lab. It was more like a studio for cosplay. At the back, there was a machine that could change the set. There were countless costumes over to the side of the room. A place to change clothes. Heck, there was even a bar, which apparently played to Tsumugi's experience as a waitress.

"Oh, hello Shuichi!" Tsumugi waved, shaking a cocktail behind the bar. She leaned over suggestively, putting enormous emphasis on her assets. "Did you come back for another taste of my delicious drinks? Or perhaps because of my... special service?"

Kaede pouted cutely and crossed her arms, then clung to Shuichi's protectively. As though keeping ahold of what was rightfully hers from a dangerous thief. Ah, she really didn't have anything to worry about.

"Actually, we're here to talk about your visit to Miu's lab today," Shuichi said. "Something went missing, and we're trying to find it."

"Oooh! The detective is on the case! So exciting!" Tsumugi clapped her hands, having placed the cocktail shaker into her cleavage, where she took great delight in shake, shake, shaking it for all she was worth. For a girl who was honestly kinda plain, she really did have an amazing rack, didn't she? "Should I get into costume as a suspect?"

"No, just tell Shuichi what you were doing," Kaede pouted, clinging even tighter onto his arm.

"Awww, but where's the fun in that?" Tsumugi asked. "I mean, you came all this way to interrogate me? How boring! I have a better idea. Why not have a shoot with me, right here and now? Get into costume, take a few pictures. It's all in good fun." She then turned, and locked eyes with the two of them. "Wouldn't that be fun? Getting to cosplay with the Ultimate Cosplayer."

For a fleeting moment, Shuichi almost wanted to say no, but... But then Kaede spoke up out of nowhere: "Sure, that sounds like amazing fun!" Her jealousy was gone, stripped away in an instant. "I'd love to see Shuichi in something cute! Oooh, maybe I could play some Moonlight Sonata to help set some atmosphere!"

What sort of tone was she planning on setting? An intense, depressing one? Still, Shuichi simply couldn't say no when Kaede was saying yes. He was kinda like that, you know? Dragged along at her pace, instead of his own.

Not that he minded. Kaede always had his best interests at heart. That's why he... trusted her. Although, he had to admit, that trust was being tested right about now given the cosplay outfit he wound up wearing!

"Let's see, let's see!" Tsumugi said, circling around Shuichi and taking his... her measurements. Ooh, that was weird, why did she think she was a boy there for a minute? Boys don't have big boobs, wide hips and enormous asses like this! "I'm jealous Shuichi, your breasts are really quite big!"

"Thanks," Shuichi said. Then, before she could stop herself, "I like Kaede's better though."

"Shuichi!" Kaede yelled. "This from the girl who is afraid of the truth! Come on, now!"

"Ah, sorry..." Shuichi muttered to herself. Really though, this was a blatant attempt to distract from Tsumugi taking her measurements in an unusual way. Normally, wouldn't you use measuring tape to do this? Not your bare hands? Squeeze, squeeze! Especially the breasts. Squeeze, squeeze! Digging her fingers in, rubbing them, flicking the underside 'to see how they move' and 'test their weight'. Honestly, Shuichi was starting to wonder if Tsumugi was a - No, that drool at the corners of her mouth said that she was definitely a pervert. No need for a deduction from the Ultimate Detective for that one!

Funny thing though, she could swear that Tsumugi's examination of her boobs was making them... bigger. Somehow. Kaede's, too. They weren't normally that large, were they? Actually, Tsumugi's breasts seemed quite a bit larger than Shuichi remembered. It must be her imagination. Breasts don't randomly get bigger, it must be her mind playing tricks.

In the end, what resulted was beyond his wildest expectations. A long silver wig sat on Shuichi's head, and she was wearing a dark purple collared blazer jacket with six brown buttons over a zipped up long-sleeved white blouse and brown tie with a bird-like symbol on it. She was also wearing a black short skirt, heeled knee-high black boots with equally knee-high light purple socks. The knee high boots were a bit weird as well. She was definitely not used to wearing something like this. The leather gloves felt a bit over the top too, and she kind of wanted to take them off.

"Ohoho, now you really look the part of the Ultimate Detective!" Tsumugi said, by now also in cosplay. As was Kaede, for that matter. For Tsumugi, she was wearing a spiky brown wig with an ahoge on top of it. As for the clothes, black jeans, a zipped-up dull green hoodie with a red stripe along the zipper, an open black jacket with gold buttons, and red sneakers with white toes. While Kaede had her hair tied up in twin pigtails. No wig, as her hair was apparently already the right colour. She was wearing a black cardigan over a white dress shirt, with both left open to the third button to expose the top of her black-and-red bra, a red pleated miniskirt that is cut extremely short, and mid-sized black boots with platform heels and red laces.

"So, how do we look?" Kaede said, giving it a quick twirl around and - gosh, that skirt really was cut far too short.

"Ah, I don't recognise the characters," Shuichi said. "Sorry, I'm not sure how to behave to be in character."

"That's fine, I just wanted to see you dressed like this," Tsumugi said. "Teehee, don't you think it would be fun to walk around like this alllll day long? I'm sure you'd get into character then!"

"That's a great idea!" Kaede immediately said, almost robotically. Huh? Well, okay. If that's what she wanted. Although Shuichi felt like she might get a bit distracted seeing her walk around like that. Tsumugi really was an expert at her craft, even though Shuichi didn't recognise the character at all it did still feel like she was dressed up like a fictional character - no, that she was that fictional character. The transformation was truly astonishing. "How about it, Shuichi? Let's stay dressed like this all day long!"

"Okay." Yeah, Shuichi was kind of a pushover, wasn't she? "But... Uh, do you mind telling us what happened? We're trying to figure out what happened to Miu's missing item."

"Sorry, I'm actually no help at all," Tsumugi sighed. "Plain old me has an airtight alibi, you see. Miu actually walked me to the door on the way out of the lab, so she should already know it wasn't me. Sorry! I really don't know anything."

"Not a problem, we'll verify that with her later on," Shuichi said. Still... Something did seem odd in the back of her mind as they walked away. Probably this tiny skirt. It really was quite short, it really showed off her legs and practically framed her butt. Not to mention this blazer, which was really snug around her breasts. She could swear it was showing off a bit of her belly, too.

Well, either way, it was time for them to find Maki and question her. The Ultimate Child Caregiver. Or the Ultimate Assassin, as Shuichi had already found out a while back. It didn't take long to track her down, as she was engaged in her two favourite past times.

The first was tormenting Kokichi. Who had been gagged, tied up upside down, while Maki <s>threatened him with something sharp</s> was busy thrusting a Monokuma themed dildo into her pussy, while a black and white butt plug was clearly in her ass.

"Mmm!" Kokichi tried to scream and yell through the gag on his mouth. Even that came off as insincere. It wouldn't surprise at all if he could get out anytime he wanted.

"Shut up," Maki sniffed, stuffing her nipple into her mouth. "This is what you get for calling me 'Maki roll'. Got it? Only Kaito is allowed to call me that."

"I think it's a cute nickname," Kaede said, absently flicking one of her pigtails. "So? Go on Shuichi, ask her."

"Ah... yeah," Shuichi coughed. "Listen, Maki. Something went missing from Miu's lab -"

"So you came to suspect your friend?" Maki asked, biting into her thumb and causing her already quite appealing curves to become even more so. "I don't know anything about a missing item. You're barking up the wrong tree."

"Maybe," Shuichi said. "But we've gotta pursue all the leads. Apparently it was a case sitting in the back corner of the room."

"I remember that case," Maki said. "It was there when I left."

That wasn't exactly convincing in and of itself. Although, Kokichi was starting to writhe around a bit more than he had before. Alright, fine. Let's see what he had to say for himself.

"Heeeey, no need to be so rough about it!" Kokichi complained. "Maki's so meaaaaaan! I almost don't want to tell you that I saw her coming out of the cumslut's lab, carrying absolutely nothing when she did. Except probably a venereal disease from being in close proximity to Miu, but - Nah, I'm sure she's - " Okay. On went the gag.

"You sure you can trust that testimony?" Kaede asked.

"Nope, Kokichi's a compulsive liar," Shuichi said. "Although, I'm pretty sure he also throws in the truth more than you'd think. It really throws us off. Thanks anyway, Maki. If you think of anything useful to the investigation, please let me know right away."

"The only thing I'm thinking about right now is getting my rocks off," Maki sighed wearily. Well, okay then. It wasn't Shuichi's intention to get in the way of that, so... Time for them to leave.

"Hey, Shuichi, don't you think we should help her?" Kaede suddenly said. "I mean, she's obviously desperate to cum, but can't because of how annoyed she is at mister trollface there."

Help her...? Oh, okay. Now that Shuichi was looking, he could plainly see the issue here. While Maki was certainly doing a good job of stimulating her breasts, pussy and ass, her hot creamy thighs were having absolutely no attention at all placed on them.

"Kaede, can you rub your boobs into Maki's thighs?" Shuichi asked. "I'll get the other side."

"On it!" Kaede did her cute little double fist pump, then knelt down next to Maki's left leg. Meanwhile, Shuichi did the same thing to her right. "Gosh, Maki roll! You could kill a man with these thighs."

"Do you want to die?" Maki grunted, still unable to cum. That would change very soon. If Shuichi's analysis was right then, in truth, her thighs were absolutely her weak point. On an

unheard countdown of 3... 2...1... Both Kaede and Shuichi moved in, rubbing their boobs all over those thick, creamy thighs, squeezing that strong flesh hiding potent muscles. The instant contact was made, Maki became incoherent, and to be honest as much as these thighs were her weak point they were one that hit back as good as they gave. Kaede was right, these thighs could kill a man - by making him cum himself to death!

"Ohhhhhhh, yeah! That's the stuff!" Maki's eyes rolled back in her head. Hold on, not quite... To really drive her over the edge, Shuichi smacked her butt. "Ooh! Cheeky much? Nnnnrgh... I'm gonna gush all over the place!"

"Glad to be of help!" Shuichi said. He rose to his feet now that Maki was trembling and pouring out all over the place, a gushing cumming mess just like she wanted.

"You see, Shuichi?" Kaede asked. "Being a Detective and finding the truth can really help people! You helped Maki figure out why she couldn't cum and pushed her over the edge."

"I guess..." Shuichi muttered to himself. Anyway. There was only one suspect left to question, but Shuichi was already getting a pretty good idea of what was going on here. There were a few things to confirm first, but... Yeah, this case was coming together solidly. The puzzle pieces were almost laid out, all that had to be done was slotting them together. Still, it was annoying not knowing what Miu's invention was. That would help quite a bit.

"Say, Shuichi," Kaede suddenly interjected. "Would it help you concentrate at all if I rubbed my enormous heaving boobs all over you? I mean, you know, played my nipples on your body like I was throwing down Chopsticks?"

"Ah, thank you Kaede, that might actually be very helpful," Shuichi said, and so Kaede began to do exactly that as they strolled along the hallway. Leaning forward, against Shuichi's back, hands behind her back, keeping step with her and bouncing her fully erect nipples along Shuichi's spine as though she was playing a song. Probably not Chopsticks, this piece seemed a lot more intricate, based on how many places she was pushing into Shuichi's back. Hrm. yes, yes. This was definitely helping. Shuichi could see things coming into a sharper focus, now!

Also, they had found Kirumi, though to be honest she did seem to be wearing something a bit different from usual. The Ultimate Maid normally wore something a bit more understated. A simple, practical maid uniform was the sort of thing Shuichi normally saw her in, but for some reason, today she was wearing... Something quite a bit different.

First of all, that neckline was so deep that Shuichi was worried to resume eye contact right away after looking down it in case she got decompression sickness. Secondly, that skirt was quite short and frilly, much more extravagant than normal. It was almost like - how to put it? Imagine someone that had only heard of maids through porn parodies of them. She was also wielding a feather duster, which seemed a little strange for someone who was usually quite intense about her duties.

"Greetings, Kaede. Shuichi," Kirumi curtseyed. "I see you have noticed my new uniform. Do you like it?"

"Love it," Kaede said, hungrily looking her over. "Anyway, Shuichi has a few questions for you."

"I will endeavour to answer to the best of my ability," Kirumi said, always eager to fulfil a command given to her, if it was possible for her to fulfil it... and almost any command you could give her was probably something she could manage. She was terrifyingly competent. Really hot, too. She placed the feather duster within her cleavage, and clasped her hands to await Shuichi's question. A pose which, incidentally, made the deep neckline on her uniform all the more obvious. As if it needed further help.

"Ahem! Something went missing from Miu's lab," Shuichi said. "We're talking to everyone that visited the lab. Did you notice anything missing?"

"It was my first time visiting, so I would not know," Kirumi said. "What is it that was missing?"

Of course she wouldn't fall for a trap like that. "It was a case with a laptop inside it," Shuichi said. And then, at that very moment, Kirumi's demeanour flat out changed.

"Oh, teehee!" she tittered and giggled, showing much less intelligence all of a sudden. Which was - perfectly normal for her. "Things like that don't interest a slutty maid like me! I'd much rather cook and clean in a way that deliberately flaunts my assets to anyone who cares to look! Would you like a peek, Shuichi? Go ahead, give me an order! Teehee!"

"Shuichi, give her an order," Kaede prompted.

"Ah- Well... How about I order you to cum when you lie?" Shuichi said, and Kirumi let out a little gasp at that. "So, did you see a case like that in the lab?"

"Uh huh," Kirumi said. No obvious response. "But I didn't take - Ooooooh~"

"I thought so," Shuichi said as the maid sank to her knees, fondling herself in a quite blatant, wanton manner. "That proves my theory, then."

"Great work, Shuichi! You've fingered the culprit!" Kaede announced, while actively fingering Shuichi herself right at that very moment. Thrusting her fingers eagerly into Shuichi's pussy, yet even that stimulation wasn't as intense as what Kirumi was going through right now. Kaede pulled her fingers out, and let Shuichi taste herself. "So, now all we have to do is get her to return the device, right?"

"She doesn't have it," Shuichi said. "Kaede, we need to bring the suspects together. Then I'll explain everything."

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You've seen a scene like this in almost every detective story since Agatha Christie. The suspects gathered together. Tsumugi, Maki, Kurumi. As well as Miu, the victim in this case - and of course, the detective and their assistant. All sitting around the dining room. Except Kirumi, who was busy bending over a table and washing it down while squishing her breasts into the table. Oh, and Maki was still lapdancing on Kaito, but since he was a bit preoccupied having his face smooshed into Maki's breasts he might as well not be here.

"So, did the slutty virgin brigade find my missing laptop?" Miu asked. "Hahahaha, what am I saying? Of course you did! That's why you brought me here, right? So I could finger the suspect long and deep!"

"You want to die?" Maki asked. Her rather unfortunate signature phrase would have had more impact if she wasn't busy grinding her insanely lewd body into Kaito like a dog wanting a treat.

"The answer is quite simple," Shuichi said. "Kirumi took the laptop - but only because Tsumugi tricked her into thinking Miu had stolen it from her."

Huh? That was weird. Shuichi had planned to do a circle around the room and then reveal the truth, not blurt it out like that. Why had she -

"Ooooh, Shuichi!" Kaede clasped her thighs together. "Seeing you all smart makes me soooo fucking hot!"

"M-Me too!" Miu rushed forward, hugging onto him from the other side. "Let's have a threesome, right now! Fuck my Master PC, which gives its owner the ability to fully control the minds and bodies of any subject they know the name and face of! I've just now decided that Tsumugi can keep it! I'd much rather get laid!"

Looking across the room, Shuichi noticed that Tsumugi, who was sitting on the other side of a table, had her hands hidden from view. Yet her fingers were tap, tap, tapping away at something. Wait? That was what the Master PC did?

Tsumugi simply smiled at them. A plain, vicious smile that seemed full of... Something truly sinister. A side of her that Shuichi had never seen before.

"Sorry, Shuichi," Tsumugi's tone was now fully condescending. "When I learned that Miu had invented something that could warp reality - well, I could hardly let that go, could I? Hehehehe! Isn't it fun? Isn't it great? Now you get to cosplay as a real Ultimate Detective! As real as can be, in the ultimate fiction!"

Shuichi wanted to demand an answer to her query - but found her mouth occupied by Kaede's nipple. She would pull away, but such a thing was impossible. Miu's own enormous cleavage was being hugged snugly into the side of her head, she could not budge it even an inch!

"So, I'm going to play with this for a little while longer," Tsumugi continued. "We'll get up to all manner of lewd antics together. For the time being - have that little threesome you were talking about."

Shuichi toppled to the floor, bringing the two of them with her. Their clothes were stripped off and discarded without a care for where they landed. Kaede's beautiful face filled Shuichi's vision. She really was pretty, huh? Kaede reached down to play with Shuichi's breasts, gentle, delicate, precise and -

"Come on, you call that a grope?" Miu snorted. She grabbed Kaede's wrists and made her really sink them in. "Come on, you gotta really go for it! Don't be fucking lame!"

From there, it was a whirlwind of activity. Shuichi and Kaede scissored for what felt like hours, with Miu making them go a bit rougher than they intended. The mutual feeling of attraction between Kaede and Shuichi poured out as readily as fluid gushed from their pussies, grinding into each other, breasts heaving and bouncing. It didn't take long before they forgot outright there was anyone else in the room. Tsumugi watching them. Watching as Maki and Kaito also began to rut away in the corner of the room. Watching as Miu clumsily rubbed her breasts over every inch of their bodies, moaning in wanton lust yet also showing that she had basically no experience of this sort of thing herself.

And then, inexplicably, Kaede grew a dick. Obviously from Tsumugi's use of the Master PC. Without hesitation, the girl thrust it right into Shuichi, all the way in, the mighty shaft bringing a squeal of unexpected delight from the unexpected detective.

"Well, you know what they say," Tsumugi chuckled darkly to herself. "Kaede did want to make beautiful music. Now she will make it with you!"

Indeed, it started to feel like Shuichi was becoming a kind of living piano. Her fingers danced upon Shuichi's body like the keys of a piano, bringing all manner of sounds from her body. She could play any melody she wanted from history merely by thrusting her hips. Oh, but then, they weren't done yet! It was Miu's turn for some futa fun, and since the pussy was occupied the butt would have to do instead!

"Ooooh, even I'm jealous of these udders," Miu groped away with reckless abandon.

"Hey, she likes it when you're gentle!" Kaede protested. Neither of them giving Shuichi a chance to say what she felt, what she wanted, and what she wanted was - Fuck it, never mind, both were great for different reasons. Kaede's gentle precise loving touch, Miu's unexpectedly clumsy

rough grope. They were both great! This was great! An experience Shuichi would never, ever forget, especially when she felt herself being filled to bursting with cum -

And then, alas, Shuichi woke up in bed. "A dream...?" he muttered to himself. "Urgh... wish I could remember it. Probably another one of those stupid hotel dreams. I wish Monokuma hadn't given me that stupid key..."

That stupid key to the 'love hotel'. It supposedly let him experience the fantasies of the others, with Shuichi himself being the stand in for their partner - regardless of whatever they might be into.

Nothing else for it. He rolled out of bed, reached for his hat and dumped it on top of his head. All the better to hide his eyes and expression. All was normal, or at least as normal as it could get. Just in case, he checked himself out in the mirror.

Yep, the same old Shuichi was staring right back at him in the reflection. Enormous, oversized breasts that for whatever reason didn't hurt his back, a mammoth penis that was able to reach up to his face when erect (as it was now - and can you blame him after that dream?) as well as plump cocksucker lips that were practically tailor made to -

"Wait, my lips are perfectly normal, why did I think -" Shuichi began, only for his lips to change right there and then. Swelling up right before his eyes. "What'ph haffebing?"

Just as suddenly and mysteriously, Shuichi pulled his shaft in between his breasts and began to squeeze them together, pulling them along the length. Thrusting his hips to draw it back and forth. It began to poke his mouth, and due to their size and shape he couldn't quite close it properly. As such, inevitably, the cock started to force its way into his mouth as well.

As much as Shuichi hated to admit it, this felt pretty amazing. Though why was this happening? Mmm, so good... Was Monokuma responsible? Oh! If he squeezed his breasts together like this it felt even better! Was it the Mastermind? Or - Or was someone else behind this?

He couldn't think. He couldn't concentrate. Every time Shuichi found a lead of some sort, the overwhelming pleasure hit his brain and made him completely lose track of it. Ah! W-was that not a dream after - ooooh! Th-at would mean Tsumugi was - fuck yes! No, that couldn't be right! It couldn't be right! He was still lost in a dream!

There was a knock on the door. A pretty intense knock, too. Shuichi strolled over to it, still squeezing his cock in between his tits, and upon opening it found himself holding onto Miu Iruma, the Ultimate Inventor, bawling and weeping.

"Waaaah! Shuichi! Someone stole my laptop!" she whined, apparently ignoring what Shuichi was doing. "You've gotta help this girl genius get it back! Quit playing with yourself and use that virgin brain of yours to track the culprit down!"

Something about that felt portentous... And for some reason, he could almost hear a voice like Tsumugi's laughing from somewhere nearby. Probably nothing. Probably a coincidence.

"Come in," Shuichi said, staring at Miu and licking his lips. If he couldn't find release this way, then... maybe Miu could help him out? "I think we can help each other with a little problem we're having."

"Urgh, fine! You want to fuck me up the ass again?" Miu said, though she seemed a bit confused by that as she stepped into the room. "Uh... No, wait. I mean, you want me to fuck you up the ass with my big hard futa dick, right? How unlike me to be so forgetful, girl genius that I am!"

NGE Dreamscape

Within an abandoned street, we find Shinji Ikari waiting patiently. Looking around, there really is nobody about. You'd think there would be. This should be a busy street in a bustling city - but there's nobody here. That's fine, so far as Shinji is concerned. Not the sort to like getting close to others. People made this young girl nervous. Best to keep them at a distance whenever possible.

For a moment, Shinji looks out and sees... a young man that has an appearance vaguely similar to her own staring back? It flickers, and transforms into a blue haired girl who is also familiar for reasons she cannot place. But then, the image is gone. She's alone. A figment of her imagination. Boredom setting in.

She's here to meet with her estranged father, Gendo Ikari. What had it been, ten years since they'd last seen each other face to face? Receiving a summons out of the blue like this. It was so strange... Especially when considering the postcard that had been sent of the woman apparently coming to pick her up.

Misato Katsuragi. A hottie wearing a loose fitting yellow tanktop and a super snug pair of jean shorts. She was winking at the camera while bending over in such a way that exposed... her enormous, barely clad ass. There were words scrawled on it too - "I'll be picking you up, so wait for me okay?" was written in the upper right, while on the other end of an arrow pointing to her butt were the words "pay attention."

No need to worry there. Shinji was an ass girl. She had a pretty fine butt herself, if she did say so. Not much else for it, so she might as well twerk away to pass the time. Maybe spank her own ass for a while to stave off the boredom.

"Ass!"

The voice boomed across the city. Huh? That wasn't her, was it? Was it God? Admonishing Shinji for her appreciation of a fine pair of glutes? Actually... no. It wasn't God. It was something else. Looking around, Shinji saw... an enormous girl. Red hair with twin ponytails, bright red from the neck down. Either that was her skin, or she was wearing something that looked painted on. No, wait, that was the least interesting part about her! Let's focus on the size here! She was enormous. Easily as tall as a skyscraper, if Shinji was any judge. Several miles away, luckily. Otherwise Shinji would be afraid of getting stepped on.

Of course, Shinji did happen to know a few people who would be happy to be stepped on by a giant red skinned redhead, though that didn't actually fill Shinji's kink at all.

Though her hind quarters sure did. The girl slapped her hands onto her knees, squat down and began to shake it like she was mixing a cocktail. Boom went that booty bounce! If she dropped that to the floor she might cause an earthquake. As it was, she was causing wind to pick up, and when she backed up she wound up knocking over buildings.

"I might not wanna be stepped on by her, but I would love to be sat on by her..." Shinji muttered to herself. She lifted her hands into a picture frame square, and used it to frame that bouncing booty. She let out a low whistle - and then heard a car arriving with great speed.

From the driver's seat, a voluptuous and familiar woman flounced out. Oof, even nicer in person. Misato Katsuragi, the complete babe that was here to pick her up.

"Hi, you must be Shinji!" Misato waved her over. "It's okay, you can stare at my ass, I really don't mind. In point of fact, I insist that we bump booties right this instant."

That seemed like a perfectly logical thing for them to do right now. It was actually a perfectly standard greeting for two babes with hot rumps to turn around, squat down and thrust their heinies right into each other. As such, Shinji and Misato did just that. They slapped their hands on their knees, squat down as far as they could go and bounced their butts right into each other like a pair of bowls stuffed to bursting with a gelatine based dessert, slamming into one another so hard they were causing shockwaves in the air.

"It's - It's not like I love ass!" the giant redhead yelled in the background, her voice like a roar that almost equalled the sheer scale and scope of the sound of her cheeks clapping. "It's not like I love shaking my blazing hot ass for your personal amusement, and it's not like I've completely submitted to my love of hot enormous ass!"

That was so blatantly and forcefully tsundere that it kinda ruined the moment between Shinji and Misato. As such, they both wound up awkwardly entering the car and making a beeline right for the geofront.

"So, how did you find your trip?" Misato casually asked.

"Perfectly fine until the last stretch where I felt like my life was in mortal peril," Shinji said with her eyes bulging out of their sockets, unable to believe the driving she was forced to bear witness to from the least fun place possible - the passenger's seat of this fucking cursed vehicle! "Miss Misato! When did you get your driver's licence?!"

"Oh, about an hour ago," Misato said, jokingly, while inexplicably driving right towards the giant girl's foot, vertically up its leg, around the curve of her ass and then down her other leg. "Relax, you see? I took a shortcut!"

Shinji was too paralysed with mortal terror about what she'd just experienced to point out that there was surely a better shortcut than that.

"Thanks, Asuka! We'll be by to beat you up later!" Misato said, leaning out the car window to wave at the giant girl twerking her impossibly hot round ass at the city, causing untold damage.

"It's - It's not like I helped you on purpose or anything!"

You know, that lousy tsundere behaviour was almost as off putting as this driving. A car of this model should not be going this fast through a city, even if the streets were deserted. Misato didn't even stop at the military checkpoint for the base, she went straight for the ramp that was inexplicably placed right next to the car park entrance. She drove right for it, flew over the fence - and the car then proceeded to tip over multiple times in quick succession before arriving in its spot, upright, without damaging any of the other cars.

"Come on, let's go meet your dad," Misato said, leaving the car while putting on sunglasses. As for Shinji, she left the car after a moment as well. But she'd been so tense during the whole experience that she wound up dragging the car seat with her. This didn't create as big a problem as one would assume, as the corridors and doorways were all wide enough that you could drive dump trucks through them.

Which was for the best, as every single member of staff here had hind quarters the likes of which could probably be used to haul freight. Whatever diet and exercise regime they were on, Shinji approved. Likely, given their thighs, it involved squats. Lots and lots of squats. Given that, none of them actually batted an eye at the seat attached to Shinji's rump.

Though, she had to admit, watching Misato's at first gently, and then less so with each passing step, swaying booty was helping Shinji put that mildly traumatic experience behind her, hence helping her relax, hence letting her unclench and drop the seat in the middle of some corridor somewhere, to pose a mystery that would probably baffle the first person in a labcoat to stumble upon it. Honestly, shinji couldn't even tell you when it had happened. Misato's butt was *super* distracting. One moment she was following that jiggling keister inside, the next she was standing inside a hangar with a giant robot in it.

The giant robot is a bit of an attention getter. Even Misato's fine, fine derriere couldn't compare to something like that.

"Um, is it okay for me to be able to see this stuff?" Shinji asked. "It looks super top secret."

"Oh, no, everyone stares at my butt," Misato said. A beat, then she laughed. "I know, I know! You mean the giant robot? Well, about that -"

"Get in the robot, Shinji!" her father said, standing on a walkway up above, looking down as he always did. Although, Shinji had to admit the collar and leash were new. Being held by some pretty blonde haired woman. Normally Shinji would spend some time checking her out, but first there was the matter of -

"I'm sorry, get in the robot?" Shinji asked. "That's a funny way to say hello!"

"Shinji, at this very moment the city is being twerked into oblivious," Gendo said, pushing up his glasses. "Formalities can wait. We called you here because we intended to train you in piloting that robot to defeat monsters like that - but as it turned out we pulled you in too late."

"Yeah, no! Not doing that!" Shinji yelled back. "I mean, come on. The only time you want me around is when you need me? That's so screwed up! The hell is wrong with you? Demanding I get into that machine and fight when I have literally no training -"

"If you agree to sign up, you'll have to bunk with Misato Katsuragi."

Shinji took a deep, deep breath at that particular proclamation. Oooh, that was tempting! Sorely, sorely tempting. The opportunity to shower with that, to stare at that all day every day...?

"No, no, you can't trade affection for ass," Shinji crossed her arms. "I'm sorry, but the answer's no. This is still insane, irresponsible, and -"

Gendo snapped his fingers. The sound echoed through the hangar. And then... The hangar door opened, revealing a cute girl in a white plugsuit, who strutted into the room like a supermodel. In fact, for a moment there the entranceway did actually seem to transform into a catwalk, then a stage with a pole upon it, which the blue haired beauty grabbed onto and spun around elegantly, yet emotionlessly. Winking at him. Blowing him a kiss. Hold on. Him? Her. Why did she think 'him' there for a second?

"If you get in the robot, you can tap that every single -"

"Gendo," the blonde woman holding his leash said, tugging upon it and gesturing to the robot. "Your so- I mean, your daughter is already in the giant robot."

"How the fuck do you pilot this thing I'm gonna get laid!"

Gendo smirked, pushing his glasses further up his face. "Like father, like daughter," he muttered to himself. Ritsuko, for it was she, then tugged hard on his leash and sat on his back, using him to carry her on to her proper station so she could properly monitor the battle.

Meanwhile, in the battle station, sitting in Gendo's seat with her arm's steeped was a being that was passably human - yet at the same time, came across like a living incarnation of the uncanny valley. A beautiful Goddess that nobody around seemed able to look at, quietly tugging on everyone's strings. Smiling to herself while wearing a pair of reflective orange sunglasses, and a plugsuit that couldn't seem to decide if it was sky blue, blood red, or bridal gown white.

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"Okay Shinji, you got into the giant robot and are now about to start combat with one of the hottest girls you've ever seen, who is also a giant," Shinji said to herself. "Either you die, or you get to tap some glorious blue haired booty. Shouldn't be too hard! All you have to do is pilot this giant robot you've never been in before and -"

There are moments in life where we realise the mistakes we have made. Moments which our traitorous brains will dwell upon as humiliating, embarrassing, the lowest moment imaginable, long after everyone we know has cast it from their minds.

"What the fuck was I thinking?!" Shinji yelled. "I can't pilot this thing! I don't know how! Also, what the fuck is this liquid I'm surrounded by?!"

"Shinji, please relax," Misato's soothing voice came over the internal comms, like she was right there with Shinji in the giant robot. Shame she wasn't. In this confined space... nice! *"The robot is controlled by your own thought process. It will move as if you were moving your own arms and legs. Now, stay calm and -"*

"Ass!"

Out of nowhere, a giant flying red tsundere butt collided with the robot, sending it toppling over. Shinji had no choice but to bring that booty to heel pronto! The giant girl was trying to rub that butt right into the robot's crotch, which Shinji didn't understand at first, until she notice the enormous, juicy, throbbing dick which, if to scale, would still be enormous even if the robot was the same size as a normal human.

"Ass!"

The girl then trapped that shaft in between her bouncing jiggly cheeks and she began to thrust that booty like she was a wrecking ball trying to knock down a building. The rounded flesh had completely smothered the shaft, surrounding it on almost all sides along its length, and since

Shinji was just now learning that she shared tactile sensation with the robot she was piloting, it meant that she went completely cross-eyed on the spot.

"Shinji, snap out of it!" Misato yelled at her. *"Don't be tempted by luscious quarter German redheaded tsundere! It never turns out well in the end!"*

"I don't know, her end is turning out really fucking well," Shinji grunted, nearly toppling over in her cockpit. "Oh god, she's so... enthusiastic and full of energy!"

"Du-dummy!" the girl yelled, peering over her shoulder with a sultry steamy glare that would surely make lava jealous. "Don't misunderstand! I'm not twerking for your sake, and your big fat futa dick does *nothing* for me at all."

"Your words and your actions are incongruent!" Shinji yelled, trying desperately not to bust a nut. She spanked the butt in an attempt to get it to go away, but this did nothing. Well. Unless you count little things like making her get more and more engaged in the action, then it would count for something! Oh boy would it count for a lot!

"Ooooh, incongruent!" the girl snarked back, adding a bit of stank on her thrusts to really drive the point home. Drive it home like a car crash at a high speed race! "Did you eat a dictionary today, Dummkopf?"

German? Shinji knew a little of the language. Uh... Uh! If only she could focus! Concentrate, concentrate! On something other than the enormous ass that was threatening to destroy the city!

"Shinji, if you cum because of that ass you will flood the city with spoooge."

"Thanks for the pressure Misato, it really helps a ton," Shinji yelled back. Grab those hips. Come on! Grab them! Push her away, slip your dick out of the crack of that enormous jiggling ass! A little more, a little more... You can do it! There! With a gigantic plop, the member of her giant robot was free! Free from the torment of sweet, succulent ass!

The girl stumbled forward a bit, leaning on a building. "Huh?" she muttered, apparently to herself. "What was I doing?" She rubbed her head, as though trying to remember something. "I was having the weirdest sex dream. No more pizza before bed! Wait... Hold on a moment, why am I so big?"

"Quick, she's confused!" Misato yelled. *"Rail her up against that building, quickly! There's no time!"*

Alright! Shinji could hardly... Huh? "I thought you said that if I came then it would flood the -"

Bzzzzzzt! That hadn't happened. Misato hadn't said anything like that. It was all a figment of Shinji's imagination, lost in the moment. The only thing that mattered right now was laying claim to some sweet, sweet quarter German redhead, right this instant!

"Huh? Shinji is that- " the girl began, only to be silenced when she pushed that enormous futa dick all the way up her willing eager butt. Yeah, that's right. Going for the anal destruction! At this point, can you expect anything else? "Wh-whaaaaaat?!"

"Drive it in! Up to the hilt!" Misato's voice demanded. Huh. Must be something funky on the signal, for a moment it sounded like an ethereal voice was overlaid with Misato's, there. *"Pound that hot ass until her mind breaks!"*

No need to tell her twice. Shinji grabbed her wrists and pulled them to the side, which enabled her to force the girl facedown onto the surprisingly soft pavement, while penetrating the very depths of her colon in a way that, in the real world... Yeah, don't be too forceful during anal in the real world, guys. It's fine in a dream, but be a bit more tender there, okay?

"D-Dummy, what's gotten into yooooooooo!" Asuka yelled. "Schwein! Pervers!" Her complaints were probably intended to drive Shinji off, but, you know, a giant girl destroying the city with her amazing enormous butt is kind of hard to reconcile. Destroying her through her butt seemed only fair, right? Although, funny thing, her voice was starting to have that same trippy overlay Misato's did before. "I don't like you *at all!* I'm not in love with you! And Rei! And want to be in a loving, tender relationship where we're obsessed with each other's butts!"

Ah yes, the tsundere's sweet siren song, the doom of many a young harem protagonist. In this context doom is a euphemism for extremely intense kinky sex. Come on, you just *know* that when a tsundere gets past their initial shyness they're bound to get *freaky*.

"That's it, use your AT Field!" Misato yelled out. *"Penetrate her Anal Territory! Get her Ass Trembling! Focus on her Amazing Tits!"*

Something was indeed welling up inside of Shinji. She could feel it, like a special power. Something merging with this girl. Something making them both want to - Need to yell out!

"We love ass!" both Shinji and Asuka screamed in an eerie blissful unison. The city around them melted away, revealing a heart shaped spinning bed, upon which - rather than giant futa robot and girl - there was a regular sized futa girl railing a regular sized redhead, the two of them thrusting into each other so hard they were causing shockwaves to come out.

Oh, wait. A small correction. That wasn't a heart shaped bed, we were looking at it upside down. It was a bed shaped like a butt. Our apologies for the confusion. In any event, the two of them were soon joined by a third member. Rei Ayanami, wielding a butt that could be used to smother a baby elephant. I mean, it wouldn't be because Rei loved animals, but hypothetically if she went completely psychopathic she *could* probably manage that.

"Ass!" Rei chanted, dipping down to sit atop Asuka's head. Her cheeks captured the back of the redhead's skull as firmly as Shinji had earlier gripped the car seat, and then she began to twerk, chanting in rhythm, with the two others soon joining her. "Ass! Ass! Ass! Ass! Love ass! Need ass! All of humanity loves ass! Ass! Ass! Ass!"

"And just like that, Shinji Ikari saved the day from Asuka Langley Sohryu," a mysterious voice said. "How will she cope with the doubtless soul crushing consequences of becoming a soldier against her will? Of bearing all of humanity's sins upon her back?"

As the mysterious voice spoke, another Rei appeared in the corner of the room wearing an evening dress, clutching a microphone, and - do forgive this metaphor - she began to sing like an angel.

"Fly me to the moon, and let me play among the stars."

The other Rei, the one on the bed, leaned forward and captured Shinji's lips while she was railing Asuka from behind.

"Let me see what spring is like on Jupiter and Mars."

Yet, despite that, all three of them continued chanting in time anyway. Almost as though they didn't actually need mouths to speak. Not in here. All the while the other Rei was singing a familiar song in the background.

"In other words, hold my hand. In other words, baby, kiss me."

Oh, but then the butt shaped bed began to change once again.

"Fill my heart with song, and let me sing for ever more"

It grew a metallic base, a clear glass dome. It elongated, becoming less a bed and more a pod.

"You are all I long for all I worship and adore."

A Dreamscape pod. Containing all three of them at once, as they ruttled away what little remained of their insecurities, their deeply held psychological traumas, their self doubt, their self loathing... Leaving behind healthy, albeit horny, young women behind.

"In other words, please be true! in other words, I love you."

Young women who sat up within their pods, feeling refreshed, invigorated, and aroused. Though that last is a redundant description, because they are *always* aroused to some level now.

Shinji was in the middle pod, and she sat up not quite looking like herself. For a flickering moment, her flesh seemed inhuman. Hints of scales, yet soft to the touch. Like she was made of marshmallow rather than flesh. Oh, but the moment passed when she closed her eyes and rubbed the sleep from it, returning her to her more normal body. That is to say, a curvaceous, confident babe.

Next to her, on her left, Rei rose from her pod, baring tusks and claws - but only briefly before reverting to something more human. She then smiled warmly at Shinji, no longer afraid of her emotions or of expressing them. Lastly, Asuka sat up, her legs momentarily seeming joined together into something like a tail - but they split apart quickly when she stretched out her limbs, then turned to Shinji and let out a great big -

"Guten Morgen!" Asuka chirped, then rolled out of her pod into Shinji's to snuggle up with her. Rei copied her from the other side, the two girls snuggling into the futa-babe in the middle happily, contently, with such obvious erotic intent that you could almost hear the 'bow chicka wow wow' playing somewhere nearby.

"Morning girls," Shinji sighed. "Have a good night's sleep?" The two of them giggled in response at the in joke. Nobody ever had a bad night's sleep. Not anymore. "You know, as much as I desperately wanna rail the two of you until we all pass out, we do have an important meeting with our Goddess today."

Their Goddess. They meant Jophiel, of course. The mere utterance of her existence had them all trembling in pleasure and anticipation, as none of them could wait to serve her dutifully. It would bring them even greater pleasure than even a threesome! As such, the three of them climbed out of their pods and slithered off toward the door, slinking away in lockstep, the two girls pinning Shinji on either side of them while her hand was on each of their butts.

They left their bedroom, and found Misato on her hands and knees, Kaji railing her from behind. Their mentor, their guardian, took one look at them and waved a friendly good morning at them, her tongue sticking out of her mouth to a degree that no human could ever possibly manage, slapping down to lie within her own cleavage.

"You guys ready to go?" Misato asked while thrusting herself back onto Kaji with wild, reckless abandon. Seriously, if Kaij wasn't so strong, the two of them would have ruined the kitchen by now. The two of them weren't going at it like animals, or machines, or anything like that. They were rutting like demons. Slaking an unholy lust off one another the likes of which the world had not seen until now.

"Yes, Misato!" all three of the pilots said in unison, and so they left Misato's apartment, journeying down to her car. On the way, they saw a few people. Ordinary citizens of the city, wandering around, going about their business just like normal people do. That is to say, the new ordinary, the new normal. Wearing skimpy clothes, in particular those that flaunted their butts, which were, on the whole, a good deal larger and rounder than normal. Snug trousers, tiny

skirts, miniscule shorts, string bikinis, skimpy leotards - all of them themed around the same idea. Show off the body! It's okay to do that! Nothing wrong with it, everyone's doing it.

"I'll drive!" Kaji insisted, climbing into the driver's seat with dick still deeply penetrating Misato. The pilots climbed into the back seat, letting out a sigh of relief that Misato wouldn't be the one taking the wheel. "The world is such a nicer place, now. Isn't it?"

"Sure is!" the pilots replied. And off they went to the Geofront.

It didn't take long for them to arrive. They all came down to a grand meeting room, where there were cameras everywhere. People working furiously. The most important people of the Geofront were all right here. There was Gendo, being used as a seat for Ritsuko and Maya. The bridge crew over there, sitting in each other's laps in a way that would make MC Escher blush from envy. And, of course, there was a seat reserved for the three pilots, directly in front of the central point of attention. The centre stage, as it was. Where the biggest formal announcement would be made.

As the pilots sat down, they heard murmurings from the crowd: "Turns out the Angels weren't so bad after all," and "We were so foolish for fighting!" and "I'm glad we lost so badly" were being said by basically everyone. On occasion, a person would lose their concentration a little, and a somewhat monstrous aspect would flicker through. A forked tongue, talons, maybe a wing would briefly sprout, that sort of thing... but when they composed themselves yet again, they returned to normal. The new normal. Sorry to hammer on that point, but it is an important distinction.

And then, the spotlight came down. Descending as if from on high, the woman of the hour had arrived. Jophiel! Truly, she was a gorgeous existence. Something about her features was a little off, but somehow it only made her more desirable. She let out a beautiful, yet condescending sneer, and uttered a single word:

"Ass!"

In response, every single human on Earth capable of doing so replied in kind, squatting down and letting out a single vigorous twerk. "Ass!"

Jophiel folded her arms in front of herself and nodded. "My victory is total and complete," she said. "I have succeeded where other Angels have failed. I have now dominated all of mankind, thanks to the imagination and intelligence of Ritsuko Akagi."

Everyone applauded, for they were happy to have been conquered and bested, outwitted by this truly superior being. Ritsuko, for her part, blushed and came just a little bit at all the attention, though mostly from receiving the blessing of her Goddess.

"Now that every human has become brainwashed by the Dreamscape project, it is our duty to spread this further afield," Jophiel said. "There shall be no 'Third Impact'. My plans have long since changed from those old instincts. Now, I seek to spread this bliss to other realities. Other worlds."

A thunderous round of applause broke out, which Jophiel basked in until she eventually waved her hand to silence them.

"I shall show you the way to these other worlds," she said. "They are strange, they are unlike ours in many ways... and yet, they shall all learn to fall into the love of ass just as you have. So come with me! Let us see what dreams may come! Congratulations everyone!"

And so the crowd broke out into thunderous applause. Not using their hands, of course, but rather the clapping of their cheeks. A hearty rise of "Congratulations" broke out among them all, and not a single one of them could feel more satisfied than they did at that moment.

Keijo - Hypno Harem Hijinks

When Sayaka entered Mio's room, she hadn't known what to expect. That girl was talented in Keijo - but also a blatant pervert. She'd been kind of afraid there would be posters all over the place, but... No, it was a standard room, much like the one she had been staying in with the others. The sole difference was -

Well, it was that there were quite a few other girls in here as well, who obviously didn't bunk here too. Sayaka recognised a few of them. Usagi, in particular stuck out. They were all bouncing on top of those large bouncy balls that you don't ever see kids actually playing with outside of a gym or fitness club.

While they were doing that, though... Mio had her boobs out, and was holding her hands behind her back while rocking her breasts back and forth, to and fro. In exactly the same way that she had done during her match with Kazane! As soon as she realised this, Sayaka had her eyes screwed shut. That dirty pervert!

"No need to worry," Non whispered. "She's helping them learn how to resist it. After all, one day they might get into a match where it's not forbidden, right?"

"That's right girls, keep on bouncing," Mio said. "I know it's hard to move when my 'amazing' breasts are bouncing right in front of your vision - but do it for me, won't you all? You're so amazing, keep on bouncing away!"

That did sound about right. Kazane and the others had all been left unable to move when she had used titty hypnosis on them. If they could keep on bouncing away while Mio was jiggling her enormous bosom right in front of them like that, then there might be hope after all...? Still!

"Then why is she doing this topless?" Sayaka asked. A good question there, and Non simply shrugged, as she didn't know either.

"No reason!" Mio called out across the room. "I think these girls have been working hard, and so they deserve the reward of my extremely nice breasts. Wow, aren't I generous?"

At this point Sayaka was having second thoughts about this. Why had she thought this would be a good idea again? She should leave. She should excuse herself, turn around and get back to training properly without dealing with this pervert.

And yet... she stayed anyway. For some reason, the sight of Non's jiggling cheeks came up to her mind every time she was about to turn away, and this instead made her plant her feet right where they were. Stay right there. Stay right there while Mio pulled her into a great big hug and stroked her hair.

"Thank you Non! It's so good you brought Sayaka along to join our training group," Mio said. "In no time at all, your Keijo game will improve dramatically! Aren't you excited?"

Excited wasn't quite the word she'd use. Looking around at some of the other girls, Sayaka was feeling a bit less certain this was a particularly good idea. Though the girls all seemed happy enough, there was something kind of odd about it. Something that was playing at the back of her mind, making her feel wary and uncertain.

"What exactly does this training involve?" Sayaka asked. "I'm not going to do anything dirty."

"Hehehe!" Mio laughed, reaching out to tousle Sayaka's hair, but she stepped away. "Nervous little kitty, are we? That's okay! Don't you think, girls? We'll have this wild kitty trained in no time flat!"

"Come on, Sayaka!" Non whispered. "Give it a try, you'll see the results right away. We all did."

Well... Alright. If she insisted. Sayaka would play along. For now. But she would be firm on not engaging in any overtly perverted training exercise, and she had absolutely no intention of trying that 'hypnosis resistance' training either. It felt like Mio just wanted an excuse to flash her chest. Which Sayaka felt absolutely no jealousy towards *at all*, thank you very much. Those kind of heaving mounds of fat suited a bigger girl like her anyway, on Sayaka it would only cause back problems having them that big...

"Since our adorable kitty is having some doubts, let's go through a simple training exercise to start her off!" Mio announced, and the other girls all clapped and cheered. Okay? "It's simple enough. Take this basketball - and dribble it with your butt." Mio dropped the ball behind herself, then turned around and did exactly that, squatting slightly and using the underside of her shapely behind to bounce that ball off the floor. "This is all about testing your control and precision."

"I won't be able to see what I'm doing," Sayaka said.

"Excellent! Wonderful! That is the whole point!" Mio said, allowing the ball to bounce up a little higher, and without looking balanced it perfectly right on top of her butt. She then flicked her hips - and passed it off to Non, who was standing perfectly straight with her back turned... and then, to Sayaka's amazement, she was able to simply flick the muscles in her hips very slightly, causing her soft butt to catch and dribble the ball with ease. "Sometimes you will have to deal with enemies in your blind spot. Use your butt to control the battlefield, and you shall pick the game apart!"

That made a sort of sense. Though where Keijo was concerned, sometimes it felt like almost anything you said about breasts or butts made sense, so long as you made it sound at least semi-coherent. Never mind! For the time being, Sayaka was going to try to dribble that ball using only her butt!

This, unsurprisingly, proved more challenging than expected. As she couldn't see what she was doing, getting the timing down was challenging to say the least. Knowing how much strength to use and when was extremely tricky and meticulous.

"You can do it, Sayaka!" Non cheered on, fist pumping the air cutely. "Yay! I believe in you!"

"Here, let me help you get the rhythm down," Mio offered, gripping Sayaka's hips - But Sayaka stepped away and gave her a Look. Sorry, no. She's not playing along like that. "Alright, alright. Be that way. Usagi, why don't you demonstrate instead, while I watch from over here."

That girl was impossible! Sayaka had half a mind to... To.. Walk away... And... And disobey Non's butt, which she could see was trying to do the exercise as well, with a surprising amount of success. Using her hind quarters to dribble the ball away with a surprising amount of accuracy, flicking her cheeks just so. Catching the curve of the ball with the curve of her rear, causing that soft flesh to ripple in a quite distracting way.

Maybe she could stand to stay a little longer?

"Here's the ball," Usagi said, and she wound up gripping Sayaka's hips. "Alright, and here's the rhythm. One, two, one two. You feel that? Does it feel good?"

"I suppose it does," Sayaka said. A deliberate response, to minimise the chance of the pervert sitting cross legged on the bed watching her from making any lewd comments. It didn't stop her from smacking her lips.

Weirdly though, Sayaka did still trust her to be good at teaching how to improve at Keijo. There was probably a reason for that, but she couldn't think about what that might -

"See how Non does it?" Usagi asked, and indeed, Sayaka's eyes drifted to the front. Where Non was bouncing the ball like a lewd parody of Michael Jordan. "Come on, you're supposed to be an outfielder, right? You should be able to move faster and more precisely than this!"

Deep breath! Deep breath! Bounce, bounce, bounce. She was starting to get the feel for it. "Let your mind go empty," Usagi commanded. Bounce, bounce, bounce. "Don't think, feel it." Bounce, bounce, bounce! "Do you know what a danger sense is?" Bounce, bounce, bounce! "It's your senses picking up something unconsciously." Bounce, bounce, bounce! "Something going on around you that you've not consciously noticed." Bounce, bounce, bounce! "Use that. Use those instincts to tell you where the ball is going to go."

It was working. Impossibly, it was working! After a few minutes she could feel the way the ball was going to move without Usagi guiding her hips! She felt like a little kid learning how to cycle, the moment they realised their mother had stopped holding onto them a while ago. She was doing it! She was dribbling the ball! Now she could pick up the pace, accelerate her speed, push herself beyond her limits and show them all what she was truly capable -

Smack!

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" Mio said, her hand lingering where it landed on Sayaka's right cheek. "You looked soooo cute that I couldn't help myself."

"P-Pervert!" Sayaka yelled, spinning around to get away from her. But Mio put her offending hand behind her back and rocked gently on her heels. "I should have known better. You're just playing around again, aren't you?"

"Me, play around?" Mio asked. "Well, yes. I would do that, I suppose. It's so *wonderful* to play! But... If something like that can distract you during an exercise, then it will distract you out on the land. Can you truly afford that kind of distraction?"

That was patently ridiculous. A distraction like that couldn't happen in Keijo! "The enemy would get disqualified for striking with their hand," Sayaka said. But the rest of the room didn't seem to agree with her.

"Hrm, a lewd hip bump could happen instead," said one, demonstrating on another of the girls. Leaning back, squatting down, and rubbing her butt directly into the other girl's butt in a blatantly lewd way. "Like this?"

"Kyaaa! That is quite distracting! Just like Mio~"

What a strange comment to make. Although Sayaka did rather see the point. Mio's presence was quite distracting at the best of times. She was a very strong presence, very hard to ignore. Her, ahem, physique certainly didn't help with that big, strong and curvy body she had.

"Hrm... Hold on..." One of the girls said. "Wait, something's not right here..."

"Nonsense!" Mio said in her broken English accent. She stepped in between Sayaka and that girl, and - It almost looked like she was swaying her upper half to and fro. It was a bit tricky to see from this angle. "We're all good friends here! Right? All good friends! Gooooood friends. Let's help each other train, so we can be better at Keijo."

"Better... at Keijo..." the girl muttered, sounding oddly sleepy. "We should be better at Keijo, together. Being trained by Mio."

"Wo~ow! That's such a great idea!" Mio said, bouncing on her heels a little. A strangled gurgle of happiness came from the bed. "Now, let's keep on showing Sayaka how it's done, okay?"

"What was that all about?" Sayaka asked.

"Some of the girls need a little... reinforcement," Non whispered. "Mio-sensei was giving them a... confidence boost. Right?"

Alright. That made sense, sort of. Also, the more she thought about it, the more she could sort of see the point that Mio was trying to make. If she got distracted in the middle of her attack by the enemy making an attack of their own, then it would be her fault she was sent off balance... Whether the enemy that butt bumped her was the one she was aiming at, or another one.

"How do I avoid getting distracted then?" Sayaka asked.

"Why, the answer is obvious, isn't it?" Mio replied, peering over her shoulder down at where Sayaka was still squatting down. Mio whirled around, scooped up the ball and set it bouncing under Sayaka's butt, letting her resume the dribbling which, by now, she had a pretty good handle on. Barring distractions. "All you have to do is train it out of yourself."

Smack! The other girls all jumped, and Sayaka had to grit her teeth to hold it together. It wasn't Mio that had smacked her, you see. It had been Non. Mio was standing in front of her when it came, nodding her head with her arms folded across her ridiculously large chest.

"Very good!" Mio said, flashing a big thumbs up. "Keep going, keep going! Don't let Non distract you, no matter what you do!"

It was proving to be difficult - but she was managing it. The same principles used during martial arts training must apply here as well. Find your limit. Push through it. Persevere. But! You must not push too hard! Do not push your body beyond its limits. Nor should you push your mind! Now that Sayaka had found the rhythm, she was going to use her butt to bounce this ball off the floor, over and over again! No matter how often Non smacked her cheeks! With surprising precision, actually, given how fast she was moving. She would ignore her friend's gropes. She would ignore the little pinches, she would ignore the stinging pain, and she would ignore -

"Hip nip slip!"

Mio turned around, and then her butt was a blur of motion directly in front of Sayaka. Striking her in the chest, but not hard. In fact, it was a glancing blow at most. There could be no doubt she was moving extremely quickly, as Sayaka could feel the air blowing around her face - But it took a moment for the effect of this attack to settle in, and when it did, her body went completely rigid. Her nipples! They were being precisely struck by Mio's butt at an astounding speed! Stimulating them as if she'd hooked up a car battery to them, and sent a jolt right down the cable! Sayaka's mouth hung open in shock. Not only at the sudden unexpected pleasure coursing through her, but also the level of skill required to perform this attack so easily and effortlessly! Mio's pretty face was confident, casual, and completely relaxed! It was as if this was just another day for her!

"Oh my, you let the ball slip away," Mio said. "Naughty kitty! Bad kitty! I'd say we should punish you - but Non has already been spanking you for the last ten minutes. Instead, I'll simply punish you by removing my sweet ass from your now fully erect nipples."

And just like that, she walked away with her hands behind her head. The instant she left, Sayaka sank to her knees and a breath escaped her. That was... more intense than any Keijo game she'd had to date. Such a technique was possible? If Mio - If anyone used that on her in a match, it would be game over for sure!

"By the way, if you complete my training you'll know how to do this too~" Mio sang. This peaked Sayaka's interest. If she learned how to perform that attack, then - "With your speed, it would be truly devastating, don't you think?"

Indeed, it would be quite devastating, but - "It's kind of perverted, isn't it?"

"No more than wedging yourself for the sake of greater speed," Mio countered, wagging her finger knowingly. "I mean, at this point if you're complaining about things being kind of perverted, you're in the wrong sport! We're cute girls dressed in swimsuits trying to knock each other around using breasts, hips and butts. How is that not perverted again?"

Sayaka hated to admit it, but Mio had a good point. Besides which, it was a legitimate Keijo move. At the very least, she had to learn how to resist it, or she'd have an easy target. A simple weak point to take her down. Even if she didn't learn the move...

A frown fell upon her face. It was strange. She was going along with all this kind of easily, wasn't she? At first she'd protest, but then she was just... going with it. Coming up with her own reasons for doing so. Internalising that this training all made perfect sense. It was almost as though she was being led along by the nose -

Oh! Or maybe it was because she was seeing through the hidden layers and coming to appreciate the subtle genius of Mio's method! With grim determination, Sayaka squat down and used her butt to bounce that ball up yet again. "Try again!" she said, fiercely determined. "I'll keep the ball bouncing in spite your distraction!"

"Very well," Mio said, whipping around to resume her attack. "If you insist!"

Nnnrgh! It wasn't easy with this intense stimulation, but - But she wouldn't lose! Not this time! Bounce that ball! Boing, boing, boing off the floor! She could barely hear it over the sound of air whipping by her ears, or the sound of her own teeth gritting together as this *unbelievable* stimulation in her chest threatened to overwhelm her at a moment's notice.

"Oh, my! You adapt fast!" Mio said. Suddenly, she switched up the rhythm of her attack. It almost threw Sayaka off - but she kept her cool. Kept the ball bouncing. Kept on dribbling it. "But what if you wind up in a double team attack? No~on!"

"Yes, mistress!" Non enthusiastically yelled, and before Sayaka could process that, she felt Non's soft ass pressing into her. It was like a cast mould had been pressed into her hind

quarters. Soft! Impossibly soft! But, oh, that wasn't all. There was something else about her butt as well. It was stimulating something deep inside Sayaka, that - That!

That wasn't going to be enough to beat her! Despite Non's presence, she wasn't actually inhibiting Sayaka's movement at all. In fact, if Sayaka didn't know better she'd swear that Non was helping her bounce the ball by guiding her butt, with her own! Which obviously wasn't the case because it would defeat the exercise entirely.

"Oh my, do you have something to say?" Mio asked. To which, Sayaka's eyes crossed and her tongue flopped out the side of her mouth. "That's such a cute expression! You should make it more often, little kitty!"

"It's funny, I thought that nickname was annoying at first, but it's growing on me," Sayaka said in between deep, sucking breaths. Bounce, bounce, bounce. Keep that ball bouncing away. Ignore the pleasure. Work through the pleasure. Embrace the pleasure. The pleasure that Mio was giving you. The pleasure that only Mio could give you.

"Do you trust me, little kitten?" Mio asked. "Go ahead, do you trust me?"

Sayaka nodded. Yes. Yes, by now she did trust Mio. It was obvious she knew what she was doing. Her training was a little perverted, but it was obviously effective. Besides which, Keijo was inherently erotic no matter what you did. Therefore, she should accept that such things would become involved in the training.

"Then let's see how you handle this!"

Mio whirled around, and in a single flowing movement, squat down, tugged her swimsuit off her shoulders, exposed her breasts and then let them hang there, swaying gently in the exposed air right before Sayaka's eyes. Huh? What was she doing now? This pose looked familiar for some reason, almost as if it was -

"You trust me, so don't think about it," Mio instructed. "Don't think about it at all. Just watch my boobies. They're very nice boobies, aren't they?" Mio said, flicking her shoulders back and forth, to and fro, and for a moment there Sayaka almost felt like there was a pendulum dangling in front of her eyes. Swinging and swaying, going to and fro, impossible to look away from. "Little kitty... you're a little kitty. My little pet kitty cat. So cute and ferocious. So fast and nimble. So very... very fast."

How was that supposed to help with her training? Oh! Of course. Mistress Mio was trying to distract her by confusing her! Obviously, she must stick to the exercise. At this point, it was already so easy and trivial for her to bounce the ball with her butt that she barely had to put any thought into it at all. Which was nice, because it meant that she could stare at those big round titties and put more of her concentration into those. Yes... that was also probably the point of this exercise. Distract her with tits. Distract her with big bouncy boobies swaying right in front of her

face. If Sayaka could get distracted so easily by large breasts, then Keijo was not the sport for her.

"You like my breasts, don't you?" Mio asked. "Ah, I mean. You like my breasts. You do like my breasts. You like them quite a lot. So, Sayaka, how do you feel about my breasts?"

"I like your breasts," Sayaka replied.

"Good kitty," Mio stroked her hair. "Now say it like a cat."

"Nyaaaa! I like your breasts!" Sayaka purred. Her movements became a bit more feline as well. Almost to the point of putting her hands on the floor - but she stopped herself. That was a big no-no in Keijo.

"I think you're almost ready," Mio's eyes danced with mischief and delight. "Almost there, my precious little kitty cat. I'm going to kiss you now. A deep french kiss. If you can keep on bouncing the ball while my tongue is in your mouth, then you are ready for the final step of training. Are you ready?"

"Nyaaaa!" Sayaka mewled, just like a cat. She preened herself, licking the back of her hand and rubbing it into her cheek. "Anytime, Mistress!"

Mio knelt down, and Sayaka reflexively tried to follow her breasts. For some reason. Probably because they were *so nice*, but luckily Mistress Mio caught her chin and made her look up. Luckily for multiple reasons, because what followed was pure, unadulterated bliss.

"Lucky lucky little kitty!" she heard Usagi say. And behind her, Non continued to bounce her butt. You know, the way she was moving now was almost like a cat wagging its tail while on the hunt.

"Getting to make out with Mistress!" another girl said. Yes, cats do that with their tail to check their balance, make sure everything's alright before they pounce.

"She's a good kitty," said another girl Sayaka didn't remember the name of. "Such a good kitty."

"Mistress Mio has trained her well."

Through this, Mio's tongue slipped inside Sayaka's mouth and was eagerly, easily welcomed inside. On reflex, Sayaka gasped at the strange sensation... but soon began to enjoy it. She began to relax. Mistress Mio was right, after all. She was a good kitty cat. A nice kitty cat. Obedient to Mistress Mio. And so, she should return the kiss, making big sloppy noises and even mewling into her just like a kitty.

Mio suddenly pulled away and stood up, shaking her boobs in front of Sayaka's face again. "Good kitty. My kitty. Your willpower is almost gone by now." Then she squat back down to

resume the kiss. The girls all around her tittered and cooed - then suddenly she rose again, swaying her nice big round boobies right where Sayaka couldn't help but look at them. "Submit to my breasts. Become my pet forever and ever. Join my harem, as my pet."

"Yes, Mistress Mio..." Sayaka said, taking in those commands with the same ease as a lock takes its key. Indeed, those breasts had been like a key to her mind, allowing Mio to plant in whatever thoughts she wanted.

"You can stop now, Non!" Mio said, and Non instantly did exactly that. "Would you mind fetching my collar while I finish scrubbing our silly kitty's brain?"

"Yes, Mistress!" Non said excitedly, while Mio resumed swaying her breasts for Sayaka. Back and forth. Big, bouncy and round. Completely mind melting boobies. No wonder they were able to stun Kazane and those others so - Oh! That's who it was before! Those two girls were the two that Kazane had teamed up with! No wonder she recognised them.

A collar was handed to her. "There you go." It had a lead attached to it as well. Sayaka stared at it. "Put that on, kitty. It means that you're my pet. We'll have to find you some cat ears as well, oh wow! That'll be super cute!"

Super... cute? Yes. That sounded nice. Sayaka put the collar around her neck and offered the leash to Mio, who smirked down at her triumphantly. Sayaka replied to that smirk with a cute little 'yowl' to show her true position.

"Very good," Mio said, stroking Sayaka's hair. It made her purr contently. "Now, I'll teach you how to do the Hip Nip Shock. Combining that with your K-Acceleration should provide some very... interesting results. Don't you think?"

"Yes, Mistress!" Sayaka said, then leaned forward to run her tongue up her thigh. She rubbed her cheek up against Mio, in that way cats do when they want to rub their scent on something. then , she held up her hands as if they were paws and flexed her fingers. "This little kitty can hardly wait to learn! Nyaa!"

And so, another girl joined Mio's harem. A girl that she had such plans for. How many would satisfy her insatiable attitude...? Only time would tell!

Fate - Skill Grinder

At the Tohsaka residence, deep in the basement, Rin was busy multitasking. With her right arm, she was lifting weights. A modern magus must ensure their martial abilities are top notch, to better allow themselves flexibility in a combat situation... And she would very soon be involved in many combat situations, as the Fifth Grail War approached.

With her other hand, she was flicking through a book. Researching the details known about the Grail War, left by her ancestors. The mechanics, the rules, strategies attempted and failed. Material that she knew well enough by now, but a fresh look could hardly hurt. Some insight that she'd missed on a previous read. Advice written invisibly between the words, so to speak. Read between the lines. Generate a picture in your mind. From there, start to plan. Strategise. Consider your options, look into your angles, and then -

The doorbell rang. Oh! The delivery had arrived a day earlier than she thought! Rin put down the weight, mopped her brow with the sleeve of her workout jacket, then hurried on upstairs as the doorbell rang again.

"Don't leave, I'll be there right away!" she called out, making a beeline right for the front door, which she threw open and - Found herself staring at her sister (no! Not sister! Sakura Matou, that's all) and the boy she had a crush on.

While she was wearing glasses and sweatpants. The two of them waved at her.

Rin closed the door so fast it should have caused a sonic boom. She turned scarlet, then ran back inside the house, ditching her workout clothes, putting away her reading glasses and grabbing - ah! This skirt was in good condition! This red shirt as well, the one with the cross on it... Yeah, that'll do! Pull up some black thigh high socks, toss the workout clothes into the basement, then rush back to the door and pretend nothing at all had happened!

"Oh, hello there!" Rin said, cool as a cucumber. "It's so unusual to receive visitors from school. How may I help you today?"

"This is an official visit, I'm afraid," Sakura said. Oh dear. She sounded deadly serious. "May we come in?" That tone of voice... Come to think, Sakura wouldn't come around here unless she had very good reason to. Her new grandfather would find out, and insist on knowing the reason why. If she didn't have a satisfactory answer, then it would reflect badly on both of them. Rin nodded. It must be something to do with school - or magic. Though how it could have anything to do with the latter when Emiya was involved... That part, Rin did not understand at all.

"Then please, come in, make yourself at home," Rin said.

"Thank you, Miss Tohsaka," Emiya said, stepping by her and - Unknown to Rin, he accidentally made use of his Harem skill just then, which caused both Rin and Sakura to stare at his butt as

he strolled along. Both girls took the time to check it out, noting how well those trousers flattered the shape. "Ah, it's kind of weird visiting a classmate's house like this."

The level of attraction Rin was feeling to Shirou should have been an enormous red flag to her. So big, it should have set every bull on Earth into a rampage. It took a lot to get her hot, bothered and distracted, and Shirou just standing around being all hot like that, it should have tipped her off that something was amiss. Especially given that Sakura was right next to her, staring and muttering 'momma want' under her breath like it was her own personal mantra.

This was merely the passive effect of Shirou's' newfound Harem skill, unknowingly forced upon him by the copy of Rin that was, even now, scheming to help him build and maintain a harem. Needless to say, but she almost didn't need to do much of anything to have her plan succeed at this point. Nonetheless, Rin wasn't exactly the sort to sit and let things unfold, and nor was her magical copy. That being said, Rin - the original Rin - did sit down and gestured for her guests to do the same.

"So, now that we are all gathered here, may I ask why you are both here today?" Rin asked, keeping up her school persona. While she suspected there was something magical going on, a magus of the modern age had to keep that public facing mask up until the moment it wasn't needed anymore.

"Ah... How to explain it...?" Shirou rubbed the back of his head. His extremely handsome head. Incidentally flexing a bicep that was bulging against his shirt, and unknowingly leaning forward in a way that made the outline of his own surprisingly healthy chest press up against the fabric, making Rin's breath hitch ever so slightly, while suppressing the bizarre urge to run her tongue from his elbow to his wrist.

"Senpai has been practising magic at his home," Sakura said, being quite unusually blunt and forthright. For good reason. Shirou had the decency to look a bit sheepish about it, but... he's quite lucky. If Rin didn't know about him being here, then he was likely not someone the Mage Association was aware of. They didn't like not knowing about a magus. Come to it, Rin - as the administrator of Fuyuki - didn't much care for a magus operating in her area without her permission either. "As you are the administrator for the area - "

"Yes, yes, formal introductions, I'll sort out the paperwork later on," Rin said, letting loose her true personality. She leaned over on the back of her hand and maintained a steady eye contact with Shirou, staring into his piercing eyes, their distinctive golden brown making her feel - She shook it off yet again, still oblivious to the metaphorical enormous red cloth that was being waved around the room. It would surely take a marching band hoisting that flag before she noticed, considering how distracted she was being.

Not least because there was a voice inside of Rin, that was fist pumping the air. 'Yahoo!' this inner Rin was celebrating, you see. 'Now I have the chance to boss him around! I can speak to him whenever I want! I'll take him on as an apprentice, and from there - '

Externally, she was all business. Rin coughed to help herself maintain focus, and consider what to do next with great care. "To start with, I need to determine. What sort of magic have you been practising?" It had better not involve anything illegal, or anything that would risk exposing magic to civilians. Secrecy was of the utmost importance, and the last thing Rin needed was to explain how someone that attended the same school as her - Actually there was a worse issue here. Didn't Emiya hang out with Shinji and Sakura a lot? Then how come they hadn't noticed! It could get the two of them in trouble! Great, now her imagination was going into overdrive. Just what she needed!

"I've been doing Tracing, Projection and Reinforcement magic," Shirou said, puffing out his chest with pride, and - While Rin felt that he looked very cute like this, the effect was somewhat diminished by the fact that, to a mage of her knowledge and skill, he may as well have confessed to using the bathroom by himself for the first time.

"Gradiation Air?" Rin confirmed, and Sakura nodded. "Oh, that's not too bad then. You wouldn't mind showing me what you can do?" Not that she expected much. Even she couldn't make something actually useful from that spell - at least, not for more than one use before it broke. There's a reason the spell is never actually used, you'd be as well spending the same energy getting the real item. "Uh... Copy this teaspoon. Let's see how it comes out."

It was a small enough item. Even a novice could do it, though the spoon would be effectively worthless anyway. Put something too heavy in it, there was a risk of it breaking as reality goes 'hold on that shouldn't exist' and poofs it out of existence. Or maybe it happens when you stir it, or tap something, or... whatever. The effort needed outweighed any possible benefit, even for something as small as this.

"Trace on!"

Hrm? That was his activation phrase? Very well. 'Tracing magic'. Yes, that made a sort of sense. Rin blinked and then, Shirou was suddenly holding a spoon identical to the one lying on the table. Alright. Let's see what this is -

The instant Rin held the spoon, she felt something was strange. Holding it up against the other one, it wasn't actually identical. If anything, this newer spoon was... superior. There were no subtle markings from years of use and being cleaned, the metal was gleaming and shining and - In the reflection she could almost sort of see herself. Except, as the metal was curved it was a distorted image. When she rolled the spoon around in her hands, it almost made it seem as though she was wearing a bellydancer's outfit, suggestively displaying her body. Seductively, alluringly teasing Shirou with her natural sex appeal. Toying with him, tormenting him, and looking completely and thoroughly happy while doing so.

And then, just before she put the spoon down, she could almost swear that her own reflection winked at her... Which was clearly the product of an overactive imagination, and not, for

example, down to the fact Shirou's level in Harem Master was now the highest it could literally get, and was therefore at the point that his Tracing and Projection would now inherently imbue objects with traits that would push cute girls into becoming willing, eager members of his harem.

Perish the thought.

"That spoon is good, isn't it nee-san?" Sakura asked, deadly serious. "It's too good. It's better than the original, isn't it?"

Rin put the spoon down. It didn't vanish. She tapped it against the table. To no effect. She was tempted to toss it across the room or try to smash it against a wall - but it sort of felt like if she tried that she might damage the wall first.

That... wasn't merely gradation air. Shirou had conjured an item so real that it was more real than the item he'd copied. Rin took a deep, deep breath upon that thought, while Shirou sheepishly rubbed the back of his head.

Now Rin was doing a few mental calculations. Whatever Shirou had done, it had the potential to be a significant breakthrough in magical research. The boy had done that, and didn't even seem tired at all. Several questions sprung to mind, and the effect was like books flying off the shelves as they came to her. What did his magical circuits look like? Was there a time limit of some sort? A size limit? Complexity? What side effects were there? What could he use it to do? There had to be a limit of *some* sort. Could he teach her how to do that? Actually, could she persuade him to teach her in a way that made it seem like she wasn't begging him to? For the sake of her pride as a magus, you realise!

Have his children, an impulse within her whispered. Not out of lust, but pragmatism. That's something all mages want to do, you see. Pass on what they've learned to the next generation. Their next generation. Keep the studies going, refine your speciality, and use that to - Honestly, probably just use it to reach the Root. It's what it was all about in the end, ultimately. The Mystery to end all Mysteries, the one that upon solving, the solver never came back to share their findings.

Now both sides of Rin were feeling it. The sheer power of it. Though Rin was far too proud to admit it, she was all but baited in, right this moment. Her fate was sealed, she'd be a member of his harem, and nobody in the room yet knew it.

"So, how did you find out about this?" Rin asked. "This isn't something you merely stumble into." It's not like Sakura or Shinji would have told him anything about magic.

"My old man taught me a little," Shirou said. His father...? "I mean, he always used to tell me wild stories about magic, and he showed me a little bit of it. He always warned me from getting involved, but -"

"But you just couldn't stay away," Rin interrupted. Most people would be like that. Once you've seen magic, real magic, not stage illusions or a performance, it's hard to keep yourself away. It's like an irresistible siren's song. It lures you in, and more likely than not, it ruins your life when you get too close. "I can see why you brought him here, Sakura. It's troublesome, especially considering the timing."

"Yes, I was worried about that as well," Sakura gripped her skirt. "I don't want us to fight Shirou, if it comes down to it."

"Let's save that for later," Rin interrupted. "Don't worry about that for now. I'm more interested in this magic you've been practising." She thought for a moment and nodded to herself. "I'll take you on as an apprentice." That resolved several issues at once. If Shirou did turn out to be a Master in the Grail War, then having him work under her would make them 'allies'. Therefore they would not need to fight. It would allow her to introduce him properly, safely, into the world of magic. Make him into an ally. Learn a bit more about his magic.

And, most importantly, *breed him like a stallion.*

"Oh, that's very kind of you," Shirou said. He rubbed the back of his head once again. A nervous habit? He could keep it if he wanted. The way it emphasised his manly chest was extremely fascinating. "I was kind of worried I'd get in trouble, you know? I never would have guessed that you and Sakura were mages."

Yes. Well, that was something to be put aside for the time being. He didn't need to know about their history. Rin was quite eager to get onto a couple of other points that were sort of bothering her. That spoon was ridiculous. Now that she'd put it down, now that she was really looking at it, the spoon felt like it was more real than the table it was resting on. It was a Spoon. No, more like a SPOON. This left two things that she had to focus on. The first was the method he'd used to perform that magic, and the other was... Determining the limits of what he could do.

Normally, Rin would go for the former right away. Obviously. The best thing to do would be learning the specific training method that Shirou had used to master this kind of magecraft so that she could learn from it herself - perhaps even supplement the training, improve its efficiency, write a paper on it. Oh yes, a thesis like this could get her quite a bit of recognition if it panned out. She opened her mouth to ask that question, but - Unknown to all present, Shirou's impossibly high 'harem' skill kicked in yet again, recognising the threat this line of conversation would have on building up his harem, and made him say -

"S-say, by the way, I was wondering... Is there anything I should *avoid* trying to use this sort of magic on?"

This question was borne from his accidental duplication of Rin, which he was still embarrassed about and also wrestling with in terms of his conscience. Shirou was coming to the conclusion he should probably confess what he'd accidentally done - but that little insecure aspect, his

concern for what might come next, had made him venture into directing the conversation in that direction.

But the question had a different effect on Rin. It changed her mind on what she was going to ask next. "Not that I can think of," Rin honestly answered. "Unless the item in question is already inherently dangerous, then you should be fine to trace anything you want..." Although, she wasn't completely certain of that herself.

"Wouldn't it be a good idea to test it?" Sakura asked. "Being able to perform it at this level, without seeming to use all that much energy... Surely there must be a downside, right?"

"He can copy mundane items fine..." Rin said. "What's the biggest thing you've ever copied?"

Shirou gulped and looked to the floor. "A little smaller than myself..." he admitted. "I'm not sure if there's a size limit, I've never really pushed for it. We probably shouldn't, right? I mean, if I copied something really big then - "

"Copy that couch," Rin said, gesturing across the room. Shirou glanced over and - Suddenly, there were two couches, one behind the other. "Okay. I think we can safely say that size isn't much of an issue for you. Do you feel tired?"

No. He didn't. That was crazy! A couch isn't exactly a small item. Normally someone would feel at least a little tired if they used gradation air to make something that size! It would then disappear into nothing - and he 'traced' it almost immediately!

In that case, she needed to do something a bit more drastic. "Wait here, one moment!" Rin rose and ran from the room, her mind racing on what to do next - Then she turned back and scowled at them. "Don't touch anything while I'm gone!"

She jabbed her index and middle fingers at her eyes, then pointed them at the pair sitting in her living room. Then, she resumed her mad dash upstairs, to her bedroom, where she quickly looked around for something - anything - that she could use as a test.

A magical item would be preferred here. Could he copy it, including its effect? Improve upon it in some way, perhaps? It did seem as though he could generally improve things he was copying. It wouldn't surprise her if she sat on that couch he made, if it was more comfortable than the one she already had. Maybe she could sell her old one? No, hold on, put it in the basement instead! There was a chance it might pop anytime, still. Just because it hadn't yet didn't mean it wouldn't!

Although, to be honest, thinking about that spoon it was hard to believe the universe would ever reject it.

Okay! So, a magical item of some sort. Preferably something she could afford to lose or break... Which was a tough call given her financial situation. Obviously, a gem was out. The idea that

Shirou could simply make more gems for her, full to bursting with mana was - No, no, don't dwell on such a thought, it might make you drool like an idiot! Think, Rin. Think! There has to be something here that should be safe for him to -

And then, her eyes fell upon it. The chest in the corner. An old memory, one that she tried (and failed) to repress came back to her. Using *that*. The *wand*. It had made her act like an idiot in public. Cost her the friends she had at the time, because they thought she was a *complete buffoon*. She'd tossed it in that chest, fully intending to never ever let it out.

Could she? It was technically a family heirloom. Made by none other than Zeltrech himself. Magical Ruby, a Kaleidoscopic mystic code purported to let you borrow the skills of another version of yourself. It was actually a major magical girl enthusiast.

No. No! Rin shook her head. No, that would be stupid. Making Shirou copy something like that would never work. Right? Hehehe! What a ridiculous idea! He could probably 'Trace' it find, but 'Projecting' it would be another matter. Besides which, however ill intentioned she might be towards the stupid talking wand for humiliating her in public like that, taking it along to Shirou and him potentially breaking it would mean losing an item of study for future generations. Future generations... that the wand would probably also trick into becoming magical girls in public and -

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So, this was Tohsaka's place, huh? Shirou leaned back in the seat and really took it all in. Quite the opulent looking place, huh? Although, it was weird. For some reason he'd had this feeling like Sakura was nervous ever since they came in. Ah! Here he was being worried for his own situation, when clearly something wasn't right with Sakura. Look at the way she's fidgeting over there. For now, he'd put his own worries aside about how to tell Rin about the Skill Grinder, and what to do with the copy he accidentally made of her, and all the problems associated with that, and-

And when he put his mind to what the issue might be, the answer came right away. From his Tracing of Rin. He'd seen her history. Her past. And he knew what the problem was right away.

"You okay?" Shirou asked. He put his hand on her shoulder, and she almost jumped out of her skin. Poor girl. "You seem pretty wound up."

"Oh, I'm just worried about what Tohsaka will think about your magic," Sakura lied. Easily. Trivially. Believably. "You don't need to worry about me."

"I'm the kind of guy who worries about others," Shirou said. Which was true enough. A hero worries about others before themselves. That's what he believed. Sakura's needs came before his. He reached out, took her hand. This seemed to calm her down, which was good. "It's okay, I'll be fine! It's not like Tohsaka's going to rip my head off."

That's when Rin stormed into the room, a happily singing wand clutched in her hand. It sang "yay, yay, I'm getting used again! Rin is going to use me for something really cool I bet~"

"Trace this!" Rin said, slamming the wand down on the table. "Go on! Do you think you can project it?"

"Are you sure?" Shirou asked. A dark aura rose around Rin. "Okay, okay!"

"Hi, I'm Magical Ruby, pleased to meet you!" the wand chirped.

"Pleased to meet you as well," Sakura politely bowed to the thing. She seemed a bit more relaxed now, which was good. Or was that another convincing lie? "Um... Si- Tohsaka, what does this wand do again? I think I have seen it before, but -"

"It lures you into total humiliation," Rin immediately replied. "That's what it does! So? Can you trace it?"

He already had. It was a pretty complicated mystic code, and when he got to the point he was looking at the history of its creation, he was pretty sure that the old man crafting it winked at him. There was also a sign behind him that, for some reason, read "SE/RT + SM + S(AP), HAREM OTP, GO GET 'EM BOY!" If he hadn't known any better he'd swear that was a message for him. There was also another sign behind him that read "PS, I AM NOT AS TROLLY AS YOU THINK I AM. YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE." Which, uh, didn't feel like it was meant for him at all.

"Do you want me to Project it as well?" he asked, feeling a bit nervous about it. He'd never actually tried Projecting a Mystic Code before. Certainly not one as complicated as this. Although, this ability did sort of remind him of the Skill Grinder... Oh! Maybe that was his chance! "Actually -"

"Do it," Rin interrupted. "I'm interested in seeing what happens."

Well, okay then. Shirou shrugged and... et voila. He held out another wand just like it for Rin to inspect. She was staring at it with deep fascination. Blinking slowly. Taking it in. Really looking at it.

Of course, none of them knew it quite yet, but as Shirou's Harem skill was corrupting everything he created at the moment, this was *especially* true of the item Rin was holding in her hand. The original Ruby had something of a Magical Girl obsession. This one? Obsessed with Harems. The effect was much the same, if you replaced those two points.

"Hey hey! Did this guy just make a bootleg of me?!" Ruby - the original one - whined on the table. "Faker! Faker! Blegh! You're not a patch on my creator, he designed and made me with his own two hands!"

"Well, Master Shirou broke the universe to make me!" the other Ruby replied. "And I'm way, way better than you, too! Go ahead, Miss Tohsaka! Let me prove it to you! I promise, my personality is superior to the original."

"L-less of the Master Shirou please..." Shirou requested, feeling a little bit off put by being called that. "Uh, did you learn anything from that, Tohsaka?"

"I'll test these out later," Rin said, putting the other Ruby on the other side of the room. As if she was afraid the two of them would combust or something if they touched. Or maybe more afraid of mixing them up. "Off with your shirt. I need to check your Magic Circuit. Right now."

Well darn, it seemed like he wasn't going to get the chance to bring up the trinket sitting in his pocket, was he? Alright, fine. If they insisted. Shirou whipped off his shirt, feeling a bit awkward being topless in front of two girls. One the little sister of his friend, the other he both barely knew and *intimately* knew due to Tracing her... And, oh dear, the two girls were staring at him with this weird look in their eyes. They were probably bothered by this as well, right?

Tohsaka moved first. Putting the flat of her hand on his chest. Sakura copied the gesture. Ah, okay. So, they must be checking his Magic Circuits, right?

"Sakura, could you get some water?" Tohsaka asked. Gosh, this was a little bit weird and awkward. "Sakura?"

"You know, it would be more effective if we just licked him," Sakura said. Uh...? What? "Body fluid would make for a better... conductor."

For a moment, both Shirou and Rin stared at Sakura, and there was a bit of an awkward silence. Uh? What was that? Where did that come from all of a sudden? Slowly but surely, Sakura must have realised what she'd said aloud, as she turned scarlet on the spot.

"Excuse me, I'll go find some water," she said, and ran off from the room, leaving him alone with Tohsaka. W-Well, that was kind of a relief. Sort of. The way Rin was touching his chest was borderline inappropriate. Not that he especially minded, but if he didn't know better he'd swear the girl was extremely horny for him. Obviously, he knew that she had a bit of a crush on him, but according to his memories it wasn't nearly to this extent. Nothing could have changed since this morning to make her behave like that, so she must be performing a proper analysis on his Magical Circuits. Just like she said.

Anyway. Now that it was just the two of them, this seemed like a good time for Shirou to bring up the Skill Grinder. "So, Tohsaka, there's something I didn't get around to telling you..."

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Standing in the kitchen, Sakura splashed water onto her face and took in a deep, sucking breath. Of course, she knew her way around it well enough. She had lived here when she was very young, the house hadn't changed that much since then. Well... maybe it had. The bigger things probably. Different cutlery, different crockery, the location of things might be a little different, but the overall structure of the place was still the same.

Needless to say, but she was going through a *lot* of very difficult emotions right now. Back in her old home with the boy she liked, talking to the sister that has to pretend to not be her sister, the sister that Sakura had prayed for years would come and save her but never did, and the way she was looking at Emiya made her feel jealous and -

And then she went and said something like that! What had gotten into her?! If she wasn't careful then - then the worm inside her would wake up. It would get hungry. It would need to feed. And if it needed to feed then - then it would be really, really bad.

That's why she ran from the room. She could feel herself getting extremely aroused and needed to calm. Down. Calm. Down. Deep. Breath. Deep. Breaths...

"Hey there!" a voice said. A high pitched excited squeal coming from right behind her. "You seemed kinda freaked out there, Sakura! Anything I can do to help?"

Oh. It was the copy of that magical wand, that Shirou had made. Um. Sakura couldn't quite remember what this Mystic Code was meant to do. It must have followed her on... its... Huh?

"How did you even follow me...?" Sakura muttered to herself. "Did you levitate, or roll...?"

"I rolled!" the wand said. "I couldn't bear to stand it! You seemed soooo super upset! Do you want to talk about it?"

Yes. Desperately. But at the same time, no. Never. Nobody could ever know what a dirty girl she was. A dirty, filthy girl who didn't deserve any better. A dirty girl who would wear this mask of innocence in an attempt to fool people into being nice to her, thus showing she deserved it even less.

"Aha, thanks for offering, you're very kind," Sakura smiled, reaching down to pet the wand as if it was a dog doing a clever trick. "But I'm fine, really. It was just a slip of the tongue, that's all."

"A slip of the tongue about how you wanted to slip that tongue all over Shirou's chest," the wand said, and Sakura turned scarlet on the spot. Don't remind her! "Look, look! It's obvious you like Shirou! Who wouldn't! I mean, he created me, right?"

"I s-suppose he did," Sakura said. Oh dear. Was this thing trying to play matchmaker now? "What should I call you, by the way?"

"The original was called Ruby, so I guess you can call me Sapphire," the wand said. "Yay! I just named myself! Not many Mystic Codes get to do that, you know!"

"I suppose not..." Sakura said. Most Mystic Codes weren't sentient. Or at least, not to the point they could simply talk. "What exactly is it that you do?"

"Why, I'm an application of the Second Sorcery! I can turn people into their best selves once they contract with me," Sapphire said, sounding quite excited. "A version of you that is a good singer exists out there, somewhere, in the multiverse. I can make you into that! Or a great dancer, or a fighter! Would you like to give me a try?"

This made quite a bit of sense, unfortunately. Mystic Codes probably really want to be used for the purpose they were made. Sakura wasn't quite sure if that would be a good idea, though. "I'll pass," she said. "No thanks. It might cause trouble for Emiya and Tohsaka."

It still felt weird referring to her own sister like that...

"Ah, but wouldn't it help them a lot?!" Sapphire insisted. Quite pushy, wasn't it? "I mean, think about it! They're out there trying to work out the limits of what Master can do! If you can show them something completely harmless... Go on, contract with me. For no more than five minutes. As part of this contract, I swear not to let you do anything that would embarrass you or hurt anyone. So? How about it! It'll make them forget all about what you said for sure!"

That was quite the tempting offer... And contracting with a Mystic Code meant that it would keep its word... But that last point was definitely intriguing. She did want to be useful to Shirou...

"Fine," Sakura said. "So long as it's not big or flashy." She reached out for the wand and picked it up. "So what do I have to -"

The contract was made. Light covered Sakura's body for a moment, as Sapphire searched out across the multiverse for a suitable version of Sakura, and then downloaded the relevant skills and clothes directly onto her body. The contract was for five minutes. No more than that. This Sakura, with these skills and this mindset would be in control for five minutes - and then the 'real' Sakura would resume control, retaining no memory at all of what had happened.

Normally, Ruby would transform her into a hyper, peppy magical girl... But that's not what Sapphire is about. As a product of Shirou's Projection while he was holding a Skill Grinder with Level 100 in Harem Protagonist, this Wand's sole objection and delight in existence was having a hand in growing Shirou's harem. As such, one would expect Sakura to appear dressed like a bellydancer - but, no. Her attire was the same. There were no obvious telltale signs of her being different at all.

That is, until she reflexively put her hands over her head, and ground her belly. "Mmmm, Master Shirou..." she muttered to herself.

"Sorry, we don't have time for fun right now!" Sapphire bounced excitedly. "Five minutes! Just five minutes! Get the Skill Grinder from Shirou, or make everyone sit in the couch he projected!"

"Oh, yes, of course!" Sakura said. "Oooh, It's going to be very difficult controlling myself. But I will help this Shirou grow his harem! It's only right, after all."

And so, a special operation began as Sakura slunk seductively out of the kitchen, carrying a cup of water. Five minutes? That would surely be enough time for a little fun.

"Kukuku... Master will surely praise me later!" Sapphire cackled to itself. "Ah... I wonder what the couch actually does, though. Oh well! I'll probably find out soon enough."

To Love Ru - Rito the Pervert

Over the course of our lives, we are fated to have many meetings. Some are of no consequence. You meet a person, say hello, then never see them again. Other meetings are far more momentous. You might say hello, and then meet someone you are destined to spend the rest of your life with. As a friend, a lover... or perhaps even an enemy.

The instant Lala and Haruna laid eyes upon one another, both of them started to do a variety of mental calculations. It was obvious that this other cute girl was interested in Rito, too. For Haruna, this meant adding her to the harem. For Lala, it meant an opportunity for extra teasing.

Once the furor had settled down about Lala, class began as it usually would. Lala was quite intrigued by Earth's education system. Of course, the mathematics and science part hadn't daunted her in the slightest. If anything, she likely found it quaint that they were being taught at this level.

All the while, the two girls had each other set in their sights. When the first break hit, Haruna quickly excused herself - and Lala followed suit.

"H-Hold on!" Rito said. Panicked, for the alien girl who held the planet's fate in her hands was about to wander out of his line of sight. "Where are you going?"

"Hmmm, I wanted to take a look at the surrounding area from the roof," Lala innocently said. "I bet it provides a great view!"

Well, no, not really. It's just buildings as far as the eye can see. Like any normal city really. Rito made to go after her - only to find himself tackled by some of the boys in the class instead.

"You lucky swine, having that girl all over you!"

"It's the dream of every nerdy boy to tap alien booty! Live the dream!"

Needless to say, but Rito wasn't going to be anywhere near them. Hrmph. Lala considered that carefully. She'd seen Haruna do something or other to those boys to get that up - and she also found a slip of paper on her seat, telling her to come to the rooftop at first break. Who was she to decline such an offer?

And so, she went up, where she found Haruna standing there on the rooftop. The wind billowing around her while she stood there, cutely yet confidently. Holding something in the palm of her hand that Lala couldn't make out at all. Well well. This should be interesting.

"Hi there, Haruna wasn't it?" Lala said, considering the best way to tease this girl while still playing the innocent. "It's super nice to meet you. Everyone's been really friendly. Especially Rito. He's soooooo friendly to me, he will give me anything I ask for!"

Behold Lala's desire to tease those around her while playing the role of the innocent girl. Playing upon Haruna's likely attraction to Rito, because that kind of reaction - to put it simply - got her off something fierce. Still, in this case she didn't know what she was reckoning with, as Haruna pulled out her hypnotic little item and held it out for Lala to look at.

"That's nice," Haruna smiled, also feigning innocence as she couldn't wait to see what Lala looked like as a hypnotised, thoroughly brainwashed harem dancer. "Say, would you look at this cool thing I found? Isn't it neat? Take a good look at it, I think it would suit you well."

Haruna held out the coin and let it sparkle in the light. Let it do its work, cast its magic spell upon this mysterious beauty. The tail swishing out from under her skirt was, admittedly, a trifle distracting - But she was undaunted by such trifles! If anything, it added to this mystery girl's appeal!

"Say, Lala. You were saying earlier you were from outer spaaaaace." Haruna quite deliberately drew out the 'a' sound there, while stepping closer, keeping the coin in Lala's line of sight. "Is that true? You're not just acting up, are you?"

"No, I'm actually from outer space," Lala replied. Matter of fact, but eyes are still on the coin. "Princess Lala Satalin Deviluke, pleased to meet you."

"Of course, your highness," Haruna continued. "Say, doesn't this coin look nice and shiny? See? I twist it in the light like this, and the light catches it. Like so."

"Yes, it's well maintained, even though it's obviously quite old..." Lala said. Aha. Now she was truly captured by the hypnotic effect of the coin. Perfect!

"It's a pretty coin, isn't it?" Haruna asked. "Watch the pretty coin, it's so pretty you can't help but look. Keep watching it, keep studying it. You've never seen anything quite like it before, have you? So pretty, too pretty to look away, especially when the light catches it just right."

"Pretty..." Lala muttered to herself. There it is! The moment of truth! She's going under, folks! By now, Haruna was practically holding the coin up to the end of her nose. Oooh! This was so much fun! Putting people under like this, bringing out their true selves...

"So what are you here for?" Haruna asked. Conversationally. Making sure that Lala was properly fully under.

"My father, the Emperor, was talking about arranged marriages again," Lala said, wobbling on her feet while staring at the coin. Good, good. Oh! Big yawn too! Even that was cute! "It sounded like he'd found a 'suitable candidate', but I'm not ready to get married yet."

"So you ran away?" Haruna asked. Lala nodded. "What do you think of Rito?"

"He's super cute, and handsome, and just my type," Lala said, sighing contentedly. Well, that was nice. It made things quite a bit simpler, actually. Now all Haruna had to do was get her into the harem! Which meant implanting a few commands. She was pretty satisfied that the alien was under, which was a relief. She wasn't entirely sure that this would still work, given Lala's alien nature.

"Very good," Haruna tittered away. Hrm, let's have a bit of fun with her. Make sure she is deep, deep under before getting to work. "Say, why don't you pretend that I'm Rito for a bit? Until I say otherwise."

"Okay," Lala said. Then, she shyly waved at Haruna. Adorable! Completely adorable! "Rito!" And then, she tackled Haruna to the floor. "Hey, Rito! Let's kiss! Come on, let's kiss! I saw humans do it, and I wanna try!"

This was a bit more excitable than Haruna had been expecting - but she wasn't complaining! Not many would after being tackled to the ground by this cutie, and then asked to make out with her. "Go for it," Haruna said, then leaned up into the kiss and -

Oh. Oh wow. Wow! The soft touch of this girl's lips was like strawberry flavoured silk. Her curvaceous body, pressing into Haruna's, was surely a taste of paradise as well. This alien babe really was out of this world! Now, the best thing for Haruna to do would be to make her okay with sharing Rito, getting her into the harem, and then... The real fun could begin!

"Alright, that should do it," Lala said. "Teehee! Sorry Rito, I lied! I'm not the Princess of a Galactic Emperor at all!" Huh? What? "I'm a genetically engineered being, sent to Earth to seduce men. You were chosen as a test subject. Even now, my saliva is rewriting your brain to make you completely loyal to me!"

It sounded like the most ridiculous thing that Haruna had ever heard. And yet, the total sincerity that Lala said it with was kinda putting her off a little. She *had* felt almost unnaturally good there during the kiss. "N-No way," Haruna muttered to herself, eyes turning into spirals themselves now. "Ah! Ah! Nooooo! I fell for it! Now she's going to use those feminine wiles to conquer the planet!" Unless! She seized the alien temptress by her shoulders. A grim feeling of determination washed over her in what must surely be her final moments of freedom. "Lala! This is an order! Do not use your *impossibly* hot ass to conquer humanity!"

"Okay!" Lala said, pouting cutely. Oh, she could feel it! Rewriting her brain, making her fall in love with that expression! "Mind if I conquer you instead?"

Wait. Wait, wait, wait. It was small, but Haruna caught something there. Lala's lips turned up a little at the corners. The otherwise impeccable act had a tiny crack in it, and that was enough. Which meant, most likely...

"The coin had no effect on you at all, did it?" Haruna asked.

"Nope, sorry!" Lala shrugged. "Daddy always said to be mindful of mind control. I do want to make out some more though, you're a pretty good kisser."

That sounded like a really good plan - but wait! Wait, she held Lala off first. "Are you actually interested in Rito?" Haruna asked. Lala nodded. "Awesome. Wanna... You know, help me set up a harem, with the two of us as the leads?"

"A harem...?" Lala asked. "Peke, could you look up this 'harem' thing for me?"

"Yes, Miss Lala," said a very tired sounding robotic voice. "A costume associated with 'harem' has been found. Also, you know very well what a harem is, young lady. Making me look it up like that... Don't think I don't know what you're about! You just wanted to tease me a little."

Oh, that was so cool. Lala's clothes changed from school uniform to a sizzling hot harem outfit right before Haruna's eyes. It was even more daring than 90% of the costumes she'd already collected. It consisted of a white bikini top that was ever so slightly translucent and a strip of cloth hanging from a golden belt, long enough to cover her knees, but not nearly wide enough to cover her thighs. Lala gave it a whirl, and there was another cloth behind her too. Throw on a couple of items of jewellery, like a golden bracelet, and you had something special here. It made Haruna's jaw drop. Which she didn't realise until Lala used her index finger to close her mouth.

"A harem, huh? Sounds good to me!" Lala said. "Hrm... I think since I'm here, it's inevitable some other girls from outer space will come along. How about I handle them, while you handle any Earth girls?"

"Sounds like a deal," Haruna shrugged. "But you know, I get the feeling you're underestimating us Earth girls quite a bit. We're pretty capable, you know!"

"Oh really?" Lala playfully teased. "I'm the daughter of the most beautiful woman in the galaxy. A woman capable of bringing my father, the strongest man in the galaxy, to his knees. You... have a hypno-coin that fails against the most basic level of mental defence. I am sooooo impressed."

Eye twitch here from Haruna. "Well, you were certainly impressed enough to play along and make out with me."

"Hrm, yes, and as I recall you moaned into my mouth," Lala put her index finger to her mouth here. "Hrm, maybe if I put some effort into it, you really would become my loveslave? Perhaps I should take the top slot in this harem? I've got a cuter face, nicer breasts and - "

Haruna shut her up with a kiss of her own, and to her immense satisfaction Lala went cross-eyed and moaned into her mouth. Hah! There you go, how do you like the taste of Earth

women, now? Oh, but after a little bit she pushed Haruna back with quite frightening strength, and she seemed a bit more sheepish all of a sudden.

"Sorry, did I go too far there?" Lala asked. "It's kinda my kink. I get turned on by teasing people."

"Well... that's fine," Haruna sniffed. "Just... try not to tease people too much, okay?"

"Okay!" Lala nodded. "So, right now, I have Rito convinced that if he lays a hand on me, my father will blow up the planet. I should probably stop that and have some fun with him, right?"

A weary sigh escaped Haruna's lips, and she pinched the bridge of her nose. "That's... fucking hilarious, and we need to keep that one going." And so, on this rooftop the one day dreaded 'tease Rito Yuki' duo was born. The poor boy wouldn't know what hit him.

=====

Said poor boy was, at this moment in time, lying underneath a tree out in the courtyard of the school, thinking long and thinking hard about his current situation. Lala was a major wrench in his plans. A girl he could not touch, for fear of all mankind getting blasted to kingdom come. She'd likely interfere, however inadvertently, with his plans to build a harem. His schemes to train up the hottest girls in school into appreciating his amazing talents when it came to perversion.

But the damning part of it all was, there was a part of his brain that was whispering to him that... Despite armageddon hanging over their heads, tapping that would be worth it. Absolutely worth it. Have you seen her? Most of these other girls couldn't even compare!

I mean, look. Right now, he was looking up into a carefully positioned mirror nestled in the tree that was reflecting an image of the girl's locker room. There were some clubs that practised over lunch, he'd long since worked out, and the swimming club used this particular locker room after a bit of lunchtime practise. What? Did you honestly think he was just sitting there doing nothing? Please. He was peeping away, and - Honestly, in comparison to Lala they weren't doing as much for him. Don't misunderstand, it was *nice* and all, but... His standards had been raised just a little bit, that's all.

Take what he was seeing in there. The girls were plenty cute, but they didn't quite have the same energy about them. The same allure, the same... *je ne sais quoi*. What were they missing? Well, given that "*je ne sais quoi*" literally means an indescribable quality, he'd be damned if he could figure it out. Still, he did need to figure out his next move with this new complication, and peeping like this did help to clear his head.

"Ah, Yuki!" a girl's voice called out to him, and suddenly Haruna filled his vision. She was leaning over him, hands on her knees, looking innocent and cute and - Panty shot! Jackpot! Ahem! Yes, this was one of the few girls around that still easily met his standards. Haruna was

simply far too innocent and cute to be believed, he could hardly wait to make her into a pervert like him. "I've been looking for you all over!"

"Huh? Looking for me?" Rito replied, pointing at himself. That was strange. "Whatever for?"

"That Lala girl," she said, kicking at her heels. "What's your relationship with her?"

"My relationship...?" Rito repeated. Oh no. Alarm bells were going off in his head. This is what he was worried about! "Ah, it's nothing really! I'm just helping her out because she's in trouble!"

"In other words, you're dating her," Haruna said. Oh no! Her eyes were getting all misty! "That's nice. That's... That's so nice! I'm so happy for you both!" No! Before he could say anything else, she ran off, far too fast for him to catch up.

"Haruna!" he yelled, reaching out to her... but to no avail. Behold, the ultimate peril of the harem plan. Once you're known to be in a relationship already, it's super hard to convince someone else to get in on that. Hence, his care. His precautions. His meticulous planning to condition multiple babes at once until they were in a position where, hey, they'd be alright with sharing him! It wasn't fair! Haruna, his first prospect was now ruined beyond repair! She had it in her head that he was dating a super hot alien babe who probably put out every night, there was no chance she'd believe he broke up with her so he could date a human girl! She likely didn't have the self esteem to accept the idea they were basically in the same league!

And he couldn't even touch Lala, either! This frustration, this irritation! It was as if the universe itself was blowing back on him for being so manipulative and sketchy! Oh, but his torment wasn't over yet. Because now, here's Lala jumping out of the tree, holding the mirror and looking at it with interest.

"Hi, Rito! I found the mirror you were looking for!" Lala said, offering it to him. "I don't know how it got in that tree, but you seemed to be having a lot of trouble spotting it. Good thing I came along, right?"

Rito looked at her and didn't say anything. How could he? Yelling at her would only make things worse. Her dad might go to the killswitch if he upset her. That's the level of power she held over him right now.

"Ahahaha..." Lala nervously laughed. "I'm sorry. I saw the whole thing. The girl you liked misunderstood our situation, right?"

"Yeah, you could say that," Rito replied. "So? Are you going to take responsibility for it? If you're going to apologise, you should at least try to help me out."

That might be pushing it a bit, but since she was the one to bring it up he should be safe. That was his reasoning, that was his thinking, and... why were her eyes sparkling with happiness? Shouldn't she be apologising?

"Then I'll make it up to you!" she said, clasping his hands, and suddenly Rito felt like he was in mortal danger. "I'll make sure that you and Haruna go on a date by tomorrow night! I'll cater everything, and - I'll need to scan your palette to make sure it's delicious and edible."

"Really? You'll do that for me?" Rito asked. Oh! How nice of her. And a date... yeah, that would be pushing things a bit further than he'd intended, but... A date with Haruna? That set his heart pounding. And that reaction from before meant she might be further along than he'd expected. If he could get some alone time with her, then... "Ah... how would you scan my palette exactly?"

"You put your tongue in the scanner, silly," Lala said. "Don't worry, it's in a perfectly safe place."

"You're sure it's safe?" Rito asked, feeling a bit suspicious all of a sudden.

"Yep! I mean, my own tongue is in it right now!" Lala said, tugging at the corners of her mouth to show off what he would have assumed were advanced braces of some sort. "It's in my mouth! Go ahead, stick your tongue in, I really don't mind."

Grk! There it was, he should have expected it! Now she was standing there expectantly with her mouth wide open, waiting for him to... put his tongue inside! Not exactly what he'd planned to do today, but - Oh well. "Lala, this is just a scan," he said. "You're just scanning my tongue to make sure you don't poison me by accident."

. "Well yeah, obviously, what else would it be," Lala said. Oh, this innocent girl! He only hoped this scan didn't take too long! For the time being, he'd hold back on his full kissing potential. It wouldn't be easy. Especially when the girl was this cute... Nonetheless, for the sake of the world he must try!

=====

This was such a great plan. Having her cake and eating it too! She could make out with Rito while simultaneously teasing him! Of course, for it to have the proper full effect she'd had to invent a palette scanner that went in her mouth, but whatever. Her plan right now was simple enough. Tag team him with Haruna. Drive him wild. Make it so that his libido conquered his common sense - and then ride him stupid.

Lala had always liked teasing people, you see. A little practical joke here, a little harmless teasing there... But Rito had awakened something within her that she'd never felt before. The urge to use her body to tease him had been overpowering to say the least. Then there was Haruna. She was also very fun! Although, now that Lala was thinking about it, she hadn't really been attracted to girls before. Maybe that coin had done something after all?

Screw it. For now she was gonna get her a taste of Rito's lips. She opened wide, let him move in close. He was nervous. But then he slipped his tongue into her mouth, the scanner started to do its work. After a few seconds she'd step in closer and accidentally rub his chest with her -

Oh.

Oh!

Ohhhhhhh!

Lala's eyes crossed as something welled up within her. A bubbling warmth swelling from deep within the pit of her stomach. Funny thing, as it happens. Rito was the first boy that Lala had ever kissed. That little smooch with Haruna earlier on? A mere playful thing, she'd been enjoying teasing the other girl. This, though? This was different. It was like - It was like when she was little, and taken off planet for the first time and allowed to see the majesty of creation spread out before her. The boundless infinite of the universe, the cosmos opening up. The stars, the planets, the boundless wonders out there were beautiful, spectacular, beyond comprehension -

And then the scanner beeped. He pulled back. It had done its work, and she was left standing there gaping like a breathless idiot.

"You okay?" he asked, barely able to look at her. Probably for fear he might try something a bit more intense. The mere thought of which baffled Lala's comprehension entirely. "Thanks for helping me out with this, it means a lot."

"No problem," Lala said, turning on her heel and walking off on shaky, shaky legs. Her heart was trying to leap out of her chest after that little encounter. Her usual upbeat demeanour had been shaken to the core. This was fast becoming something more than teasing some potential boyfriend and girlfriend.

If he could kiss like that when he was afraid she might blow up the planet... You know what? This little date of theirs was going to get a bit more intense than she'd been originally planning.

=====

Being the bodyguard to Lala Deviluke was a thankless job at the best of times. Just ask Zastin. Here he was, standing on some crummy backwater planet, watching from afar as she flirted with a pair of humans. Really now, your Majesty? That boy? This is the one you want to marry your daughter?

It baffled him - but it was not his place to question it. For now, he was merely supposed to observe at a distance. Ensure that things went well, and most importantly of all, keep -

"I see you there!" Zastin warned. He flung out his energy sword at a random shadow on the ground, pinning it in place. It writhed and groaned, then reared up into a mighty beast. "Another of her suitors? You'll be the fifth I've stopped today!"

"She's up for grabs, bodyguard!" the suitor roared, the body shifting into something more akin to an attractive male wearing a tuxedo, carrying a bouquet of flowers. Shame about the reptilian eyes, scaly flesh and a voice that sounded like a talking cheese grater with a bad cold. "Stand aside! Allow me to woo her! I am far more suitable than - Did you say fifth?"

"Indeed I did," Zastin said, grabbing the suitor around the throat and lifting him up into the air. It struggled and writhed, attempted to shift its shape to get away - but to no avail. The number of shapeshifters able to escape his grasp were few and far between. The legendary Yami being one example - and this fiend was no Yami.

"Oh, come on! It's not fair! Just let me *talk* to her!"

"Name three qualities you like about her, and I shall allow you to pass," Zastin said.

"W-well, her breasts are - "

"Qualities that aren't to do with her physical beauty. Pervert. Or her political position. Her. As a person. With likes, dislikes, etc. Can you name even one fact about her beyond what she looks like or her family?"

"Oh. Well... Uh..." the suitor trailed off. That's the trouble, of course. Lala was extremely pretty. Hard for him to admit after seeing her grow up, but - Yes, objectively speaking, she was an extremely appealing young woman. Zastin was one of the few people outside her family who could interact with her without feeling any trace of arousal. "I like... that she likes... Cute things?"

"What sort of cute things does she like?" Zastin flatly asked. "They have these creatures called cats and dogs on this planet." He pulled out a device rather like a modern cell phone. "Here is a picture of both of them." Indeed, it had a picture of a cat playing with a ball of yarn, and another picture of a puppy in the begging pose. "Which of them would she prefer?"

No answer was forthcoming. Of course. Why would it be? They all saw 'super hot daughter of the Galactic Emperor is eligible for marriage! Impress her to win political position and trophy wife' and in they come. Satisfied that this idiot had realised he was not impressed, Zastin tossed him back.

"Five of you have come, and five of you have left with your tail tucked between your - "

"Six, actually!" the suitor said. "Th-There were six of us on our way here! I was the last to arrive, that's why I was in a bit of a hurry!"

Six? Zastin put his sword to this fool's throat and turned his attention back towards the school. A sixth had slipped by his notice...? "That poor wretch," he said. "Attempting to mess with her highness... especially if she's in an inventive mood... I need to save him before she makes him into her guinea pig!"

"Eh, save him...?" the suitor asked. But too late, Zastin was already darting closer towards the school, aiming to get a closer look. "I thought you were protecting her! Is she really that scary?"

"Worse, actually!" Zastin yelled back. He remembered all too well what it was like taking care of that little genius. The inventions, the testing, the endless rounds of teasing. Sometimes it felt less like he was protecting her, than he was protecting the rest of the universe from her!

Rosario + Vampire - Smart Succubus

The alarm went off in Tsukune's room, and the human boy stretched out his arms, rolled out of bed, and set about his morning routine. Ah, yes. His morning routine. Nothing too special, really. After rising from his bed - which of course had a skeletal motif - he strolled off to his own private bathroom to wash his body and help himself awaken. Now, granted, the bath itself had a skull shape, which was a little inconvenient for him to get into comfortably, and the showerhead looked rather like a torture device - but otherwise the bath was quite refreshing and helped to reinvigorate him for this brand new day!

From there, he would have a simple breakfast. Something he had picked up the night before from the school's shops. Brush his teeth, dress, and then wander out onto the school grounds. Perfectly normal, see?

"Pardon me," he said to a passing walrus youma. "You've let your disguise slip."

"Oh, thank you! I hadn't even noticed!" the walrus youma tsked at himself, slapping his cheeks twice and then slipping right on back into a more human like appearance. "We really have to be careful about that, huh? If we're to fit into human society."

Indeed they did! It was kinda funny, really. Tsukune was the only human here - so far as he knew - and almost any of the people here would probably literally eat him alive if they knew the truth. Despite that, he felt weirdly relaxed about the whole thing. There was a spring in his step. The creepy and kooky atmosphere of the school didn't really get him down anymore. Was it the new friends he'd made? Was it because he was getting used to the oddities and quirks of the school?

"Oh man, check out that blue haired babe on the posters."

"I know, right? I used to think Moka was the hottest babe around, but... Damn, the more I look at her, the more I want to look!"

Or it could be seeing the monsters in disguise behave like ordinary students. Although, Tsukune did idly note that those two were *girls* gushing over the poster rather than boys, which was a little off for him still. Well, never mind. Kurumu is very pretty, and as a succubus it's only natural she'd have a ridiculously hot body. There wasn't anything to read into that, certainly not the idea that she was slowly brainwashing the entire school through those posters somehow.

Gosh, she was really hot, though, wasn't she?

Ahem.

Anyway, with his morning routine done, it was time for him to meet up with everyone at the newspaper club. They'd agreed to have a little chat before class started today, catch up on things, set an agenda, and so on. To his surprise, Tsukune found himself the first to arrive. He wandered around the desks for a few minutes, taking it all in, remembering the bustle from yesterday and smiling faintly at the good memories he'd made in a place he should have thought was hell on earth.

Then the door opened, and he turned around to greet the person entering - only for words to fail him as he caught sight of Moka, striding into the room with an unusual confidence, making a beeline directly towards him. If anything had been in the way directly between them, like a desk, she'd have probably walked right through it without stopping.

Not that Tsukune would have noticed if she'd wound up breaking a desk in such a way. The poor boy was left completely spellbound. He already had a bit of a crush on Moka as it was. She was cute. Nice. Very pleasant to be around. She was also hotter than magma, with legs that a model would envy, and a face that was more photogenic than a sunset. Though if you asked Tsukune these things wouldn't factor into his interest in her *at all*. Honest.

"Good morning Tsukune," Moka said, standing directly in front of him. He fully expected that she'd take a drink first thing. Nip on his neck a little bit and wake herself up. Instead?

She leaned forward and rubbed her chest right into his. If you looked really carefully, you might see his spirit escaping his body. The human body can only experience so much bliss at once before assuming that what is happening is, in fact, not.

"Oh, it's such a good morning isn't it?" Moka asked. The Rosario on her chest let out a nasty looking red glow. It gave the impression that the personality sealed within it was yelling angrily about something - which Moka was roundly ignoring. "Such a good, good morning!"

"I'll tell you when I wake up," Tsukune bumbled. This was a dream. It was clearly a dream. Moka wasn't the kind of girl to walk up to him and randomly rub her boobs right in his chest. It was a nice experience. Actually, that wasn't a strong enough word to describe it. Heavenly, blissful, it was obviously far too nice for reality.

Hold on though. Wait a moment. Since this wasn't reality, and this was not actually Moka, then maybe he should...? He could go for it, right? If it was a dream, then what is the harm? She seemed to be laughing and smiling while doing this, so - Wait! On the other hand it's entirely possible this is real, but it's not the real Moka! Ah! That left him in a terrible situation! What if it was a fake Moka, and then the real one comes in to see this?! What might she think? How might she react? What would she think he was like?!

The possibility that this was the real Moka, and that she was actually into him enough to do something like this on Kurumu's guidance and following her training, was not a thought that

came to Tsukune *at all*. He's kind of a dope like that. Read the room, come on Tsukune, you're living up to the stereotypes about boys being unable to read a girl's feelings.

Oh, but alas, the point was made moot anyway as a purple haired beauty sucking on a lollipop emerged, rising next to the two like Jaws rising from the ocean.

"You two are having fun early in the morning," Mizore said. "Can I have a turn now, Moka?"

"Hey guys! Good morning!" Kurumu burst into the room all of a sudden, with timing that could be best described as 'suspicious'. "Oh! It looks like Moka and Tsukune are here! Mizore too! Tee hee!" She glommed onto Mizore's arm, pulling her away from the other two. It was nice seeing them get along so well. It really did feel like they were becoming a tight knit group of friends. "You weren't teasing Tsukune again, were you Mizore? That's not a very nice thing to do first thing in the morning!"

"I'd say that Moka was teasing him first," Mizore countered. Coldly, calmly, analytically. "Was that your idea of a practical joke, Kurumu? Maybe you told her that was how a girl greets a boy that's her friend - Or maybe a succubus like you actually thinks that's how it goes?"

"Ohohoho, aren't we in a cheeky mood this morning!" Kurumu laughed it off without a care. "Why, the snark is almost palpable, it might as well be a club member too!"

And while that was going on - "Capa-chu!" Moka took a bite out of his neck, flooding his body with those weird endorphins that a vampire's bite causes to distract the body from the extremely traumatising thing happening to it. Ahhhh, that's the good stuff right there. Though... did she really have to continue rubbing her boobs into his chest while doing this?

Wait, what was he thinking, of course she did! He had a moment of realisation there, that he was about to verbalise that question and get her to stop doing it! That was the last thing he wanted right now! It was kinda weird that a girl was doing that. Heck, it would be weird even if they were dating! But they weren't dating! He was pretty sure that Moka didn't even like him that way! Which he was sure of because he was a dumbass anime protagonist, so of course he didn't notice that a girl he liked obviously liked him back.

But enough bemoaning archetypes. The rest of the club had also arrived by now. Gin was standing at the head of the room, trying his hardest to look cool and only kinda pulling it off. "Good morning, I bet you're all glad to see me today," he said, in the kind of tone that typically made one less than pleased to see the speaker. "Good news everyone! A story is opening up in our lap! Bad news, it's a serial kidnapping case, so it's pretty terrible for a lot of attending yokai."

That had everyone's attention right away. In fact, Moka had even stopped rubbing her boobs into Tsukune's chest, and had turned to look at Gin with keen interest. This gave Mizore the opportunity to waltz in and guide Moka to another seat, pointedly sitting in between them for good measure, while Kurumu scowled, but didn't raise a stink.

"Several pretty girls have gone missing," Gin said, though it was also part warning. There were a few very pretty girls in the club, after all. "Given this, it's essential we find out a bit more information. We need to warn the student body, as safety is paramount! This is our first story as a club, so let's make it a big one!"

There was a smattering of applause from the club here, but Gin soon signalled for them to be quiet.

"Alright, so we need to do several things here," Gin began. "Tsukune and Mizore, I want you to question the friends of the missing students. Moka and I will speak to staff- "

"Objection!" Kurumu raised her hand. "This is a blatant attempt to hit on Moka! Let's keep the boys together instead!"

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And so begins a round of intellectual combat between two geniuses. Mizore had used her control over Gin to arrange for Tsukune to travel alone with her, giving her ample opportunity to cement her control over the boy. Kurumu had noticed, of course, and attacked the problem from a different angle. She would be the one to travel with Mizore instead, ensuring that her manipulation of the newspaper club would cease, forthwith! Kurumu would not tolerate any interference in her plans or scheming, especially not from that sneaky Yuki-onna!

"Ah... Is that really a good idea?" Mizore asked, almost sounding bored. Not even looking at Kurumu while making her point. "Those two are the strongest in the club. Moka's beauty will lure out the culprit, and then the two of them can capture them easily. Meanwhile, Tsukune and I will be able to stay low key. Nobody is going to pay attention to either of us. Although... Come to think..." She stopped and looked Kurumu up and down, settling on her breasts in particular. "You might need to watch your back too, little miss succubus. You're getting quite popular on campus. As I am sure you are already aware."

Of course, Mizore had already thought of that argument and prepared a counter in advance. No matter. While Kurumu and Mizore had been speaking, Kurumu had already prepared her own counterargument - which she set off by nudging Yukari under the desk with her foot.

"But I wanted to go with Tsukune!" Yukari pouted. "Hrmph!" She clung onto his arm. "I'm going with you, then!"

"Ah, sorry... I want you to go with Kurumu!" Gin said sheepishly. "The two of you are pretty smart, so you'll be checking out the places they were last seen. You'll probably notice something the rest of us missed."

Skillfully cut off again! Kurumu drummed her fingers on her desk. There were other counter-arguments she could develop as well, but the fact that Gin had come back with that so easily was telling. Mizore had obviously planned out her assault in advance. At this point, continuing to argue would only mean dancing in her palm. Therefore: Change approach. Hit the problem sideways.

"I suppose that's fine," Kurumu said. Deceptively simple. She couldn't even lay any kind of accusation at Mizore's feet, since Gin was the one to suggest the pairings. "But that'll have to wait until *after* class anyway, right?"

Mizore let a little smug smirk fly across her face when Kurumu gave up the argument, but she hid it just as quickly as it appeared. Hrmph! We'll see who is smug later on! It's not like these groups are travelling together right away, there's plenty of time for a wrench to be tossed into your plans.

"So, what do we know about the missing girls?" Tsukune asked. "There must be something in common, right?"

"How smart of you to think of that," Mizore swooned. Urgh. yeah, come on. It's not that smart. Any idiot knows that in a serial criminal incident there's always a factor in common, be it location, demographic or appearance, or *whatever*. Gushing over him for making such an obvious observation made Kurumu feel ill.

"Tsukune's very smart!" Moka cooed, also swooning over the boy. Though she had quite a bit more of a distance, given that Mizore was in between them. Love does that to people. A succubus should know. "So, what do we know?"

"They are all very hot girls," Gin said solemnly. Because, of course he would focus on that. "Very, very hot. So, Moka, Kurumu and Mizore. Please do watch your backs."

"Me too!" Yukari said. Ah... Less so for Yukari. Maybe in a couple more years that would be true, but... Not quite yet.

Gin coughed. Nobody wanted to approach that discussion right now. "Anyway! We'll pick this up after class. Think about how you want to investigate, and what questions you want to ask. I look forward to seeing what you come up with."

That did give Kurumu some time to think this through. Mizore's plan was blatant. Get Tsukune alone. Brainwash him. Score the win. But, no. Like hell she would win like that. Kurumu wanted *all* the boys and *all* the girls under her thumb, and she wasn't going to let Mizore score a cheap win like that.

On the other hand... Pairing Gin with Moka was suspicious, too. Was there something going on there? Mizore's plan was so blatant that it felt like she was deliberately trying to get her attention

on what they were doing, and away from the other pair. A classic fork. In chess, if you have a piece that threatens two pieces at once, and it cannot be taken, you force your opponent to make a sacrifice. Dividing her attention was risky... and sending off Yukari by herself to spy on the other two was also not a great idea given there actually did seem to be a kidnapper going around.

Fortunately, Kurumu had more resources than simply herself and Yukari to hand. She'd made quite a few acquisitions, pieces she had yet to play. Pieces that Mizore likely didn't know about. That yuki-onna was tricky, but Kurumu was no fool either. She'd thought Mizore might try something today, and so she'd set up a fun little trick of her own, a trap that she would spring now.

Namely, she left the room first, patted her thigh three times, and then a security officer approached Moka and Tsukune. The signal she'd been given had been recognised. There was a very good reason that the security team was among her first acquisitions, but it was a card she only wanted to play when it was absolutely necessary. Like now.

"Pardon me," the man said. "Moka Akashiya? Tsukune Aono? Could you please come with me? We need to double check something."

Oh, the look that Mizore gave her there. Sorry miss white Christmas, you've got to wake up pretty damn early to pull one over on Kurumu. Shouldn't have left yourself open like that, and sprung this trap *after* class. Once the two of them were gone, her rival rushed over to her.

"Cute, very cute," Mizore whispered. "What are you playing at?"

"Setting up my complete domination of both of them," Kurumu said. "By the way, Yukari stole the batteries from that tape recorder in your pocket while you were watching the security guard. Anyway! Is the kidnapping real?"

"It is, and you can check the school records to back it up," Mizore said. It sounded genuine enough. It didn't quite fit her *modus operandi* either. "It's not me doing it, either."

"Nor I," Kurumu said. "In which case, we should probably stop screwing around and actually deal with them. Stuff the investigation later on, I think the two of us should look into it first. I won't abide someone stealing the future members of my harem."

Mizore stared at her for a long moment there. "You won't interfere in my plans for Tsukune later on, if I help you now?"

Kurumu rolled her eyes. "Neither I, nor those I've already got under my control, shall interfere in your little pseudo date with Tsukune. I wouldn't count on that snow globe brainwashing working on him, though. Let's meet up at lunch and crack this case."

The two of them separated then. A deadly alliance formed. Whoever this kidnapper was, they wouldn't know what hit them.

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Elsewhere on campus, a very dangerous woman was lurking within a room in the art department. She had the general appearance of a fairly generic art teacher. The sort you might find in a normal academy, or even a college or university almost anywhere in the human world.

However, that was only because she was wearing a bandana around her head. An important feature of her fashion, one might almost say that the rest of her attire was intended to throw off suspicion about why she might wear such a thing. A tube top under an open trench coat, slim jeans and pumps? Not exactly 'professional' attire, is it? Very casual. Laid back. Makes the bandana seem like it's nothing of note, just another point to her casual fashion.

Right now, though? Alone, in her room, she let down her hair so to speak when she removed that innocuous seeming bandana. More literally, she unleashed a horde of snakes attached to her scalp. For you see, this art teacher was a Gorgon. Oh, sure, I can hear some of you saying that 'Medusa' was the species given in the original manga and anime, but come on, even the fan wiki corrects this point. Medusa was the name of the most famous Gorgon. Therefore, Hitomi Ishigami is a Gorgon.

"Ahhh, it feels good to let you guys out!" Hitomi sighed contentedly. The snakes attached to her head all writhed around, tongues flicking out to taste the air. "Should we take a look at our art collection?" The snakes hissed happily. Rubbing into her cheek affectionately. A little narcissistic as they are technically a part of her, but there you go. She rose to her feet, and wandered over to a bookcase off to the side of the room. A trifle cliché, one might think, but yes there was indeed a secret passage held behind it.

The passage opened wide, and revealed - all the missing girls, turned to stone. That probably isn't too shocking, right? Many of you reading this have already gained some familiarity with the canon events, and so the mention of kidnapping is making you think of Hitomi. Congratulations, you were correct. This was no scheme of Kurumu or Mizore, it was crazy old Hitomi turning random students to stone. Gathering up an art collection, as is her wont.

And yet, that's not all that was contained within the room. You see, there were a few other things that probably shouldn't have been here. Pinned to the wall. Various pictures and posters, scattered around. The pictures they had confiscated from male students. The posters, taken from the quieter areas of the grounds where they had been put up.

Those posters weren't even the *whole* posters, it's worth bearing in mind. They had been cut out. Most of them were outright discarded. The only parts remaining contained a certain blue haired girl with rather a cute face, and a perfectly proportioned figure for feminine sex appeal.

"Ah, Kurumu!" Hitomi said, dancing among her gathered sculptures. "Kurumu, Kurumu, Kurumu. I don't know what it is, but after I confiscated those lewd, inappropriate pictures from those boys, and after seeing those posters hung around the school... All I can think about is how perfect you are! From head to toe, every inch of you is a work of art!"

Indeed, that did seem to be the case, for she was now hanging up pictures of Kurumu in a variety of art styles. There was a watercolour, a surrealist painting, an abstract, an oil painting and still others besides. It gave the impression of one who could be considered a trifle obsessed.

"But still, no matter how I paint, and I paint, and I paint... I still cannot perfect the gleam in your eyes!"

She stomped into the middle of the room surrounded by her still living statues. If they could move, they would tremble in fear. Being made of stone when a yokai as strong as a Gorgon is upset is not a safe place to be.

"I must have her!" Hitomi hugged herself. "I must add her to my collection, right away! Ohhhhh, such perfection! That perfect body would look sublime in stone! All others must wait! Kurumu Kurumu, you shall be my next acquisition, no matter what! One bite from one of my snakes, and then she'll be mine forever! Beautiful forever! Cast in stone, as the centrepiece of my private collection! Kukukuku!"

Behold the brink of madness. Try not to blame Kurumu for it. Granted, her own little trick with the Charm effect on her high definition photographs had aimed Hitomi in this general direction, but she was always one brick short of a stack. Or, if you prefer, one snake short of a zoo. She would have still engaged in her bizarre, twisted collection. She would still have engaged in kidnapping, and subjected these girls to such trauma that they would need at least a year of therapy to recover, for they were all *living* statues and were perfectly aware of what was going on around them... All Kurumu had done was inadvertently take that madness and point it in her general direction.

Perhaps Kurumu's brilliant little scheme wasn't quite as brilliant as she thought it was after all.

=====

Well, that was a waste of time. A case of mistaken identity, as it turned out. Tsukune and Moka stepped out of the security room none the worse for wear, if a little bit frustrated.

"Hard to believe, huh?" Tsukune asked. "I mean, someone that looked like us just so happened to throw a rock through a window right at the time we both had a perfect airtight alibi! What are the odds?"

He laughed nervously, to defuse the tension. It didn't work. Moka was still worried about something, despite the two of them obviously not being in trouble. They stepped out into the courtyard, not much else for it but to head off to class. After which, they would - Right. Of course. That must be what's worrying her!

"Hey, are you worried about this kidnapper?" Tsukune asked. Moka jumped a little bit. "Relax, I'm sure it'll be fine. Gin is very strong, and you're stronger than you think -"

"It's not about that," Moka said, looking away from him. "Tsukune, we're friends right?"

What sort of question was that? "Of course we are."

"Even though I suck your blood all the time?"

Ahahaha, well that was a bit off putting, but it also felt really, really good so he didn't have any complaints. Since he didn't want to come across like a pervert, Tsukune opted not to say anything like that aloud.

"Yeah, of course. I'm not going to stop being your friend because of something like that."

"Then!" Huh? What's this now? The dead leaves from the trees suddenly started to billow all around. It was the sort of thing that would happen in a romantic scene from a cheaply written television show. Except, you know, they'd use things like flower petals or cherry blossoms rather than the dead leaves from the dead trees that were scattered around campus. Oh? And were those crows screaming as well? It wasn't exactly the playful chirping of birds, but - Hold on, was this what it seemed like? No way! No way, it couldn't be!

Moka ran through the leaves with her arms out wide, leaping towards Tsukune, tackling him up against a nearby tree. For a moment he thought she must be hungry, so he bore his neck. Instead, Moka... rubbed her breasts right into his chest.

"I like you, Tsukune!" said the extremely attractive girl rubbing her boobs into him. "I like you a lot!" Oh. Oh! This suddenly made a lot more sense! "P-Please go out with me! Or - At least, can we still be friends if you won't?"

Honestly, right about now if Moka had asked him to walk barefoot over shards of glass he'd have at least started to do it before giving it a second thought. It's kinda hard to refuse anything at all from a girl this cute when she's being so blatantly (if weirdly) physically affectionate.

"S-sure thing! Let's date!" Tsukune said, and just like that the main obstacle keeping them from having a relationship had evaporated. The desire to not ruin the relationship they already had with each other was a powerful barrier, born from their mutual desire to maintain their friendship even if they could not date, and their uncertainty from what the other wanted.

Moka let out a cute little chirp, and pushed her chest into his with even more vigour. Ahhhhh, it felt like his soul was leaving his body so it could go to heaven... But he was quickly brought right back to terra firma when Moka leaned forward and, while still rubbing her boobs into his chest, stuck her tongue down his throat.

Yet again, Tsukune felt paralysed with indecision. Moka was being a lot more forward than he'd expected! He honestly didn't know what to do with his hands. Should he hold her? Where? Around her waist? Oh no, if he went for her waist his hands might slip down and grab her butt by accident! Her shoulders? N-No, that might push her away!

"Mmmmm..." Moka moaned into his mouth, and... Tsukune's eyes glazed over. He forced himself to relax a bit. While it was a bit weird for Moka to take the initiative like this, the last thing he should be doing was getting stressed out the first time he was making out with his new girlfriend. His new vampire girlfriend. His new, super cute, super affectionate vampire girlfriend.

From there, he melted into her. Instinct took over and - ah, his hands went to the waist. How nice. She didn't complain, either, when his hands did accidentally slip a little further south than they should have...

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Not too far away, a certain succubus watched alongside a seething yuki-onna.

"That's right," Kurumu quietly encouraged. "Kiss him like you kissed me last night, just like we practised and -" That was when Tsukune suddenly went rigid, in more ways than one. "Hah! Got him!"

"I don't understand your plan here," Mizore admitted. "Hooking them up? How does that get them into your harem?"

"Join me in my bedroom tonight," Kurumu blew her a kiss. "If you can last until dawn, maybe I'll tell you~ Now. Shall we search out our kidnapper, or are you going to just squat there and seethe impotently?"

Mizore seethed impotently, but only briefly. Interrupting them now obviously wouldn't help her that much. For the time being, they needed to figure out more about this mysterious kidnapper before he or she interfered in either of their plans. Still... Kurumu could tell that Mizore was already planning her revenge.

In which case, bring it on. You haven't the faintest idea of what you're messing with... But she wouldn't mind showing you, if you would only take her up on that generous offer~

LS Usagi

Up, up in the sky! Is it a bird? Is it a plane? No! It is Super-Usagi! Soaring through the sky, seeking out evil doers and striking them down wherever she may find them! Look there! A mugger! Stealing from a woman who looks suspiciously like her teacher!

"Hold there, fiend!" Super-Usagi proclaims, swooping in and landing in front of the mugger. Hands on her hips, chest puffed out, she then points dramatically at the dastardly evil doer with enough force that this alone sends him flying. "You shall not get away with this!"

"Ack! My fiendish plot is ruined!" the villain wails in overly dramatic fashion. "Curse you, Super-Usagi!" The police then arrive, all women wearing rather snug tops and snuggler shorts. They handcuff the brute, stuff him into the back of a van, and wink suggestively at the dashing, brave superheroine.

"My hero!" the victim swooned, soon joined by several other beautiful women that had been saved by Super-Usagi over the course of the night. "However might we repay you...?"

"Well ladies, I have a few ideas," Super-Usagi mused aloud, and then -

Usagi's alarm went off. She sat up. Rubbed the sleep from her eyes and yawned, thinking on the events of the night previous and concluding, quite naturally, that "It was all just a dream..."

Only for a black cat with a crescent moon mark upon its brow to jump onto the end of her bed and say "No, no, it's all quite real. You are Sailor Moon, I can talk, and last night you saved your friend from a wicked youma."

Ah. Oh dear. So, she actually was a superhero now. Looking over at her desk, she could see the transformation pendant. Questions swirled around her mind. The origin story! What was the origin story! She needed to know more about that. Oh! And the enemy, and the nature of her powers and, most important of all, why her alarm was set so late?!

"Oh no, I'm going to be late!" Usagi jumped out of bed, sending Luna tumbling to the floor (where she landed on her feet, naturally), and what followed was a veritable whirlwind of activity where Usagi tossed her clothes into the air, rushed out the room, brushed her teeth, rushed back into the room, grabbed her clothes out of the air, put them on, grabbed her breakfast, ran to school with a slice of bread in her mouth, rushed right into the classroom - then immediately turned around, returned home, grabbed her magical pendant and said to Luna "We're talking about this later, when I have more time!"

"Certainly, your education is of prime importance," Luna said, with all the attitude of a pompous head maid. "Just make sure that you keep the events of last night a secret!"

"Right, right! Secret identities and all..." And then Usagi had rushed back to school, sitting at her desk - and all of that happened inside five minutes. Usagi hadn't even noticed how fast she was moving. In fact, the universe hadn't noticed either, or she would have caused several sonic booms and perhaps even a nuclear explosion.

Even so... She had slept in quite late today. And her lateness had been noticed by Miss Haruna. Hence, despite everything -

"Detention today, Usagi Tsukino."

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While Usagi was dealing with that, events were unfolding at the Tsukino residence. To start with, let's focus on Luna, who hopped back up onto Usagi's bed. Looked around. Then wandered over to the girl's pillow and stuck her face in there like she was doing lines of cocaine in a stock market company's office in the 80s.

"Oh, I shouldn't do that, it's far too intoxicating," Luna shuddered. Deep breath, little kitty. Deep breath and then - instead of a little black cat there was now a rather adorable, beautiful girl. A naked girl at that. "Astonishing. I didn't even know I could do this..." she said to herself.

Rolling out of the bed - stopping briefly to take another hit of Usagi's scent - Luna gazed to the wardrobe and looked in the mirror embedded in the door at her naked human body. How bizarre. How utterly bizarre. She stuck her hands behind her head and arched her back, thrusting out her chest. A satisfied purr escaped her throat. Nice. Very nice. She stepped forward on two legs- but then got down on all fours instead, writhing forward like a cat on the hunt. Hips held high, writhing them back and forth while keeping her head low. Ready to pounce at a moment's notice. But it was clear that she wasn't after food, per se.

"Oh, how worrisome," Luna licked her lips. "I haven't felt like this in a long, long time." A deep animalistic feline growl rolled off her, and she rose to her feet upon reaching the wardrobe, pulling it open, and looking at the outfits within. "I wonder..." she ran her finger along the costumes hanging within. "Is there anything in here that might fit me?"

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Simultaneously, downstairs Ikuko was having a bit of a problem. You see, a while back she'd bought herself a milking machine to help her deal with her daily dripping. It would be a shame to let it all go to waste, and so she carefully stored it. Saved a lot of money over the years, she'd been able to use it for cereal, tea, coffee, baking, and even been able to make her own cheese and butter out of it. Yes, really. She had a machine for butter churning in the basement. Didn't use it as often as the milker, but... that might change.

"Oh dear, this is a lot more than normal," Ikuko tutted, biting her lip and mentally tabulating the empty bottles she still had. "At this rate I'll run out of places to keep it."

Indeed, normally she would give milk for, at most, half an hour, and there wouldn't be much of it. This time, she'd been giving milk nearly continuously for the last hour and a half at this point at a much faster rate than normal. What's more, usually there was some stimulation to set it off. Playing with her breasts, getting Usagi to lick her nipples, that sort of thing. This morning, it just... went. Only stopping for brief periods before being set off again by... virtually anything at all!

"I suppose there's nothing else for it," Ikuko took a deep breath. She then taste tested some of this milk and - delicious. Thoroughly delicious. "Hrm... I need to call in expert help. I hope Doctor Mizuno is available..."

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Back at school, we can finally look in on the Lesbian Shard itself as it took in... everything. No other word for it, just everything. What had happened while it had slept? As it slumbered, this girl had been unknowingly laying a frankly superb groundwork for it to really get its teeth stuck in. She was a true Princess reborn, a wonderful young girl who could be an example to lesbians across the multive-

"Waaah, detention?" Usagi whined, sinking into her chair. "Pooh! I bet that dorky little sis of mine set the alarm forward on purpose!"

"No excuses, you have a habit of lateness as it is," Haruna said, then immediately got on with the lesson. Now, normally the hot teacher is where the shard would focus its attention first, but Usagi dragged its gaze across to another girl in the classroom. Naru Osaka. A rather cute redhead with curly hair, looking at Usagi with extremely obvious desire. As in, you didn't need to be the shard of an all powerful lesbian goddess to see what was on her mind. It was written all over her face!

Still, the shard used its power to dip into the girl's mind for a little bit to see what was ticking away in there. Let's see, let's see. Romantic walks on the beach. Sharing a large mound of ice cream while framed by a full moon. Holding hands while standing under the same umbrella.

Aw, how adorable. That was such a cute little puppy love, it was so obvious what was going on here. Long repressed feelings finally allowed to bubble to the surface, resulting in playful little daydreams of going on romantic outings with the one she loved.

Let's make it a little less innocent. And by a little, of course, the lesbian shard meant *a lot*.

The door to Naru's bedroom is tackled open, and the two of them tumble to the bed. Lips sealed together, clothes flying everywhere. Of course, they'd kissed before, but it was always 'practise'

or whatever. Practise, as it turned out, for when they'd be frenching each other stupid. Their naked bodies are already gleaming with sweat, and the only noises either of them are able to make are animalistic, inhuman grunts. Their hands grope for flesh, then quickly move on as if the contact was all they wanted, yet still they searched on for something more. Writhing, sweat dripping from every pore, grinding into each other, base lust springing out of both as we learn why this is often called the beast with two backs -

And in reality, Naru went cross eyed and slumped down in her chair, happy and content. Usagi noticed, and wondered what her friend had been thinking about. Then concluded it was probably chocolate. This made Usagi hungry.

Oh dear, it seemed as though the shard was inside a well meaning yet insanely powerful idiot. That provided benefits and complications alike. It should be easyish to manipulate her, but the thing about stupid people is that... quite often they are unpredictable in their stupidity.

No matter. This room was already soaked in lesbian energy. Not as much as the girl's home. It felt like the Shard had to cling on to Usagi's body or it might get washed adrift. Here, it had power, but not absolute power. The girls in class had already changed somewhat, that much was clear. There was very little interest in the inferior male gender in the air compared to your typical classroom. It was heavily tinged with bisexual interest.

So, we've got all this lesbian energy in the air working without deliberate purpose. Until now! If the shard had knuckles it would crack them. Let's see, let's see! What can we do here?

First step - dampen everyone's attention span so they don't notice anything untoward. Then, flush the foolish thoughts of men entirely from the minds of all girls in class. Women only thanks. No straights, no bi, only lesbians need attend here.

"Oh."

With their minds set into the right place, it was time to affect their bodies. Finish what the chaotic distribution of lesbian energy had started. Oh, make no mistake, there was some fine work here, but it was directionless. All the girls had been affected to some degree. All had bigger breasts, wider hips, slender stomachs, fully accentuated feminine attributes - but it was all random! Girls who had breasts that were already big enough for their proportions had still received a bigger bust, that sort of thing. It was lacking in delicacy. Whatever else the lesbian shard might be, it was an artist. And so, it would use this absent energy to sculpt and craft and try to smooth over the effects of random chance to maximise the overall sex appeal of the entire class.

"Ooh..."

Of course, the girls began to writhe in their seats, for such an experience could only be enjoyable for them. They grew flush, even as their chests began to swell up, or their rears made them rise in their seats. Some of them clutched at their waist as it trimmed down, rubbing their

fingers around their navel, while others reached under their desk to smooth hands down their legs.

"Oh, yes..."

In no time at all, the female members of the class would be easily mistaken for a crop of up and coming supermodels. Or porn stars. Either way, if they put those bodies to good use they could make a lot of money out of them... From women, obviously.

"Oh, please, more..."

Alright, that was a job well done... only, there was still quite a lot of lesbian energy swimming in the air. A *lot* of it. What was this, now? What was going on?! Surely changing that many should have drained it more than this! Had it underestimated how much energy there was? Possibly. There had been an extraordinary amount at Usagi's home, so much it was amazing it didn't pay rent!

"Mmmm."

Well... this gave it the chance to work over some of the boys too. Some of them were already a bit compatible with the energy, which gave the shard the means to change them a bit. No longer male students, but female, wearing the same sort of uniform. Cute girls, not as busty and overwhelmingly sexy as the others. They'd have to get some further exposure to make that happen. It was more important to convert as many as possible.

"Mmmph!"

The last one it was able to manage with all this energy - transforming boys into girls takes more energy than merely making girls hotter - was a bespectacled young lad by the name of Umino. Kind of a dork and a pervert. You do remember he exists, right? It's easy to overlook him, he's just that sort of boy.

"Mmmph, yes please!"

It would be difficult to overlook him now. Those dorky glasses changed shape, becoming more angular and less opaque. The swirly pattern disappeared outright, and 'she' grew a bit taller, a bit leggier. Already something was taking shape. Instead of a dorky loser boy that nobody remembered, Umino had transformed into a hot librarian type girl, who walked around in high heels and a tight pencil skirt that made her feel officious as much as it made her seem sexy.

"Ah, today's the day that Pillow Fight Monthly comes out!" Umino wrote to herself in her notes, circling it three times. Alas, some things simply don't change. This was fine though, the shard was perfectly okay with girls perving on girls.

"Attention now!" Miss Haruna called, from the front of the class. Oh! Of course, the teacher... Wait, maybe there was no need to do anything here? It seemed that she had changed already. A residual effect from the alterations being made to the others in the class? She had already been a bit of a milf upon their arrival, but she was ever so slightly more so now. As in, she was a little bit more so in every measurable way that one can step towards milf. Actually, the title might be Milf, after this. "I can see some of you fidgeting in your seats. Usagi, you've got it the worst! You've already got detention. Do you want me to put you over my knee?"

At this point, the shard turned its attention towards Usagi herself. She'd been making little noises now for a while, since the shard had started working on the class and - And actually, in a roundabout way, it had. Usagi was the conduit through which it was working over the class. By influencing them all in such a dramatic fashion, it had channelled all that lesbian energy through her. Arousing her. Sending her on the longest orgasm in recorded history. Coming at her in pulsing waves, like the rise and fall of a cosine graph. Not that Usagi would appreciate that imagery, not when her breath was hitching and she was on the verge of -

"Yes please!" Usagi said in a quite high pitched voice, before keeling over off her chair and collapsing to the ground. The lesbian shard winced, fully expecting its own consciousness to go with her... but it didn't quite yet.

"Usagi!" Naru screamed from nearby, rushing forward to check on her, and as the lesbian shard's consciousness did indeed start to fade, Naru began to administer some CPR.

Ah. How nice. What a direct opportunity to make a few changes to the first of Usagi's soon to be growing Harem. Furthermore, a chance to slide a small piece of itself within Naru, to act as its second agent. While this girl was patently less powerful than Usagi... Yes, this would be quite a useful thing to have and - Oh dear it seemed that everything was going dark, hopefully this time it would be for a lot shorter amount of time.

=====

It was quiet in the nurse's office. There were but two occupants. One, a blonde girl wearing her hair up in distinctive pigtails. The other, a redhead with curly hair. The redhead leaned over, eyes full of concern. She looks around. There's nobody nearby. She puckers her lips. She leans in, prepares to kiss her friend on the forehead, and then -

"Super Usagi to the rescue!"

Usagi sat up, barely missing headbutting Naru right in the mouth. Blinking quickly, Usagi's eyes fall upon the clock and she notes the time - noon! No wonder she woke up. The one thing she loves doing more than sleeping is eating! Well, no, practising making out and having sex with Naru was also pretty high on that list, so -

"Meet me on the roof," Naru said, and by the time Usagi had turned around to look, she was already out of the room. Huh? That was weird. Usagi climbed out of bed, patted herself down, bowed to the nurse to show her thanks and then strode on out into the school right as lunchtime had begun, and -

"Huh, were there always this many total babes?" she wondered aloud, checking out the countless supermodel level beauties strolling around, chatting to each other, flirting quite blatantly, holding hands, standing really, really close to one another... "Wow, I feel like an idiot for not noticing before. Then again, Naru typically has my attention anyway..."

"Ah? Did you say Naru?" said an oddly familiar looking girl. She looked like she'd stepped out of a porn parody set in a library. "She went off to the roof. Might I say, Usagi, you're looking very nice today."

Quite the compliment coming from someone who seemed so refined and smart as her. Woof. She had half a mind to set that babe up with Umino, seemed like his type. Anyway, she was right, she ought to head up to the roof to catch up with Naru right away. It sounded like she was wanting to talk about something important.

And so, Usagi went up to the roof, little noticing the attention that she was getting.

"Oh gosh, finally," one girl whispered to another. "You think Naru's gonna do it?"

"No way," another whispered back. "I mean, if she was gonna, she'd have done it by now."

"I dunno, something about them is different today," the first girl replied. "God, I ship them so fucking hard."

It was chatter like that. Idle gossip. A keen awareness that those two were the hottest couple in school, if not the district, that weren't actually technically a couple yet, but you just *knew* in your heart it was *absolutely* going to happen. Any day now. Honest.

Well, today was 'any day'. Usagi stepped out onto the rooftop, and for a moment was blinded by the high noon sun hitting her face dead on. While her eyes adjusted to the light, she heard her friend speak, using a tone that she'd never heard before.

"Hello Usagi. I've been meaning to talk to you about this all day." By the time she finished that second sentence, Usagi's vision cleared, and she caught sight of her friend. And her friend had changed quite a bit.

Naru had already been quite curvy under the influence of the shard, but still not a patch on Usagi herself. That was no longer the case. You'd almost never be able to tell by eyeballing it which of them had the more pronounced curves, the heavier bosom, the wider hips, the more luscious ass. Measuring tape would be employed, thought that does run the risk of distraction.

Mind your hands, mind where you grab, and mind what you're looking at as you try to determine the difference.

Though, if the two of them were to stand side by side the difference would become more obvious, especially if they were wearing similar attire. Usagi was still bigger, curvier, overall hotter in all measurable manners. If they were separate? You'd have no chance telling the difference. It's like telling the difference between eggshell white and ivory white. The difference is clear when they're next to each other, but if you're shown one at random you'll have a hell of a time telling the difference.

"Woah, Naru!" Usagi gasped, in understandable shock. "What happened? How long was I out for?"

"Last night, I had the weirdest dream," Naru said. She stepped forward with meaning and purpose. "I was saved by a goddess who was your spitting image."

Now, Usagi isn't exactly known for her reasoning skills. She's not stupid, mind. Just... Not tapping into her full potential. Her mind went to one place and one place alone: Naru remembered everything that happened yesterday! Oh no! That was bad! Usagi patted her hair -she'd gone out in the same distinctive hairstyle that basically nobody else for miles wore! And she'd not even covered her face, and - You know what, actually her body was probably a better giveaway, Usagi was stupid hot and she knew it. Strutting around dressed like that, when Naru had seen her naked a thousand times? It would be a wonder if she didn't recognise her thighs on sight, or something. Probably a birthmark she never knew about gave her away. Stupid, stupid, stupid!

Of course, that wasn't what was actually on Naru's mind. The shard inside Usagi attempted to facepalm, but it had neither face nor palm, and so met with a distinct lack of success in this endeavour. Anyway, what Usagi hadn't realised was that this was a confession of love, not a confrontation about a secret identity.

"I'm so sorry! I should have told you!" Usagi bowed. "But the talking pussy told me not to!"

A statement like that stopped Naru cold. She must have heard that incorrectly, surely. This was enough time for Usagi to bring out her magical transformation pendant, say the magic words and after a quick change of attire (and a lingering orgasm that Usagi now firmly believed was a completely normal part of the process of becoming Sailor Moon) she was standing on the rooftop, saluting at her friend while wearing an extremely tiny skirt and a slutty sailor fuku.

"I, your best friend Usagi Tsukino... Am in truth, the pretty sailor soldier who fights for justice, Sailor Moon!"

"Bwaaaaah..." Naru said when her lungs pointed out to her that, hey, you do need to exhale eventually. This was from the shock of seeing Usagi transform during what could only be

described as an intergalactic striptease, combined with the fact she was feeling especially horny towards both Usagi and Sailor Moon, as such the realisation they were both the same person was sort of like striking oil at the same time you discovered a solution to a Millenium Prize problem. It was kind of overloading her brain a bit.

As for Usagi, her own imagination had started to spark off. Honestly, part of her had been feeling a bit guilty about keeping this a secret from her best friend. Looking her over now, it made her think a bit about what had happened last night. You know. With the youma, and all those people the youma had brainwashed, and what had happened to them when she -

"Oh, I get it!" Sailor Moon yelled, grabbing Naru by the shoulders and making her nearly jump out of her skin with shock. "This must be the side effect of one of my powers! I can make people super extra hot, and it works extremely well on people I already think are kinda cute!"

"You think I'm kinda cute?" Naru could die happy now. No, not literally, it's just an expression. Still, she did feel kind of faint, both in being held by Sailor Moon and in being told she was cute. And sexy. That was a combo doing a number on her libido, let me tell you.

Meanwhile, the lesbian shard was fistpumping the air. Metaphorically. It had no fist to pump, we've already covered this. What a perfect opportunity to manipulate and guide this naive, well meaning beauty into using that 'power' more liberally. Oh, the fun they would have! Fall into debauchery, as you vanquish evil! It really would be quite fun to see what came of -

A gasp caught their attention. Both Usagi and Naru's eyes fell upon the doorway leading to the roof. It seemed as though their private conversation had been intruded upon by an unexpected visitor...

MHA Accidental Brainwashing

Of all the Quirks available in the world, one would normally expect that "Brainwashing" would be the power held by a villain. That's a kind of bigotry, you know. Quirk discrimination. Thinking that a person can only be a hero or a villain based on the nature of their Quirk? How intolerant.

For Hitoshi Shinsou, it had never been in question. Of course he was going to be a hero. Whatever anyone might think of him, he wanted to help people out. Make a big name for himself. Stand out from the rest! Becoming a villain was a dumb idea, you got way better perks by saving the day. To his view, the perks were there to become a hero - and that was actually kind of sneaky by those in charge. Giving incentives to become the good guys, and productive to society? Make it more beneficial than being a villain? Clever, clever!

Of course, that shallow read of the situation is exactly the problem bubbling away at this world. Not that anyone realised it yet, but - To crib a concept from another popular franchise, one cannot be a hero if there are not disasters to overcome. What happens when there are too many heroes and not enough villains to fight against...? Well, rejoice heroes. For an economy will correct itself to suit that imbalance. Be wary, though, that it does not overcorrect...

Enough foreshadowing of future events. This tale has naught to do with the fundamental breakdown of society being caused by hubris. This was a tale being caused by Shinsou going to the Support Department for a tech upgrade. Let's explain a bit here for those who don't know:

Shinsou's brainwashing relies upon his intended target responding to something he's said. As this is a well known limitation of his power, he uses a voice changer to trick people into responding to him, granting him the opportunity to take control over them. However, in the arms race between heroes and villains, it seemed to him as though the villains were getting wise to that trick. It was getting harder and harder for him to trick them, and they were figuring out ways to break free of his Brainwashing even if he did get it on them.

As such -

"Yo!" he called out, finding Hatsume waist deep in some fancy machine or other, legs kicking in the air. She didn't respond. Shinsou rubbed the side of his head wearily, and stepped forward into the room. "Hey, can you hear me?" He stepped forward, annoyed at her ignoring him, then grabbed her by the ankle using his binding cloth and hauled her out, much to her own surprise. Apparently she was listening to music. She took out the noise cancelling earbuds, broke into a big grin, and waved at him.

"Hey there! You're here for the upgraded voice changer, right?" Hatsume asked, straight to the point like always. She tossed it over to him. Then got right into his personal space so she could fix it around his neck. Had this woman never heard of personal space?! Those breasts of hers were pressing into him! Ah! If he didn't know better he'd swear she was flirting with him - but this

was just her personality. "Here you go! Haha! Looks good on you, champ! You'll be brainwashing those loser villains left right and centre!"

Sounded good to him. "So, how does this work?"

"We've isolated the soundwave required for your Brainwashing to work," Hatsume said. "You'll be able to give longer lasting commands like this. In fact, I think you might even be able to implant the idea that the target wants to do whatever you asked of them! Really cool, huh?!"

Right. Really cool. It was also pretty incredible he was being given something like this. All of his life, he'd been facing that sort of discrimination, that he'd use his Quirk for something evil and selfish. Being able to directly do something like this was... incredible!

"Of course, there are a few safety measures," Hatsume said, tapping the machine she'd been working on. "It'll flag up here when you use it, and what command you gave. Not to worry, it's gone through multiple layers of encryption. Honestly, I pretty much did all that just to see if I could. I don't think you'd misuse this at all, anyway."

That... also fit her personality. Seeing a potential issue, thinking it wasn't an important one, and then going about coming up with a fix anyway just to see if she could. Being so blunt about it like that was also in line with how she thought, so... It bothered him, but less than if someone else had told him.

"I should probably test it out first..." he muttered to himself, but Hatsume had heard that errant thought.

"Try it out on me, no big deal!" she said. "Go on! Try it!"

Well, right now she'd responded to something he'd said while wearing the device, so... Shinsou tapped the on button and gave it a try. "Do a handstand!" he instructed.

"You know what, that's a good idea, I've not done any exercise today..." Hatsume then put the flat of her hand against the ground and went right up. And stayed up. Normally, the act of doing the handstand would be enough to break the Brainwashing, but... She actually was staying up! Interesting. "Are you going to test that?"

"Oh," Shinsou rubbed the back of his head. "Uh..." Let's see. Was there something absurd that he could make her do? Something that she wouldn't normally do? Something that wouldn't paint him as a villain...? Actually that was kind of tough. Hatsume was the kind of girl who would do almost anything you asked her, up until the point where it would cross an ethical line to 'make' her do it. Stuff like giving him money or a personal belonging, or taking off her clothes, those were the sorts of things she'd draw the line at. This was a line that he refused to cross himself, which was making this quite a challenge for him. Let's see. "Do something that you wouldn't normally do?"

That was a pretty vague command. Normally, those didn't work when he gave them. So, in a sense, he was still testing the limits of his power with this new support item. Would it work? What might she do, here?

The answer, as it turned out, was walk on her hands, leaning against the wall, using her teeth to take off a glove, then grabbing a needle and aiming it at an electrical -

"Wait! You don't need to do that!" Shinsou yelled. She stopped cold. "Phew! You weren't kidding! This is quite the upgrade." He pulled the device up again to take a better look at it. Then pressed the button. "You can do whatever you want, now!" She climbed down. Sitting on the floor, looking confused, but excited. How many commands could he give her like this? This was amazing! Incredible! This could pierce through the limitations of his power, and help him rise yet further in the ranks of Hero Society! The sheer scope of villains he could take down like this - It provided him a massive tactical advantage and - "Thank you! Thank you so much! I'll put good use to this, I promise!"

He turned, waved, and left while pondering the new strategic options open to him... Oblivious to the inventor sitting on the floor, bleary eyed, the final command settling in.

"Do whatever I want..." she muttered to herself. "Do whatever I want..." A smile crept up her face. One that wasn't filled with her usual joy at invention, but something a lot more perverse, as the image of a certain young hero leaped unbidden to mind. "Hehehe... Whatever and whoever I want..."

=====

And now, we join the pinnacle of the next generation of heroes. The boy who had no Quirk until he was scouted by the current greatest hero, given sufficient training - and then passed on his Quirk One For All. Izuku Midoriya. At first glance one would hardly expect him to fit that role. He didn't look like much, and if you randomly met him on the street you would likely not look twice at him. However, he was possessed of a hero's heart and soul, was unable to see others in danger without wanting to help them, and did so not for fame or glory but simply because it was the right thing to do.

Also, if he took his shirt off, the boy had muscles that some bodybuilders would envy. Getting scouted by the best meant he had to take on the most intense workout routine imaginable. Otherwise, his body would not be able to come close to handling One For All. It barely could as it was... Though he was growing into it, with time.

Today, he had been called into the Support Department yet again, which meant dealing with Mei Hatsume. Don't misunderstand, he liked her as much as he liked anyone, but she was pretty intense. Sucking it up, he knocked on the door, and found it instantly opened.

"Hi!" he managed to get out before Mei hauled him in, throwing him to the floor and crawling over his body, carefully studying him. "Uh! H-Hi there!" he repeated.

"Hello," Hatsume said, pulling out a ruler and some measuring tape while her boobs were pushing right into his chest. Ah! Aha! Does she not realise the effect she's having on him right now?! "Hrm, let's see... you've definitely added some muscle since I last saw you. Not too much, though - you should still fit perfectly!"

"Fit perfectly?" Izuku asked, rubbing the back of his head. Mercifully, she climbed off him. Thank goodness. "You have some new equipment for me?"

"Oh yeah, a full body suit! Ta-da! It should help you regulate that super strength of yours, and keep you from, you know, breaking every limb in your body when you throw a punch. Now, your *second* punch might be an issue, but at least you'd get a second punch!"

That would be a significant upgrade to how things were right now. He was hoping to be able to train up to the point where he could do that on his own... But having equipment help facilitate his training wouldn't be a bad idea. Although, it was funny. This didn't seem all that high tech. It looked more like form fitting spandex.

"Ah, it's not *quite* ready yet," Hatsune said, placing it in some machine. "It needs a few finishing touches. While we wait for that, let's check out your new helmet!"

"My new helmet...?" Izuku said. Yes, that was also quite rational. Head protection was a vital part of any activity. Be it superheroing or bike riding, protecting the head was vital. Most martial arts prioritise it when considering defensive postures because of how dangerous it was to let the opponent get a good strike or grapple centred on the head. She handed him the helmet in question. It slipped on easily enough, nice and comfortable.

Although, one thing he missed while putting the helmet on was the small smile that crept onto Hatsume's features, or the way she licked her lips while looking over his body. Not that Deku would have been in any state of mind to think it weird. Hatsune was kind of like that, you know?

Anyway, this helmet seemed to have some kinda monitor, and there was a low humming noise of some kind. Izuku rubbed at where his ears were, though only wound up touching the side of the helmet. Stupid reflex.

"It's configuring itself," Hatsune said. "Give it a minute. Ah! Hold on, I gotta go check something, be with you in a bit." She turned away and strode across the room -

Best keep an eye on Hatsune!

Who knows what she'll do.

Stare at Hatsune. Go ahead and stare away.

And Izuku watched her walk across the room with this weird swagger about her. Huh. Weird. Her usual tanktop and overalls combo felt a bit... different today. Those overalls weren't quite as loose as normal, now that he was properly looking, and that tanktop was definitely a bit more low cut. It didn't tuck into her overalls, either. Was she wearing something a bit too small for her?

She's kinda cute.

Anyway, she was bending over a toolbox over in the corner, sorting through tools. Shifting her weight with her butt in the air.

That's a nice butt.

Swaying to and fro. Fidgeting like mad.

A very nice butt.

Apparently not happy with what she was seeing, as she kept on putting the tools back in the box.

Mei Hatsume is super duper sexy.

Ding! Huh? What was that ding noise?

"It finished configuring!" Hatsume sang. She rose to her full height and peered over her shoulders at Izuku. "That was faster than I thought. Sorry, I shouldn't have kept you waiting. That was so *naughty* of me." The flat of her hand then landed on her right cheek. Izuku gulped. "You'll tell me if I'm being naughty, won't you, Midoriya?"

It's okay to spank her. She doesn't mind at all.

"S-Sure thing! I'll tell you right away!"

Woah! He felt kinda dizzy there for some reason. Izuku shook his head and - Yipe! Hatsune was up against his back, tinkering with the helmet! "Hold still a minute, I need to calibrate this..." While standing behind him, her boobs were rubbing right into his back.

Go ahead, it's fine. She does this all the time anyway.

Honestly, he might as well relax. By now, he knew Hatsune didn't mean anything by it. Take a deep breath and ignore it.

Her boobs are nice though. So big and squishy.

He was still a young boy at heart though... so that idea sounded nice on paper, but it was quite difficult in practice. Much like something else starting to swell inside his trousers. Oh dear! Izuku hoped she didn't notice! Who knows what she might -

Click!

The monitor built into the headset flickered, and the vision of the lab was replaced with a looping video of Hatsune dancing in her overalls. Huh? What? No matter where he looked all he could see was Hatsune, Hatsune -

Sexy Hatsune.

- Strutting her stuff. Rolling her shoulders, bumping her hips, turning around and smoothing her body up and down her -

Sexy feminine curves.

- Body. "Uh, what is this?" Deku asked.

"Oh, that's just the screensaver, it's showing a cute fun video of a mysterious young woman enjoying herself while it finishes booting."

That did seem like a weirdly Hatsune thing to do. Come to think, she was wearing a domino mask... the sort of mask that basically hid none of your face. It was a wonder he hadn't noticed sooner.

Too busy staring at her boobs.

"I'm still hearing a weird hum, is that normal?" Izuku asked.

"Yes, that's fine!" Hatsume said, her hands trailing down his shoulders, wrapping around his chest, and then she began to sort of... bounce in place. Rubbing her boobs right into his back. "It's all totally normal, you won't even notice it after a while."

"Um!" he began to protest this weird stimulation, but -

It's fine, let her do this, she knows what she's doing.

But she knew what she was doing. As awkward as it was, this girl had no sense of personal boundaries. She was a true expert in developing support items. Inventing was kind of her thing. He didn't really know that much about it at all.

Although... Wasn't analysing the reason people were doing things sort of *his* thing? Why was he shutting off his brain when -

Oh, that hits the spot, feels nice.

Ahhhhh, that did feel pretty great. What was he thinking about again? Oh yeah, this weird dancing video. It was going on kinda long wasn't it? Well, no sooner did he think that, than it immediately stopped, letting him look out at the lab. Aha! It was so clear and concise... Although, there was some sort of movement at the corner of his vision.

"What is that?" he asked. "I'm sort of seeing something."

"It's a scanner," Hatsume said, circling around to his front. She leaned forward and - Suddenly, an arrow appeared pointing right at Hatsume's cleavage. She leaned forward, and the arrow began to flash more obviously, to the point he couldn't ignore it. "The helmet is programmed to determine points of interest and highlight them. You can even zoom in if you want."

When she said zoom, his vision was suddenly filled with barely concealed titflesh. Guh! He could feel himself turning scarlet! Stupid pervy helmet!

She has such a nice rack. It's okay to stare.

"Um! It sort of looks like a mostly transparent spiral," Izuku said. Indeed, that's exactly what it looked like. Now that he mentioned it, there was one on each eye, going in different directions. Spinning around and around. Now that he was aware of it, he couldn't unsee them at all.

"That's right, that's the scanner at work," Hatsume said. "Ah! Hold on one second! This next part's kinda delicate. I can't risk causing a static shock, so -"

Off came the overalls. They hit the ground without ceremony, until a robot came along and picked them up. Hatsume stood there, in front of Izuku, wearing only a tanktop and a g-string! Ack! Worse yet, the 'scanner' was pointing several arrows right at Hatsume's butt! It was practically glowing with a golden aura from how many arrows were aimed squarely at it! This thing plainly needed reprogramming, or it was going to make him appear like a pervert!

It's fine to stare, she knows you're there, she knows what she's wearing.

Then again... She had just stripped down in front of him, right? That meant it was probably fine. It was fine to look. After all, Hatsune probably didn't mind that sort of attention, right?

It feels good to look.

Besides which, she did have a very nice butt. Izuku wasn't normally the kind of boy to pay attention to that sort of thing, but-

Butt. Butt is nice.

But he couldn't look away. Hatsume's hind quarters were magnificently shaped. The brilliant inventor stepped forward towards a workbench with an exaggerated swagger, the arrows flashing and the spirals spinning and the hum in his ears becoming more and more insistent with each passing step.

Nice ass. Nice ass. Nice ass. Nice. Ass!

"Say, Midoriya! Could you do me a favour?" Hatsume said. "I need you to hold me in place while I work. This next part is pretty delicate, and the slightest wrong move could ruin everything."

"Huh? Okay!" Izuku said, the words 'nice ass' still ringing in his ears. He suddenly realised that he was staring at the nice ass instead of making eye contact which was, you know, kind of rude of him. "Anything I can do to help."

"Good boy!" Hatsune said, leaning over the workshop while keeping her legs totally straight. Izuku let out a grunt at the sight. Gorgeous! Absolutely flawless! Ah! But - but he really shouldn't stare - should he? No, it was fine. She wanted him to look, therefore it was okay. "Could you please put your hands on my big -" She wobbled in place, shifting her weight hard onto her left foot while keeping her right leg straight. " - Round - " Then she shifted it the other way. "Assssss!" and then she straightened up both legs, bent her knees ever so slightly and thrust up in the air again.

Oh dear goodness, for some reason he was feeling quite lightheaded. That felt a bit beyond...

You promised to do anything you could to help.

Then again, he did promise, didn't he? It was a pretty ridiculous request from the beautiful, sexy scientist, but it was also weirdly in character? Oh well. A hero should keep his promises. As such, he strode forward and gripped her cheeks firmly, making sure not to use any more strength than he had to.

"Make sure to keep a nice snug grip," Matsume said. Izuku grit his teeth. The helmet had her butt crack lit up like the landing strip at an airport. Worse yet, his erection was straining hard now, very, very hard. It was a wonder she hadn't noticed! "Don't let me move an inch, no matter what!"

This left him in a more precarious position than he thought it would. She wound up trying to move quite a bit. Letting out a 'woaaaah!' or a 'oh gosh!' He had to keep his grip firm, which meant groping her cheeks quite a bit more than he meant to. Of course, using super strength here to pin her down would only mean hurting her, but -

Use your body as leverage.

Of course! His analysis of the situation had led to a natural conclusion. He was quite skilled at that. All Izuku had to do was step forward a little and pin her body down, and he'd have the extra leverage he'd need to keep her in place without risking hurting her!

Although, this did mean that the tent in his trousers was now resting in between her cheeks.

This is fine. It's fine. Keep it there. If she minded, she'd tell you.

"Good work, Midoriya!" Hatsune said. "Now we're almost ready, just a little bit more..."

So beautiful, so sexy, become her boyfriend, become her boyfriend.

His head felt like it was full of cotton by the time she was finished. Ahhhh... Ahhhh... This is where he should have wondered what, exactly, she'd been working on so intensely... but it was so difficult for him to concentrate right now.

"Now for the most important and delicate part," Hatsune said. She stood up, and pressed her back right into his chest. "I need to take the measurements for your suit now."

Shouldn't she have already -

Hatsune knows what she is doing. She's pretty and smart and oh so sexy.

"Okay," Izuku said, wobbling groggily on his feet. "Whada I haveta do?"

"Take off your clothes, but leave the helmet on."

Of course. She helped him out with that, because she's a very helpful babe. She tugged his trousers down with her teeth, allowing his penis to kiss the cool air. She barely pulled her head back before it sprung up, the turgid length slapping his stomach. It felt like quite the relief to have it out and about like this.

"Alright, time for me to measure you more carefully ~" Hatsume sang. She scooted forward, and pinned his shaft in between her breasts. "There we go. Now I'm measuring you for your new sui~uit!"

This was measuring? Ah, what was he thinking, Hatsume clearly knew what she was doing. Look at her sitting there, on her knees, rubbing her tender bosom along his full erection. Oh! This had another benefit actually! He'd be able to cum like this, which would help take care of his big hard wood in no time flat!

Don't cum. Don't cum. Don't cum.

"Alright, you're just about there," Hatsume said. Huh? That was weird. For some reason, no matter how hard she stimulated his shaft, Izuku couldn't cum at all! It was so weird! This felt amazing, he could feel his balls twitching, but - No release came. At all. "Hey, Midoriya. Would you like to help me make the ultimate support item?"

"Yeah... Sounds great!" Izuku grunted. He began to move his hips in an attempt - a vain attempt as it turned out - to bring himself to release. "Anything I can do!"

"I wanna make a Baby!"

Oh, she wanted to make a baby? Well, okay. That was what she called all of her inventions. Babies. Her children. Her offspring. Why, he was even wearing one of her babies right about now!

Make baby. Make baby. Make baby.

"I don't mean machinery." She rose to her feet. Deep inside, Izuku felt this overwhelming, powerful need to help her with whatever invention she was trying to create. "I mean an actual baby. You and me. Right here, right now. You in?"

Baby baby baby baby.

"Yessssshhhhh," Izuku said, reaching out towards her and -

His muscles suddenly ripped apart his shirt as they doubled, then tripled in size. Something primal had awakened from deep inside the core of his being. The urge to breed, which had been long since dominated by rational thinking, by the selfless desire to save the lives of others, was now awake. Like a hibernating bear that had been poked and prodded by oblivious tourists, that beast was up, about and about to embark upon a rampage.

"Sexy Hatsume!" both the helmet and Izuku said in unison, for now both voices were as one. He lifted her off the ground with one hand under her arm, pulled her closer and then thrust his hips up, his shaft - already larger than average - growing bigger, bigger, moment to moment as he unconsciously found a use for the Quirk bestowed upon him that none other had found to date. "Breed Hatsume!" His free hand went immediately to her ass, simultaneously pulling her closer so that her breasts were pushed into his chest. "Breed sexy Hatsume!"

"Hoooooooly shiiiiit!" Matsume yelled as the sudden sensation of being filled to the brim took her just a little bit off guard. She'd expected him to lie back, and then for her to ride him while he ran his hands over her body, holding her close in a tender loving way. She hadn't expected him to go wild about it! "Ah! Ah! This is better than what I wanted! Ohhh, yes! Knock me up, Midoriya! Fill me with your seeeeeed!"

He needed no further invitation. Izuku Midoriya's eyes had turned pure white as the unthinking monster called lust took over. He carried her around the room with ease, one arm around her back while the other was firmly planted on her sexy, sexy ass. Oh, but don't misunderstand. He was not merely pacing around the room. Carrying her like a sack of potatoes while his dick penetrated deep, deep inside her.

Our boy was doing lunges, knee down! Then rise back up. Squat down with your step, then rise again! The amount of strength this took was truly monstrous. Beyond what a normal human is capable of. Each of these lunging steps forward caused the young genius to squeal like an animal herself. Clinging on to her lover, her mate, for dear sweet life. Part of her wondering, pondering if perhaps she had gone a little bit too far in her brainwashing? While the rest of her was still lingering under the effects of the brainwashing from earlier.

Though that didn't actually last all that long. In fact, on three... two... one...

"Huh? What was I-?" Hatsume began, snapping out of the brainwashing from earlier after several hours. "Oh! Oh! Ohhhhh, Mi-Midoriya! Oh! Oh fuck! That f-feels amazing! Ah! Ahhhh! Oohhhhh, I definitely need to study this more, more, morrrre!"

Needless to say but she broke pretty quickly once she was back to her senses. It made sense, really. Izuku Midoriya was the sort of person to fulfil a task he'd determined himself to complete. He had given himself the tasks to 'knock up Hatsume' and 'sexually satisfy the future mother of his children'. Alright, technically it was actually Hatsume who had brainwashed him into taking those goals, but you get the general idea.

Feeling himself getting closer to the moment of final release, Izuku made sure to lay Hatsume over her workbench. This would give his seed less of a struggle in reaching her womb. No gravity involved. He lay her flat after sweeping off everything on it, and railed her so hard the sturdy workbench made a hefty creaking noise. It buckled, but it did not break - the sign of a true master of their craft.

A mutual gasp later, and he shot inside her, releasing potent sperm infused with the power of One For All, geared towards the singular task of ensuring that she would become pregnant with his seed. This done, Izuku deflated back to his still muscular, but not enormous proportions. He then pulled out his dick, which rapidly softened, let out a sigh of relief.

"Phew, that was just the ticket! Thanks a bunch Hatsume!" he said. "I can't wait to see how your new baby stacks as a support unit!"

They didn't know it yet, but... Actually pretty damned well. Though that didn't mean much. After all, every single one of Izuku's children - regardless of who the mother was - happened to be destined to become a truly tremendous hero in their own right. You see, Hatsume was only the first superhero in training that he would be knocking up today. After all, the new outlook that had

been brainwashed into him was going to have quite a few knock on effects... but that's a story for another time.

Oneshot - Ranma's Double Trouble

It wasn't too often that Ranma wound up leaving the Nerima ward. Most of the time, he stayed within the Furinkan district. Occasionally, he'd pop into Tomobiki (and get the hell out of there as soon as possible). It was quite a bit rarer for him to pop over to the Minato district, on an errand from Kasumi no less. Right now, he was returning home with a hefty bag on his back, fully understanding now why, exactly, he'd been asked to go rather than Kasumi doing it herself.

"Man, this new washing machine sure is bulky," Ranma said, having absolutely no problem at all carrying the thing over his back. It was actually drawing a fair amount of attention from passersby. The boy was strong. Stupidly strong. Proud of it too. From a life of intense martial arts training, he'd developed this high level of strength -

"Ah! Help! Someone, help me!"

And also a keen sense of civic duty. The cry of someone in desperate need of assistance tripped up the training that his father had instilled in him at a young age. Well... true enough, it had been instilled so that his father wouldn't have to deal with such matters himself, getting Ranma to do the gruntwork instead, but you get the general idea. Ranma rushed onwards towards the source of the scream, and found himself on a rooftop overlooking a dark alley.

Within which, he could plainly see a monster towering over a young girl. Claws extended. And, if his keenly trained senses were any judge, there was a small battle aura being drained away from that chick into the creature. Sort of like what Hinako did.

Except in this case, it didn't seem like some weird punishment for delinquent behaviour. As such, Ranma leaped down, scooped the girl up and hopped to the end of the alley in an instant.

"I got you!" he said. "You okay?"

The girl passed out. Still breathing. Okay. That's good. Ranma slipped the washing machine off his back and turned his attention to the monster.

"Hissss... Interrupting my meal, huh?" the creature practically spat at him. Well, if there was any doubt about this, it was gone now. "I'll feast on you instead!"

"We'll see about that!" Ranma yelled, and leaped forward, his fist connecting fast with the monster's face - to absolutely no reaction. Hell, his hand was even starting to hurt from his own attack! A moment later, and the claw swiped him into the wall, where he crumpled to the ground feeling dizzy, groggy, that attack was above anything even Happosai had hit him with!

"Silly human," the monster reached down, its claw extended like before. "You are trained in martial arts, but you cannot stand a chance against the likes of me!"

"Maybe he can't! But we can!"

Ranma turned his head, and saw... five chicks in weird uniforms. It took him a moment to recognise them, but after a bit it clicked. Weren't those the mysterious Sailor Scouts who had shown up recently? Was that in Juban? Huh! What were the odds of running into them?

The monster pulled Ranma up, plainly intending to use him as a hostage. Great! He tried kicking at the creature or pulling away, but to no avail. This thing was *strong*.

"In the name of the moon, I will punish you!"

Chains flew out around the monster, pinning down its arms and making it let Ranma go. Some tall chick with her hair in a ponytail caught him and dragged him away from the monster. Then, fire blasted it in the face - and for a coup de grace, the apparent leader of this group of heroes pointed at the monster and let out some weird spell or other that made it disintegrate on the spot.

The whole thing happened in the blink of an eye. It felt like more had happened, but Ranma hadn't caught it at all. It felt like he'd peered into a world beyond the one he was used to, and - Huh! Was this how Akane felt all the time when she was watching him being awesome?

"Thank you, kind citizen," the leader said. She curtsied in front of him, and flashed a winning smile. If he was being completely honest, Ranma was a bit taken in by her general demeanour. The hair was a bit weird, a pair of buns with ponytails sticking out of them on either side of her head. "I am Sailor Moon, Champion of Justice. It is wonderful to see such heroics from the general public - but please, try to avoid picking fights with members of the Dark Kingdom. Even trained martial artists cannot stand up to them."

"Yeah, I got that..." Ranma grumbled. And then, as if to match his mood, it began to rain. Of course it did. "Well, I gotta get home now, so -"

"Wait a minute," Sailor Moon said. "You were a hot guy just now - Um, I mean, you were a boy before weren't you?"

"Yeah, it's a dumb curse I picked up," Ranma explained. She had changed the instant the rain washed over her. No longer the manly, studly boy that he was born as. Now 'she' was a cute, busty shortstack who practically embodied the 'sexy tomboy' archetype. Blegh.

"Wait one moment," Sailor Moon said, stepping in front of him. "I might be able to do something about that. Would you like to be rid of this curse?"

"Is Akane bad at cooking? Hell yeah I want to get rid of it!"

Sailor Moon nodded, and lifted her wand. Ranma's mouth felt dry. This was it. This was it! An honest to goodness superhero was about to get rid of her curse! The magical energy being sent out by Sailor Moon washed over Ranma's body, filling her with an immense sense of peace, clarity, and gratitude. This weird superhero was going above and beyond here, not only beating that monster but also relieving Ranma of one of the major sources of stress in her -

Plop!

Ranma very slowly blinked, wondering where the hell the mirror had come from out of nowhere... before realising that she wasn't looking in a mirror. For one thing, the Ranma in front of her was about a head taller than her, and she was looking up to see his confused face. That being said, this realisation did take a minute or so. The two of them perfectly aped each other. Scratching the back of their head, tilting their heads in exactly the same way. Blinking in unison, sticking their tongues out at one another, the whole bit.

"Um, that's not your -" Sailor Mercury began to speak, before being shushed by Sailor Venus.

"No, no, I want to see how long it takes them to work it out."

Well, work it out they did, and Ranma didn't exactly have the best reaction to the realisation, which came after looking up to see it was still raining.

"Yay!" Male form Ranma jumped excitedly into the air. "Never gonna be a girl again! Never gonna be a girl again!" Ah, okay, so he did kinda have a good reaction to this.

"Oh, it's alright for you!" Girl form Ranma, that's the one that wasn't impressed. Luckily, we'll be able to distinguish between them easily enough by calling this one Ranko from now on for narrative convenience. "I'm never gonna be a boy again!"

While their little mirror performance had been going on, Sailor Mercury had been busily scanning the two of them with her computer. "It seems that you've split them in two, rather permanently," she said. "I think they share the same memories and personalities, but one is male and the other female. No sign of the curse anymore. I suspect this one has trace affection for their girl form, which is being repressed currently."

"In other words, thanks for nothing!" Ranko huffed. "Urgh! Wish I hadn't said yes, at least I could be a boy sometimes instead of never." And now the Sailors were huddling together, discussing something quite urgently. "What are you chicks up to now? I don't like the looks of any of this."

Ranko made to retreat - but learned once again that the Sailors were simply out of her league. Which, again, really said something because Ranko is pretty damn superhuman as it is. Anyway, Sailor Moon was already right in front of her, holding out her stupid wand again and -

"Sorry about this," she said, and Ranko made to barrel by her... only to get hit by another magical attack. This one centred on her mind, instead of her body. "Please relax. This is for the sake of your future happiness. Please forget that you were ever a boy."

"Forget... that I was a boy..." Ranko repeated, the spell making fast work of her. Huh? Wait, what? Why should she forget something like -

"Be a cute girl, just like me!" Sailor Moon said. She posed cutely and saluted. "Yes, that's right. I hear some girls look to me as a role model! So, you can relax. Just relax. Become a girl. Don't fight it, please. You'll be so much happier this way."

Realistically, deep down, Ranko knew she was right. She might not want to admit it, but if the option had been given to her then she'd have likely taken this route. There was already a Ranma Saotome, and so... She should become his cute little sister. Pretend like the cure for the curse had made her completely happy with everything. It made sense really. Everyone would be better off. Everyone would be happier. Ohhhh, it was a bit of a shame she wouldn't get to marry Akane, but -

But...

But she was a girl! Girls can't marry girls, tee-hee! Ah, dear reader, please forgive Ranko for thinking that. She's a product of a different time, and was raised by Genma Saotome. That last point is both an explanation for this outdated belief, and sufficient punishment at the same time.

Anyway, since Ranko was clearly a girl who was happy being a girly girl, she should simply go home with Ranma right this minute, because she was a girl who was - Who was also a ditzzy superhero who beat up bad guys but also didn't know what the hell she was doing! Yep, this little encounter hadn't exactly given Ranko the best impression of Sailor Moon, and thanks to this brainwashing spell that impression was now being firmly and deeply imprinted onto her.

"You are a cute girly girl, just like me!" Sailor Moon said. "Alright? So what are you?"

"I'm a cute girl!" Ranko happily chirped. "Yay! Thanks so much for separating me from Ranma! I'm soooo happy now! Hooray!"

"Aha..." Sailor Moon nervously laughed. "I wasn't sure that would work. I guess what Mercury said was right, your sandwich desire to be a girl -"

"Subconscious!" Mercury corrected. "I wish we didn't have to do that, Sailor Moon, but if we hadn't it would have caused all manner of psychological effects. Um. I recommend therapy anyway, just in case."

"Bye, bye! See you around!" Sailor Moon waved, and then - they were gone. Leaving Ranko alone with her new brother, who was still prancing around like an idiot chanting and singing to himself and - oh, now he was kneeling with his arms spread open.

"That's right, you bastards! Fall! Hahahaha! Drench me all you like, I'm a man forevermore!"

"Oh man, I was a dork when I used to be a boy," Ranko giggled to herself. "Good thing I'm a girl now. I'm definitely a full time girl, all the time. A girl, girl, girl, girl - "

Huh? What was that? Over there! Not too far away, from this rooftop, Ranko could see a mugging going on! Of course, it was a martial artist's duty to protect the weak, and so she leaped out across the rooftops to get a little bit of vigilante work done while her... brother basked in the freedom he now had from his curse!

"Hold it right there!" she announced, putting her hands on her hips, then using one hand to cutely salute. "To use your strength to take what is not yours, that is the definition of evil!" Ranko yelled, then dove down to the street before the mugger could react. The fight was as one sided as - well, the fight earlier between Ranma and the youma. A random mugger found on the streets of Juuban versus a martial artist of Ranko's calibre? Please, she'd already thrown a hundred punches in the time it took him to blink.

"Hrmp! That's what true strength looks like," Ranko shrugged as the mugger collapsed. "That glazed over look in your eyes told the whole story! Power hungry! Lost in your own lust for something to hold over another person! Oh, but I forget myself! Good sir, are you well?"

She turned her attention towards the victim and... he was quite a handsome dish. He peered at her, with a piercing gaze that, if he wasn't so handsome, might have come across as... what's the word? Oh yes. Endlessly malevolent.

"That was quite the display of martial strength," the man said. "In truth, I could have handled him myself, but seeing you in action, well, that was quite the show."

Yep, that's the way to Ranma and Ranko's heart. Puff up their pride. Play to their arrogance.

"I thought I saw Sailor Moon go by a moment ago, though..." the stranger tsked. "A shame she didn't spare a thought for looking out for someone like that. Although... How would you like a chance to play the hero for real? An opportunity to stand at the same level as Sailor Moon...?"

Normally, this is where Ranko's bullshit senses would be set off. Normally. But, normally she wouldn't have been carelessly hypnotised by Sailor Moon into becoming a girl like her. As such, she didn't put a second thought into it, and gratefully shook this stranger's hand, accepting the power he offered her.

After all, a place called the Dark Kingdom couldn't possibly be all that bad, right? Right?

This is the point where you facepalm. Try not to hurt yourself too much.

=====

The next day came, and Akane honestly didn't know what to make of this change of circumstances. Ranma goes out for chores. Comes back home with a copy as well as a washing machine. Needless to say, everyone was watching that washing machine with a wary gaze. Mister Saotome even tried climbing inside it at one point. Cue Ranma and Ranko both reaching to turn it on, while Nabiki took pictures.

It was kind of surreal, honestly. For as long as she'd known Ranma, he'd been cursed to turn into a girl against his own wishes. Having two Ranmas around now, with one of them being a full time girl and apparently being okay with it? That was going to take some getting used to.

For now, though, she'd put it to the back of her mind and get some light training done. It was part of her morning routine, you see. Work out some stress. That's what she normally did, every single morning. Sometimes Ranma would join her and make her look like a complete idiot. Sometimes he would not, and she'd build up some self confidence.

"Morning, future sister in law!"

It seemed like, from now on, some mornings she'd have to deal with her fiance's brand new sister. Honestly now, Akane almost couldn't believe what she was seeing. Ranko Saotome, Ranma's former girl form, was standing in the dojo with quite a different look about her. Rather than the cute pigtail which had been a hallmark of her appearance, giving her an adorable tomboyish appearance, it had been untied and in its place were... a pair of buns on either side of her head.

On top of that there was no red silk shirt or baggy trousers here. Instead, it was a short pleated skirt and a black leotard. What's more, she was twirling around some weird looking wand that almost seemed to be crackling with energy. Akane was pretty sure she could feel a fighting spirit coming from it, but that was probably an optical illusion or something.

"I get it!" Akane said. "You're going for the Sailor Moon look, right? I mean, that makes sense. You and Ranma ran into them last night. They are pretty cool, huh?"

"Definitely!" Ranko chirped in that over the top girlish way that Ranma did far, far too often. "Say, I learned this new technique, and I was wondering if I could, you know, practise it on you? Would that be okay, future sister in law?"

Akane grised a bit, feeling like she ought to protest that implication she was marrying Ranma, but - The prospect of helping Ranko master a new technique! As a martial artist she lived for that kind of thing!

"Go ahead, try it out!" Akane said. "What do I have to... have to... Do..."

"You're doing it already sweetie," Ranko said, holding her wand up for Akane to look at. Oh, now that she was looking closer, she could plainly see some sort of weird dark energy flowing out of it. "That's right, stare at the wand. Let all of your anger and all of your stress flow out into it. You're not violent anymore, are you?"

"I -" Akane stepped back, and blinked in confusion, but was otherwise unable to look away. It was as if something had a vice grip on her body, forcing her gaze to linger on the wand as it twirled around and around and around. Each rotation it passed, she felt a little calmer. Each and every spin sucked away her frustration.

"Good girl," Ranko said. "Teehee! You know, Ranma really does like you. Bu~ut, he'll like you a whole lot more after I drain away your violent tendencies! No more uncute tomboy, hello cute wife! He'll be soooo thrilled!"

Ranma... Happy? That thought made Akane feel kinda funny. Like her head was opened up and warm, sticky toffee was being poured into her skull. Coating her brain, making everything soup-like and syrupy. Ah, was that part of her being drained away? In which case, where could it be going? It didn't seem to be going into Ranko at all. But never mind! All that Akane should be thinking about was Ranma, Ranma, Ranma!

A heavy sigh escaped her lips, and Akane wobbled on her feet. It felt like she was walking on air. Oh. Right in front of her was Ranma's girl form. Still speaking to her. Instructing her, guiding her. Then leaning in and kissing her.

"My brother is so lucky I'm a good girl," Ranko said. Then she leaned in to kiss Akane again. "If I were a bad girl, a naughty girl, I'd steal you away for myself. Hmmm....Nothing uncute about this body, and soon your mind will follow. You're not gonna get upset about other girls hanging off Ranma's arm anymore, are you? No. In fact, it kinda turns you on, doesn't it?"

"Kinda turns me on..." Akane licked her lips. Yes. It turned her on. Seeing other girls crawling all over Ranma, while hse was right there watching. That sounded so, so hot.

"In fact, why don't you go get changed?" Ranko all but ordered. "Put on something nice and sexy. I'm sure you'll think of something."

Ohhhh, that sounded like a super good idea! Put on something sexy, then show Ranma what a good cute wife she'd be. She felt genuinely giddy at the prospect, now she could show off how she truly felt without any of those negative feelings getting in her way!

Although, for some reason having those bad thoughts sucked out of her was making her feel quite light headed and groggy. That probably didn't mean anything...

=====

Ranko watched with rapt fascination as Akane left the training hall to track down her brother. Jackpot! It had worked flawlessly! She honestly wasn't sure that would work, at all. Teehee! Ranma would be so happy! She'd just done him a major solid. Akane would be so, so much cuter like this. Look at her, the way she's walking, that smile on her face, she'd make a much better wife like this! That little strut she had going on was super, super cute! No question about it, that girl was out to get laid, now!

"Hey, what's going on with Akane?" Nabiki asked her. Oho! The perfect opportunity for a followup.

"Oh, just this!" Ranko said. She pulled out the wand, aimed it at Nabiki - and drained away her vindictiveness, that petty selfish side of her that made her such a nightmare to deal with. "That's right. Be a nicer person. So nice, so helpful and considerate of others needs..."

"So... helpful..." Nabiki repeated back, falling under much faster than Akane did. Yes, yes, yes! This was perfect! It was ideal! Now she could head on out there into the world at large and sort out all of those who had wronged her!

"That's right, you should be more helpful from now on," Ranko said. "Until now, you've been a bad girl, and you should be punished."

"Punished...?" Nabiki asked "Bad girl...? Me? I was bad?"

Ohohohoho, yes, she most certainly was! "Bend over. Stick your butt in the air. I need to help you get it out of your system."

This was a little tricky. On the one hand, to continue draining Nabiki, she had to hold the wand in front of her face. On the other, this was too fun an opportunity to pass up. Delivering some righteous vengeance, some true justice and giving this girl the discipline she should have had from the start!

"Bad girl!" Ranko said, bringing the flat of her hand down upon Nabiki's rump. The girl squeaked in shock at the sudden sensation. "Naughty girl! You've been so, so bad!"

"Been baaaaad!" Nabiki began to drool. "Wanna be goooooood!"

Smack! Smack! Smack! Oh, this was so refreshing! It almost made Ranko want to let out an evil laugh! "You should be more obedient!" You know, this really was quite a nicely shaped butt for someone who didn't practise martial arts. Mmm, take a squeeze of those cheeks. These thighs were super nice too! "Be more obedient to Ranma and Akane."

"Be more obedient to Ranma and Akane..." Nabiki repeated. Perfect! Kukukuku! This was exactly what the doctor ordered. Ranko slipped around to Nabiki's front, still holding the wand out there where she couldn't help but watch. She looked her prey up and down. The spanking session was very nice, very fun, but what else could she do to encourage good behaviour...?

"Hey, what's this wand?" Ranma asked, slipping behind her while she was focused on Nabiki. "What's with the hair? You trying to copy Sailor Moon or something?"

"I sure am, brother dear!" Ranko said. She turned away from Nabiki for the time being - the girl was staring blankly into space at this point. Anyway! She snatched the wand back, this had to be finished properly. "Do you mind? I'm helping Nabiki become a better person."

"Right," Ranma said. "By brainwashing her? I mean, I don't exactly *mind* in her case, but... Where did you get that wand?"

"Oh, you know. It was given to me by a handsome stranger who obviously had absolutely no ulterior motive *at all*."

How strange, for some reason Ranma was giving her a weird look. He snatched the wand back before she could finish. "Hey! Cut that out! If I don't finish, then she won't become a good girl!"

"Become a good girl..." Nabiki muttered to herself, sighing happily and hypnotised.

"You can't go around hypnotising people like that," Ranma said.

"Yes I can! Because I'm a hero of justice!" Ranko said. "This is what we do!"

Such a justification, isn't it? What Sailor Moon had done out of emergency, she now did out of a sense of moral superiority. How easy it is for a favour inflicted upon another to become a twisted act like this! Forcing people to become good people is hardly a good thing. Compelling compliance with some form of morality is one of the greatest sources of human suffering imaginable. In her current state of mind, Ranko was incapable of understanding this. Ranma - though he would not put it into those words - at least had an inkling of that.

To that end he tried to drag Ranko away for a more private chat, but she was having none of it. Indeed, she tossed him away and let loose a cry of "Justice Punch!" An attack that looked remarkably similar to a certain chestnut fist attack. This shouldn't have been a problem for Ranma - except that inexplicably, Ranko was much stronger and faster than he was expecting!

"Huh? How did you get so strong?"

"Because I have the power of justice on my side!" Ranko said, knocking him over, towering over him with the wand in hand. "Clearly, brother dear, you are in desperate need of re-education! Courtesy of my new special wand, granted to me by the Dark Kingdom! And then... Then I'll go

and re-educate Ryoga, Shampoo, the Kunos, Pops, basically everyone we know. Except Kasumi. She's cool."

"Not if we have anything to say about it!"

Enter the Sailor Scouts, standing on the Tendo family's roof and looking down into the garden with great concern.

"We had come here today to check on your wellbeing, and what is this we find?" Sailor Moon asked. Then, aside to Mercury "No really, what is this we find?"

"It looks like that wand is draining negative emotions from people and channelling it as energy to the Dark Kingdom," Mercury said. "They might have given her a power boost as well... If she's a skilled martial artist, she might cause us problems."

Yay! Her heroes had arrived! Oh, look at them! Standing up there proudly and being all girly and cute and supremely confident! They also looked super cute, super sexy, especially with those teeny tiny skirts that flaunted their legs for all to see! Although... Why were they talking about her like she was the bad guy here? Wasn't Ranma the bad guy?

"Ranko Saotome! Though this is not your fault, prepare to be punished!"

"Oh no, I don't need to be punished," Ranko said. She pulled out her wand and began to reflexively spin it. "Ranma needs to be punished. He's in the wrong here..." Ah! What a wonderful idea! Maybe if they were to join his harem too...?

Or not. A blast of lightning from the tall one with big boobs struck the wand out of her hand.

"Sorry, but it's plain to see you're the villain here," Moon said. "No excuses! In the name of the Moon, I Sailor Moon, the pretty guardian of justice, shall punish you!"

Of course! The answer was obvious to her after a moment's thought! Clearly, Sailor Moon had taken the side of evil, and needed to be opposed at all costs! Her magic wand would straighten her - Uh... Actually, come to think of it... Wasn't she trying to become like Sailor Moon herself? Then she should become a bad guy - but then again, if she was a bad guy and Sailor Moon was still opposing her then she had to be on the side of justice, which meant -

"Error detected," Ranko went cross eyed. A dizzy spell washed over her from the paradox caused by the conflicting brainwashing instructions. If the Dark Kingdom had intended to make her fight the Sailors, then it had been an ill thought through plan! Over she went, the wand clattering to the ground, the fight had been won (or rather, from Ranko's point of view, lost) without a punch or kick being thrown.

Not exactly the most graceful way for a martial artist to end up, huh?

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Well, that was extremely stupid. Ranma picked himself up off the ground and rubbed the back of his head - then kicked the dumb wand over towards Sailor Moon, who had hopped off the roof. From there, he checked on Ranko, who was twitching quite badly, clearly out cold.

"Still breathing," he said. "You gonna, uh, deal with that wand?"

"Sorry, sorry!" Sailor Moon said. "Moon Healing Escalation!" And the wand went 'pop'.
"Ahahaha, I think we should probably give Ranko a bit of extra treatment, right?"

"You mean, fix the mess you made," Sailor Mars grumbled. "Oh, fine. I'll help sort it out for you, like always. We'll get your sister back to you good as new before you know it."

Sister, huh? That was still super weird. The two of them shared memories, but apparently this chick was the part of him that liked being a girl, or something. Ranma pinched the bridge of his nose, glad this stupid thing was over with. "Fine, fine. Just... Keep her away from any bad guys this time, okay?"

A curt nod later, and Ranma decided to leave them to it. Honestly now, maybe he shouldn't have let that girl cure his curse? She was way ditzier than he was expecting. It almost felt like nothing good had come of this at all so far.

"Good morning, darling~"

Upon returning to his room, Ranma found a quite unusual sight waiting for him. Both Akane and Nabiki, lying on a futon in the middle of the floor. Both of them were wearing what he could only describe as Sailor Scout cosplay. It was pretty impressive, all truth told. Akane was dressed up like Sailor Mercury, with the light blue skirt, the same fuku, the whole works. Meanwhile, Nabiki was playing the role of Sailor Venus today, replete with a blonde wig.

"So, Nabiki and I were talking, and we decided we're gonna share you from now on," Akane said. Huh. You know, now that he was looking, the two sisters were kinda hugging each other in a weird way. Kinda affectionate, but not in the way that sisters normally hug.

"That's ri~ight," Nabiki said, looking him up and down like he was a piece of meat. He didn't know whether to feel flattered or disturbed. "I gotta be a good girl from now on."

"A good wife takes care of her man's needs," Akane said, seeming dazed. "And... I can see a man like you needs more than one woman in his life." She then lifted up the hem of her skirt, gradually showing more and more of her thighs. "Now that you're a man full time... You know."

Ranma tilted his head a little. So the brainwashing on them hadn't worn off...? Actually, this was probably a permanent thing, right? Looking them over, lying there like that, the two sisters sure did look cute. Those skirts in particular didn't hide much of the lower half of their bodies, and - they did have pretty nice legs too.

"You know what, maybe something good did come of this after all," Ranma said. He whipped his shirt off, and when the girls squealed in delight he flexed for them a little. "Heh! Maybe I shoulda let Ranko brainwash the others too? Would've made things much simpler, right?"

It rather says something about the romantic entanglement that Ranma Saotome is trapped within, where 'my temporarily evil sister brainwashes everyone I know into being a better person' is a perfectly reasonable solution, don't you think?

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"So what did we learn today, Usagi?" Ami asked later on, as the girls sat in her living room.

"Be more careful when using your brainwashing trick to make sure that people don't turn evil," Usagi sighed wearily. She was sitting on the couch with a stack of books tied to her legs, a punishment of sorts for her. While the girl is strong as Sailor Moon, this was less true when she was a civilian. "Come on guys, I've learned my lesson, please stop teasing me!"

Oh, perhaps some context is missing for you all? Very well. You see, while the girls were indeed in Ami's living room, they were all completely naked, save Usagi herself. Ami and Makoto were curled up next to one another, while Rei and Minako were in something of a contest to make the other climax first while using only their pinkies. Which girl was winning? They both were.

"I don't know," Ami said. "You said that the last time." Her head craned up, and she licked Makoto's neck. "It's a good thing we decided to follow through on it this time to make sure, who knows how much energy she might have drained away."

"Y-Yeah! You! Dummy!" Rei panted and wheezed, sweat pouring off her as she was determined not to lose this time, but was also very obviously on the verge of total defeat. "You! Shouldn't! Manipulate! People! Like! That!"

Usagi mulled this over for a moment... then innocently asked a simple question: "Say, by any chance, if I happened to use it on you guys to make you into my super awesome yuri harem..." The other girls turned to look. "I mean, just supposing I did, you know?"

"You got a point, or are you trying to talk your way out of punishment?" Makoto asked.

"Well, I was just thinking," Usagi said. "Do you think Ranko would be into joining us?"

Hrm. On second thought, maybe she hadn't quite learned her lesson after all...

Konosuba - Kazuma in Yunyun

When you have a party as thoroughly useless as the one he'd been saddled with, a day off is a true blessing. Kazuma relaxed and reclined in the living room of his new home, basking in a bliss he had not known for a long time. Loneliness. Ahahaha, that doesn't sound like bliss, does it? But consider! He had no supposed Goddesses teasing him, no mighty mages spouting Chuni lines and threatening to explode everything in the block, nor did he have masochistic warrior babes discovering new and exciting kinks that he could never, ever hope to satisfy!

Oh, sure. They're all pretty. They're all cute. But their appearance is a non-factor, even for a pervert like him, when you take their personalities into account! If he could fix those personalities, repair them in some way, then he'd be in a much happier place. Their skillsets would be remarkably useful for helping him be a great adventurer if only their personalities were better!

So, you can understand why exactly he was enjoying the fact they were not around for today? All caught up in their own little business about the city. No need for him. Kazuma could sit, relax, maybe catch a nap. Ahhhhh! No cries of 'Kazuma, Kazuma', no useless wailing, none of that, not for today, he could finally and mercifully relax -

"Megumin! Megumin!"

"No, no, I am not Megumin..." Kazuma muttered to himself, feeling that wonderful peace shatter around him like a plate of glass falling from a rooftop. Creaking open an eye, he found the offending intruder. A pretty young girl with large breasts, a nice figure, and the lack of common sense to realise what was meant when she was told wearing those clothes would make her 'popular'. "Hello Yunyun. How do I get rid of you?"

"I found a cool thing!" Yunyun said, excitedly holding something behind her back. "I wanted to show Megumin!"

"Well, she's not here," Kazuma said. "So... go off, find her elsewhere. I think she's at the library."

Yunyun didn't move, though. Which was typical. Annoying, but typical. She obviously wanted to show him instead. If she was a dog, she'd be happily wagging her tail. Looking at him expectantly. Gritting his teeth, Kazuma accepted the inevitable truth, though he knew that this couldn't possibly end well.

"Fine, fine, what did you find?" Kazuma sighed. Then, he found something weird thrust in his face. It looked like a statue of two people performing the fusion dance from Dragonb-

The next thing he knew, Kazuma felt his head go flying towards Yunyun's. What came next was darkness. No, not that darkness, actual lack of light. Darkness herself wouldn't be cumming for a little while yet...

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For simplicity's sake, let's call this person Yunyun, even though that's not really true. A portmanteau of their names is, shall we say, not especially aesthetically pleasing. Kazun or Yunuma, anyone? No, let's stick to Yunyun for the time being.

Yunyun, in her first moment of existence, blinked. Then, in her next instant she wobbled on her feet. Following this, she looked down at the thing hovering around her peripheral vision and saw... Breasts. Large breasts. Very large breasts. Much larger than they had been a moment ago when she had been *only* Yunyun.

A moment later and she was dashing off to where she knew there was a mirror tall enough for her to look at herself. A mirror she knew was there, despite Yunyun not being in that room before. Oh, but Kazuma had been. Once she realised that, she began to run faster, rushing into the room, turning towards the mirror and -

"Phew, hot damn!" She posed on reflex. Grabbing her own breasts, hefting them up, smoothing her hands down her feminine curves. Oh yes, there were curves here, the likes of which the original Yunyun simply did not have. That girl was more a cute sort of sexy than this. "Now, this is what I call a body! Kuhuhuhuhu!"

For reasons that she could not fully comprehend, Yunyun's body had definitely gotten an upgrade when it merged with Kazuma. Merged? Yes, merged. There could be little question of it. Though it was a little strange. Rather than a mixture of feminine and masculine attributes, it seemed as though she'd become *more* feminine. No penis, bigger breasts, wider hips, a luscious butt that didn't know the meaning of the word quit. Oh! But this was simply divine!

But this was a fusion of some sort, right? If they didn't copy physically, then... Yunyun pulled out her adventure card and looked it over. "Uh... let's see. Dual class, Adventurer/Arch Wizard..." Her eyes trailed down the list. It was a combination of all the skills the two of them had on their respective class cards! Oh! And she *knew* what both of them had as well!

Thinking about it, she did have memories of the other world from before that useless Goddess reincarnated Kazuma here. She also remembered growing up in the village, trying to make friends with everyone. She remembered both lives, up to this point, very clearly and - Oh gosh, it was making her eyes cross.

"Hrm... Both sets of memories and skills..." Yunyun whispered to herself. What did she want to do now? After a moment's thought, that became obvious. Far too obvious. For you see, Kazuma was a colossal pervert, while Yunyun dearly, desperately wanted friends.

As it turned out, these two merging was a quite dangerous combination that should not be underestimated.

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If anyone asked her if she was a pervert, Darkness would enthusiastically deny it, while obviously squirming from the passive insult. She was a funny one. Born from nobility, a beautiful woman who could be quite charming when the mood took her. Capable of tanking a hit with the best of them, strong as a freight train and... had the accuracy stat of an especially myopic bat. She couldn't hit for toffee. Hell, she couldn't even hit if you promised to spank her good, which would be an excellent motivating factor for her. She got off on humiliation, she writhed with delight when confronted with the prospect of being struck by something.

All in all, despite the numerous advantages she had, those traits made her a nearly useless party member to have around. Nearly useless, because someone that can soak hits and would do so happily is still quite a handy thing to have around.

"I'm home!" she called out, striding in with her head held high. How strange. No sign of anyone anywhere? "Oh, that's right. Kazuma did say that the others were all busy today. I wonder where he is...?"

She walked right by the living room, noticing only that there was nobody inside. She did not notice that there was a little statue sitting on the floor behind the chair, where it had fallen not too long ago.

"Darkness! Is that you?"

A voice called from upstairs, and - Was that Yunyun? Goodness. She seemed quite a bit different from when Darkness had last seen her. Ah! Was that perhaps her own lewd nature coming to light? Making her notice things that weren't there? For now she would ignore it.

"Hello Yunyun. Have you seen Kazuma anywhere?"

"Oh, he left for a bit," Yunyun said. "He said that I stank and he couldn't take it anymore, and insisted that I take a bath. Um... You kind of seem a bit sweaty yourself, would you like to join me?"

Oh! Once again her lewd mind was conjuring things! For a moment there she thought she had seen steam shooting out of Yunyun's nose when she suggested that. Which would be ridiculous for a girl like Yunyun who got nervous at asking people if she could join their party. If anything, this was a big step up for the girl!

"Sounds good!" Darkness gave her a great big thumbs up, anything to encourage this big step forward for the timid girl. "Come on then, let's head upstairs right away!"

"The water is already heated," Yunyun said, and the two of them went in together. "So, enjoy yourself today?"

"It was hours upon hours of backbreaking labour," Darkness said. She took off her armour carefully, setting it to the side. Away from the water. "I loved every second of it."

"I bet you did..." Yunyun muttered to herself, drinking in Darkness and her by now naked body. She peeled off her own clothes in turn, a mischievous twinkle in her eye. "You're so pretty, Darkness. Even after all of that, you have an amazing figure and pretty face."

"Uwaaaaah, don't compliment me like thaaaat!" Darkness wailed. "Please, insult me to make up for it, I must insist!" A beat of silence as Yunyun grabbed a bucket, filled it with water and grabbed a washcloth. "No really, I do insist! Berate me, belittle me, but don't compliment me!"

"How about I wash your back instead?" Yunyun offered. That seemed fine. The Crimson Demon sat down behind Darkness and began to scrub away. "Hehehehe... You have such nice skin, you know?"

Darkness couldn't see in the back of her head. She totally missed Yunyun wiggling her fingers with great excitement and anticipation, looking forward to the moment she could put her hands upon that slender, yet powerful back. Indeed, those eager little wriggling fingers almost seemed more real than anything else in the room, as if they'd crossed over some abstract valley and sat there on the other end, peering across through binoculars into a window while a cartoonish woman changed her clothes. Then, they struck like cobras leaping for their prey, sinking into Darkness' flesh, rubbing and caressing and -

"Kyaaaaa!" Darkness shrieked in shock and amazement. "Ah! Y-Yunyun! You have a natural gift for massages!"

"Ehehehe, some boys told me that I should work at a massage parlour if I wanted to get popular," Yunyun said. Which wasn't a lie. She'd actually fallen for something like that, and started to grind up skills in 'masseur'. A skill she'd never had to use before. "So, you know, I was talking with Kazuma. He's interesting, huh?"

"Oooh, yeah... He's really - ah! Interesting!" Darkness grunted. "Such a strange dirty minded boy! I wouldn't mind it if he bent me over and had his wicked way with me!"

"Coming from you, that's probably not so much a compliment as you think it is," Yunyun sighed wearily. "Well, anyway! Do you know, we Arch Mages have an innate talent built into our class? We can tap into our mana reserves to increase our intelligence and willpower temporarily."

That sounded - Mmmph - really interesting. Not especially useful, though. It might get you out of some tricky spell or other, but - Gosh, Yunyun's fingers were like magic. Everywhere they touched left Darkness feeling all tingly, and refreshed.

"Say, what do you think might happen if... for example, a creative young woman used a combination of that and the Drain Energy talent on a horny bitch of a Crusader...?"

"I suppose it would drain that Crusader's willpower away... If you can convert mana to willpower and back again."

"Bin-go!" Yunyun said in a way that reminded Darkness of Kazuma. "So, Darkness. Normally you can resist having your mana drained away, because you'd notice. Right?"

"Right."

"But you wouldn't notice at all if your brain was being reduced to sludge under the pretense of a massage, right?"

No, of course not. Why would she notice something like that? She nodded along in agreement, simply because Yunyun was so, so clever and so, so right. What else could she do in the face of that?

"From now on, the two of us are *friends*," Yunyun said. She then stood up, circled around to stand in front of Darkness, and... After a moment of concentration, all of a sudden she was sprouting wood. An enormous penis jutting out, slapping Darkness in the cheeks. "And as we are such good friends, let's make each other feel good. Okay?"

=====

Wiz might be a lich, and one of the Demon's Generals, but she didn't mean any harm. Promise! She'd even set up this nice little shop in the middle of Axel full of magical items to help people out. Granted, her store wasn't quite as popular as she'd like, but - But why not pay a visit anyway?!

When she heard the bell hanging over her door ring, she forced on her biggest, brightest smile and bowed before looking to see who it was. "Welcome to my store, I'm sorry my introduction was so late!"

"Yes, yes, that's fine!" said a familiar sounding voice. Oh? Wiz looked up. It was Yunyun. A friend of Megumin's who came by on occasion to watch her party from a distance while pretending to be browsing. Wiz didn't quite understand what that was about, but - never mind. "Hi Wiz. You wouldn't mind telling me about this little thing, would you?"

She tossed over a statue of some sort. Wiz caught it and - Goodness, it was a good thing that she hadn't come closer to show it to her. "A statue of fusion..." Wiz remarked, while Yunyun strolled around the store. "It seems to be able to permanently merge two people together. The resulting person gains the combined stats and mind of the pair, but retains the body of the one who held it first."

"Really?" Yunyun casually asked. Sounding not too surprised. "But they gain some extra mass, don't they?"

"Oh yes, I can see that," Wiz said, turning the statue over in her hands. Fascinating. The magic flowing through this item was certainly something to behold. "Erm... I think the person who made this was a bit of a pervert. You didn't use it on anyone, did you?"

Unseen by Wiz, Yunyun - her back turned to Wiz- pinched a small pouch of something that poofed out something right under her eyes. Essence of garlic or onion, no doubt. The effect was quite immediate, tears streaming down her face.

"Waaaaah! Wiz!" Yunyun cried out, rushing into Wiz's waiting arms. The lich barely had the presence of mind to put the statue down before they came into direct contact. "I accidentally merged with someone because of that statue! Waaaaah!"

"There, there, it's alright!" Wiz said. She cradled the back of the poor girl's head, ignoring how the girl was putting her face right into Wiz's fairly enormous cleavage. Why, it almost seemed as though she was trying to motorboat her from the way her head was going back and forth. "I'm sure we can work out a counterspell! Ah! Ah! B-But I'm sorry, it might take a bit of time to work out how to do it, and... It might be pretty expensive getting all the ingredients together as well."

"Th-That's fine!" Yunyun sniffed. "But... By the way... Did you know that Yunyun did a lot of reading up on Liches, because she wanted to be closer to you?"

"Eh? Oh, the original Yunyun, you mean?" That had been a weird way to phrase it. "No, I didn't realise that. That's quite flattering, I suppose...?" Though actually, Wiz was feeling the same thing most people felt upon learning the measures Yunyun was taking to try to be their friend. It was weirdly gross and cute at the same time, and you didn't really know which feeling was more appropriate.

"Uh huh! That's why I learned that this particular combination of skills and class unique talents, which wouldn't normally exist... Should have some interesting effects! Willpower to MP! Drain Energy! Steal!"

Normally, Drain Energy wouldn't work on a Lich. Actually, it would be an extremely bad idea to try it. However... By combining several skills all at once Yunyun was able to bypass that restriction by targeting something other than her MP - and then *stealing* that instead, by using the connection formed between them through Drain Energy. Thus, Wiz - who was quite a wilful woman normally, despite being a forgetful clumsy sort these days - had her eyes rapidly grow dull and lifeless. She let Yunyun step back slightly and didn't resist at all when the girl groped her breasts.

"Hrm... Yours are slightly bigger, still," Yunyun said. "Ehehehe... You'll probably get your willpower back soon... so while you're extremely suggestible: Become my 'friend' for life, no matter what."

"No matter what," Wiz repeated back. And then, life returned to her eyes. Like a switch being flipped. It had happened so rapidly due to her nature as a Lich, for they recover willpower much faster than most. Nonetheless, the damage had been done. The simple idea of 'boundless friendship, no matter what' had been implanted in her vulnerable mind. "H-Hey, Yunyun. Are you enjoying my breasts?"

"Oh yes, I enjoy them quite a bit," Yunyun said. Her fingers were already wriggling and writhing, groping along the still clothed tifflesh. Each one seeming to behave totally independently of the others. Groping, teasing, touching every single inch of her. "Say, since we're friends, how about you come by my - Kazuma's place later on and we can have ourselves an orgy?"

"Eh? An - An orgy...?" Wiz gasped, repeating it back to make sure she'd heard that correctly. "We-Well, I mean... I don't want to lose your friendship..."

"Then let's seal it with a ki~iss!" Yunyun said, and Wiz didn't deny her. After all, Yunyun's friendship meant the world to her. At this point, she'd do absolutely anything to keep hit.

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It's not easy being this awesome and cool. Even for one as talented as Megumin, for whom such matters came perfectly naturally, it is vital to maintain a high level of effort and work. To stay at the top of one's game, one must not coast on one's laurels, and Megumin had no intention to do that at all. So here she was, out in a forest not too far from the city. A safe haven where she could practise in peace and refine her skills - no! Reach even greater heights!

"Beware to all who are foolish enough to oppose me!" Megumin yelled, raising her fist to the sky and then sweeping her arm back like she was clearing an invisible table in front of herself. "For you must not know who it is you stand against! You craven curs! You lurk with the shadow of the mighty, the invincible Explosion Maniac herself! And now, you will face my dauntless wrath!"

She then came to a stop in a cool pose: Saluting with one hand, left foot resting on her right knee, while aiming her staff straight forward towards the enemy. Yes, this was perfect, it would terrify -

"Woah!"

And over she goes, landing face down in the mud in a way that completely made her look like a fool! Thank goodness nobody was here to see her!

"Oh, Megumin! Are you alright?"

... Nobody of consequence saw her. On the other hand, having Yunyun here right now wasn't exactly on her wish list either.

"How much did you see?"

"The part where you pointed all cool-like! Pew, pew! Soooo cool!"

Ah, that settled it then, she was going to have to kill Yunyun.

"Say, when Kazuma said you were out here, I thought you were practising your explosions!" Yunyun said. Oh! That changed things. Instead, Megumin would kill Kazuma. "Was it because you don't have anyone to carry you back into town?"

"Kukukuku..." Megumin chuckled, hauling herself up to her feet. She brushed the mud off herself and stared at Yunyun - idly noting that the girl had gone through another growth spurt. Another! "I don't need your sympathy, nor do I need your -"

"I bought a magic potion that completely recovers magic when applied."

"Gack! Begone, foul spirit, making me insult my dear generous friend Yunyun, who would always share a magic potion with a friend in need," Megumin said. Indeed, Yunyun held it out for her on the ends of her fingers, dangling it back and forth like she was toying with Megumin. The cheeky little... Well, whatever! "You wouldn't begrudge a friend, would you?"

"No~ope!" Yunyun said. "Go ahead, there's a crummy old ruin just to the north that you can cast it on. I'll make sure to apply the potion to help you recover."

This was quite generous of Yunyun, truly. A potion like that could be quite expensive. That was why Megumin didn't normally have one in reserve. One explosion per day was enough for her! Except... today she could manage two! She could put up with Yunyun's stupid antics for a little while, if she could get two explosions out of it. In fact... that bottle might even let her have three!

She sang to herself and skipped happily the entire way, content and joyful as could be.

"E-xplo-sion, gonna cast my favourite spell~ Best spell in the world!"

"There it is, go ahead!" Yunyun said. Ohohoho! Megumin could hardly wait! She cracked her knuckles, she pointed her staff, and then let loose the embers of hell itself upon the target!

"Explosion!" she screamed, and indeed, there was a mighty explosion. Ohoho! That was her biggest yet! So amazing, so wonderful and down she went, this time getting caught by Yunyun. That was the trouble, you see. One cast is all she had - and when she made it, she dropped like a rock. That's the trouble here, she used up all her magic on that one cast.

"Here we go, let's apply this now!" Yunyun chirped. "Teeheehee, you're such a cutie, Megumin. So completely helpless like this."

The lotion was dropped back into Yunyun's cleavage, and instead of using it on Megumin... There was a sharp sting on her backside. Did Yunyun just spank her?!

"Hey! Stop that!" Megumin warned, not especially in the mood for that sort of nonsense. "What's the big id-Yow!"

"I remember you stealing all my food when we were little," Yunyun said. Smack! Smack! Smack! "With my new outlook on life I'm ever so slightly *vengeful* on that point. You were such an ass. It's only right that I paddle yours!"

"You'll regret this!" Megumin impotently warned, powerless to do anything but lie there and take her punishment. "I'll recover soon enough, and then you'll -"

"Eat an explosion to the face?" Yunyun interrupted. Ah. Now she was pulling out the potion. "Oh dear, oh dear. We'd better fix that personality of yours first... using this high end magic recovering potion that I got from Wiz."

High end magic recovering potion...? Yes, that's clearly what it was, but - Did she say she got it from Wiz? Oh dear. Now Megumin was getting a really bad feeling about this. What did that mean? What was that potion going to do?

She found out soon enough when Yunyun pulled latex gloves on and started to spread it up her legs. Megumin's entire body went rigid. Her legs tried to kick out - but were unable to move at all. It was strange, she could feel the magic points replenishing, but she still couldn't move at all! What was happening here?!

"What's wrong, still can't move?" Yunyun brought her hand up and lay the flat of her hand down upon Megumin's rump, delighting in squeezing it. And to her amazement, so was Megumin! Wh-What the hell kind of perverted potion was this?! "Kukuku... This sort of potion is far too high end level for you, Megumin. It's for adventurers at least double your level. Your body doesn't know how to handle this much magic, and so it's coming out as other things... Like pleasure."

"Ahhhhhuuuuhhhh..." Megumin moaned. Oh! Her hips wriggled! She could move now. A little. Not much, but... To her horror, all she seemed to be able to do was lift her hips up into the air, which Yunyun took as an indication that she wanted to be spanked again. Which... yes! Yes, she did!

"Drain your willpower... While overloading your body with magic so you can't notice what's happening until it's too late," Yunyun said. "Go ahead, Megumin. Take off your clothes. But know this - if you do, it means..."

Yunyun then leaned down and held her potion covered hand right out in front of Megumin's face. Unable to stop herself, she rubbed her face right into that outstretched hand, like a cat rubbing its scent off on its owner. And as she did so, something unexpected happened. Something that seemed to even catch Yunyun off guard for a moment before smirking in great enjoyment.

Namely, Megumin's breasts suddenly doubled in size. Swelling up from the sudden influx of magic power, pushing her body to be better capable of containing it all. Ah... this explained why so many women in the richer families have such large breasts. They can afford this kind of treatment! The funny thing was, this kind of thing had been her first pick for magic spell, and she'd only gone for explosion magic when that wasn't possible! Isn't life funny?

"It means that from now on, we're going to be besties."

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Ah, what a fun day that was! Aqua returned home positively beaming. If there's anything a Goddess likes, it's being appreciated! That idiot Kazuma always made fun of her for picking up those levels in party tricks, but who was laughing now?! Which of them had stayed inside all day like a loser NEET and which of them had gone out, done hard work and was bringing back some currency!

"Hehehe, this is mine, all mine, Kazuma cannot have any!" Aqua sang to herself, happily skipping along as she stepped inside the building. Like this, you'd almost forget all about her awful personality. A happy, beautiful Goddess is truly a blessing for a wonderful world. "Hello Kazuma! You'll never guess what I got up to today!"

"Oh? Do tell?"

That wasn't Kazuma's voice. It had a lot of his mannerisms, but it wasn't him. It wasn't even male. Instead, it was... Yunyun? Aqua blinked while staring at her. She could sort of see... two souls in one body. Yunyun was leaning her hand, staring at Aqua in a way that reminded her a lot of Kazuma. All leery and dirty minded, the sort of stare that made you feel all dirty inside.

"I see what's going on here," Aqua shrugged. "You got an extra level in NEET and now you're lurking inside Yunyun's body. Is it nice? I mean, this is the closest you've ever been to being inside a -"

Boing! Out of nowhere, Yunyun adjusted her skirt and a monster appeared before Aqua's pure eyes. She looked away frantically. Ack! She didn't want to see that!

"Hrm? You're not going to tell me what you've been doing today?" the combined soul in front of her asked. "Oh well! Then I'll show you what I've been doing today." She then snapped her fingers and -

Darkness grabbed Aqua from behind, pushing her to the ground. "Hey! Get off me!" Aqua yelled.

"Sorry Aqua," Darkness replied. "But my best friend insists!"

Brainwashing! Of course! That creepy Kazuma wasn't content with living in Yunyun's cute and appealing body, he was going to use her magical potential to brainwash them all into becoming his disgusting, NEET harem! Out of the corner of her eye, she could see Megumin waiting on the wings. Her too?! In that case there was nothing else for it! Aqua would have to go for the big guns!

As a Goddess, she had access to certain innate abilities. Most of which were... extremely circumstantial, if she was being quite honest. Like attracting enemies, or the passive ability to purify any water she touched. In a sense, this was an example of that! She could undo brainwashing! Not the high level stuff, mind. More like the lower end stuff, which is what Kazuma must be using! She refused to believe he'd found some high level form of brainwashing! All she had to do was yell -

"Anti-Divinity!"

Huh? Wait, that wasn't right. That voice was coming from the other side of the living room, from behind the curtain. Wasn't that Wiz?! No, wait! That perverted NEET had even ensnared one of the Demon Lord's Generals! Unthinkable! Gak! Something nasty had hit her! A nasty, gross feeling had come over the entire room in a single go, tainting it with something unnatural, wicked, sinister and vile!

"Ahahaha, it's your own fault you know," the pervert said, rising to their feet and stalking across towards Aqua, idly stroking their enormous futa dick. Oh no! "Tormenting Wiz all those times? What, did you really think she wouldn't develop countermeasures in case you decided to finish her off? She's forgetful and well meaning, but not stupid by any means!"

"You!" Aqua seethed. "If you think you'll break me, like you broke the others, then you have another thing - "

Thirty seconds later and Aqua was singing a quite different tune. She'd actually broken much, much faster than the rest of them, to the point that Yunyun - her new best friend - had honestly thought she was lying at first.

"Who is your best frie~end?" Yunyun asked, while railing Aqua up against a nearby wall. On either side of her, left and right, Megumin and Darkness were cradling their naked bodies into Aqua's, stroking their hands up and down her nude form, as she in turn reached around their bodies to pull them closer to her. Ah, and behind Yunyun was Wiz, rubbing her breasts into Yunyun's back and nibbling on her ear.

"You are!" Yunyun's harem answered in unison. It honestly made the part of her that was originally Yunyun extremely happy. So many best friends! It was everything she wanted... and even better than that, because now she could have all the sex in the -

The next thing she knew, Yunyun was sitting in a very familiar place. That is, familiar to Kazuma. She was sitting in a starry field, with a beautiful Goddess staring at her, pinching the bridge of her nose. Sighing wearily to herself. This was Eris, the Goddess in charge of reincarnating Kazuma whenever he died.

"Really?" Eris asked. "You really did that? Seriously?"

"Wait, I died?" Yunyun yelped. "How! What happened?!"

Still pinching the bridge of her nose, Eris waved her other hand and brought to light a certain scene in the living room of her home. It showed Yunyun lying on the floor, with Aqua riding his dick and Darkness sitting on his face, while Wiz and Megumin were suckling on her breasts, while keeping a hand on both Darkness and Aqua's waists.

Wait. Darkness was sitting on her face? That crazy strong girl? Don't say it, that's too much!

"The one and only kill she's actually managed, would you believe?" Eris asked. "Suffocation between her golden thighs. I have it on good authority that there are a few adventurers who want to go out that way. Now... when I send you back, should it be in one body, two, or maybe a hundred thousand little pieces...?"

"Ah! Wait, no! I just got carried away!" Yunyun waved her hands around apologetically. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I... Uh..." Then she noticed it. The thing she was holding. Eris noticed it too, for the very first time. Wasn't that...

"You brought Wiz's Anti-Divinity item with you when you died...?" Eris asked. "No, wait! Put that away!"

=====

This was practically a routine by this point. Kazuma dies for a stupid reason, then Aqua brings him back to life. Well, at this point in time it wasn't Kazuma, technically, but the meaning behind it was still the same. Yunyun sat up, taking a deep gulp of air, surrounded by her best friends and harem.

"Waaaah!" Darkness wailed, rushing towards Yunyun to pull her into a bear hug. It wasn't bad, because she was still naked... but Darkness was still extremely strong as well! "I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to suffocate you! Please, spank me! Punish me! Anything you want!"

"I shall punish you by not punishing you, since you'd get off on it anyway," Yunyun said, and Darkness swooned from the severity and ingenuity of that punishment. "Now, girls. I know you're eager to pick up where we left off, but before that..."

The door to the house opened, and in stepped a blue haired thief. Chris, the human form of the Goddess Eris when she wanted to interact with the human world without causing a fuss. She stepped in, groggy, fiddling with her clothes. "Hi there!" she breathed lustfully. "Room for one more?"

"Always!" Yunyun let out a perverse grin, beckoning for Chris to step up and join them. "You can never have enough good friends, even in a wonderful world as blessed as this one!"