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## Fate Skill Grinder

Alone in the Emiya residence were the facsimile of two sisters. Conjurations that defied the logic of this world - yet existed nonetheless. They were impossible. Utterly impossible. The constraints of magic that made this world work should defy their very existence. They should be dispelled. Fragile. Should not have souls to call their own.

Yet here they stood. Here they existed. As flesh and bone. Impossible. Utterly impossible. A true 'mystery' of the modern age. Should any magus get their hands on either of these two, they would surely conduct the most needlessly thorough experiment in an attempt to understand it. The funny thing was, these two girls were direct copies of young mages. One ambitious, the other not. That should have been enough to make them want to experiment further as well. Right?

Instead, the two of them had rather different goals than their original selves. The owner of this home, Shirou Emiya, was not present. This was an opportunity for them to examine his living quarters. Study the place he lived in greater detail. True enough, the original Sakura had been here plenty of times already and her memories were imparted into this copy... But Rin had not been here before today.

As such, the two of them would conduct a guided tour of the premises. After all, why wouldn't they? This was their home now, too. Their home was Shirou's home, for they were the first two members of his soon to grow harem. As they were members of his harem, that meant the two of them had to dress appropriately. Or, inappropriately. It depends on the context. In the privacy of their home, it was appropriate for them to wear these extremely revealing bellydancer like outfits. In public, it most certainly would not be appropriate.

"And this is the kitchen," the fake Sakura said, gesturing happily to the place where Shirou and the original Sakura had spent many accumulated hours over the last few years cooking together. "According to the stereotype, the women would usually be the ones cooking for the man in a harem -"

"With a naked apron!" the fake Rin added.

"Yes, yes, but instead it's almost certain that Shirou will do that instead," the fake Sakura finished. This resulted in the two of them imagining their man standing behind the counter, chopping up vegetables, while only wearing an apron. Then he'd notice them, turn his head up and smile.

"Ahhhh!" both of them sighed contently.

"Say, where's his workshop?" the fake Rin asked. "I know Shirou's supposed to be pretty green as a magus, but I didn't see it anywhere. He does have one, right?"

A workshop. Yes, any magus must have one of those. A place where they can work and study, refining their craft. Honing their knowledge, studying mystery in an attempt to better themselves as a magus. It would be the den of their knowledge, their laboratory, their haven, and if they were under enemy attack it would become their bunker or castle.

In this case though it turned out to be a shed. Out in the back garden, a humble little shed. Completely unassuming. This wasn't especially unusual for a workshop - the best defence was often to be as unassuming as possible. Still, Rin (fake) approached with caution. Most magus booby trapped their shed. Shiro obviously wasn't the one to set this up. Someone had to teach him magic. There was a good chance that someone had placed something in here designed to keep unwary magus out.

It was a good thing that Rin had this little gizmo, though. She held it out in front of herself, the mysterious Skill Grinder that had allowed Shirou to make her, and for her to make Sakura (fake).

"Trace on!" she whispered, realising she was giving into the urge to be overly dramatic about this. She wasn't a chuni, even if she did have actual magical powers and was aware of at least one global spanning conspiracy... Best not to dwell on that thought process.

The point is, 'trace' magic wasn't just used to perform Projection. It was a kind of deep dive on an object's history, what it was, how it worked. An analysis spell intended to get to the very core of what the thing was. Through this method if there were any traps attached to this shed then casting Trace at Lv 100 just like this would very quickly figure it out, as that appears to mean "cast the spell as well as it can possibly be cast, surpassing even human limits."

Which resulted in -

*Saber. Irisviel. Magic circle. Kiritsugu. Magus killer. Fourth Grail War. Einzbern...*

Those were the points that meant something to Rin(fake). It was sort of like... strolling through a library. She could see topics on every single plank of wood, every atom that made up those planks. Encyclopaedia on their history, the things they'd once been a part of stretching back as far as the universe's very beginning... But she ignored those books. Those tomes held no truly relevant points of interest for her. Instead Rin (fake) Focused on the points that were relevant to her, and retained those points - and those alone.

"All clear!" she announced. Although, she had a few things she'd like to discuss with Shirou anyway. She put her hand on the door - You know, she didn't actually *have* to go inside anymore. Her trace there had picked up all the relevant facts. She knew the relevant facts. She knew about the countless hours Shirou had spent in here, refining his Trace and Projection using the Skill Grinder. The progress he had made, bursting by what human limits and common sense said were possible. Beyond what even the most learned of magus thought anyone could do with those techniques...

She had come this way. It would be rude to not peek inside. Which she did. Lifting one foot and poking it inside. Rin stepped in and felt a rush of... something. Yes, this place was well chosen. Though she already knew it from the Trace, experiencing it from inside was a different kind of experience. She gravitated towards the faded magic circle, drawn by an Einzbern no less and the Saber of the last war. Its power was still here.

Soon, the Fifth War would start. Shirou... would he participate? The original Rin would. The original Sakura almost assuredly would as well. Those three families always had representatives. That meant either Sakura or her creepy grandfather. Shinji had no magic potential, so he was out. It had to be those two...

When Sakura(fake) stepped in, Rin(fake) wasted no time in pushing her up against the wall and staring her in the eyes. "So, among the other things we need to talk about, there's also the Grail War." Then she leaned in and - mmm, yes. What a delicious treat she had conjured up. The taste of Sakura (fake)'s lips was assuredly divine. Sweet and yet spicy at the same time.

"If we play our cards right, then we'll all work together to win," Sakura(fake) said. "What did you - What did Rin want to wish for?"

"Nothing really, she just wanted the prestige," Rin(fake) said. Ah. That seemed to make Sakura(fake) a bit... dejected. "Oh, I guess that's what you would wish for huh?" Freedom from her family. That kind of made Rin(fake) feel bad herself. Damn. The manifestation of her guilt towards not freeing Sakura was, surprise, making her feel guilty about not wanting to free Sakura. "Ah... I would have probably gone for the Root if it came down to it. But hey, that was before! Now we can do something else?"

"Like wish for Shirou to be a harem hero?" Sakura (fake) offered. Of course. What else might they want. Although... This did lead to a question of who else would be joining Shirou's harem. Obviously the *real* sisters would be shoe ins. Once they had a little convincing done. But some other faces would be good to include as well.

Like, for example... Hrm. Rin cast her gaze down at the magic circle next to her. That had been drawn with the previous Saber's help hadn't it? That might count. Yeah, that might be good enough. If Shirou was going to join the war he'd need to summon a Servant. That wasn't a skill he'd worked on with the Skill Grinder. That cute woman in the dark suit, whose true form was a radiant King in blue battle armour... Yes, she would make an excellent addition too.

But such ruminations would have to wait. A little bell could be heard throughout the Emiya residence. It was a simple alarm, an alert to the fact that someone was entering the grounds.

The two fake sisters looked to each other in surprise, and then dawning realisation. It was too soon for Shirou and Sakura to come back. Which could only mean...?

=====

Taiga Fujimura is not a woman that you forget meeting after the first time you lay eyes on her. She was energetic, charismatic, surprisingly insightful, in her own mind she was the ideal teacher. The perfect person to mould the minds of the next generation!

In her own mind, that is.

Never mind that for now. At this moment in time she was not wearing her teacher hat. She was wearing the hat of Shirou's big sister! Not, as in, literally his big sister. Adopted big sister was more like it. After Kiritsugu's death, it had been her responsibility to look after the little munchkin and keep him out of trouble. This wasn't as hard as one might think, as he was such a helpful young lad. Always using those skilled fingers of his to fix up whatever issues arose, ah it was so wonderful having the responsibility of looking over the development of someone like him! He'd have a very lucky bride - in time. Eventually. Ten years from now. Maybe twenty.

For a while now she'd had this inkling it might be Sakura Matou. Oho, what a cute match they would make! That girl had eyes for him, that much was sure. He was oblivious of course. Men are strange like that. They stare obviously at your boobs, but don't notice when you want them to stare! She was a fine young woman, and Taiga would give her blessings - when they were old enough. Which might not be until they were in their thirties.

Because she was Shirou's big sister, you see. Therefore! Nobody was allowed to take him from her! That was the rule and she was sticking to it!

In any event! Today she had been held up with duties at school, which meant that Shirou and Sakura had some time alone together. This would not stand! It was the ideal opportunity for the sly woman to go 'oh no, Shirou-kun! I spilled alllll this syrup down my shirt!' and then she'd have to take it off, leaving those ludicrous boobs hanging out for him to finally gawk at, which would lead to one thing and then another, until -

*"Bye Taiga!" Shirou might say, dressed up in a tuxedo and cradling his newborn son, while Sakura stands next to him in a wedding dress already pregnant for a second time. "You're no longer needed, we've got this from here."*

It would not. Come. To. Pass!

She threw the door open and called out. "Shirou! Sakura! I'm here!" To no response. Hrm? She crept around. No sign of them in the kitchen, which was worrying. There *had* been someone here until fairly recently, which was very worrying.

*"Oh no Emiya-kun!" Sakura said while planting her foot on a stool. "I got this milk poured alllll over my leg, could you please lick it off?"*

Twitch, twitch! No, no, Sakura wouldn't be so raunchy, that girl was as pure as the fallen snow. Something like that would probably make Sakura spontaneously combust if she tried it! Still... She went directly to Shirou's bedroom - empty! The bathroom? Nothing there either. How strange. Had they gone out...?

Wait. Wait, wait! Her delicate ears were picking up the faint sound of girlish giggling. In the kitchen? Taiga crept along, hoping to catch them by surprise. What were those two up to while she was away? Ohohoho, it probably wasn't anything like what she was imagining. That was a worst case scenario. Even so, if she got them to jump out of their skin then it would be worth the guilt of thinking such ludicrous over the top things about them!

"Surprise!" Taiga yelled, but it was actually her that was the one that was surprised. As expected, Sakura was there. Happily cutting up vegetables. While next to her, taking fish out of the fridge was none other than Rin Tohsaka.

Now, dear reader, you may be thinking something like 'weren't those two wearing some rather lewd outfits? Wasn't Rin blatantly cosplaying as Ishtar while Sakura was in Parvati gear?' Yes. That's right. That's exactly what they *were* wearing.

Now, though? They were in much more normal clothes. Rin in her red jumper and black skirt combo, while Sakura was wearing a nice pastel dress that made her look like the ideal housewife. The two of them stopped what they were doing to look in surprise at Taiga's sudden appearance. Then boggled at her surprised expression.

"Eh... Tohsaka...?" Taiga asked. You could almost see the question marks appear in the air over her head. "You two seem quite familiar all of a sudden, I didn't think you knew each other."

"Oh, we're... family, practically," Rin said, quickly hugging Sakura. "We used to be super close until -"

"It's a long story," Sakura nervously said. "It's a thing of the past, don't worry about it."

Ah, really? Well... that was nice, she supposed. The two of them were probably childhood friends or something. From the sound of it a family tiff split them up or something? "It's a little strange to see you here though, Tohsaka," Taiga said, stepping into the room. "And where is Shirou?"

"Please, call me Rin, it's fine!" Rin said. "We're all friends here." What was that expression on her face? Taiga had never seen that from her at school. It was almost... smug. "As for Shirou, apparently he's picking up something from the shops. Hopefully he will be back soon as there's something important I wanted to talk about with him."

Aha! Now, this was territory Taiga was more familiar with. A scandal had appeared before her eyes! "Oho? Could it be... a confession?" she asked, fully intending to tease Rin. "Do you like our Emiya-kun, Rin?"

"Yep, I like him a lot."

It's funny really. In a story that will, eventually, involve Medusa it was actually Rin's words that made Taiga turn to stone. Her intention to tease Rin had backfired drastically! She'd been all set to tease her, and Sakura too, that Rin would make an adorable girlfriend for Shirou. It wasn't even a lie. She'd expected to use that to rib on both girls at once, but they'd taken it in stride and rolled with the blow.

"Ah, here's the cooking oil," Rin said as if she hadn't just casually admitted to liking a boy in front of another girl who liked the same boy.

"Thank you," Sakura said, as though another girl hadn't just admitted to liking the boy she liked right in front of her.

"So, yeah, I've had a crush on Shirou for quite a while now," Rin continued. Casual as you like. Sakura started to hum a happy little song to herself What?! . "It all goes back to when I saw him, one time, trying and failing over and over again. Trying to leap over that bar..."

"Oh, you saw that too?" Sakura asked, interrupting her little melody. "I saw that too. That's when I fell for him."

"No kidding? Get out!"

"Well, we're more alike than it first looks."

Let us now take a look inside Taiga's brain. Or her approximation of a brain. The thing that told her body how to go. It wasn't so much a hamster running on a wheel, as it was a whole bunch of various rodents trying to solve a rubix cube. Given that most rodents cannot perceive the colour red and generally have a limited ability to see colour even beyond that, you can tell why her behaviour was a bit over the top.

She knew what this was. She recognised it right away. The truth, the horrible truth, the wicked, sinful truth was... that Shirou, her Shirou, her 'little brother' that she had a major hand in raising, had found himself in the middle of a love triangle! Two girls who were close friends vying for the same boy! It was a good thing he didn't secretly have psychic powers as well or the creator of a certain popular 80s manga series would be knocking down the door looking for compensation for copyright breach!

"You know, that's kind of annoying," Sakura said, with a smile on her lips but no doubt daggers in her eyes. "The idea that you fell for him at the same time I did, it's almost like you stole that experience from me."

"Ah, ah! You know I wouldn't do that on purpose, Sakura!" Rin said. "I mean, is that yet another guilt trip you're trying to lay on me?"

"That is the purpose behind my existence, right?" Sakura asked. Oh... Okay? That one didn't make any sense to Taiga, but sure? "To satisfy that guilt, you'll let me have first crack at him, right?"

"Ohohoho, you're every bit as wily as you should be," Rin showed that smug look again. "We'll see who he looks at first, when he gets back."

"Noooo! Stop it!" Taiga yelled, holding up her arms in a cross formation. "I forbid it! No hanky panky in this house! As your teacher, as Shirou's guardian, I cannot permit that sort of relationship within these four walls! A love triangle is much too lewd for -"

"Love triangle?" Rin interrupted. "That's not it at all."

"If that's what you're worried about, Taiga-san, you can relax," Sakura said. Oh... phew. Taiga's heart rate calmed down a bit there. She turned away and took a deep breath to help herself calm down again. Yet calm would not come to her quickly or easily. Especially when the girls, in unison, explained what they meant by that.

"We're going to have a harem relationship with him~"

This wasn't where Taiga turned to stone. It's where she turned into something with even less life in it. If the value of life was one and stone was at zero, then she was negative ten. Colour drained from her face, emotion faded from her eyes as the word rebounded in her head like a sinister echo.

Harem. Harem. Harem. One boy with many girls. Her traitorous mind conjured it up, and in comparison to the things she'd jokingly imagined Sakura doing earlier to try and seduce Shirou, this made those things - things which she thought would make Sakura spontaneously combust - seem tame and quite prudish by comparison. Shirou! Surrounded by girls! Including Sakura! Including Rin! Being waited on hand and foot -

Until he held up his hands and went "hold on girls, I'll get dinner."

That line of thought had been so natural from the moment it started that it was all but inevitable. Once Taiga had that thought... The rest of it started to deflate in her mind. She was all set to protest, let her battle aura flare, let the tiger howl! She would have demanded that such a thing would not be happening, not while she was Shirou's guardian!

But the idea of him getting up from those girls, walking off to the kitchen, putting on an apron and making them all dinner was far too powerful, and utterly killed the idea for her. Stone cold dead. This is what led her to the all too natural conclusion. These girls were poking fun at her! For being the overprotective big sister!

"Roaaaaar! How dare you make fun of meeee!" Taiga yelled, and the girls had the good sense to recoil in fear from the very image of a tiger appearing before them. "With such an inappropriate joke, too! I'll be sure to lecture you girls about what sort of jokes you should make!"

"Hrm, as I thought, you're too much a big sister type, you'd never fit in the harem..." Rin sighed.

"Yes, yes. Shirou would find it too weird," Sakura agreed.

"Oy, oy, oy, oy, oy! Pay attention to your teacher when she's lecturing you!" Taiga roared. "You're still going on about that not funny joke?! Don't you dare try to play this off like you're serious!"

For some reason, Rin put her hands over her head and cocked her hip. "Even so, we cannot leave her alone, she'll get in the way if we don't take care of her."



"Yes, you're quite right," Sakura said, cradling her hands underneath her chest. "Did you have something in mind?"

"You're ignoring me?! How brave! We'll have to see what you say about this tomorrow -"

"Hold out your hand," Rin said. Sakura did exactly that - and then something popped into existence right into it. "Dance, Level 100. Hypnosis, Level 100. Clothes change, Level 100. Have fun, Sakura."

"What does that even mean?!" Taiga demanded as Rin gently bellydanced and twirled her way out of the room. A gracious and smooth motion that looked practised and refined. Taiga gave chase, intending to block her path so she could give the girl a proper lecture, but when she did Rin simply swept her around and had her turned back to face Sakura -

Who was suddenly wearing a bellydancer outfit. A dark blue headdress that hung down the back of her head, with pieces to the side that looked like they might come up and fasten together like a veil. She also had a snug silk top of the same colour, cut to cover her from the bottom of her neck to the underside of her breasts (which were bigger than Taiga thought they'd be) and left her tummy completely exposed. The sleeves were short, and there was a golden twirly pattern engraved upon it, that glittered in the shadow of where Sakura was standing. When she stepped around the counter with large, yet elegant footsteps, her lower half was revealed as well, a lengthy blue dress that went down to her ankles, yet had a slit up one side to expose basically all of her left leg to view.

"Alright.. Hmm... let's give this a shot then." The copy of Sakura said, trying to think of what to exactly do. It wasn't like her original had ever really danced before. Not since she had been a little girl playing around with her sister... but it shouldn't be that hard, right? Slowly she started moving, trying to start an imaginary melody in her head. A long forgotten song playing only in her mind as her hips moved, left to right and right to left in a gentle sway.

Her hands moved, rising above her head as she twirled slowly in place. Her chest rose, swaying almost like a breeze, softly blowing her as a leaf in the playful winds. Her whole body flew in unity, one step after another as she followed an invisible line of commands. Instinct and something beyond that seemed to guide her. Every movement was flawless, every step seeming to enhance what happened. Her hair whipped as she did a sudden turn, huge breasts bouncing enticingly as her shoes created an echoing tapping sound on the floor.

"You know, this kind of feels like a cheat," Sakura said, making a twisty motion with her belly, and the instant she did so Taiga's brain switched off. Not the motor functions, just the parts associated with higher reasoning. She made a motion like a curtsy while waving her arms around, causing her large breasts to jiggle away underneath her silken top. "If we go around casting hypnosis magic on everyone, it would be no fun at all."

"Trying to guilt me again, are we?" Rin pouted. Though Sakura tittered away, while leaning back in a manner beyond what a human's flexibility should allow. "I suppose that Level 100

at anything means you basically cannot fail, right? That's what makes this such a broken combo. You want a Skill? All you have to do is project a Skill Grinder with the skills you want."

"There has to be a limitation of some sort?" Sakura asked, spinning quickly around, her tummy grinding away. Taiga sank to her knees, unable to tear her eyes from Sakura. Her thoughts had been instantly put under. Immediately subsumed by the image of this beautiful girl dancing immaculately, to a level that no human should be able to emulate.

"Well... I did an experiment or two shortly before Shirou got here," Rin said. "I made a few extra copies, and tried to hold two Skill Grinders at once. They both disintegrated, and not in the way that projected items normally do. I'm pretty sure that Skill Grinders don't let you use more than one at a time. Five skills is your lot, and the more specific the skill, the better it works.

"Ah, I see... so there are limits on what it can do? What happens when you Trace them?"

"I get the core functions, and that's all," Rin shrugged. "Anything else, anyone else, I get a detailed history. Anything I want to know, I know. But, these Skill Grinders... It's almost as if something is blocking me from finding out more."

"That's very worrying, onee-san!" Sakura said. "Maybe we should find out more?"

"After we've built Shirou's harem for him," Rin said. "After all, then we will be in a great place to do all the investigation we want. We might even be able to use the Holy Grail if we play our cards right."

Although, that thought did permeate her intense desire to satisfy Shirou's sexual needs and made her a bit worried. Sakura had hit the nail on the head there, where did this thing come from? Was it a coincidence that it wound up in the hands of a boy who would use it in such a way? The fact that she couldn't find out anything at all about the history of this device, while being perfectly able to replicate them with any Skill at any level she wanted...

It was quite worrisome. The more she thought about it, the more this seemed like someone's scheme to cause trouble. But never mind that. For the time being she was enjoying watching Sakura dance. Lucky for her she wasn't the target of the hypnosis spell Sakura was casting, or it would be a major issue for her.

Ah, what an elegant beautiful dance it was, perfectly tailored to Sakura's body. Placing great emphasis on her breasts in particular, which honestly made her feel a little bit... inadequate in that department. Hrmph! She made up for it in other ways. Sakura's waist was quite slender, but not so much as Rin's. She was probably heavier, too, and not just because of those boobs! She was very confident in her thighs as well, but...

But watching Sakura dance made it feel like that didn't matter at all. She was cute, she was adorable, she was ridiculously, stupidly hot. She might have been able to put Taiga under completely even without the Skill in hypnosis. Taiga had been completely tamed. Her wild cat

like outburst from before, that overly energetic attitude had been leashed, collared and caged.

"Taiga!" Sakura patted her on the head and tittered away to herself "There's no problem in Shirou having a harem, is there?"

"No problem in Shirou having a harem..." Taiga repeated.

"In fact, he deserves a harem, doesn't he?" Sakura leaned in, brushing her tummy up against Taiga's nose. "He absolutely deserves a harem."

"Shirou deserves a harem," Taiga mumbled into Sakura's belly. Sakura looked over towards Rin, and let out a smile that made it clear that the two of them were sisters. You've seen smug Rin? Now imagine smug Sakura. She tipped her hand under Taiga's chin and brought her to her feet, then gently began to rock her shoulders back and forth, not exactly forcing Taiga to look at her bouncing breasts... but in reality, she was all but forcing her to do so.

"You won't get in our way or say anything strange about it, right?" Sakura asked. Taiga, wide eyed and gawping, hands making grabby motions. She licked her lips in a way she'd have found scandalous if she'd seen someone else do it. Would have been mortified to see a recording of herself doing so. Especially for a student of hers! "Anything else, onee-san?"

"Hrm, that'll do for now," Rin said. "Very good, little sister. Let's snap her out of it and see how she feels about our plans now."

Sakura snapped her fingers, and changed her clothes back to what they had been before. Goodness, the time that you'd save with that kind of spell every morning and night. You wouldn't even need to wash, would you? Magic them away when you're done and all the dirt would vanish with it.

As for Taiga... She blinked herself awake and rubbed at her eyes, feeling like she'd been in a long slumber.

"So, Taiga. We were thinking of forming a harem for Shirou~" Sakura asked. The two girls watched her reaction tentatively, and then -

"Ehhhhh?" Taiga clasped her hands together, her lips trembled in sheer joy. "A harem? For my Shirou? Oh, he's such a good boy! He deserves pretty girls like you doting on his..." She trailed off. "Actually he'd be the one taking care of you, knowing him. He just won't be able to help himself. But still! This is the very best news!"

The two girls nodded to each other. A resounding success! The two of them were then suddenly pulled into a big hug with Taiga, who was grinning so hard it threatened to split her face.

"Hohoho, my Shirou's such a manly boy! Getting the attention of two beauties like you!" Taiga cackled. "But! But if you're going to have a harem with him, you'll need to make a few

preparations! The real life implications of having a harem are bigger and more involved than you girls seem to realise!"

"Eh? Implications?" Rin muttered.

"Financial implications! Societal implications!" Taiga said. "Now, now! I'm not saying I don't want this! I think it would be adorable! Far too cute, it has to, has to happen as soon as possible! However!"

Something frightening happened just then. Something truly horrifying. Taiga had switched modes, from big sister to stern teacher. Her resolve was like a towering giant, casting a shadow over everything else in the room. While Rin felt the urge to pull out her Skill Grinder and try to save themselves from this somehow, it also felt like such an effort would be utterly pointless.

In essence, this was the problem with using hypnosis at this high a level. The instructions penetrate too deeply. In fact, they penetrate so deeply that the person they are given to will achieve truly superhuman results themselves. Taiga's motivation was utterly and sincerely devoted to getting her boy some ass, as soon as possible.

"I want you girls to write me an essay examining the requirements, as well as the planning involved to facilitate a happy harem life," Taiga said, an ominous inhuman gleam in her eyes. The sort of gleam that said defiance or resistance would be stamped out the second it attempted to rise. Even the attempt to hypnotise her again at this point might well be futile, for this is what her determination was insistent upon - Harem! Harem! Harem! Shirou must have a harem! She supported Shirou having a harem to the exclusion of all other things! And if he was to have a harem, it would have to be an exclusive supreme harem that only allowed the cutest, the best, the brightest and the most worthy!

"W-well, onee san, we had been intending to plan this out anyway, right?" Sakura said.

Rin sighed to herself in resignation nonetheless. Sure, that was what they were intending to do... but that didn't mean she liked being forced to do it! Next time, they'd have to be more careful what skills they used, and at what Level....

## Danganronpa: The Ultimate Playboy

You've never heard of the Kirigiri family. It's the way we worked. A 'famous' detective, in our eyes, is merely one who is lacking in caution about how they conduct their work. How can they go about undercover to investigate if everyone knows who they are? What matters is not fame, but the work they do. Solving mysteries. Poking into the affairs of others and resolving problems. This required dedication, it required secrecy, it required delicacy. Besides! Most mysteries had fairly mundane answers, and the most interesting thing about them was *proving* those mundane answers. Involve the media? They shall make it a circus. Every speculation made shall be treated as the gospel truth. When new evidence arises to refute that theory, the detective's intelligence will be derided. They shall trample all over the investigation in their pursuit of a 'story', while the detective sought the 'facts'.

That is the difference between the two vocations. One seeks the dispassionate truth. The other wants the passionate truth. Journalists and detectives both claim to seek 'the truth', but to the eyes of the Kirigiri clan one of those claims was a flat out lie. A lie that was told by even those with the best of intentions.

My name is Kyoko Kirigiri. I was deemed a prodigy from an early age. Well suited to our family's line of work. I would one day head up this secret clan of detectives that worked in the shadows to shine light upon the rest of the world. All was going well. All was proceeding according to plan.

Until the day my father left. The man who used to play with me. The man who had taught me what it meant to be a detective. Who taught me of duty. Who hugged me when I tripped and stumbled. *Who should have been there* when my hands were... He left us.

"That girl is the daughter of the man who betrayed us."

That sentiment settled in around the others like a dense fog. A suitable atmosphere for a detective. Less so for a growing girl. I promised them, and myself, that I would not be like my father. I would devote myself to the fine art of being a detective. I honed my skills of observation. Deductive reasoning. How to test your hypothesis, how to stay unnoticed during an investigation, all those other essential talents that made detectives capable of functioning.

And then, when I was old enough? I left the clan too.

I revealed myself to Hope's Peak Academy. It was necessary so they could 'scout' me. They snapped me up right away. I didn't give the rest of the clan a chance to react, nor did I ask for their approval. Because this was a rare opportunity. All for this moment. Where I could sit in this office, look the headmaster in the eye...

"Kyoko," my **father**, the headmaster of Hope's Peak Academy, said. Daring to show me a smile. "It's good to see you again. Your talent will be a tremendous benefit to the academy, and therefore to all of mankind."

I cocked her head and stared back at him, utterly and carefully expressionless.

"I came here today to tell you one thing," I said, keeping my voice deliberately even and cold. "We have nothing to do with each other anymore."

The two of us sat in silence for a moment. "Is that all?" my father asked.

"That is all," I said. "May I leave?"

"Yes - though bear in mind we may need your talent in the near future," the headmaster said. "Our predictions are that something big is going to happen very soon. We have noticed for a while now, you see. An undercurrent of... despair. A despair that might eclipse all hope. Kyoko, you may be the only one capable of overcoming that despair - or at least, helping one who can."

"Such a vague request would be turned down by any detective worth their salt," I said, rising from my seat and turning to leave the room. "If you have something more concrete, then you may contact me. As a headmaster might contact a student."

"Then at least please make some friends, Kyoko," the headmaster said. "That is a vital part of the academy experience. Do not underestimate the value of connections."

Was there anything else? If so I wasn't sticking around to hear it. Friends, huh? I was the cautious type. Observant. I didn't like sticking out too much, as it inhibited my ability to act as a detective. In all honesty, that conversation left me fuming harder than I liked. Too much of an emotional investment there.

Why did he have to try to act like a father? After abandoning us like that? He dared try to give me advice on building connections with others? As if I didn't already know? That man - I hated him! I hated him so much that I came here just to see him again!

As it turns out even the finest detectives around are like eyeballs - we cannot see ourselves directly. Merely a reflection or a copy, and never our own true selves. If I was capable of the kind of self reflection needed to get over her issues with my father, I might have noticed something. I might have picked up that there was a boy paying careful attention to me... and I might have avoided bumping into said boy when the two of them turned a corner. Avoiding that confrontation would have definitely changed my life... for the worse.

"Woah, sorry there!" said a boy that was a little shorter than me. Of course, I recognised who he was right away. Makoto Naegi. The Ultimate Lucky Student. We were in the same class together. He didn't seem very lucky just now after slipping on the floor after bumping into me, sending him over in a quite undignified way. Quite the impression to make for our first meeting.

Still...

"Do you have a habit of colliding with girls on purpose?" I asked. I offered him a hand up. Which he took. Through my gloves I could feel that his grip was fairly strong. Stronger than I was expecting. His height and stature gave the impression of someone of slightly below

average strength, but... "If this is an attempt at a 'meet cute', you should know that I am already aware of your relationship with The Ultimate Pop Sensation."

"You know about that?" Makoto asked. I quirked an eyebrow. He'd admitted that easier than expected. "How did you...?"

"Body language cues," I casually flicked my long silver hair back, already a bit bored by this conversation. "You take care to not look directly at her, while other boys are very obviously looking at her. Meanwhile, you're the boy she looks at the most often. There's more than that, but you get the general idea?"

"Woah, you really are the Ultimate Detective," Makoto said. Indeed, she earned that title through innate talent and hard work. She turned to leave, but he grabbed her hand. "Wait, you did get one thing wrong. I wasn't trying to hit on you. H-here, have this!"

I turned in time to find something thrust into my grip, and to my surprise found myself looking at... A Bojobo doll?

"How did you know I'd be interested in this?" I asked, genuinely surprised he would seem to know that. "You're an enigma, Makoto Naegi."

"Ah, it's nothing! I just happened to get it from the shop just now as one of their free gifts," Makoto rubbed the back of his head. Kind of cute, wasn't he? "You know how it is. Ultimate Lucky Student and all. I figured it might make a good icebreaker, so you'd take me seriously when I asked for your help."

Asked for my help. Of course. The Ultimate Detective would be approached by someone that needed help, and he seemed quite serious about something.

"You already figured out that Sayaka and I are dating in secret, so... That saves a lot of time. Lucky again, huh?" Makoto rang his hands. "Well... As the Ultimate Pop Sensation, she's really popular. Kinda goes by the title, right? The trouble is, it's only gotten worse since she was admitted here. Her fame is even greater than it already was, and I'm pretty sure she's got someone stalking her."

"I see," I nodded. Not an uncommon request. "You want me to keep an eye out for any stalkers?"

"That's the trick, I don't want to worry Sayaka either, so... Could you maybe not tell her?" Makoto asked. That was a *little* unusual, and highly suspicious. "Maybe become friends with her or something, and keep an eye on her that way?"

"Hrm. I see," I smiled to myself. "So, that's why you approached in such a clumsy way. Don't worry. Discretion is a vital part of a detective's role."

"Thank you so much!" Makoto said, suddenly pulling me into a hug. He'd moved so smoothly into it, that I barely even registered what he was doing before finding myself wrapped up in his warm, surprisingly powerful grip. "I know I can rely on you! An Ultimate will definitely be

able to keep my girlfriend safe!" His hug was both tender and strong. Weirdly enough I also felt safe here. Like a blanket wrapped around me that I didn't want to leave. "Oh, sorry!" He backed off, seeming to realise how this might look. "We can talk more later on."

"Do you want a full report on her activities?" I asked. Just testing something first...

"No, why would I? I'll know that stuff already! Tell me if you see anything suspicious, okay?"

Of course. That at least put my mind at ease on one point. He wasn't lying about this to try and get me to stalk Sayaka on his behalf. Although, I should still keep an open mind just in case. In any event, Makoto turned to leave and -

And I caught myself turning my head a little to check out his butt as he walked away. A blush fell upon my cheeks and I mentally admonished myself for checking out my first client in a while. It might be cute the way he's doing this for his girlfriend, and he might be surprisingly hot himself, but -

But he had a girlfriend already. A girlfriend that I was going to protect with my life, if need be. In fiction, most detectives only act after the fact, and cannot stop the crime from happening but in the real world their role was both more narrow and more open than that.

A simple matter of a stalker would be an issue for me to resolve quickly.

=====

Befriending the Ultimate Pop Sensation was a more trivial matter than expected. All I'd had to do was wander over, say "hello", and Sayaka was all over me with a great big smile and a warm greeting.

"Hello! You're Kyoko, right? The Ultimate Detective?" Sayaka asked. "That's soooo cool! I know all about that. Knox's Commandments, right?"

That high energy and charisma was definitely the sort of thing you'd associate with the Ultimate Pop Sensation. Nonetheless, I did feel the urge to correct her on a few things.

"Knox's Commandments were for writing *fiction*," I said. "They are the backbone of creating a fair mystery story that anyone can enjoy. At least, in theory. In modern times many of those ideas have been supplanted and replaced. They don't apply to real world mysteries at all. For example, it's entirely possible - if not likely - that the Detective hasn't met the real culprit at the start of the case."

"Oh!" Sayaka gasped. "Oh, of course! I should have guessed that. Writing fiction isn't the same as the real world, huh?"

"Not to worry," I said. "Nobody can be an expert in every field. There's always something that falls outside our experience. For example, there is likely quite a lot about your lifestyle that I don't know anything about."



From there, the two of us wandered the campus talking about this and that. My assessment - Sayaka was not only charismatic, but quite intuitive as well. Excellent people skills, magnificent at reading the room. It made one fact quite clear. Every talent has multiple facets to it. An Ultimate doesn't merely excel at one thing, they must take everything about their speciality into consideration. It was the same for me - and likely was for the others too. Fascinating. In no time at all, it felt like I'd been friends with Sayaka for years.

"Say, Kyoko... I can trust you, right?" Sayaka asked out of nowhere - and I soon deduced why. Up ahead, sitting on the grass out in the courtyard, was Sayaka's secret boyfriend. "My intuition is pretty good, so... I feel like I can trust you to keep a secret."

"I'm not the kind of person who goes around talking about the secrets of others," I said. Some might say that's the role of the detective. I disagreed. The role of the detective was to determine the truth. What did they do with that truth? Well, that was another matter entirely. "If it's about your relationship with Makoto, then have no fears. I'd already deduced that much. My lips are sealed."

Surprise, then relief, then the pop idol dashed across the courtyard, tapped her boyfriend on the shoulder - then scooted behind the tree he was leaning behind, tapped him on the other shoulder and this time when he turned around she leaned down to give him a playful light kiss on the lips. A mere peck. How adorable. I really didn't want to ruin this moment, but it did prove one thing at least. Makoto wasn't lying about their relationship. They were definitely dating, and this dispelled any doubt.

My concern was more for the surroundings. It was inevitable that Sayaka would have stalkers of some kind. Either journalists out for gossip, or fans who served as a living reminder of the word's etymology from the word 'fanatic'. Out here in the courtyard seemed to be safe enough, I couldn't see anyone else around, but...

But weirdly enough, now that I had become Sayaka's friend I wanted to protect that girl for that reason as well. I'm sure somewhere that man is smiling at the idea I was making friends, but... No, if I went about avoiding doing things that made him happy, then I'd only make myself miserable. For now, let's let ourselves get closer to these two. What harm could it cause?

====

One of the fundamental principles of the detective is the ability to fit in. Blend into the crowd, look like you belong. Don't stand out, no matter what you do. Tonight, Sayaka had a concert. A prime opportunity for stalkers to try something. John Lennon was shot after a concert by one such stalker, for example.

While Sayaka and her friends had a high level of security, having a member of the Kirigiri family watching out for you was better than almost any security detail on the planet. We'd catch things others would miss. For that reason, when Sayaka had offered me a front row seat to her concert I'd taken it in a heartbeat.

The trouble was, my usual attire wasn't exactly fitting for an event like this. A little too dark, a little too dour. For an event like this, I needed to wear something a bit fancier - yet also practical. This wasn't my usual style at all, of course, but really - what choice did I have?

So here I was, wearing a pink dress. Very much not my usual style, but it went well with my silver hair and pale skin tone. I had been careful about this selection - I wanted it to be fashionable, but also something she could move around in quickly if the need took her. Therefore, the dress wasn't too tight around the hips, and allowed flexible movement of my legs. Checking myself out in the mirror, I was elegant and inconspicuous - the perfect combo for the task ahead.

And, like always, I wore my gloves to keep those scars hidden away. Because those scars were something I couldn't let anyone see. No matter what. Even if it meant I couldn't touch things with my bare fingers, nobody should ever, ever see them. That layer of leather was that important to me.

There was a knock on her door, and I found... Makoto Naegi, looking surprisingly dapper and very handsome in a tuxedo. "Here," he said, handing over a bouquet of cherry blossom sakura flowers. My favourite kind of flowers.

"They're Sayaka's favourite," he said as an explanation. "Though I think they suit you well too."

Ah? Sayaka's favourite too? Interesting. I linked arms with him and left the school. No doubt this sight would result in some gossip tomorrow - but it would be fine. Sayaka's image was very important to her. To Makoto as well. If everyone thought that I was dating him instead, it would take the heat off Sayaka. So I didn't especially mind who happened to see them.

Although... One person was paying more attention than Kyoko expected. What interest did Junko Enoshima have in what they were doing tonight...? Never mind. It was probably just gossip to the likes of her.

=====

Hi, Makoto here. So... Kyoko was definitely the best pick to start with. Absolutely. No hesitation about it. Whatever doubts I had about this plan were gone the second she stepped out in that pink dress. I had already assessed Kyoko was only slightly less beautiful than she was smart - and believe me, that's not a backhanded compliment, this babe is way way smarter than me - but I had to reevaluate that the instant I laid eyes on her when she dressed up. Although... Those leather gloves did kind of ruin the look a little bit. Weird.

"Any news?" I whispered as we left the grounds.

"I have caught a half dozen stalkers *per day* since I started," Kyoko said. "You were right to be worried. Her fans are quite intense."

"That's the cost of Talent, I guess," I shrugged. "They all bring their own burden to bear. Detectives have their own, right? The truth can't always be a nice thing."

I led her inside, and she showed a muted fascination at the size of the crowd. Of course, as "friends of the band" we were let in right to the front. Kyoko looked around for any sign of any troublemakers, but... It seemed she hadn't twigged onto the real trap of tonight. It was a good one. We'll get into the details shortly.

What mattered for now was that we were at the front row of the concert, with Kyoko holding the flowers in her hands. "We'll give those to Sayaka at the half time break," I whispered, while she studied the audience carefully looking for suspicious figures. Good luck with that. There are way too many here to keep tabs on them all.

"Hello everyone, welcome to our show!" Sayaka said, striding confidently around the stage, a big wide smile on her face. Nothing forced about it, she loved being on stage. Loved the attention, loved the adulation, but most of all loved making everyone smile. She was radiant up there as always, and now it was time for the show to begin. "Our first number tonight goes out to some new friends of mine at Hope's Peak!" the audience roared, because the school was well regarded and it was public knowledge she was attending. "If you want to know who they are - uh, uh, uh, that's a se~cret! Teehee!"

The song began, accompanied with the usual theatrics. A lightshow, a screaming audience, and a catchy earworm of a song written by Sayaka about friendship, human bonds, the importance of opening yourself up to others - and to hope for the future.

*"No matter what happens you'll remain in my heart, for this is where all our futures sta-a-art."*

Kyoko's eyes darted around. No doubt trying to take it all in. But that was the trap, you see. A detective is adept at taking in their surroundings. Filtering out the things that aren't important, zeroing in on the things that are. Nonetheless, an environment like this was the perfect trap for them.

*"Don't hold back, compassion beyond their scope. Hold on forever to our future's hope."*

Overstimulation of the senses. It didn't matter how brilliant Kyoko was, there was only so much she could take. A dazzling light show, that catchy melody, the atmosphere, it was all too much. As such, she barely registered when I slipped in behind her and held onto her waist. An easy move, I could play it off as going into the role of 'fake boyfriend' without missing a beat. Kyoko would accept that, me doing this so blatantly in front of Sayaka would hardly seem suspicious at all.

This is how you fool a detective. Everything must be natural. Everything must have an innocent explanation. Take advantage of Occam's Razor, and create a scenario where the simpler answer according to the evidence is, simply, wrong.

*"Don't hold back your love, don't hold out on love, fly just like a dove, to the stars above..."*

It was a devastating combo of talents. The Ultimate Playboy and the Ultimate Pop Sensation! Her charisma kept Kyoko's attention on her, while my innate understanding of women would wear down her defences a little at a time.

*"You have that human connection, then love and hope are all you need!"*

Does this seem sinister to you? Insidious, perhaps? I didn't want to do this, remember. It's Despair that's driving me to it. No, not just Despair. Hope. The Hope to defeat that Despair. The Despair that I see every day when I look Junko Enoshima in the face. I must refine my talent. I must practice. Make it perfect. Make it reach the heights of its true potential.

By the time the first half of the performance was over, Kyoko was all but sitting in my lap and didn't even seem to think anything was weird about it. This was going well. In fact, it was going a bit better than I was expecting, because... I see it now. I understand. I understand Kyoko Kirigiri. It feels like I just got a little further ahead in my Talent development.

====

That was a lot more intense than I had been expecting. Despite myself, I wound up getting drawn into the concert just like everyone else. An Ultimate level talent is nothing to be shy of. Sayaka's stage presence, ability to read the room and draw in the crowd was truly frightening.

In any event, it was half time now. If any stalkers were going to try something at the concert it would be now or right after the show. As such, the two of us walked arm in arm over towards backstage, with Makoto brandishing the backstage pass Sayaka had given us while I held the bouquet. Despite myself, I sniffed from it. Smelled nice. Almost as nice as Naegi.

I lay my head upon his shoulder. It helped to sell the illusion we were a couple. Even though he was a little shorter than me, it worked out fine. The bodyguard at the door was... competent enough. Looked at us funny.

"Classmates from Hope's Peak," Makoto explained. The pass was studied carefully, and only then did they let us inside. Hrm. The security is good enough, it seems, to meet her standards. Even so, just to be sure, best for them to see Sayaka, who was easily found in her own dressing room. That part Kyoko wasn't so happy with. They were let in just a little too easily for her tastes.

"Makoto Naegi, I cannot believe you would cheat on me, at my own concert!" Sayaka gasped. "Just kidding! I know, you guys are faking it to throw off anyone who suspects something about us."

It seems that Makoto had fallen for that little joke from her. I certainly hadn't bought it.

"Ah, well, you know, we don't want people giving you a hard time because..." Makoto stammered.

"Teehee, you're such a dummy!" Sayaka giggled, then leaned in for a peck on the lips. "Kyoko, it's your first time at one of my shows. Did you enjoy it?"

"Yes, it was very enjoyable," I said. "I wasn't expecting to be drawn into it so easily. You've truly earned your Ultimate title."

"And did you find any stalkers out there tonight?" Sayaka asked.

Ah? Now, that stunned me into silence. "When did you -"

"Right away," Sayaka said. "I'm psychic, you know."

She's... psychic? A telepath?

"You mean, you have really good intuition," I corrected. Sayaka tapped herself on top of her head and stuck out her tongue. "Well, after keeping an eye on you for the last few days, I'm not surprised Makoto was worried."

"You're not upset I went behind your back, are you?" Makoto asked sheepishly.

"Nuh uh, it just shows you care!" Sayaka giggled. "Listen, I have to go talk to the rest of the band in the next room over, won't be long. How about you give our big strong detective a nice backrub? She's been working hard, and could do with your magic touch. Oh! And maybe you could check out this new music video I put together? It's not going public yet, would love to hear what you think. Toodles!"

Then she ran off, leaving the two of us alone in her dressing room. How awkward. To think she'd figured it out right away. That's something worth remembering, at least. Others can be every bit as observant as you are.

Still, this left me alone with her boyfriend, Makoto, who I was starting to feel... strange around. An intense physical attraction. I don't know why or where it came from, but it had been growing over the last few days. Pretending to be his girlfriend hadn't helped matters much, but... I winced? Hrm? Back pain?

"You're not used to wearing that kinda dress, right?" Makoto asked. "Sayaka does it again, she saw right through us both. Here, sit down. Let me work that kink out."

"I have to admit, you've earned your title as well," I said. "Ultimate Lucky Student getting to date the Ultimate Pop Sensation, and having her head over heels in love with -" I stopped. His hands had fallen upon my shoulders, which were bare due to the dress. Almost the instant he did, strange feelings began to circulate through my body.

"She says she's the lucky one, sometimes," Makoto mused. "But let's not talk about my girlfriend behind her back. Let's talk about you instead. I notice you always wear those gloves, even tonight when you're trying to be incognito. Any reason for that?"

His fingers played upon my flesh like a maestro at a piano. My nerves felt things they'd never, ever felt before. So this is what Sayaka meant by magic fingers? It was like he knew every stress point before touching me.

"Not particularly," I managed to say, restraining myself from writhing under his touch. More pressure, and I gasped. "Burn injury! It's embarrassing, I don't want others to see."

"It's that bad?" he asked, but I shook my head.

"It's not that it's bad," though in truth, it was quite bad. "It was from my early days. A stupid mistake that will follow me for the rest of my -"

I completely forgot the end of that sentence. Makoto pushed a point at the back of my neck, and everything suddenly went weird. Nice, but very strange. Like everything was in slow motion. Then he returned his hands to my shoulders and lower back, pushing into the flesh and almost moulding it, rubbing it, caressing it.

*"It's not healthy to keep your distance from others,"* said a voice up ahead of her. Sayaka, from the television. What was this all of a sudden? Kyoko's vision focused on the screen, and she saw Sayaka wearing what looked like a fancy coat. Expensive. The sort of thing she was probably paid to do commercials for. *"This song is for you, Kyoko, to open your heart and help you heal."*

The coat was suddenly whipped off, revealing something that left Kyoko's jaw dropping. Sayaka was wearing... a belly dancer outfit! An especially lewd semi-transparent light blue costume, that barely covered her breasts and left her navel bare, coupled with translucent baggy silk trousers. Wh-What?! What was -

Suddenly a driving rhythmic melody filled the dressing room and Makoto's hands fell upon my back once again. I froze in place, unable to... or unwilling to move an inch. My eyes were glued to that monitor as Sayaka began a slow, grinding sensual dance. Interlaced with the images, I barely noticed a series of images interlaced with them. Images of Sayaka and Makoto, engaged in a variety of blatant sexual acts.

*"For the sake of all that's just-"*

Makoto's lips touched the base of my neck, and I soon found myself leaning my head over to let him. What was I doing? For that matter, what was he doing? As if I couldn't tell. As she sang, Sayaka leaned forward, emphasising her surprisingly large breasts and slender waistline, interlaced with images of her gripping onto Makoto. Pushing herself into him, while his penis penetrated her. An expression of absolute, total bliss upon her pretty face.

*"It's time for the detective to fall to lust!"*

I had questions that I wanted to ask, but every time I opened my mouth a gasp escaped instead. I turned my head a little and he captured my lips with his own. On the edge of my vision, the monitor continued to play. I think he did that on purpose. Making sure to keep it in my peripheral vision, aware at some level of Sayaka letting her top fall down as she ground her shoulders, causing her breasts to bounce - interlaced with the two of them in a shower, Makoto behind her, sucking her up while penetrating her from behind.

*"For the truth you will fight, while Makoto fucks you through the night!"*

While his tongue wrestled with mine, his hands tugged the straps down off my shoulders. I made no move to stop him. Even though my mind went to Sayaka. His girlfriend. My new friend.

*"You'll get on your hands and knees, see his cock and then beg please!"*

But then I realised the truth. The instant I digested it all. What was happening here was all too obvious. I was being seduced. Not just by Makoto. By Sayaka as well. Well, yes, that much was obvious. But this was more than seduction. It was a form of brainwashing. Chipping away at my own insecurities, my desire to keep a wall up between myself and others to make myself a better detective. Like breaking down a dam, when it broke down feelings came pouring out uncontrollably. Feelings that Makoto was able to properly satisfy with his masterful touch.

*"Then I'll walk in and join in too, a harem-girl just like you!"*

As if on cue, Sayaka did indeed walk in wearing a quite different dress than the one she'd left in. She took one look at Kyoko and Makoto, watched as Makoto's hands fell upon my breasts and - Ahhh! Ahhh! This was too much! Too much stimulation! I couldn't take it! More, please, more! The part of me that was proud of being a detective of the Kirigiri family screamed inside my head, telling me to stop, but -

But there was also this other voice inside me saying that it wanted more. No, it needed more. More of this. Much, much more. I tried to analyse this situation carefully and -

In conclusion, Makoto and Sayaka had been seducing me for a while now. It was clear what they were after. They wanted me to join their relationship. They had performed some form of psychological or physiological attack utilising my blind spots, wearing me down, making me ridiculously horny, building up my attraction to *this extremely hot hunk*.

On analysis, some form of mental manipulation must have taken place, and there was only one time I could think of that it must have happened. The concert. Some form of conditioning happened during the concert. Of course, the Kirigiri clan had all sorts of training to deal with mental manipulation. It would be a simple matter to break.

Except for one small problem. Part of me wanted this. A big part. A part that I had kept locked up with chains and tossed into the depths of my own soul a long time ago. The part of her that wanted - craved - human companionship. Her gloves were almost a metaphor of them. Her gloves... that she took off just so she could feel Makoto's skin with her own, without cloth getting in the way. My hands found his, and I found myself enjoying the touch of human flesh on my scarred, ugly hands for the first time in - how many years had it been? Too many. Far, far too many.

*"Sorry for recruiting you this way," the monitor continued. "However, it was quite necessary. After all, we're taking extreme measures to deal with an extreme threat. Let's tell you a little bit more about our fellow Ultimate, Junko Enoshima. The Ultimate Despair."*

Funny that Sayaka would talk about Despair at a time like this. Especially when, for the first time in a long, long time, I was feeling - no, perhaps tasting would be better - the sweet taste of Hope.



## Ah My Succubus

What is it about cat-fights that appeals so intensely to the male gaze? Is it the torn clothes? Is it the risk of a wardrobe malfunction? Such a mundane reason to give, it's almost disappointing! Despite that we do find ourselves joining one in progress on the front lawn of Suzu's home, one between Motoko and Tiemaya. A so called 'Lust Angel' and a succubus tussling it up, rolling around on the dirt, tugging on one another's hair and giving off this vague feeling like they might start to randomly make out at any given moment.

"Ow, ow, ow! Ooooh!" Tiemaya yelped, batting Makoto's hand away from her hair. "Dirty play! Thought you were on the side of the angels?"

"Our apologies," Makoto replied. "But your hair was so annoying that I couldn't help but tug it, and that's a fact!"

"Would you stop saying that? It's so annoying!" Tiemaya yelled, rolling onto her back and pulling Makoto with her, then lifting her knee directly into Makoto's lower gut. To her immense satisfaction, Makoto grunted in pain... but the girl kept on powering on! Hrmph! The two of them were powered up a bit after that little mini-orgy up in the bedroom, but it seemed like Makoto was a bit tougher than Tiemaya had assumed. If she wanted out of this she was going to have to use more drastic measures!

"Mayaaaa! Yaaaaay!

Thereyouarel'vebeenlookingalloverforyoulooklookdoyoulikemyFashionSensetricket'ssoooooocoolandsexyand - "

Oh crap she forgot about Mirdana. Her little sister pushed Makoto away with one hand, then scooped Tiemaya into a hug with the other. Ack! Tight, tight, too tight! Squeezing the air out of her!

"Can't... breathe!" Tiemaya gasped.

"Silly, succubus don't need to breathe!" Mirdana tittered. Oh yeah that's right they don't do they? Nevermind, that was besides the point! She'd been trying to avoid her sister for at least a little while longer, but no! This upstart human with 'sex angel' powers - whatever the hell that meant - had to show up to ruin things! Now she'd have to deal with Mirdana's general clinginess, and try to keep her away from the new food source she'd found! Sounded a bit selfish, right? Well, it was for Mirdana's benefit as well! This naive crybaby would only wind up ruining things for both of them with her typical antics.

"Do you two need a minute alone, should I come back later?" Makoto asked. "Because I'd rather kick your butts right now, and that's a fact."

"Yay, Maya came to watch my clever and creative way of feeding!" Mirdana said, jostling Tiemaya around like she was a ragdoll. If a human was being hugged this way it would almost certainly count as a kind of naked choke. Obviously, most new succubi tend to master those kinds of chokes because the word 'naked' is in them, and they don't get that it means 'works even if the opponent isn't wearing clothes'.

Anyway, Makoto might be showing some bravado right now, but she was actually quite worried. She was pretty sure she could have beaten Tiemaya by herself, but with her sister joining the battle, it was a lot less certain. Two on one is an impossible fight in normal circumstances, but with her inexperience in supernatural combat... She didn't like her chances.

Nonetheless! She had faith. In herself. In her ability. In her power! Suzu was relying on her. She would not let her down! Now, Mirdana. Ditzzy, but dangerous was definitely a good way to describe that one. This Fashion Sense power was definitely not something that should be underestimated, and nor should the one that came up with it in the first place.

"Mirdana, could you please let me go now?" Tiemaya asked. "You're embarrassing me in front of the enemy!"

"Okay!" Mirdana said, and then let go of her big sister with what could only be described as 'affectionate violence'. It looked like she should have snapped Tiemaya's neck from that one, from the way she spun around and toppled to the ground. "I'm gonna deal with you now, little miss achy breaky heart!"

"Th-That no longer traumatises me!" Makoto protested. In truth, she could hear it now. That guitar, that droning repetitive melody. Catchy, yet shallow. An earworm that contained nothing but empty calories. "Have this!" She dashed forward, intending to end this before the ditzzy idiot could recover... only for Tiemaya to stand up in a daze and take the brunt of the hit, sending her flying off into the horizon.

"Are you fucking serious with this bullshiiiiiii- " Tiemaya yelled while sailing off. There! Now back to one on one! At least until she returned. If she was quick, she could put down Mirdana quickly and then -

A hand fell upon her shoulder. Makoto turned around to face the one who owned that hand. Then, she remembered that the Succubus might be a Demon designed to have immense sexual appeal, but underneath that they were still Demons. How else might you describe that expression? Wide eyed, flames all but bursting out of them. This was the kind of feature that you'd truly only see in Hell!

"You hurt my sis," Mirdana said. "You sent her away from meeeee! Did you think that Achy Breaky Heart was bad? Because now I'll have to break you worse!"

Makoto jumped back and slid into a defensive stance, ready for Mirdana's attack. What would it be? A kick? A punch? An energy attack of some kind? Whatever it might be she had to be ready! On guard for an attack from any angle, prepared for every eventuality!

"Hey everybody, step right up!" Mirdana suddenly called out, waving out to the streets surrounding them. "Check out these totally sick clothes!"

... Huh? What? Instead of attacking, the succubus was making a sales pitch to passersby? Come to think of it, their antics had attracted a bit of attention. A gathering of gawkers, drawn

in by their bizarre little show. Miranda pranced around, continuing to wave and bounce around, drawing as much attention to them as possible.

"Gosh, that's quite garish, who would ever wear that in public?"

"It's so tacky, those bright colours are horrible."

Ah! Of course! It was so obvious it barely needed pointing out: Mirdana was using Fashion Sense to lure in new victims! By dancing around like this and making a 'Sales Pitch' she was intending to feed on the life energy of these people and grow stronger from it! For such a ditz, that was quite devious! Makoto could not let this stand, so she leaped in with her fist ready to strike the back of Mirdana's big dumb empty head -

"You wanna look your best? Then ignore the rest!" Mirdana sang and danced, almost flowing around Makoto's attack. Undaunted, she whirled around and tried to kick Mirdana in the back, but it was like hitting a waterfall. She tried again and again, but Mirdana would continually whirl around, somehow predicting her every move and leaping out of the way, continuing her sales pitch at every turn!

It was quite insidious, really. Despite the utterly awful design of her attire, Mirdana had the body of a succubus underneath. Wide hips, slim waist, enormous breasts, thighs that could crush a man's head, and a shapely butt all stuffed into those tight garish clothes tailor made to show off her best features. Though if you'd been paying attention, you would realise her best features were 'her entire body'. The audience was checking her out, because of course they would. She was a cute, sexy, barely decent girl making a loud sales pitch in even louder clothing. It's a bit hard to ignore that! And, of course, the bright colours would be looked over, an attempt made to ignore them to focus on the body underneath - which would let the hypnotic design woven into them work its magic. Draw them under its power. In turn, making them vessels for Fashion Sense, enabling her to spread the effect far and wide, granting her greater and greater reserves of power.

"Tee hee, don't you all want to look the cutest?" Mirdana asked, suddenly doing the splits and causing Makoto to sail overhead in her attempt to grab the girl. Then, she rolled backwards and got up on her tiptoes, spreading her arms upwards to form a Y like shape. "Or how about your significant other? They'd look soooo hot like this!"

"You know, she does look kinda hot..."

"I can't keep my eyes off her."

"I wonder how my butt would look in hot pants like that?"

"Don't listen to her!" Makoto yelled. Another dive to try tackling her, but to no avail as the sneaky succubus somehow slid aside. "She's hypnotising you, and that's a fact!"

Jiggle jiggle jiggle. Reds and greens and pinks and purples and jiggle bounce sway and lean. A rainbow of colours swirling around their vision combined with her lewd body enticing everyone in. She even had the audacity to make a cute face and blow kisses to the

audience, a few of them - women included - blushing and missing catching the kisses. This was bad, this was very bad, they were all falling under her spell. Her sexy, sexy, stupid spell! She was trying to wear Makoto out while draining the life force from these other people, no doubt about it... But how was she predicting Makoto's moves?

She'd tried moving silently. No dice. It wasn't sound. She had tried attacking from blind spots, while her back was turned. Nothing doing. How? How was she doing it? They were in the shadow of the house so, it wasn't because of her shadow giving her away. A sense of smell? Some sort of aura detecting her presence? No, that would surely burn through her energy reserves faster than she'd pick it up from this many passersby, that's what her instincts were telling her. Then... what? What was it? What was allowing her to fight back so effectively?

"For the next five minutes we have a special offer~" Mirdana sang. This time, Makoto was hanging back, watching her and trying to figure out what she was doing to predict her every move. "Buy one set, get one free! Teehee, aren't we generous? We're thinking of our customers, putting you as number one!"

Putting the customers as number one...? Ah! Hold on! Makoto had an idea! She rushed forward for another attack, intending a sliding sweep for Mirdana's... Wow, actually, looking at those legs they really were a work of art. Anyway! The point was that she was going to try taking her legs out from under her, bring her down, and then - Mirdana leaped over her, and cartwheeled off to the side, letting out a cutesy "Ta da!" as she did so, much to the appreciation of the audience.

"What a fun show these two are putting on."

"Yeah, it's a bit unorthodox, but it's really fun!"

"A staged fight between two sexy babes... I wanna buy those tacky clothes just to keep it going!"

The audience. That was the trick here. It reminded Makoto of an old riddle she'd once heard. There's a car race, a world championship. One particular favoured racer is coming up on the last curve on the final lap. He cannot see around the corner, but he knows that there's been a crash and prepares to deal with it. How does he know?

The answer is simple: The audience is not looking at him. They are looking around the corner at the crash! At a moment like the end of the race, when he's about to win, normally the audience would look at him. But! If there had been a crash, that would have their attention. It's the only thing that could take priority in that situation! Mirdana was predicting her moves and leaving her frustrated by watching the eyeline of the audience!

If Makoto was about to attack, their reactions would tell the whole story and tell her to dodge. Without even looking, Mirdana could tell where she was by watching their facial expressions and body language! This would allow her to put on a hell of a show for them, greatly enhancing their interest, drawing a larger crowd - and giving her more victims for Fashion Sense to hypnotise! Meaning more energy for her to pummel Makoto as she pleased!

That being the case, there was an obvious solution here. She'd been trying for physical attacks. In which case - Makoto picked up a pebble and threw it hard right at the back of Tiemaya's head. As expected, the audience gasped and their eyes went to the pebble. Miranda then spun around, leaping off to the side, only to find that Makoto's legs were already where she wanted to put her head. Makoto instinctively sent a surge of energy into her thighs, making them feel electric, totally alive with energy and then she drove Mirdana flat on her back, with her head pinned in place.

"No need to squirm, and that's a fact," Makoto said. "You told your sister earlier, Succubi do not need to breathe!"

Hrm... Interesting, interesting. Since Makoto had the dominant position here, and this hold was quite blatantly sexual, she was able to drain the energy right out of Mirdana's body. Keep her head pinned nicely in place, in between her thighs, let her struggle and - was that her tongue? It was ticklish, but not enough to budge her! Already, she could feel the succubus getting weaker and weaker as time passed.

"The show is over everyone!" Makoto yelled. "Please leave, it's all done and that's a fact!" She had to shatter this spell. Shatter it quickly, make sure that it couldn't continue to affect all these people! Then she could set about undoing the effect on Suzu's sister, and -

"Booty bump!"

"Booty bump?" Makoto repeated, genuinely confused in what she'd just heard. She turned to the source of the sound, but then - Boomf! Right in the mush! A garishly clad posterior struck her under the jaw, leaving her seeing stars. Before she could recover, whap! Another gaudy rump slapped her cheeks, sending her reeling to the side where she proceeded to bounce off the first set of cheeks, which thrust back in an attempt to bounce her around in a way that made her feel tremendous sympathy for a tennis ball.

Nonetheless! Makoto quickly rolled out of there and popped back onto her feet, ready to purify whatever evil...

"Suzu?" she gasped. Indeed, it was Suzu. Wearing those same awful clothes! Snug tiny shorts that assaulted the eyes, a shirt that screamed incoherently with colour! It was a shocking mixture of sexy and eyesore!

"Hi. Makoto." Suzu said, her smile seeming forced. "Sachiko was just. Telling me. About these new clothes. What do. You. Think?"

"I think you've been brainwashed," Makoto sniffed. "And that I must purify you immediately. For your own sake, and for the sake of - Yipe!"

Suddenly, Sachiko grabbed her from behind and held onto her tightly! Why this little - A mere human couldn't tangle with her! She'd easily escape this and then -

"Don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart, I just don't think he'd understand," Sachiko whisper-sung into Makoto's ear. Before she could stop it, the song continued. Oh no! She'd

been able to fight it off when Mirdana had started to sing it, but Sachiko - that cruel, relentless human - was far more persistent about it! She took Makoto's hesitation as an invitation to sing further. "And if you tell me heart, my achy breaky heart, he might blow up and kill this man."

It came back to her, at that moment. The countless loopings of that accursed song. Over and over again. Poured right into her brain. The trauma! The misery! She barely registered when Suzu stripped off her robes, just enough that she could pull a pair of garish shorts up her legs. Stunned by her own weakness - no, not her own weakness! The folly of man! In the form of the country music genre! Broken down, worn down, until at last -

"Hey, you know, even though these shorts are tight and hideous, they are super comfortable and make me feel extremely confident about my body," Makoto said. Her eye twitched, and energy sparked out around her. A mixture of reds and yellows, black and white, jockeying for position, making her twitchy and jittery - but also feeling really, really hot.

"And that's. A. Fact," Suzu said.

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Kiyoshi was not in the very best of moods right now. His boss, Meiko, had been quite insistent that he 'bring that girl here, no matter what', and despite everything the only thing he could think of to persuade her was to contract with her. He'd considered all the angles. Bribery of some sort. Sweets or candy, or whatever. Poke her a little, try to get her talking about what else she wanted and maybe - just maybe - she'd give him what his boss wanted.

Or maybe he'd contract with her instead. That might be better really. Well... whatever! The only thing for it now was for him to return home and see if he could track Tiemaya, the Succubus Stalker, and try to persuade her to come work for them. Didn't seem like a task he especially wanted, but - hell, when Meiko got like that he couldn't say no to her. He doubted any human could. And so, having reached work, he had to turn around and go back home. Without a car. Without a bike. He had to go all the way back on public transport much, much earlier than normal.

Now, one might wonder 'why didn't he call home first'? The answer to that is easy.

"Come on you rاتفuckers, I know you're spawn camping and - hey Kiyoshi, you're back early! Die, die, die! I see you there! You won't get past me that easily!"

The answer was, simply, his mother wasn't going to answer the phone. Well, whatever.

"Hey, have you seen Tiemaya anywhere around? Boss wants her, I think she's on a recruitment kick."

"Hah! They're hiring from Hell now? Sounds about right!" his mother yelled loudly enough to wake the dead. "Yeah, I think she left with Suzu a good while back. I have not seen them since."

Suzu, huh? That made an unfortunate amount of sense. If she couldn't get what she wanted from Kiyoshi himself, then harassing Suzu was the next best move. Balling up his fists, Kiyoshi spun on his heel and marched out the front door. He'd better get to Suzu's place before that sneaky succubus tries something dastardly. Again. Honestly, ever since she fell into his life -

"Look out belooooooow!"

Speaking of which, here she came again. Kiyoshi quite deliberately stepped to the side, sighed wearily, and let her crash right onto the pavement outside his home.

"Hey! A gentleman should have caught me!" Tiemaya protested from her hole in the pavement.

"Well, a gentleman wouldn't want anything to do with a manipulative succubus in the first place," he replied. "Anyway, you're coming with me. My boss wants to meet you apparently -"

Tiemaya proceeded to jump right out of the hole and... Huh, you know, he kept on forgetting about how utterly, otherworldly sexy she was. It was sort of like every time he saw her, he forgot about that body, forgot about that style. Forgot how easily, almost as a matter of course, she could turn a man on without any effort at all.

"Oooh, that sneaky miko! She might be an amateur, but she hits like a truck!" Tiemaya groused. "Guh! My sister's fighting that monster? I suppose I'd better get back there before she burns herself out trying to put the miko down..."

"Your sister?" Kiyoshi asked. "Oh no, oh hell no, the last thing I need is another succubus running around causing trouble."

"Gotta go -" she yelled, but he grabbed her arm. "Ah! Let go! My dumb sister got herself into a fight she might not be able to win!"

"How about you slow down and fill me in on what's going on first," Kiyoshi demanded. "Tell you what. I help you out, you let my boss employ you. Sounds fair?"

It sounded like a contract to him. Probably to her as well. Urgh, this sucked. But under the circumstances, if he didn't then he had absolutely no doubt in his mind that Meiko would eat him alive.

"Better plan!" Tiemaya said, making a point of looking at the hand he had on her arm. Oh. Oh crap! "I drain your energy right now and use it to help my sister, then you come back and form a proper contract with me. Lights out, handsome."

## Ataru's Level Upper

Ataru Moroboshi was grinning ear to ear this fine lunchtime. This morning, he'd gotten laid. He'd managed to sleep with Mendo's little sister. Hohoho! The moment rich boy found out about that he'd... probably murder Ataru within the hour, but the expression on his face? Chef's kiss, it would be worth it!

Ah, but let's be sensible here. He can't go around bragging yet. This little gizmo had given him more success than... Well, anything else he'd tried to seduce girls, and he was only just getting started. He'd seduced Shinobu. He was making out regularly with Lum and getting away with what he was doing. And now, he's banged Ryoko!

The question that arose most naturally was: What next? What, indeed? He could track down Shinobu and fool around with her. Maybe score a little private time with Ryoko for round two. Or someone new? Yes, someone new seemed like the best approach. Which left him with the question: What should he do this glorious lunchtime?

Pay a visit to the nurse's office? No, no, Miss Sakura was a delight but he wasn't ready for her yet. A few more levels, yes, he needed a few more levels before making his move in that direction. That was a prize he needed to earn - though what a prize it would be! Even so, he had to be patient (boo!) because if she worked out what he was doing it would be game over.

Ran? Dangerous but for different reasons than Miss Sakura. Her alien nature was pretty obvious, on the whole. In the near future? Yes, definitely. But his instincts were warning him that right here, right now, Ran was not the right person for him to grind Flirting levels off of.

Of those present at Tomobiki High that left one girl in particular. Of those he most desired to be part of his harem, there was one left. An unusual choice. Yet an inevitable one. He'd seen her body and knew she would be a knockout. Of course, he meant the one and only Ryuunosuke Fujinami.

"Hey, you there? You trying to pick a fight or what?"

Speak of the devil and there she is. Ryu-chan, adorable as ever, lifting a bully up by his collar and giving him the evil eye. Ohoho! Tougher than 90% of the male students at a bare minimum, and more manly than... 100% of the boys, if he got his maths right. Yep, definitely. She dressed like a boy, she talked like a boy, she behaved like a boy, and when anyone first met her they would undoubtedly mistake her for a boy.

Yet underneath all that was a 10/10 babe. We're talking enormous boobs, a slender waist, healthy hips, thighs that demanded love and affection, hidden away under clothes that were distinctly and deliberately as uncute as possible. Why would this be? What reason might such a terrible thing happen?

"That's right, son! Show that bully what for!"



Enter Mister Fujinami, king of the gaslighters. It was hard to reconcile the idea that someone as hot as Ryu-chan could have sprung from the loins of such an ugly bastard. The man must have seduced the most gorgeous woman to ever exist for her to give birth to Ryu-chan, and that's not just Ataru being a pervert. Look at the girls in the corridor. They were looking at her like Ataru wished they'd look at him! They knew fine well that she was a girl, but - damn, she was so handsome they didn't care.

So yeah, it was entirely Ataru's intention to seduce her.

"Clear off old man! I don't want you in my corner cheerin' me on!"

One swift uppercut, which turned into an attempt at a roundhouse kick. Oh, what grace and elegance she nearly showed. That strength, that fire, that passion! This is normally where he would leap in, try to hug and embrace her in an attempt to share his affection!

Yet there was this invisible something holding him back. Something whispering in his ear that, no, she likely would not appreciate that. He should be more careful, more cautious and approach this from a different angle.

For some reason, Ataru felt like... hitting on these girls over here instead. He turned his attention to these beauties and started his usual schtick. "Hey girls, wanna hang out with me at that new tea house on the beach -"

"New tea house on the beach?!" Mister Fujinami roared, and then he was replaced by a cloud of smoke in the shape of an abusive parent. Right, of course. He was pretty fiercely competitive about his business, it was just a good thing he hadn't grabbed Ryu-chan as well.

Though from the way she was fidgeting she obviously wanted to go after him. Well, anyway. With that loudmouth gone it was the perfect chance. An opportunity like this doesn't come around very often. His Flirting skill was getting up there, and this was a chance to either test it out or help it develop even more.

"Yo, Ryu!" he coolly said. "Now that your old man's gone, wanna hang out a while? It feels like we barely know each other, you know?"

"Nah, I got a pretty good handle on what you're about, ya perv," Ryuunosuke immediately replied, waving him off and walking away. Oh, not going to make it easy for him was she? Well! He wasn't giving up that easily!

"Oh, but you seem so tense, Ryu-chan! Let me give you a shoulder rub to help your stress levels!" he said.

"No thanks, if my muscles are tense I'll have a hot bath."

Huh? That is weird. This response... No reaction at all? Was his flirting level not high enough to let him seduce Ryuunosuke? Was she somehow wise to what he was doing? Totally no-selling it!

"Come on Ryu-chan, you know if I tried anything with you Lum would zap me like a lightning rod!"

"Never stopped ya before."

Then, out of nowhere, a girl ran out. Held out a box of chocolates shaped like a heart, thrust it into Ryuunosuke's hands, blushed so hard she probably glowed in the dark and then scampered off without looking back.

"Thanks!" Ryuunosuke said. "Man, I don't know what it is, but every so often some chick throws chocolate into my hand. It's great for reselling at the shop!"

It's true. This girl... had absolutely no sense of romance in her soul! Her father had so thoroughly raised her as a boy that she was completely and totally oblivious to when she was being flirted with! Wow, way to lean on the gender stereotypes Mister Fujinami, in one fell stroke you've managed to insult both men and women alike! That level of casual disregard for the emotions of others would be genuinely impressive if it wasn't so *utterly monstrous*.

On the other hand it did give Ataru an idea. No, that idea was not to emotionally cripple a young girl into having a lifelong crisis about her gender. If anything her idea was the opposite of that.

"Hey, Ryu-chan, would you... Like me to help you learn how to act like a girl?"

Ding! Huh? Really? The mere act of asking had made him gain a level?

"Darling, are you hitting on Ryuunosuke?"

Uh oh. This was no time for him to be worried about that! Lum had found him! Indeed, there she was floating slightly off the ground. Scowling at him suspiciously. Not yet charging up the old lightning to punish him for misbehaving, but probably not far off it!

Yet he didn't panic. He stayed calm, and that helped quite a bit.

"Oh, no, not at all! I'm just concerned about our dear friend here," Ataru said, patting Ryuunosuke on the shoulder. It was a good sign that she didn't punch him for the contact. "It's obvious that she dearly wants to be more feminine, but her bully of a father keeps cutting her off at every turn. Shouldn't we do something to help her?"

"You just want to see her in a skirt," Lum said.

"Well, there are some benefits to helping her out, I will admit," Ataru said. Oof, Ryuunosuke in a skirt? It was hard to imagine that, and you'd best believe he was trying his damndest. Uh oh, the electricity was starting to spark up now, any moment she'd point at him and then pain would follow. "Would you like to help out, Lum? We could use the help, and you're an excellent example of a woman to serve as an example."

"Yeah, but if you wanna do this you gotta keep my old man busy," Ryuunosuke said. "That thing about the new tea shop won't keep him busy long, and then he'll be right back to be his usual annoying self."

Oh? Well, that was true enough. That man had a tendency to show up whenever there was any hint of Ryuunosuke about to enjoy... anything at all, but especially a taste of femininity. Hrm. This was going to be a lot harder than he thought. Not only was Lum going to get in the way of him flirting, but Mister Fujinami as well...

"Actually, I think I know just the thing that will do the trick, tcha!" Lum said.

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Mister Fujinami was not in a good mood. Well, what else was new? The guy was probably born grumpy. He'd die grumpy. His tombstone would be a sourpuss. It's just the way he was. Right now the specific thing upsetting him was a fine sense that his wayward **son** was up to crossdressing shenanigans again!

...

Well, inside his own head he knew that Ryuunosuke was a girl. However! It was essential for their future happiness that he acknowledged that he was his son! Regardless of what kinda body he had!

By 'their' happiness, he of course meant 'his own'. Anyway! That boy probably sent him off on this wild goose chase because he was planning to do something behind the scenes. And so, it was essential that he track down his son before he did anything foolish like putting on a girl's uniform, and -

"Aha! Ryuunosuke, there you are!" he roared, sure enough, finding him carrying a girl's uniform on a coat hanger slung over his shoulder. "Where do you think you're going with that, boy!"

With nary a word, Ryuunosuke then proceeded to punch him in the face. Mister Fujinami recoiled, but then bounced off the wall and then snatched the hangar right out of his grip.

"Oh, you got ever so slightly better, but only by an inch! I'm still miles ahead!" he sang and pranced while holding the uniform ever so slightly out of reach. Ahahaha! It was the same old song and dance as always! Except, this time his son was being a lot more quiet than usual. "What's the matter, cat got your tongue?" Ryuunosuke dove for the uniform, and he swept it aside like a matador. Except he had no knife to plunge into the back of the neck! Hahaha! As if he would do that to his wayward son!

A cynic might say he only thought that because it would finally, mercifully, put an end to Ryuunosuke's suffering.

"Toro, toro! Hahaha! You see, Ryuunosuke! You'll have to get up earlier in the day to pull one over on me!"

... Maybe those cynics had the right idea, this guy was a monster in human guise. Well, it's a good thing he was having fun at least. That is, he's having fun with Ryuunosuke's quantum double. Made by Lum for the express purpose of keeping this idiot distracted while they set about the vital role of helping Ryuunosuke learn how to be girly.

It turns out that the best way to deal with gaslighters is to troll them all that much harder, to the point they don't even notice they're being distracted. Who knew?

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When one pursues a relationship with a boy like Ataru Moroboshi (for some unknown reason) it is absolutely essential to be on your guard at all times. Who knows when his perverted desires will take hold, and compel him to do something ridiculous or stupid? She'd been trying to keep track of Darling's activities today - her intention being to keep his amazing smoochies all to herself. Make him focus on her, be the sole object of his affection and wear him down little by little until he gave up his pervy wannabe playboy ways for good.

A fine theory. In practise it would be a bit harder than that. It would take a lot of time, effort and patience. Lum wasn't exactly known for that last quality, but try telling her that to her face. If you like the taste of thunder in your morning cereal, it's probably a great idea.

Right now her focus was on Ataru spending time with Ryuunosuke. She wasn't entirely sure about this 'help her behave girly' plan, right up until Ataru called her an 'excellent example of a woman' or whatever he'd said. He didn't compliment her like that very often. Usually he tried to pretend that he wasn't attracted to her 10/10 body.

What, she was proud of how she looked, you think she wore that bikini for the fun of it? Works of art like that need to be shown off.

In any event, right now they were in an empty classroom well away from where Ryu's quantum copy had been told to run around. Had they a bit more time they'd have gone off to Lum's spaceship, as that would've been more out of the way but... another time perhaps.

"So, how we starting this?" Ryuunosuke asked. Looking all cool and manly while leaning against a wall. Hand stuffed in pockets, generally exuding this 'boy' aura about himself. Herself! Herself, she had to correct that in her own head. Gosh it was hard to keep that straight.

Darling rubbed his hands together with glee, earning a narrowed gaze from Lum. He seemed to get the message, and coughed into his hand. "Well, the first thing we have to work on is body language, obviously." He produced a pointer, and trailed it in the air a little away from Lum's body. "See the way she's... hovering there? Observe that poise. Watch the placement of her feet. You see how her hands are behind her back, providing a cutesy atmosphere?"

"Oh, Darling!" Lum blushed. For some reason that was really getting to her. He was being so flirty recently, if not for their deal she'd have jumped on him by now.

"Try standing like that," Ataru instructed. "Something simple to start us off. Give it a try."

"Like this...?" Ryuunosuke said, and gave it a try. She put her hands behind her back, then adjusted her stance to match Lum's. The problem was... her facial expression. It was aggressive. Really aggressive. A deep seat scowl, pursed lips, furrowed brow, and breathing entirely through her nose. It made her seem less cute and more like she was about to throw down.

"Not bad, not bad," Ataru said. Obviously lying. He nudged her to step forward, away from the wall, so he could walk around her. Was he checking her out? "Ahem! Maybe if you moved your feet together more like this... Women tend to stand with their feet closer together than men, and your toes are pointing away like you want to stand that way. It's throwing off your posture- there, much cuter!"

Actually, aside from the face, yes. It was quite a bit cuter. Though Ryuunosuke wasn't able to hold it for long before toppling over, forcing Darling to catch her.

"Darling, your hand better not be on her chest," Lum warned.

"Oh, I should let a pretty girl faceplant on the floor?" Ataru shot back. Actually, his hand wasn't on her chest. He'd let his arm lie across her stomach instead. Hrm, okay. "You can do this, Ryu-chan! I believe in you! For a second there, you looked like a really cute girl!"

Ding. Huh? What was that? Did Darling just... ding?

"You sure? It felt really weird, standing like that. Like, if someone moved to attack I'd be wide open to being tripped or something."

"Nonsense!" Ataru said, nudging her back into that same stance. "A cute girl like you can be strong and cute at the same time!"

Ding! Darling seemed surprised that time. Sort of a 'what really?' reaction. Not to something bad, but something good that he wasn't expecting. How strange. How... suspicious. What was he up to? This wasn't just an attempt to help Ryuunosuke, was it?

He stepped back and got Lum to stand right next to Ryuunosuke, the two of them in the same pose. "Now try smiling!" he instructed, stepping back and framing his fingers like he was trying to take a picture. "There we go! Two cute girls, side by side! Adorable!" Oh, there he went again, almost forcing Lum to blush. "Smile, now Ryu-chan! You'll look even cuter if you smile. Ah! Ah! Not quite, not quite... You're almost forcing it there, relax your face a bit and - Now it's a bit too much of a smirk. Bring your lips up a bit more on the other side of your mouth as well..."

With that done, he beckoned for Lum to come over to take a look. She floated across, then turned back and - "Oh gosh! She's so cute!"

"Yep, nobody would mistake her for a boy like that!"

Ding! Ding! Ding! Three dings in a row? Darling had a bit of a weird smile there on his face too for a bit. Was that a fist pump of victory?

"Ahahaha!" he laughed. "Ahem! With that lesson marvellously concluded, we should also try to practise walking next! Lum, I need you to not hover while you demonstrate."

"What do you need me to do?" Lum asked.

"Just take a few steps while I highlight to Ryu what she should be looking for."

Hrm... that seemed reasonable enough, but Lum couldn't shake the feeling this was towards some perverted end.

"No need to be shy," Darling said. "You have a very pretty walk, you know."

Well... Oh, fine. She'd serve as another example for Ryu-chan to learn from. What harm could it do to play along?

=====

That had been quite a shocking success. Shinobu had been trying since Mendo first started attending this school, trying to get that boy's attention on her. It never lasted. He was as bad as Ataru... except if Ataru was loaded. Now she had his attention. Lingering on her.

And it wouldn't stop there. She was already formulating plans. Plans of her own. Plans involving so much more. Why not keep practicing flirting? Inaba was a nice guy and had a thing for her, he'd be a great practice bunny.

First things first though. She really ought to track down Ataru and... get a little action out of him. What would happen if the two of them ground out a few levels off each other? Would their mutual talent in kissing help them gain experience faster? She was eager to find out.

Or, maybe it was that she was eager for a little action. Gosh she was hornier than she realised.

"Ryuunosuke! You're in better form today than usual! Hah! I'll make a man out of you - Oof!"

Urgh, the Fujinamis were at it again. Time for her to duck out of that. She couldn't stand to see poor Ryu being forced into fistfights like that against her old man. For now, she'd try to find Ataru in this other part of the building. The classrooms over here weren't normally used at lunch as they were quite far from the lunchroom, so maybe he was back here -

She opened a door and found A most bizarre sight. Lum, mid-step, while Ataru and Ryuunosuke were on their hands and knees behind her, staring right at her butt. All three of them slowly turned towards her.

"Am I interrupting something?" Shinobu asked, innocent and sweet. If so, she wanted in on it, but best to test the waters first before potentially humiliating anyone.

"Ah, no! No! It's nothing dirty!" Ryuunosuke protested. "It's - Uh, they're just helpin' me figure out how to act like a chick!"

Oh. So that's what it was? Wait, hold on, but Ryuunosuke was...

"Did you make a quantum clone of Ryuunosuke and send it off to fight her father while you were doing this utterly ridiculous thing?" Shinobu asked.

"Maybe?" Lum twiddled her thumbs and looked to the ceiling. "It would be in the name of a good cause if it was."

Hrm. You know what? Shinobu was feeling a bit selfish right now. Screw it. Ataru wasn't getting Ryuunosuke. She grabbed Ryuunosuke by the hand and hauled her out of the room. "You two keep your ridiculous antics away from her!" she yelled back. Because she had her own ridiculous antics in mind, thank you very much!

=====

Frustration beset Ataru Moroboshi! Right when things were getting good. Shinbou! Interfering like that at a time like this! He'd almost managed to make Ryuunosuke develop a rigid, perverted understanding of the way women walk, which would have made it so much easier to seduce her!

On the other hand, he could only call that little lesson a resounding success. Ryu-chan was a strange girl - normal flirting bounced off her tough exterior as though there was an impenetrable barrier, but if you go out of your way to affirm her femininity, or help her in expressing it in any way it makes her so, so happy that it dumped a truckload of experience right into Ataru's lap.

He still remembered it, when she'd managed to properly express herself with a full on girly smile. Not only did it make him proud as a teacher, but it honestly did help his image of her as a girl. Cute! Adorable! Her true emotions shining through, when she was likely stifling them all her life, only able to express them as frustration at her situation! The same kind of frustration Ataru felt that he wasn't able to seal the deal.

Although... it seemed that he'd gained no less than five levels in record time. Jumping up in his Flirting skill from 25 to 30 with about ten minutes of work. They only had forty minutes for lunch, and they'd used about fifteen of those already. What should he do next? Track down another girl? Maybe Ran?

"Tcha, Shinobu over-reacted. Again!" Lum rolled her eyes. She turned to the door and despite himself Ataru found his gaze wandering up and down her figure. Even though Lum was wearing the girl's uniform, he'd seen her in her bikini often enough that he was easily able to replace it in his mind.

He always tried to tell himself that she wasn't hot. He always tried to warn himself not to find her attractive. If he found her attractive, something might happen. He'd get a chain wrapped to his ankle, and a ball on the other end.

Yet it was the same as denying that the sky was blue or that water was wet. Lum had a smoking hot bod. A cute face (if possessing some inhuman features like fangs, horns and weirdly shaped iris), large breasts, slender waist, childbearing hips and a killer pair of legs. His initial gut response on seeing her for the first time, casually flaunting that body for the humans she'd come to conquer, amounted to pretty much 'please conquer me'. A feeling he'd very occasionally had, and then squashed down. To protect his future. To keep himself from being a one woman man.

Right now though, that freshly raised Flirting skill was aching to be used. Level 30 is actually quite good for a human on any skill. 50 is peak human, beyond that is superhuman. Which meant that right now, Ataru had a level of Flirting that was a reasonable amount above the average human. Certainly much higher than it used to be, when he would rush around at random hitting on anything in a skirt and coming off like a creep. Ironically enough diminishing his odds of success while trying desperately to maximise them.

"Y'know, when Ryu-chan was showing that smile, it's obvious she was trying to copy you," Ataru said, casually dropping that out there. "You don't mind me showing you off like that, do you? I can't think of anyone better suited to help Ryu-chan learn how to be girly."

Flirting was a success. Lum's mood obviously shifted as soon as he said that. She was fidgeting now. Remembering their deal. She dearly, dearly wanted to steal a kiss - but then that would break their deal, right?

The memory of that deal was making some other vivid memories come back to him, though. The last couple of days they'd made out for a little bit. Not long, but it felt longer. The spicy taste of Lum, the soft touch, her hot body pressed up against his.

...

"You know, there's nothing in our deal saying I can't kiss you," Ataru said. He pushed her up against a wall and slammed his hand next to her head. She closed her eyes. He stepped closer. Alright. This would be a good chance to get some experience out of kissing, too. Lum wasn't his intended target by a long shot, but - dammit, he'd spent a little too long looking at her feminine attributes while trying to train Ryu-chan! Was it any wonder he was horny after that?

Alas, this was the moment their stomachs interfered, right before their lips could touch. A loud gurgling sound that must have echoed up from the deepest pits of hell, utterly spoiling the mood and making Ataru keenly aware that he'd not actually had lunch yet.

"Uh... How about we go get us something to eat, and then we take turns feeding each other?" Ataru offered, rubbing at the back of his head nervously. "I left my bento in my locker!"



It was only when they separated that he realised what he was doing. Falling into her trap! Being seduced by her instead of the one seducing her! Maybe he should try finding another girl to fool around with for a while before trying anything with Lum? There was enough time for a little bit of fun before lunch was over with... He should be able to manage that, right?

If you believe that, you've not been paying attention to the luck he's had over the course of a lifetime.

## Negima Vampire Wedding

Let us consider the young woman known as Asuna Kaguazaka. Full fledged member of the Baka Rangers, and for good reason. She doesn't study well. Why do you suppose that might be? Is it her hotheaded attitude? General impatience? Or maybe it's not something so simple to explain. Perhaps it's something else, something intangible, almost impossible to detect. A variety of factors coming together to make her simply bad at studying. Such a thing is entirely possible. Negative character traits are often summarised as if they are the product of a single issue, when the truth is often far more complicated and involved.

In any case, today she was sorting through her mail. Well, 'sorting' implies that there was a lot of it. There wasn't. Actually, there was just one letter, which she was hesitating to open.

It was... how to put it? Very gothic. Lots of golden flowers around the edges, black paper and a red wax seal holding it closed. It was the kind of thing you look at and wonder what the hell could be inside. She didn't recognise the writing. She wasn't expecting a letter of any kind. It was suspicious. Really suspicious.

And yet... Screw it. What harm could it be? It was just a letter, right? Asuna sighed, she was immune to magic anyway, so if it was someone trying something it wouldn't affect her. She was the best person to open this anyway, so...

The letter was torn open, and Asuna found herself immediately sprayed in the face with this weird stinky dust. She waved around her face, she threw the letter away trying to get rid of it, and then without warning it sort of settled in the air around her... then every single particle forced its way up her nose or in her mouth, causing her to topple over onto the floor from sheer surprise.

"Ah, maybe I should have been more patient?" she considered. Magic didn't affect her, but magic potions did. Inhaling something magical probably bypassed her usual defenses. She had to get out of here and -

*Power.*

Clong! Something went ding ding ding inside her brain. What was -

*Blood.*

A strange pulse of sensation shot through every vein and artery in her body.

*Control.*

Suddenly, Asuna was aware that she had not blinked in a whole minute. Nor taken a breath.

*Feed.*

"What's happening to... OooooOooOoh."

Her vision went blurry, and Asuna passed out. As she slept, she dreamed of such strange things. Bats, wolves, blood. White dresses, castles, sharp teeth. Pale flesh. Enormous breasts. Dark hair. And so much red that it made her hungry... or should that be thirsty?

*"Another grape, mistress?"*

*Asuna's vision cleared, and she found herself lying on a very large and old fashioned looking bed. There were three other girls here with her. Two of them had blurry faces, and she couldn't make out who they were - but they were wearing bridal gowns. Her too! As for the last of them, her face was perfectly clear. It was a face that Asuna recognised well.*

*Ayaka. The class president. Her tormentor, her enemy, someone that she could never get on with. Laying there all sexy and gorgeous, with her pale skin, blood red eyes, and sharp canines... Hold on, that wasn't right.*

*"Very good, very good!" Ayaka chuckled, patting Asuna on the head. A shudder went through her. Did - Did she just feel good from being complimented by this perverted idiot?! "Why, such a defiant gaze, little Asuna. Would you like to be in my position?"*

*Asuna nodded despite herself.*

*"Then take it! For in this world, power is all that matters. The power to take what you want! By force, by cunning, by charisma! Whatever it takes, by hook or by crook, take that power for yourself! Ohohohohoho!"*

*Despite herself, Asuna couldn't look away from Ayaka's eyes. She tilted her head, as if offering it up to her. Then, that perverted class president leaned in, baring fangs, and plunged them into Asuna's neck, making her... Feel really, really good all over as she was fed from. This was the vampire's kiss. A potent instrument of theirs to lure and ensnare lovers into becoming their repeated food supply. Pleasure unknowable to humans beyond this method. A sign of the vampire's inherent erotic nature made manifest in what is, perhaps, among their most frightening aspects...*

"Ahhhh!" Asuna sat up from the floor. She felt woozy. Dizzy. Giddy. Her hand went to the side of her head, and she felt an honest wave of relief. That was... unnerving, to say the least. What sort of freaky nightmare was that?! Rolling over, she crawled off to her bedside mirror to rub the sleet from her eyes -

And found no reflection contained therein.

Asuna stared at the offending item. She tapped it. Made a face. Lifted it up, angled it around. She could see the room behind herself, but not her own face. There was the ceiling, there was the wall, there were the other pieces of furniture in the room, but not Asuna herself.

"This is so weird..." she complained aloud, to nobody in particular. Ah, but then she noticed her hands and things became stranger still. Her skin was as pale as snow, yet her fingernails were a perfect black. "What happened to my hand?"

In surprise, she touched her face. Then she felt the canines. Ah! Wh-What was this?! No, it couldn't be? Unable to see her own reflection? Pale skin? Sharp teeth? An unquenching thirst for human blood that she was only now starting to notice?!

"Evangeline! Somehow this is your fault!"

=====

Do you know, she was not amused by this little cosplay from 'her highness'. Evangeline was a True Vampire, and whatever Asuna was very plainly wasn't her.

When she arrived, she was in her regular clothes, but the rest of her was... different, to say the very least. Her skin was white. Not in the sense that most mean it when they say someone's skin is white - It was actually completely pale. Her eyes were blood red, she had rather comically large upper canines for what they would be used to do, her fingernails were jet black... and so was her hair, though she didn't seem to be aware of that yet.

The style had changed, too. Rather than her normal 'cute pigtails' her hair had sort of... grown upwards? Wasn't this like a beehive? Who even wore their hair like that these days? And... were those bells attached to her hair as well? How ridiculous.

"Change me back!" Asuna demanded. How rude! She comes over here, all accusatory, and insisting that Evangeline 'change her back'? She had half a mind to dunk her head in water and toss her a sponge. "Please, you have to change me back! I'm so hungry, how can you stand it?"

"Oh, the hunger for human blood is it?" Evangeline rolled her eyes. Right, sure. Of course that's what she was experiencing. "That is usually quite bad for the recently converted. Honestly though Asuna dear, haven't you heard of psychosomatic symptoms? Oh! And I take it you've not seen the Nicolas Cage movie Vampire's Kiss? That character thought *he* was a vampire too, and wound up getting people killed! Himself included. Why don't you stop with this delusion and -"

Nom.

Well, how about that. Evangeline had turned her back for only a moment, dismissively waving Asuna off, and that had been enough. Asuna had seen her lower her guard and pounced with remarkable speed for a human. Ah, and what was this...? Those lousy looking fangs were actually penetrating her -

Badaboomf.

Wh-What was this? It was funny really. Earlier on Evangeline had mentioned the movie Vampire's Kiss, but now she was actually receiving one. Could it be? Had Asuna really and truly become a vampire? She'd dismissed it as ridiculous, but this feeling of eroticism... there could be no mistaking it.

This was what a vampire feeding from someone was meant to feel like. Sensation overwhelming your common sense. A feeling like a lead weight creeping over your every thought. Clouding her in mist. For the first time in an eternity, Evangeline felt... Weak.

It was novel. It brought a faint smile to her lips before she even knew it. Ah... Was this what it was meant to be like being embraced by a vampire?

*I've been the fake all this time.*

No, hold on, that wasn't right. Where had that come from?

*Epiphany. Self analysis. Let the truth wash over you.*

Evangeline blinked, finding her vision blurred. She was wobbly, weak, finding it hard to stay upright.

*You see? You're weak. Asuna is strong. Asuna is mighty.*

But she'd launched this attack because Evangeline hadn't taken her seriously...

*All that matters in nature is the results. The strong stand tall. The weak fall. You lost, therefore -*

"Therefore I am weak," Evangeline sighed, and slumped to the floor out of Asuna's grip.

=====

Mmmm, blood tasted good! Asuna smacked her lips and sighed contently, feeling refreshed and invigorated. That gnawing hunger was no longer there. She could think clearly again and -

"Oh no Evangeline! I'm so sorry!" Asuna said. She reached down, and scooped the girl up. Finding it easy. Ridiculously easy. She'd have a harder time picking up a feather, or so she thought. "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine, Mistress!" Evangeline sighed, staring at her with these big wide adoring eyes. "Please, allow me to serve you."

Serve her...? What nonsense was this? More importantly why was it giving her a rush? A feeling of total rightness? That it was only natural for Evangeline to bend her knee and swear fealty to her, kissing the back of her hand and doing absolutely whatever Asuna wanted -

"Ahhhhhh!" Asuna gasped. "Ohhhhh! I think... I think it would be good to see you in a maid outfit, Evangeline." A thought came to her. "Where is Chachamaru, by the way?"

"She is on an errand, and should be gone for a few more hours," Evangeline said.

Good. No, wait, why was that good? She shouldn't do this. Shouldn't do what she was thinking of doing. Evangeline in a slutty little maid uniform? That would be... amazing, but wrong. She shouldn't do that. She should be trying to find a cure for her condition. She shouldn't be indulging such whimsical fantasies, she shouldn't be imagining how cute Evangeline would look if only she -

If only she...

"Evangeline, your hair is turning white," Asuna remarked in a sleepy voice. Before her eyes, the supposed mighty vampire's hair was changing, twisting around in weird and wonderful ways. Rising and twisting around into curls that hung low down her back. They made her look like some fancy rich girl - Ojou curls! The look suited her well. It would contrast gloriously against a maid uniform! Ah, and her teeth! They looked properly vampiric now.

...

What was she thinking?! No! Stop that! This wasn't like her, it wasn't - It wasn't! B-But, she really wanted to see Evangeline in that uniform! Something skimpy and scandalous. Ohhh, she wanted it so badly, but it felt like the second she gave that order she might as well be throwing in the towel!

In which case... the towel was already flying over the ropes to land on the mat, and the referee was waving for the bell to be rung.

"Change into a maid uniform," Asuna found herself ordering. "And then... I want you to bring me..." She thought for a moment. Who might be best suited to change her back if Evangeline couldn't? "Ako. She might be able to think of something."

And if she couldn't? Well... Asuna could already feel the endless hunger building up again within her. Surely that girl would be able to fill her needs? Kukuku...

=====

Asuna had decided to change clothes while Evangeline was gone. Her usual uniform felt... Itchy. Wrong. She needed something a bit more comfortable. It didn't take long for her to find something in Evangeline's wardrobe. Right now, she doubted very much the girl would complain. A slinky black dress, yes, that's the ticket. The neckline was a little low, and this slit up the side showed off basically all of her leg, but once she put it on those things didn't seem like bad qualities anymore.

Anyway, once she had changed she was feeling a bit calmer as well. Not so hungry anymore either. It was like she'd scratched an itch of some kind by changing into something more appropriate. Still, this would likely only keep it at bay for a little while.

"I hope Ako can figure something out about this," Asuna sighed, tapping her forehead. "I don't want to be a vampire forever."

"Mistress, we have arrived," Evangeline announced. Aha! Wonderful! Asuna rose to her feet, dashing to greet them, desperate to meet Ako, whose medical expertise would surely provide some kind of answer to what the hell had happened to her -

Or, and hear me out on this, she could have some rather obvious bite marks on her neck, pale skin, blood red eyes and a glazed over expression that pretty much said it all.

"Evangeline, did you- Did you turn her?" Asuna asked, knowing full well that this was a rhetorical question while dearly wishing that it was not.

"Of course, Mistress!" Evangeline said. "I brought her to you in the most efficient way that I could."

Asuna pinched the bridge of her nose. Oh dear. Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear. This was not what she wanted at all! In this condition, Ako likely couldn't do anything to help her... Or could she? Hrm. That was a thought. She reached out and tipped up Ako's chin, making the girl look her in the eyes.

Gosh, was she always this pretty? There was a strange sort of... elegance about her, being like this. Contentment, as though she'd found her purpose in life.

"Ako, I am in need of a nurse," Asuna said, and it came out like the command that it truly was. Oh, but she was so pretty like this. "A sexy vampire nurse." That escaped her before she could stop herself. Ahhh, this rush of power was intoxicating!

"Yes, Mistress," Ako curtsied. "I shall dress up as a sexy vampire nurse."

Hearing her say that was so... delicious. Asuna's eyes fluttered as she imagined it. Ako, dressed up in a pure white uniform, holding a syringe in one hand and a clipboard in another. Baring her fangs, little bat wings fluttering from the back of her head... Perhaps asking a patient for a blood sample. That snug fitting uniform. Hugging her thighs, emphasising her hips, butt and exposing her legs... Delicious. Yummy. Scrummy!

*But why stop there? Why stop with Ako? Wouldn't it be better if the whole class got along?*

The urges that Asuna had been fighting all this time had been building and building. She'd tried to throw up a dam of determination and grit to hold them down, but... a vampire is a power hungry creature, perhaps more than they require blood. Yes, that power and control over others is what truly satisfies them. At every turn, that burning need for power is the one and only thing that rivals that dreadful thirst.

As such, Asuna closed her eyes. Then, in the time that it took for her to finish that blink, the dam had burst and that need overwhelmed her before she even knew what was happening.

Asuna leaned in towards Ako's slender neck, opened her mouth wide and sank her fangs in, drawing blood and savouring the taste. Delicious. Though she took care not to drink too deeply in this case. She was unaware of how much Evangeline had taken. As such...

"Drink from me, now!" Asuna commanded. Ako let out a cute hiss as Asuna exposed her own neck and allowed her to feed. Ah, it is difficult to describe, the intimacy of this act. An exchange of fluids in a different way than most intend when they use that term. She could feel herself flowing into Ako, even as Ako's own blood was fed upon by her body. It's impossible to describe how this feels to a mortal that hasn't experienced it, has no concept of what it means to feed from one another. Indeed, until this moment Asuna had no idea what this represented. The mutual Vampire's Kiss went beyond anything a mere human being could experience in terms of romance and closeness.

"We must find you a nurse's uniform, immediately," Asuna repeated, patting Ako on the head as she finished feeding. "Once you have done that, we need to spread this wonderful gift to the others of our class," Asuna said. Airily, almost in a flighty way. "Evangeline, I would have you find Makie. Ako, locate Yuna. And... I shall take care of Konoka personally."

"As you wish, my dearest!" Ako said. "I cannot wait to show off my uniform."

"At once, Mistress!" Evangeline said.

both transformed girls curtsayed. Ah! Ah! How delightful! How delicious! It was the ideal way to bring about the end of the conflicts surrounding the class! Although, first things first they had to get Ako into that uniform, that had to take priority over absolutely everything -

"Miss Evangeline, I have finished my duties."

Oho? What was this now? Chachamaru had returned, had she? As one, Asuna, Evangeline and Ako turned around to face the cyborg. They approached her from all sides, none of them giving her an inch to escape. She looked around at them confused, little knowing what fate was about to have in store for her. Such a cute maid. Such a cuter maid she'd be with some fangs...

=====

We now leap ahead a mere twenty four hours to a truly bizarre scene being held within Evagneline's cottage. One would not recognise it, for the overall theme of the decor had shifted somewhat. Rather than the idea this was the home of a powerful vampire, it had a rather different air about it.

That is to say, one of a wedding about to commence.

"Ohohoho! How stunningly radiant!" said Ayaka, sitting in the front row on the left side. "A wedding, how glorious!"

"Yes, it is clear a lot of hard work went into this," Chizuru added.

"Teehee, I hope that everyone likes the cupcakes I made for the event," Satsuki chuckled away.



Do note that all three of them were staring off into space, and there were telltale signs of bite marks on their necks. While their flesh was still vibrant, marking them as living, it was clear to anyone who knew the signs to look for that these three - like all the others present - were under undue influence.

Who else was present, you may ask? Why, the entire class. In some capacity or another, they were here. As guests, as bridesmaids, Chachamaru was the priest, while a few of the girls were brides. Negi, you ask? Where is Negi? Not present. The only one who wasn't. He was... elsewhere at the moment, and probably for the best. They planned to deal with him later. After the ceremonies.

Who were those brides? Why, we have Yuna, Ako and Makie present, all three of them with tall hair sitting atop their heads. Their skin is pale as snow, and the telltale signs of vampirism lurk strongly about their features. Most prominently, their fangs. For the moment they were wearing western wedding gowns, except blood red rather than white to match their skin. It would hardly do, would it? They could no longer be seen as pure anyway. Outside this ceremony their attire would be quite different typically. After this, they were planning to change into sexy pinstripe nurse costumes, specifically modified to ensure maximum cleavage reveal.

"How do we look, head nurse?" Yuna asked, with hearts in her eyes. The effect was somewhat enhanced by the blood red colour of her iris.

"Magnificent," Ako replied. "Both of you look good enough to eat."

Next to them were another pair. Konoka and Setsuna, who had gone for a quite different aesthetic. Konoka suited a more traditional Japanese style wedding dress, and as such, while the others stood with bouquets ready to toss at a moment's notice, Konoka was kneeling with her bodyguard Setsuna standing nearby. Both of them clearly vampires as well- though in Setsuna's case, rather than a wedding gown she was dressed in a garb more suited for a geisha.

Make no mistake though. Should anyone have the foolish idea pass through their head that they could lay a finger on Konoka while she was there, then Setsuna would unleash a storm of blood that would set all of the vampires present into a feeding frenzy. Part of her still felt shame for unknowingly allowing a threat to come so close... but the rest of her was, at heart, fully certain that Konoka could no longer come to harm.

"My lady," Setsuna said. "I would say you are as radiant as the sun, but then we would all burn."

"Feeling a little flirty, are we Setsuna?" Konoka asked. "Tut, tut now! Let's save that for Asuna."

If they were waiting for Asuna, they wouldn't need to hold their breath. She came along promptly, as Chachamaru played a recording of the bridal march, wearing a splendid crimson wedding gown, replete with extra cloth attached to the back to look almost like bat wings fluttering behind her.

Once she reached the alter Evangeline spoke up. "Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today, to join together in unholy matrimony a brood of vampiric hellspawn. Together, they shall feast upon unwary mortals and turn them into their servants."

A titter went up amongst those present, as if on cue. How thoroughly performative.

"Since there are a bunch of you girls here today, why don't we cut to the chase. Do you all take each other, in perpetuity, to play power games with while thirsting for blood, for so long as you all shall unlive?"

"We do!" came the chorus from all of them.

"Then you may feed from one another to cement your bond," Evangeline said, her role promptly finished already in this farce of the most important day in a young girl's life. With her permission given, the whole lot of them immediately began to bare their fangs and reach for position, bouquets being tossed into the crowd as a feeding frenzy began. Think of it like... beasts jockeying for position, which of them would be on top and which would be beneath?

At the top of the pile when it was all said and done was, of course, Asuna, who wiped at her lips and licked the blood off in a deliberate, sensual manner.

"Thank you all, my friends, for coming here today," Asuna said. "Of course, we shall take great care of you going forward. Your vitae will be vital to our continued survival and growing strength."

"Yay..." the hypnotised girls in the audience clapped.

"Now, for my new brides, our first point of order... Is not to go for Negi, not yet," Asuna smiled viciously. "Instead, I would have you find the one that sent me that mysterious envelope. I wish to... thank them, personally."

Whether that meant something fair or foul, nobody present knew, or could even begin to guess. Nonetheless, one fact remained true. This was the beginning of something that would, in no time at all, take the whole world by storm.

## Reilouch of the Reibellion

It was weird, but since lunchtime Kallen had felt weird. As in Weird, with a capital W. Mostly it was the uniform. For some reason it didn't quite fit her as well as it had this morning. The shirt was a little too snug, the skirt kept on feeling like it was trying to lift up too. As if it wasn't short enough already.

But then, she'd started to feel... horny. It took her a while to understand exactly what this was. She felt flushed, warm, like something was turning topsy in her stomach. Then, her nipples started getting hard. Really hard. She was genuinely worried that, alongside this sudden tightness, she might pop a button. Send it flying across the room and draw all sorts of undue attention to herself.

*"Hey, that guy with the dark hair over there is super hot."*

Then there was this weird giggling voice in her head. Obviously a product of her own imagination. God, what was with her? She caught herself occasionally casting a look in that guy's direction. He was... kinda cute. Handsome in that kinda angular way Britannian men could be. Not really her type. A little too slender, not enough meat on the bone, looked like he was probably pretty stuck up.

Still, she kept on sneaking peeks. Ultimately she had to use her compact mirror to stop herself from being so obvious about it. How to put it? This almost felt like she was being conditioned into finding that guy hot.

*"Teeheehee..."*

Class passed by like a slow nightmare. By the time it was over all Kallen wanted to do was find some privacy and try to desperately take the edge off. It was starting to make her wonder, had she been exposed to some sort of chemical during that mission? She might need a medical checkup at this point to find out what the hell was wrong with her.

"Hey Kallen, were you checking out Lelouch before?" one of the girls asked, and in that moment Kallen felt the urge to throttle her right there and then.

"Ooh, good pick! But the competition is pretty hefty, he's easily Mister Eligible Bachelor - and vice president of the student council to boot."

"Is he now...?" Kallen pondered. Actually, that guy had approached her during lunch for some reason. Then all of a sudden her clothes don't feel like they fit properly and she's feeling all warm and moist from looking at him. Suspicious. Highly suspicious.

"The current betting is that Shirley's the likeliest to score him though, since she's a council member too."

"Not to mention it's pretty obvious that's the council president's ship!"

Right. This idle gossip was exactly the thing she did not want to put up with right now. "If you'll excuse me, I need to - " What was the phrase used in polite society? "Powder my nose." urgh. If you need to go to the bathroom, just say that. Kallen hurried off out of the room, tugging down the back of her skirt in a desperate attempt to maintain some element of modesty and dignity.

*"Dignity isn't as much as being sexy."*

Where was the closest bathroom again? Right! Across there! Kallen leaped out the ground floor window and rolled to her knees no longer giving a damn about her cover. This pulsing urge, this driving need. Her thighs felt slick, and she was quite sure that her panties were totally ruined at this point. Kallen thought of herself as having a strong will, able to resist any amount of torture in the event of her capture... but this! This was too much!

She tried to stand up and rush across the open space that would let her get to a bathroom and some privacy, but her legs gave out on her. Kallen found herself breathing heavily. Her breasts ached, and before she knew what she was doing she'd grabbed her own chest. It was a miracle this swelling hadn't made her uniform burst and - Ah! Not just bigger but more sensitive as well! How would she pilot a Nightmare like this?!

*"Sex is better than fighting anyway."*

Her fingers began to knead away at her titflesh, acting almost against her own volition. Kallen was consciously trying to stop herself - but her fingers were continuing to move anyway. Each movement then rewarding her with these little bursts of pleasure that shot through her body like a tidal wave. Ah! But her other hand wasn't being idle! It was creeping up her thigh. Index finger and middle finger almost like they were walking. One step from the index, then the middle. She shook her head, and her hand stopped a moment before resuming again. She could see what it was doing plain as day. Step, step, step. She shook her head again, and this time her other traitorous hand flicked her nipple, which was so hard it was poking obviously through her uniform at this point, causing her to throw her head back and smile despite herself.

Fuck that felt good! So good it should be illegal! If this really was a new Britannian weapon intended to placate troublemakers, it would be a real game changer! The entire Japanese resistance movement would be left totally helpless like this! She refused to buckle, she refused to break. Even - even when her pinky began to circle around the spot where her nipple was (fuck yes that was nice), even when it began to flick that nipple, even when her other hand finally reached the hemline of her skirt and began to tug it up -

Oh no. No, no, no! This was bad enough as it was, but out in public? No, no, no!

*"Yes, yes, yes!"*

Her index and middle fingers stuffed themselves into her panties, pushing the already soaking wet fabric right up into. Kallen had never masturbated before. She knew a bit about it, but never felt the need.

*"No wonder you're so frustrated. You really need to pla~ay with yourself some more."*

No, she didn't! She really, honestly didn't. Ahh, ohhh, why did this feel amazing? Why couldn't she stop herself? Why... Why was she wanting to continue this?!

Lelouch. That boy. He must be connected to this somehow. She kept on thinking of him whenever - whenever she could feel herself reaching her peak.

*"Well, he is your type, after all..."*

No way! No way, no way! That smug seeming prick wasn't her type at all! It was this voice inside her head, making her focus on his attractive qualities. He was probably a jerk. He probably looked down on the Japanese -

*"Stereotyping them, like you're stereotyping him?"*

Nnngh! Not fair! Not fair at all! Don't try to debate her while she's jilling off! Especially since half her attention was devoted to checking that nobody could see her right now! She was kind of out in public and - Oh no, that was turning her on anew! Was this the best time to develop an exhibitionist fetish?!

*"Being out in public is the best time to develop that! Lets you indulge right away!"*

"Sh-Shut! Up!" Kallen barked. Somehow, she managed to take control of her right hand, used it to grab her left, then jammed them between her back and her wall. "I... I need to talk to Lelouch. My instincts are telling me he knows more than he lets on!"

Of course, if she was right about that then she had to be careful. Who knows what sort of dastardly deeds that boy could have in mind for her? Who knows what sinister acts he could be up to at this very moment? It genuinely made Kallen shudder in fright a little... even if her face was smiling at it.

=====

So what was Lelouch up to at that very moment? Nothing much. An experiment on the flexibility offered by the Rei inside his body, being conducted in private in between classes.

To wit - he was sucking his own dick.

...

It occurs that this is not something one can simply drop in at the beginning of a scene and expect the reader to follow along easily. Let's step back a little.

This started with a simple proposition - "I need to speak to Kallen," he had decided.

*"Yep, definitely!"* the Rei inside him giggled. *"You absolutely have to tap that A-S-A-P!"*

"No, that's not why," Lelouch said. "We have similar goals, and would make good bedf-  
Allies." One must be careful with phrasing with an ally more perverse minded than Milly. "I  
must find a way to approach her that will not make her suspicious."

*"You have some ideas about that?"*

"Approaching as a student is right out of the question," Lelouch said. "Approaching her as a  
masked hero, a larger than life character determined to right the wrongs of the Empire...  
That should work. All I must do is arrange for a costume and establish a meeting place."

*"Wow, that sounds super awesome! You could do a whole bunch of dramatic po~oses, and  
think of all the fun stuff you could do in a costume!"*

That... was giving him some pause. For her to so readily accept that it was a good idea  
made him dubious that it was. He quickly analysed this again from all possible angles - No, it  
was the best way forward. Even if he persuaded Kallen as Lelouch, her allies would never  
go under his lead. A Britannian, at his age? Never!

*"Bu~ut, there's nothing saying you can't ally with Kallen directly anyway,"* Rei offered. Did  
she have something in mind. *"I mean, I saw into her mind while fiddling with her memory,  
right? That could be useful to you. Right?"*

Indeed. Lelouch nodded. What did she notice?

*"Well, she's been super lonely since her big brother died. Oh, she has a bunch of friends in  
her cell, but she doesn't get to see them that much. It would be nice for her to have a  
sympathetic ear while undercover, right? A boyfriend would be a good cover story - And a  
girlfriend with the daughter of a Duke is nothing to scoff at either."*

Indeed. The two of them could provide each other exceptional cover if they pretended to be  
in a relationship. Besides, it wasn't too hard to see them as a couple. He knew his reputation  
on campus as the most eligible batchelor, and Kallen certainly was appealing to the eyes...

Unfortunately the instant he started to imagine Kallen's 'appeal', he had a strong  
physiological reaction. His penis became hard. Very hard. So hard that he knew his uniform  
would not be able to hide it. He knew this was the result of Rei inside him making him have  
this reaction, but... It was quite intense nonetheless.

There was nothing else for it. If he was being honest, he'd enjoyed the experience of sucking  
himself off earlier on (had we really or did she make us feel that way?), and he refused to  
give into his newfound lust (isn't that what we're doing?) by heading out to pla~ay with some  
gi~irl.

As such he would take care of this problem himself. With trousers around his ankles,  
Lelouch quickly bent double, and brought this enormous shaft up to his lips, which parted  
and allowed entry almost too easily. In a feat of flexibility that would leave some  
contortionists jealous, Lelouch then began to bob his head back and forth, sucking himself  
off.

Fuck, this was good. (No, it's not!) He really needed to start doing this regularly. (You are debasing yourself!) Two times a day, bare minimum. (This is clearly Rei corrupting you) It was just what he needed to take care of stress (turn back now before it's too late!)

*"Hey, if you like this, imagine how good it would feel if Kallen did it to you..."*

That was a fair argument. Perhaps he could have a Rei hide inside her, and give her a cock for him to suck? That would be quite enjoyable for all of them. He unbuttoned his shirt, and then enormous boobs spilled out, as if from nowhere. The perfect tool to help himself get off. Which he was doing only for the purpose of stress relief, of course. It certainly wasn't because the Rei inside his body was making him into a horny femboy! Lelouch squeezed his newfound breasts around his shaft, jerking his torso back and forth while enjoying the feeling of these round, enormous breasts. Squeeze, squeeze, squeeze! Practically speaking, this shaft was far too big. No woman could ever take it! Totally impractical, but.....fuck this never felt so.....good. I should be repulsed, I should feel violated, the horny prince thought, but why does sucking cock feel so good?

Alas, all good things must come to an end, and so Lelouch came to a quite sticky end. To ensure there was no evidence left over, he wound up making sure to swallow every single drop.

Now... He needed to find an excuse to talk to Kallen. Somewhere private. Somewhere... alone.

=====

"And so, we would like to welcome you to the student council!"

Cue a stunned pair, boggling in disbelief that things were turning out this way. Indeed, Lelouch had intended to try speaking to Kallen more privately in some other way - and she had intended to speak with him as well. The ideas, plots, plans and suchlike the two of them had concocted to get that alone time were suddenly and inexplicably tossed out by this sudden announcement.

"You're... inviting me to join the council?" Kallen asked. She cast a side glance at Lelouch. Was this his doing...?

"Yep, it was my grandfather's idea," Milly said. Ah, Milly Ashford. A beauty with a stunning body and an utterly filthy mind. Yet still not on the levels of the Rei lurking not so far away. "That's the principal, by the way. Yes, yes, accuse us of nepotism, the granddaughter of the principal is in charge of the student council, it'll only make me work all the harder to prove I deserve the role..."

"She actually does, you know!" Rivalz whispered to her. "Huh, I thought Sayoko and Nunnally would show up by now with refreshments... I wonder what's keeping them?"

This was fine. Since neither of them had come up with this plan to meet up, it meant that either of them could take control at a moment's notice. It wouldn't be weird for Kallen to spend a bit of alone time with the vice president of the council, right? Especially since they were in the same class...

However, events took a different turn yet again, when Rivalz produced a bottle of what was obviously champagne. "Hey! We're not allowed to drink that!" Shirley protested, reaching for the bottle.

"It's non-alcoholic!"

"Let me see!"

A struggle ensued, the bottle went flying, the cork flew out and Kallen had to bat it away from her face. Alas, no matter how fast her reaction times might be, she wasn't quite fast enough to bat away - Huh! That boy wasn't lying, it actually was non-alcoholic. Shame it was staining her straining uniform.

Not two minutes later, Kallen was in a bathroom stripping down naked. "Urgh... This is why I hate Britanniains."

*"What, really? Because of a bit of horseplay? Not the systematic erosion of the Japanese people and their culture, cruelty for the sake of cruelty or overall superiority complex? This is why you hate them?"*

Oh great the voice in her head was back. Actually, this was a good chance to really take a look at herself. She slipped her uniform off, tossed them out into the waiting arms of Milly Ashford, then took the opportunity to properly take a look at herself. A long, hard look.

It was just as she'd thought. Her boobs were definitely up a few sizes. Unrestrained by her clothes, they bounced around like basketballs. Not just them either. Her butt was enormous! Smooth and round, with hips that must have been making a 'boom, boom, boom' sound when she walked, except she'd somehow missed it.

While turning around to examine herself she heard a clapping sound from behind her. Turning, expecting to see one of the boys perving on her, she saw nothing - but heard another clap behind her. Where was that - Oh, you've got to be kidding. Her own cheeks were clapping when she turned around?

"I hope they get me something baggy to wear..." Kallen muttered to herself while studying her reflection. Fuck, this was bad. She knew she was hot before, but this blew her previous level of sex appeal out of the water.

*"Thanks, I put a lot of effort into your new body."*

"Okay, that's it, who are you already?" Kallen tapped the side of her head. "I thought you were just a figment of my imagination, but -"



*"I'm Rei! My hobbies include sexually corrupting people from the inside and pla~aying whenever I can!"*

That answered surprisingly little, and that part about sexually corrupting people from the inside was kinda -

"Hhhhrnnnnn!" Kallen's eyes crossed as she felt the mother, father, and also the grandparents of all orgasms hit her. It felt like every nerve in her body had just simultaneously hit the 'pleasure' switch.

*"Don't mind me, just erasing your memory of the last minute, and I don't know any other way to do it than making you cum your brains out."*

No, wait! It was changing her memories...? That was bad! That was really, terribly awful! If it could do that, and tweak her body then -

"What was I doing again?" Kallen wondered aloud. She shook her head. "Oh yeah, I was having a shower."

Just the thing that she needed. It would give her time to think about how to handle this situation. The best way to get Lelouch alone. Stepping under the shower, she turned it on and tilted her head up, letting the warm water trickle down her massively improved physique. It felt pretty great. She couldn't help but smile a little and -

"Ahhh..." she sighed, picking up where she'd left off earlier. Now that she was alone. The perfect chance to blow off a little steam. Now, she could properly tease herself. No clothes in the way. Rather than soaping herself down, Kallen was content to let her hair rinse while her fingers worked their magic.

Hrm... Maybe she ought to seduce Lelouch? That would do the trick. Let him think ooh, right there! - Make him think that whatever this was, it was having an effect on her. Lure him somewhere alone. Just the two of them. Th-Then she would ask him some rather pointed questions at the end of her knife. About what had happened to her. About how to make it stop.

*"After you fuck."*

Well yes after the sex, obviously. That would leave him in an even more pliable mood. Boys are like that, right? He won't be in any mood to think of a good lie after a good long lay.

Kallen didn't even notice that, by the way, how easily she agreed with the voice inside her head. Turns out she wasn't capable of doing much thinking while she was masturbating either.

There was a knock at the door, and it brought her out of her self pleasure session.

"Hello, I brought you a change of clothes." Lelouch. To her great annoyance and arousal... Wait, wasn't this a good chance to get some answers out of him?

"You can come in. I've drawn the curtain already."

Actually this curtain was pretty flimsy, she was pretty sure he could see her outline. Whatever, it didn't matter. He entered the room, she could sort of see his outline a bit but the steam was fogging things up enough she could only really tell his position.

He approached. "Sorry about all this. I know they can be a little over the top."

"That's okay," Kallen said. "Nothing wrong with cutting loose every once in a while, you know?"

"These are some of my clothes. Hope that's okay."

"That was fast. You went all the way to the boy's dorm?"

"Actually, I live here. It'd be pretty hard for my sister to live off in the dorms. The principal of the school lets us stay here as a favour."

Right... Interesting. His sister. They had mentioned something about her. From the vague way they'd talked, and what Lelouch had just said... disabled? Must be hard for her. Britannia was pretty big on survival of the fittest. Unless someone had tons of cash, looking after a disabled sister would be kinda tough. Then again, with backing from the Ashford family... Likely that the Lamperouge were some kinda allies with them, giving them all the backing they'd need.

Lelouch turned to leave. "Hey, wait!" Kallen yelled. "Can you hand me that pouch over there?"

She'd left it on the sink right outside the shower. Without thinking about it, Lelouch picked it up, walked over to her and gave it over - the perfect chance to seize his wrist with one hand, while grabbing the pouch with the other. His wrist was slender. Surprisingly so. Didn't feel like a boy's. The mere touch of it was making her moist again. One wrong move and he'd see everything and that would be *good*. So good she was tempted to do it right here and now... But! No.

"Were you the one in Shinjuku?" she asked, having to make sure. His voice was so similar to that person, that she simply had to know.

But then, her interrogation was cut short when the phone rang. Having a phone in the bathroom was a little weird, but...

Lelouch reached towards it, and Kallen's grip tightened. "If I don't answer it, someone will come." He made a good point. She let him answer. "Hello? Ashford Academy Student Council. No, this is..." He trailed off. "Oh, it's for you. He says he knows you."

Knows her? The other resistance group members would call her mobile rather than a landline. Who the hell could this be?

"Hello?"

*"Glad you are still alive, Q1."*

Wh-What?! No way! This voice was - It was the same person as from Shinjuku! Was she wrong? Did Lelouch have no involvement at all? No, that was impossible... And there were ways this could be faked. Like a recording or something.

"How did you know I was here?" she demanded.

*"Because I've been tracking your movements ever since we parted. Ashford academy? Quite the cover. If you'd rather ask me further questions face to face...1600 hours, the day after tomorrow. The observation deck at Tokyo Tower. Come alone."*

That response... no way was that recorded, it was too precise to what she'd said. You could maybe sort of guess at what she might have asked, and she might have said "who are you?" instead of asking how he knew where she was. In fact that would have been her very next question. Which meant... Lelouch wasn't the mystery voice!

"Ah, by the way, you might want to cover up," Lelouch said, looking away from her. Yipe! Kallen hurriedly pulled the curtain back in front of herself. Ah, crap! Now she'd have to explain that Shinjuku remark as well!

"W-Well, you see -" she began, and then something strange started to happen. Her eyes turned red. Then her hair turned a distinctive blue, and began to shrink down into a more medium length cut. Outside the shower something similar was happening to Lelouch, and in no time at all rather than Kallen and Lelouch there were instead a pair of Reis.

"He~ey!" the Rei that had been Lelouch said. "So? How is the corruption going?"

"Getting there, getting there," the Rei that had been Kallen tittered, pushing up the corners of her mouth into a bizarre unreal smile. "At this rate we'll own this school by this time tomorrow."

"Ooh, ambitious are we?" the Lelouch Rei tittered, then dramatically posed with a hand in front of her face, separating her fingers to reveal her crimson eye. "Then we should make haste, Kallen Kozuki! There is no time to waste! Let us make a game of it! Who will seduce Lelouch first? You, or Shirley?"

Of course, of course! If there was anything that the Rei loved it was pla~ying a game. Merely corrupting these people wasn't enough by itself. There had to be rules. There had to be stakes. There had to be goals. After all, without those things it would hardly be any fun at all, now would it?

=====

Now, one might wonder about that. How did Lelouch pull it off without Geass? The answer is obvious really. If the Rei can body morph then they can also change their voices too. Indeed, one of them was sitting in Lelouch's bedroom at this very moment, head an exact copy of Lelouch's while the body was very much not. Instead, this was a statuesque beauty, with enormous breasts that made Kallen's enhanced bust seem tiny by comparison. The kind of breasts whose weight alone might make them count as lethal weapons. With a figure so curvy that sharp edges dulled from her approach.

No, that didn't make any sense, but nor did the fact that this statuesque amazon of a Rei had two penis almost as tall as she was. Peni? Penises? What was the plural form of penis? No matter. The important point here was that she had two of them, and both of them were being sucked with tremendous enthusiasm by two certain hotties.

Those two hotties being Shirley and Sayoko. One might not recognise them at first. After all, they didn't normally have blue hair and red eyes. That would have definitely thrown off anyone who knew either of them.

The Rei sitting on Lelouch's bed patted the both of them on the head, then sprouted an extra pair of arms to play with her own breasts. "I think that Sayoko is winning," she sang. Oh, poor shy Shirley whirley! You've got the enthusiasm, but you ain't got the experience! You've never known the touch of a man, and so you don't know the first thing about what to do with a penis.

She was such a pretty thing though, wasn't she? A perfectly ordinary girl about to get swept up into something bigger than she could handle. That was her. Sayoko? She could handle it fine. She had the training, she had the skill, she had the knowledge. Shirley was the girl next door. The underdog. The one who understood the man she was after the least. As such, even though she was trying to puff out her cheeks and run her tongue all along her shaft, there was a clumsiness to it, an uncertainty that made it clear she didn't quite know what she was doing. Oh, sure enough, she was currently being made to do this by the Rei that had merged with her, but that was hardly the point now was it?

Of course, the question must be addressed - how had this happened? How had these two wound up in this situation? For that, a brief flashback.

=====

This wasn't exactly the first impression Shirley wanted to make on their new member. Goofing around, getting her hair and clothes soaked by *not champagne*. It irked her quite a bit. Shirley was the kind of girl that wanted people to like her, you know? Not for any selfish reason, she just... liked seeing people smile. Simple as that.

"Here we go, this should take a few minutes," Milly sighed, shaking her head as she tumbled Kallen's uniform into the machine. "Did you see that body, by the way? My, my. You have some competition for the best figure in the council."

"M-madame prez!" Shirley blushed. Oooh! Teasing her like that. "Really now, you're going to make us look bad if you keep making those kind of jokes."

"Hasn't ever stopped me before beautiful," Milly smirked. Oh, that was it! Shirley huffed, got up and walked away. "Oh, did I go a bit too far this time? Gosh, she's in a bad mood. I wonder if something else is eating her?"

Eating her? Yes, I suppose you could say that something was. It felt like there was something inside her, jostling around her insides. An incessant sort of tittering inside her head. Coupled with a heightened awareness of others.

When Milly had remarked on Kallen's body, Shirley kind of wanted to agree. She'd seen it too. That girl had a figure models would envy. For someone sickly, she had curves like a racecourse. And... that had made Shirley feel really weird. Hot inside. She wasn't into girls, but... Damn!

*"Maybe Lelouch needs help picking out clothes."*

"Yeah, his clothes might not fit Kallen that well..." she blinked slowly, and then immediately made a beeline right for his room. On the way she ran into Sayoko, who was leaving the living room that the Lamperouge siblings used.

"Oh, hi there Sayoko!" Shirley chirped. "Is Lelouch still picking out clothes?"

Then Sayoko got this weird gleam in her eye. "He~ey!" she said, rolling on her heels. "Yeah, come on. He's in his roo~oom."

Was she in a good mood today? Oh well, never mind. The two of them went in, expecting to find Lelouch... But he'd already left. What they did find in the room was, instead, the Rei from before. Tall, busty, the product of several Rei jumping into the same body and filling it out as much as possible. The only difference was that this Rei had but a single penis.

"Wh-What the -?" Shirley gasped, but before she could have any greater of a reaction, Sayoko tilted her head back and kissed her full on the mouth. In that instant Shirley was paralysed. Unable to do anything but let the maid's tongue invade her mouth, tickling her tonsils, playing with her tongue and... pla~aying with her body, stripping her down, making her feel helpless and wet and -

*"You wanna learn how to seduce Lelouch?"* the voice inside her head asked. Shirley moaned into Sayoko's mouth. *"That sounded like a ye~es."*

=====

"Hrm, maybe we should practise by having you corrupt Milly?" Rei offered. "Yes, that'll be fun. Let's bring in Milly too. Let's show her the fun of pla~aying around, teeheehee!"

That busty blonde would, in their opinion, look better in blue. Oh, how playful she would be once she get the chance to pla~ay around a bit more! Teehee!

## Dreamscape

It was an ordinary classroom at an ordinary school. Full of ordinary students sitting at their desks. At a glance, nobody would think that anything was amiss here. But then, on further examination one might notice a few odd things here and there. For example, the fact that they are all wearing girl's uniforms. The fact that they all have breasts that could suffocate a man if he slipped and landed in the midst of marshmallow hell. Or, perhaps you might take note that they were all elevated off their seats by posteriors that were surely capable of doubling as wrecking balls should the need to engage in a hip thrust spontaneously seize them.

One of the girls in this class, Hikari Horaki, rose to her feet as the teacher entered the room. "Stand, bow, sit!" she yelled, and as one the students all did exactly that. This was how it should be. She was a student through and through. A model representative of a student that cared about her studies. She studiously took notes. She cared a great deal about how she was viewed in class. And by god, it was her duty upon this earth to make sure that the others in her class cared at least as much as she did!

So her expectations were reasonable and realistic, which was a good sign for a class president. Or any sort of leader really.

We then turn our attention to the teacher. Imagine what might happen if, spontaneously, a MILF took to wearing a slutty schoolgirl uniform. Now imagine that MILF gave herself the kind of chest that made you wonder how her back wasn't atomised, and a butt that made you wonder how she slept at night without rolling right off her bed - or how she sat without grinding into powder any chair she sat upon.

"Good morning class," the teacher said. "Today, let us discuss Second Impact, and hte effects it had on our little blue bauble."

Oh yes, the familiar lesson. By this point the students could recite it in their sleep. Nonetheless, it was an important lesson for them to go over, and so the teacher began to recite it yet again.

"It all began when Adam twerked it up at the North Pole," the teacher began. He clicked on a little device, and a projector started, showing a crude animation of an enormous figure crouched down over the polar ice caps, head breaching the northern lights. Hands on knees and throwing it back like it was going out of fashion. "This had enormous ripple effects on the rest of the planet, as such an enormous keister obviously would. Civilisation was upended, and in that moment humanity learned to its horror and intense arousal that the only way to save the human race would be to prepare the next generation - that would be you lot - how to clap their cheeks with enough vigour."

Another click, and the projector changed, showing row upon row of women in plugsuits, lined up and bouncing that booty like basketballs. The only flaw in this metaphor being that those butts were twice the size of basketballs.

"Ass is important! Ass is essential! Drill it into our brains! Booty booty booty booty everywhere! Shake your posteriors like you don't care!"

The students all seemed almost bored by this, but none of them were going to nod off any time soon. They were all far too refreshed for that. You see, that was one of the benefits of the Dreamscape, that they'd all been introduced to recently. You didn't get tired all that easily. Even when you were bored out of your mind, sleep would evade you.

First break couldn't come fast enough, and the students quickly filed out of class with their hips wobbling from side to side. Ah, one drawback of having such tremendous asses was that they couldn't get through the doorway two at a time. Though this had its own benefit - it meant that you could hang back and stare at the butts of those in front of you in the queue to leave. They filed out reasonably quickly despite that, almost as though the break time itself was longer than it should have been.

"Man, it feels like classes these days just don't end," Kensuke stretched out her arms, then leaned over to very obviously stare at Rei and Asuka's butts. Hikari rolled her eyes at this, then shot a meaningful glance to Toji. If her eyes were on anything but her ass, she'd pound her ass flat!

"It's been like that since the Dreamscape started," Toji grunted, luckily enough knowing right where he ought to be planting her eyes. Good boy. Keep those peepers on her jiggling round cheeks at every waking moment, buster! As a reward, Hikari slapped her own ass, bringing a grunt of approval from her lips.

"The Dreamscape is a true miracle device," Asuka said, wobbling away in front of them, one hand confidently on her hip while the other trailed down her side. "It's made me that much more appreciative of ass, and helped me get over my fucking insecurities about how fucking hot, horny, bisexual and totally obsessed with ass that I am."

"Thanks to the Dreamscape, I am no longer a mere empty shell of a human being with experience poured into her," Rei added, demurely stepping forward while standing side by side with Asuka. The sheer contrast between the way their hips moved and made their butts quiver and shake was almost like - like studying the notes in a masterful composition, or perhaps comparing performances of said melody. "I am now a booty obsessed slut in a wanton relationship with two of my colleagues."

It felt like this should be Shinji's turn to speak up. In fact, there was a distinct silence in the conversation. The reason for it became quickly and readily apparent upon looking at Shinji's pretty face, which had its eyes glued downwards at a forty five degree angle, drinking in the barely covered posteriors of her two sex friends. Asuka looked back over and scowled at him over that little point.

"Careful now Ikari!" Asuka sniffed. "If you keep staring like that, the Big Bad Booty Beast will come after you!"

"I'm sorry, the what now?" Hikari asked. This was the first she'd heard of this. Almost as if Asuka had invented it right there and then. "Big Bad Booty Beast? What's that?"

"A mysterious side effect of the Dreamscape," Asuka shrugged. "If someone becomes too obsessed with ass, ass, ass, ass, ass - Then the Big Bad Booty Beast comes to twerk them into a coma."

"And this is a bad thing because...?" Kensuke quipped.

"It would inhibit your ability to enjoy ass, ass, ass, ass..." Rei began to chant in unison, putting a bit more thrust into her hips each time she said the word. Now, she actually kept going for a while like this, but the conversation continued on like she wasn't. Just assume that Rei chanting the word 'ass' is going on in the background for the rest of the scene.

"Is it even possible to become too obsessed with ass?" Toji asked. A reasonable question. None of them could answer it. Being too obsessed with ass? What a ridiculous idea! In either event, Hikari fully intended to spend the upcoming lunchtime sitting in Toji's lap. Letting her futa dick rest in the cleft of her cheeks while the two of them ate lunch. Then, once she'd worked up the courage, she would ask him if they could... go steady. Oh! How embarrassing! She'd been screwing up her courage for what felt like an eternity to ask him that -

"Hey, by the way, I got this new awesome comic, you know? The one you were interested in?" Kensuke nudged Toji conspiratorily. "Let's talk it out over lunch."

"Oh, awesome! Can't wait!" Toji said. "See you guys after break!"

Her opportunity stolen from her, Hikari stared after the two friends throwing metaphorical knives right into Kensuke's back. The little bitch. Hrmph! Well! She'd have to sit on her courage a little while longer it seemed.

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After break was gym, which of course involved row upon row of students wearing snug, tight bloomers that looked like they were painted on, hands slapped onto thighs, and then engaging what might be best described as 'competitive twerking.

"Careful, girls!" the gym teacher said, popping that booty like it was bubble wrap. "You'll be tempted to go hard right away, but you'll risk wearing down your stamina if you clap those cheeks too hard, too fast! You gotta build up to it. Let the flesh of your ass build up and up and up its jiggle quotient. Feel the rhythm flow through you as your ass, ass, ass works its way to those heights!"

"Teacher! We forgot the equipment to measure booty jiggle!" Kensuke said, raising her hand into the air like she just didn't care. Didn't stop her from rocking on her heels to grind those cheeks as best she could without losing balance. "Do you want me to go get it?"

"Good thinking Kensuke! Off you go!" the teacher said. Ah, yes, teachers do love it when students volunteer. Saves them having to worry about playing favourites. Kensuke though, was just looking for a chance to skip out with permission. She didn't intend to exactly hurry in



finding the equipment. She would take her time, maybe sneak a peek at the rest of the class twerking up a storm, and then...

As Kensuke entered the gym, her eyes turned back and scanned over. Asuka's butt was nice if you liked 'em haughty. Rei's was nice if you liked 'em demure. Shinji's was nice if you liked 'em shy... But her preference was actually her best friend Toji's. Nice. Absolutely delightful. She licked her lips, hoping that at lunchtime she'd get the perfect chance to - Huh, was someone missing from the class? Weird, they wouldn't normally skip.

A hand then reached out to pull Kensuke into the storage shed. Then, from within, came a muffled scream that was muted, and not heard by the class because the sound of their cheeks clapping would have easily drowned it out, even if it had been a full throated blood curdling scream.

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It was after class, and we find Asuka standing in the storage closet wearing a deerstalker hat and holding a pipe in her mouth. The pipe then produced a series of butt shaped bubbles, because Asuka was too damn smart to be taken in by something as obviously harmful and addictive as tobacco. She regarded the scene carefully.

On the floor of the closet was Kensuke. Dishevelled. Staring up at the ceiling, taking deep ragged breaths. Eyes unseeing, no response to anyone or anything. The only words he was able to express were "Booty booty booty booty everywhere!" on a repeated loop, in much the same way that Rei had got herself stuck on the word 'ass' earlier.

"Blissed out on butt overload," Asuka nodded, putting on her best English accent. As she was three quarters Japanese and a quarter German, you could probably guess how absolutely terrible that accent was. "Indubitably! He must have had his face forced into the cleft of an enormous ass, and based on the state of the room, the perpetrator twerked until this perverted military otaku outright passed out."

"Who could have done this horrible, yet incredibly hot thing"? Hikari bemoaned, hand to the back of her forehead. "Hold me Toji, my fear and arousal are too much to contain without laying in the arms of another."

Rei started at her so hard you could almost see the speech bubble with ellipses popping into existence up above her head.

"To find the culprit, we need to make ass prints of everyone!" Asuka proudly declared. Shinji raised her hand. "Yes, but if this is a dumb question you're forbidden from paddle use tonight."

That warning seemed to strike a chord of fear within Shinji for some reason. Nonetheless, she pushed on. "Uh, fingerprints work because they're pretty unique. Ass prints don't seem like they would be. How would this work?"

"Hrmph! Fine, I suppose you will be permitted paddle use tonight," Asuka said.

"Nonetheless, despite all of us having absolutely ridiculously and impractically large round keisters, there is a unique shape to each of them, and studying this intensely - " she pulled out a magnifying glass, then squat down behind Rei to examine her behind very closely. "Will give me... Mein gott, you could bounce pennies off this, then let them land and they'd bounce at least five more times."

"I think we should play along with her," Shinji sighed in resignation. "When she gets like this, it's the only way to calm her down. Toji, let's go get the ink and paper."

"Sounds good!" Toji said. She stepped away from Hikari, then turned to the others. "It would be best if we all stuck together for now, who knows when the culprit will strike again!"

Rei narrowed her eyes while staring at Hikari. As if she was waiting for someone to say something extremely bloody obvious. Meanwhile, Hikari herself was staring at Toji... and also at Shinji.

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Who could possibly doubt that Shinji Ikari was happier, healthier and all around better off since the Dreamscape project had started? Not her, that's for sure. She used to be a total wreck. A sexually frustrated, insecure, chronically shy little ball of mounting mental health problems and stress that was just waiting to pop like an overgrown zit.

Now, though? The pressure was off, and the only thing growing was her lust for ass. A lust that was being sated twice daily by her girlfriends, Rei and Asuka. The three of them would regularly scissor so hard they were banned for life from origami conferences. It really took the edge off, make no mistake about it.

Enough about Shinji's sex life for now. Yes, yes, I know that's part of why we're here. Still, one cannot subsist on sexual relationships alone. It is essential to form bonds with others that were not based on matters of how fucking hot you find each other, or on pondering when the next chance to see them naked might be.

Such a relationship is called 'friendship'. Spending time with someone without wanting some action out of them. Sharing common interests, talking about hobbies... and also maybe gossiping about who you did wanna bang.

"Say, I meant to ask," Toji said out of nowhere. "The Angels ain't a problem any more right?"

"Right," Shinji said.

"Then why is the Geofront still running?" Toji asked. "I mean, you guys still go there on the regular, don't you?"

Huh, Toji made a good point there. It was almost as though there was still something they needed to deal with. On consideration, Shinji decided "I guess it's just in case something else comes up." And left the matter at that.

"I guess that makes sense," Toji nodded. Then snapped her fingers. "Darn, I forgot something in the next room over. Be right back!"

Toji scurried out of the room, being unspecific about what, exactly, she had left in the other room. Probably something important, but Shinji decided against prying. In the meantime, let's see here... Paper, paper... Aha! This should be enough paper to help collect booty prints. While gathering them down, Shinji heard a sound behind her. The sound of a door opening and closing. "Toji, can you take this? I'm going to look for the ink next."

Footsteps crept closer and closer, yet Toji didn't say anything. Shinji turned to hand the papers over - and found herself staring at what would usually be her new favourite sight. A fast approaching bare ass. Thrust back towards her face with great and tremendous violence.

Shinji's face was soon trapped between enormous cheeks and brought down to her knees, whereupon she was forced into a twerking stance by the sheer force of the hips controlling that booty. So fine, so precise, so potent was the control over that hind quarter that it was able to direct Shinji's movements masterfully. After all, where the head goes the body tends to follow. As a consequence Shinji was bouncing that butt around so intensely she was causing a draft. The papers she had gathered to collect booty prints were soon scattered around the room, but then that breeze began to turn into a gale that actually lifted up things much heavier than paper, like jars of ink and a shredder and a printer and the other assorted stationary being kept in this closet.

"Mmmmmf!" Shinji moaned into them cheeks, passing out with a true smile on her face, as the booty truly did seem to be absolutely everywhere all at once.

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Asuka once again had her deerstalker on, and was blowing bubbles from her pipe while drinking in this truly strange scene. Meanwhile, Hikari had clung onto Touji, and Rei was hanging back staring daggers directly into Hikari.

"Hrm, hrm, interesting," Asuka said while examining the room. "As we can see here, it's clear that the culprit dipped their butt in ink, and then smeared the same word over and over again on the walls."

"Who could have done this?!" Hikari wailed. "Poor, poor Shinji! Who will be the next victim of this maniac."

"Hey now, it's fine, so long as I'm here nothing gonna happen to you."

Rei let out a weary sigh and continued to stare directly at Hikari. For some reason. Asuka still didn't understand that doll, even though the two of them had exchanged a lot of body fluids at this point. Like, half their body weight by her last estimation.

"T-O-J-I..." Asuka read out thoughtfully. "Written all over the walls. On the one hand, it's so obvious that it cannot be true - but that is exactly what the culprit would want me to think!"

Rei very slowly facepalmed. "Making yourself into an ass, ass, ass, ass, ass..." Oh dear she seems to be stuck again. She won't be helpful at all for now.

"Ich klage dich an, Toji Suzuhara! You were alone with Shinji, and had the opportunity! It's obvious if you think about it. Clearly, you were driven by jealousy that Shinji was getting the opportunity to tap the two hottest pieces of ass in school any time she had the urge. Which was often. I mean Scheiße, I'm up for it whenever but Shinji is such a horndog she needed two girls just to keep her sane."

"Hey now, don't be daft about this!" Toji yelled. "You really think I'd do something so monumentally dumb as subject Shinji to booty overload when it would make me the obvious suspect?" Toji scoffed while Hikari fidgeted and squirmed into her. "I mean, what kind of total moron would that make me? It would be so obvious that I'd done it that I'd have to be brain dead! And writing my own name everywhere? It's such an obvious setup!"

"Unless the culprit was completely obsessed with you to an unhealthy degree!" Asuka countered, and now Hikari was all but humping into Toji's side. "Like the latent narcissist you obviously are! That's it, I'm convinced! From now on, you're staying locked in this room while I'll stand guard outside, and absolutely nobody - "

Five minutes later, Asuka was found lying outside the room staring up at the ceiling, totally blissed out. Much to Rei's absolute non-surprise.

"So much for the great detective," Toji muttered to herself. "Well, great. Who the hell could be the - Hey!"

Rei wordlessly, and with eyes of steel, grabbed Hikari and Toji by the arm and stuffed them into the storage closet, then jammed a chair up against the doorhandle. With that done and secure, she ignored them trying to force it open, dusted off her hands, then grabbed Asuka by the ankle and hauled her off without ceremony.

"Come along miss detective," Rei said. "This case is closed."

"Gesäßmuskeln!" Asuka moaned in an almost airy, yet still erotic way. "Überall war Hintern."

"Ja, ja..." Rei muttered to herself, having long since mastered German. "Überall war Hintern. Muss gut sein. Willst du Shinji ficken?"

"Eheehehehehe!" Asuka laughed, but again it came out in a light and airy way that was really quite unlike her. Meanwhile, in the closet, some rather intense erotic noises were starting to bleed out. Oh! And an ass shaped dent appeared in the door. Well. Rei still considered this case to be closed, so there was absolutely no need whatsoever for her to investigate that.

Especially now that she had a reason to live. No need to cast it all away for the sake of satisfying idle curiosity.

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Elsewhere, we find a most unusual sight. Well, okay, in comparison to what we've seen so far it's not really that weird. We find a row of monitors focused on this humble little school, showing every room from every conceivable angle. But mostly the sexy ones. What does a sexy camera angle look like? Come on now, you're telling me you've not actually studied porn's cinematography? No? Just me? It's more interesting than you think, honest.

Anyway, in front of that monitor were a certain pair. Misato Katsuragi, mounted atop Kaji, the enormous futa dick penetrating her so deeply that if anyone was able to haul Misato to her feet, they would surely become King of all England. Furthermore, their hands were firmly resting upon each other's breasts, and the main sound that could be heard within the room was a steady, regular thwap, thwap, thwap of flesh upon flesh as the two of them ground slowly, gradually, yet inevitably into one another.

Behind them was Ritsuko, sitting upon a throne as Queen of this world. Using Gendo as a footstool, while Maya put her tongue to quite exceptional use, with that cute little head of hers pinned between Ritsuko's thighs.

"Enjoy the show?" Ritsuko asked. "They're coming along nicely, aren't they? Or should that be cumming?"

"Nnnnnrgh," Misato grunted, the pleasure centres of her brain firing up so intensely that it was hard for her to properly form the words. "You are a monster," she gradually said. As though relearning how to speak.

"Monster? Moi?" Ritsuko asked with faux shock and surprise. She was even holding the tips of her fingers up against the base of her neck, to further emphasise exactly how shocked she wasn't. "When I've reunited you with the best lay of your life? When I've singlehandedly cured the numerous neurosis and psychological problems of everyone in the Geofront, and before too long, the entirety of Tokyo 3? Would you mind telling me what makes me a monster? That is, after you finish cumming your brains out yet again."

Misato tried to hold it in. Really, she did. It was a courageous effort. Herculean, one might say. Nonetheless, when the body wants to cum, it's hard to hold it back at the best of times. Never mind when your every erogenous zone has been put under a magnifying glass and made more sensitive than an electron microscope. Misato, not for the first time in the last ten minutes, threw her head back with a wide, happy smile on her face as the orgasm tore through her body like a bolt of lightning doing a circuit tour of her nervous system.

"Blllluuuuuugh!" she gurgled happily, while Kaji shot her load inside her yet again.

"No coherent answer?" Ritsuko shrugged. "Well, I guess that means I'm not a monster, then. Anyway, your entertainment wasn't the point of that little exercise. I just wanted to see how much control I have over this new reality. Ask me how much. Go on."

"Bleegh," Misato's tongue rolled out the side of her mouth, eyes bleary, face full of bliss and her hands full of Kaji's tits.

"Lots," Ritsuko sighed. "The answer is lots."

"W-We'll get freeeee..." Misato claimed. To which Misato shrugged, and a button on a pedestal lifted out of the ground, just outside of Misato's reach. "Whasat?"

"Freedom," Ritsuko said. "Terrible, awful freedom. Press that button and everyone wakes up. Fit. Healthy. Happy. Free to go about their everyday life. I'm going to leave it there for - let's say a year. All you have to do is press it. Even once would be enough. No tricks, no dastardly devious deeds, it will actually factually function in exactly that way. All you have to do is reach out and press it."

Misato stared at the button for a good minute there. Unable to digest what she'd been offered. A chance to wake everyone up? Was that genuine? It couldn't be. It couldn't possibly be genuine.

"I've made it so there's no cramping in your legs, they'll work perfectly fine," Ritsuko sighed. "So you can move every bit as freely as you could if you hadn't spent the last... let me check... Week and a half riding Kaji's futa dick. Go on. Push the button. I won't stop you or hinder you in any way."

Misato dove for it - but in the process of doing so she felt something dreadful. Kaji's dick! It was no longer embedded alllll the way into her pussy! Even though it was only a few inches out, it felt absolutely awful! Like nails on a chalkboard, or someone putting a hook in her mouth, or crawling over glass! Misato took a few deep breaths and soldiered on, pushing herself forward, almost there, almost there -

But then she slumped back and felt tremendous relief at the feeling of sex. Sex with Kaji. Sex with Kaji! Sex with Kaji! Her hips humped into her with tremendous enthusiasm, savouring that futa dick, pulling Kaji's face up so she could properly french that pretty little mouth of hers. Ah! Oh! Ah! Ohhhhh, soooo gooooooood!

"Didn't think so," Ritsuko chuckled. "Now then. What other kind of fun might a deviant scientist like me get to around these parts...?"

## One Shot - Konosuba - Goddess of the Useless Bunny

Let us take a look into a world of fantasy, magic and total idiots. Some might call it a wonderful world. Others might call it a kind of slow grinding hell. Within the city of Axel, many adventurers find their start. Many of *them* also find their end not too far away, devoured by enormous toads or jumped upon by a horde of ravenous sentient, carnivorous vegetables.

Yet within this city, so unassuming in its day to day activity, it was blessed in an unusual way. There was, within its humble walls, a Goddess walking among them. A beautiful woman, graceful, kind hearted and heroic. A genuinely good presence who would go out of her way to assist those she met, and fulfilled her duties as a Goddess with precision, intelligence and dignity.

Oh, and there was this other Goddess named Aqua strutting around like she owned the place. We're focusing our attention on her today. The only quality she shared with that other Goddess (who we will return to later) is that she's actually very pretty. Divine hotness is a thing in most worlds, which makes a lot of sense really. Would you go around with phenomenal cosmic power in a body that wasn't to your personal liking?

Alas, that body might be the only good thing about Aqua. She can't hear us, right? She's not the sort of Goddess that can pierce the fourth wall? You're sure? Okay! Fantastic! Aqua is an idiot. There is some minor debate over whether she's a Goddess of Water as she claims, or the Goddess of Useless.

Given that water is extremely useful, it seems unlikely that she is the Goddess of both, you have to understand. It's a mutually exclusive position.

On this given day, Aqua was stuck. You see, among her numerous personality issues, she had something of a gambling problem. Her debts were come due at the end of the month and Kazuma - that dumb idiot - had cut her off!

"Just one more bet is all I would need to turn it around," Aqua bit on the end of her thumb. "Yeah, that would've done it. If I'd put down five gold, it would've become ten. Then I could make that ten into twenty, and before long it would be enough to pay off all my debts! Yeah, stupid dumb Kazuma, it's simple maths! Why do I have to rely on that NEET to dig myself out of trouble?"

"That dumb NEET can hear you!" Kazuma called from across the hall. "But you know, wouldn't it be better if you tried to work off that debt instead?"

"I don't need to hear about it!" Aqua crossed her arms, indignant that he - a NEET in his other life - would dare to dress her down about getting a job!

"Ah, it's fine, it's fine, I already worked out something for you to do," Kazuma said. Guh! Really? He'd gone out job hunting on her behalf already...? "Someone we know wants a bit of help with some advertising. A couple of days out in the street holding a sign. All you'd have to do is walk around the city where everyone can see you."

Hrm? That didn't actually sound all that bad. There had to be a catch of some sort. Aqua's gut instinct was to turn this down, and yet... and yet, she really was getting desperate. The last thing she wanted was for those debt collectors to come by and find her even a penny short, then they would extract it from her in all manner of unspeakable ways!

"Fine, fine! Since you went to that much effort, I'll give it a try!" Ah, classic. Treating it as if she was doing him a favour than the other way around. Still, she couldn't help but feel like Kazuma was trying to get something out of this as usual.

One hour later Aqua was standing outside the shop of a sneaky Lich that she knew was up to something evil and who happened to be one of the Demon Lord's Generals who claimed that she was reformed but was still technically keeping that barrier active by her very presence. Or, if you prefer a less verbose description, Wiz.

Aqua had Not Been Happy to accept this role. Yet here she was. Standing outside the shop. Holding up a sign overhead. With Kazuma standing off to the side making a square with his index fingers and thumbs. Like he was thinking about taking a picture. Good thing cameras didn't exist here then, or she would have smashed it beneath her heel. In fact, it was bad enough that he could see her like this at all!

"Yep, no doubt about it," Kazuma chuckled creepily to himself. "Your body is the only good quality you have."

As for why he said that the reason was quite simple. Aqua was wearing a bunny girl outfit. You know the sort of thing. Fishnet stockings, a snug fitting high waisted sleeveless leotard with a low, *low* neckline and a poofy little tail at the back. A pair of bunny ears perched atop her head. One ear flopped over and hit her in the eye.

"Hey now, come on and smile!" Kazuma offered. "Grumpy bunny won't bring in the punters!"

"I'll show you a punt!" Aqua yelled, lifting her sign threateningly, and on cue Kazuma ran off laughing his fool head off. "That jerk! If my back wasn't to the wall, I'd never have - Oooh! He'll get his later!"

Unfortunately she had to get to work. Which meant carrying this sign around and trying to get herself seen. Hrmph! This was so beneath her. A radiant, beautiful Goddess like herself shouldn't have to subject herself to -

"Hey good lookin', you free after work?"

Catcalls and lousy come ons. Yes, boys. She knew she was literally hotter than any mortal woman you'd ever laid eyes upon, and this dumb bunny suit was accentuating all her best aspects super well, but there's no need to behave like Kazuma about it!

"Ah, aren't you Dust?" she asked one of the stupider looking men trying to hit on her. "You hang out with Kazuma sometimes, right?"



"Oh, aren't you that chick he always makes fun of? Aqua?" Dust tactlessly replied. Right. Well. That got Aqua gritting her teeth. "I don't see why you're supposed to be so useless, it's like you were poured into that bunny suit, hahaha!"

Niceties gone, Aqua immediately went into sales mode. "Well, if you think I'm cute you should go over to Wiz's store! It has everything an adventurer needs, especially a beginner with absolutely no chance of survival outside the starting areas!"

Aqua forced a smile onto her face. She had initially thought she might get away with not sending anyone to that Lich's shop, but idiots like this deserved to get their life force drained away. Furthermore! If she sent all the horny idiots along, then the second they caught sight of that big boobed undead moeblob, they'd keep her far too busy to do anything evil! Yes, yes, that thought put a genuine smile on Aqua's face. She'd been worried that she might have to fake it, but when she thought of Dust being a withered husk clinging onto Wiz's ankle and generally annoying her, it put a truly genuine smile on her face.

Ahh, how nice a thought that was! What, did this make her a wicked Goddess? Don't be ridiculous, there can be no such thing! Unless you were named Eris, of course. That was the one and only loophole that Aqua was aware of!

"Go to Wiz's store..." Dust muttered while extremely blatantly staring right at Aqua's chest. Hrmph! Any other time she'd slap the taste out of his mouth. Though she would also think to herself that he had pretty good taste as well for staring at *her* in such a way. Goddesses can be fickle, after all. "Thank you," Dust muttered.

"Don't mention it," Aqua chirped, feeling a thrill at her first successful piece of advertising. Hah! Her pride began to swell up, which is quite the feat as she had a lot of it already. Kazuma might even say that her pride was so swollen it could burst at any moment. Haha! Finally, some appreciation for the perfection that is Aqua! She was able to use her glorious presence to inspire someone to do something great!

The problem was that she spent so much time around that idiot Kazuma, who absolutely did not appreciate her greatness, or her physique. Not being looked at by a NEET had seemed like a blessing at first, but to be honest it also kind of pissed her off. Yet another way her greatness was being ignored!

"Oh my goodness, is it really okay for her to be out and about like that?" one woman whispered to another.

"It's quite scandalous, isn't it?" the other whispered back. Whispered, but in that way where they didn't *really* mind if the person they were gossiping about heard them. Ohohoh. It was going to be like that, was it? Well! They had Aqua's attention now! She skipped over to them, as they nervously wondered what she might do, but instead of anything overtly nasty instead Aqua did a cute little bunny hop, wiggled her butt and saluted at them while winking.

"Hello, hello! There's a sale on at Wiz's Store!" Aqua cheerfully announced. "I'm sure that there's something for even those with below average busts, and slightly overweight women

will find all manner of dietary aides to help them get a slim gorgeous figure - but even she can't make 'em like me! Teehee!"

The two women turned beet red, blatantly extremely embarrassed by her sudden approach... but then their eyes roamed over Aqua's body, taking it in from a closer proximity. Drinking up the Goddess of Water as though it was the most delicious thing to pass their lips.

"M-Maybe we should check that store out..." one of those women commented.

"Yes, maybe it wouldn't be so bad..." the other added, and then the two of them sort of staggered off as though they were sleepwalking. Aqua watched them go, feeling another burst of pride filling her body, making her feel truly stupendous about herself. Kukuku! She was really good at this after all! In no time flat, Wiz would surely call her debt paid, and the city would also be clear of nosy gossipers and blatant perverts! Win, win, as far as she could say!

Which only goes to show how foolish this Goddess could be, that she failed to notice the extremely obvious effect her bunny suit was having on those around her... and herself. If anything, she was putting it down entirely to her divine figure being flaunted so obviously, when that was only half the story.

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The opening to this tale made mention of a different Goddess than Aqua, in particular highlighting that she was a far, far more useful example of divinity. Well, now we get to meet her, albeit in mortal guise. The Goddess Eris, main deity of the largest religion in all this blessed world. A compassionate soul who truly sought the best for her followers... Yet due to the fanaticism of Aqua's followers, their positions wound up being the opposite of what you would expect, with Eris being Aqua's underling rather than the other way around.

One day, Darkness had prayed to Eris for a companion, a friend, a fellow adventurer to travel with, and so Eris had descended to the mortal plane in order to satisfy that prayer in person, adopting the name Chris while undercover. The role of a Rogue is perhaps not one that would be associated with a Goddess, which almost makes it the perfect cover. Especially since female Rogues tend to wear such revealing clothing, which is hardly suitable for a Goddess to go around in.

Today, Chris was paying a visit to a certain shop. She did so with a smile on her face, but... Concern in her heart. Concern that she simply had to address, just as a precaution.

"Hello, hello! Welcome to Wiz's!" the busty lich bowed deeply, almost spilling out of her dress in the process. Chris idly noted that the store was quite busy. "How may I help you today?"

"Ah, well, I'm not here to buy, just wanted to ask a few questions," Chris politely said. Very politely. Of course, when a Rogue says 'they're not here to buy' it tends to make a shopkeeper's back go up a bit, so it was of interest to Chris that Wiz did not have that reaction at all. "I noticed an associate of mine is advertising for your store."

"You know Aqua?" Wiz asked. "Yes, she's doing tremendous work for - Please sir, only pick that up if you intend to buy it!"

"I can see that," Chris said, once again noting the numerous customers. "Walking around in a revealing bunny suit, asking people to come here."

"Uh huh, it's a bit demeaning, but that sort of thing always works to bring people in."

"An *obviously enchanted* bunny suit," Chris finished. This is the reason she was here today. Concern, great concern over exactly what her 'superior' had been deceived into donning. Now, Wiz was - to put it politely- a fairly well meaning woman. Still a Lich of considerable power. Still one of the Demon Lord's Generals. It was entirely possible that this was all an act. To get into position. To sow some form of chaos or other.

"W-wait, sir! Please don't pick that up so casually! That body wash is -"

Crash. Bang. Wallop. Spill. All over herself, leaving the pathetic sight of a mighty Lich, one of the Demon Lord's Generals, weeping while sitting on the floor. On the other hand it was equally possible that Wiz was just an idiot.

"So? What exactly does the enchantment do?" Chris quickly pulled out a towel and handed it over. Ever helpful, even to someone she was suspicious of.

"Nothing much, it's just... to help her out a little," Wiz said. "I don't know if you noticed, but Aqua doesn't like me very much. She is a little subtle about it."

"You don't say," Chris mused, remembering the time that Aqua shook Wiz's hand and tried to exorcise her using her innate divine power. Subtle. Yes. That was certainly a word you could apply to Aqua. Usually prefaced with 'not' or some variation thereof. "Could you be a bit more specific? To set my mind at ease."

"Oh, there really is nothing to be worried about," Wiz said, waving it off as though it wasn't any big deal. "It's a very simple, basic charm spell, combined with a small rewards system."

"Small rewards...?" Chris raised an eyebrow. "I see, you mean to make sure she's going along with what she's meant to be doing."

"That's right, yes! When she sends someone to the shop, she gets a tiny little reward! With the success rate she's showing so far, we'll be flush with - Please sir, that is a magical artefact, not a toy! - Flush with cash in no time, and her debt will be paid off in full, very soon."

Hrm... Chris couldn't detect any lie from her at all. Rogues were quite adept at detecting motives... besides which, she had brought with herself a concealed lie detector. It would have gone off the second Wiz told a single lie. Teehee! Never rely on only your own power when something is important.

Anyway, it did sound quite harmless, and Wiz had specifically said that it was 'nothing to worry about'. Which meant that she believed it to be the case, therefore no evil scheme lurking in the background. Even so, something about this was making Chris feel nervous, for reasons she could not place.

So long as she kept an eye on things, discreetly, it should be fine though... right? It should all work out for the best, shouldn't it?

It seems that even a competent and useful Goddess can make rather large mistakes...  
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Ah! This was hard work! Especially for a Goddess like herself, who was not especially used to working so hard and so long. Especially in this bunnysuit! While it might look breezy to wear, it trapped heat like crazy around certain areas of the body. Combine that with being on your feet all the time and - Phew! She was sweating buckets here! Of course, that sweat was immediately purified of salt due to her innate power to purify water, and that did make her wonder briefly if that was interfering in the cooling down process that sweating was supposed to facilitate.

But enough of that. Enough thinking about smartish topics. This is Aqua, after all! And so she immediately turned her attention to how damn good she was at this job. Kukuku! Filling out this bunnysuit like only a Goddess of her level could! Eris wouldn't look half as hot like this - ah! That must be why she was so warm, her own body's natural sex appeal was causing the air itself to become aroused! Well, well, she could hardly blame it then. Lucky air, she was almost jealous - you get to spend your time with a Goddess of this level of brilliance near you. Kukukuku! Yes, no way would Eris look this good, it would be too obvious that she pads her che~est.

"Hold fast, weary azure lupine!" a familiar voice called out. "Behold, a respite as you toil under the blazing sun! Your allies have arrived! I, Megumin of the Crimson -"

"Hi Aqua, Kazuma asked us to make sure you weren't doing something stupid for a change," Darkness interrupted, causing Megumin to puff out her cheeks and glower at her. With her one eye, as she was still wearing that dumb eyepatch. "You look nice. It must be so *demeaning* and *humiliating* to walk around like that. Where everyone can see your *thighs* and the *shape of your hips*, and your boobs are all but spilling out - "

"You know, Kazuma sent us because he thought you would think he was trying to perv on you," Megumin said in a thorough deadpan tone. "He should have realised that Darkness would perv on you as well."

"He probably did, that NEET!" Aqua laughed it off. Ah, that old chestnut, where guys find it sexually arousing for girls to do dirty things together. For some reason. It never made a lick of sense to her. "Hrmp! I bet he's actually watching from somewhere nearby, getting off on watching me walk around like this. Well! The joke is on him! I'm actually enjoying myself! Hah!"

"Ohohoho! She's enjoying walking around like that!" Darkness grabbed her cheeks. The ones on her face! Where is your mind? "Being paraded around like this, letting the eyes of every man on the street linger on your body, drinking in every one of your delectable curves! Teasing them, tormenting them - yet also taking advantage of their arousal for the benefit of hard money! It sounds like a dream to me!"

"Ahem!" Megumin coughed. "Anyway! What's so fun about it, anyway? I'm not sure I get it."

Oh, how sweet and how innocent Megumin was. It was quite adorable really, the way she could be so naive. "It's a show, a performance," Aqua said. She flicked back her hair and stood there, in her bunny suit, hands on hips and holding her head high as though she knew what she was talking about. Fair bet with Aqua - she doesn't have the faintest fucking clue. Regardless, the confidence was there, and anyone who dared to look closely might notice that her bunny suit was sparkling slightly.

Alas, if you were watching a bit too carefully you might fall under its effect. It was a mistake that Wiz had made, you see - she had grossly underestimated how powerful Aqua actually was, and how much magical energy she was capable of releasing. The suit was feeding off it. Drawing from her divinity, and incidentally amplifying the effect. One could think of it as almost an instinctive thing for Aqua, something she was doing without noticing it. After all, Goddesses are beings that thrive on being worshipped. It's only natural, right? That they would have talents that made them so much more... worshipful.

"When you've got a body like this, it's fun to show it off every once in a while!" Aqua twirled around in place, deliberately flaunting her body to her two friends. "When you look this good, it can be oddly empowering to let the world see you like this!"

"Let the world see you like this..." Darkness repeated.

"Show off once in a while..." Megumin repeated.

Both of them with bleary eyes.

"Hehehe!" Aqua cackled, cocking her hip to the side and putting her hands behind her head. "If people get horny while looking at me, it's not my fault or anything."

"Get horny..." Megumin repeated.

"Not my fault..." Darkness drooled.

"I think you girls should give it a try, maybe you'll wind up liking it!" Aqua shrugged, and then, as if to put an exclamation point on her little demonstration, she leaned forward with hands clasped behind her back. "And if you want to give it a try, go to Wiz and demand a bunnysuit just like mine! Teehee!"

"Go to Wiz..."

"Demand a bunnysuit just like yours..."

Ah, there you go, that's the good shit right there! Aqua always felt really great when she made a sale like that, and this was absolutely no different at all! As her friends departed, Aqua waved them goodbye, and resumed her work, right where she left off. In no time flat, her debt would be paid off in full!

And yes, in case you missed it, that last point was not so much an exclamation point on her explanation, so much as it was on how utterly dumb she could be at times.

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Oh, what fun it is to return home after a long day of work. Heh! Who was she kidding, Aqua had a blast all day long! Strutting her stuff, and converting every single passerby into a future customer of that sneaky bitchy busty Lich. Aqua felt great though. Really good all over, nice and relaxed, and... with this kinda odd spring in her step that she couldn't place for the life of her. It was sorta like she wanted something, but didn't know how to get it. Something out of reach, something...

Oho! Well, look over here. Sitting in a chair in the living room, looking all dazed and confused. "Well, well, Kazuma, Kazuma," Aqua teased the NEET.

"Yes, yes, I am Kazuma," he said, sounding a bit drunk.

"Were you waiting for me to come home?" Aqua asked. She leaned against the doorway, specifically to tease him. "Oooh, is this what you want? You NEET! You wouldn't know what it's like working hard all day."

"Work hard all day... hehehehe..." Kazuma chuckled to himself. It was the audio equivalent of... when he did that weird gross hand thing. Urgh, it made Aqua shudder hearing it. Well, it was clear what this was. He had noticed her attempt to annoy her and had responded by trying to gross her out. Well, mission accomplished! If he was going to up his game like that, then she needed to bow out gracefully and come back when she'd figured out how to up hers!

She sauntered away with her head held high, ignoring Kazuma and intending to get something to eat, when suddenly -

"Welcome ho~ome!"

She was greeted by a pair of bun-buns. Darkness in a bright yellow bunny suit, and Megumin in one that was red. Every bit as skimpy and revealing as Aqua's, though she had to admit the effect the two of them produced was quite different. For Darkness, her ridiculous for a human figure placed tremendous emphasis on the assets on her chest. By which she meant her titties. Those things were unreasonably big, why even taking into account her frame they might be proportionally larger than Aqua's even! Which was surely a sin of some sort. Then again she was an Eris follower, so she was sinning by breathing.

On the other hand, Megumin came off as just plain adorable. She had even pinned one of the ears over her eye so it would act like an eyepatch, in an effort to look cool.

"Oh? I wasn't expecting this!" Aqua said. "Is this... solidarity?" The pair of them tittered away, while posing right in front of her.

"No, no, no!" Darkness waved her finger around. "You looked like you were having fun -"

"So we decided to try it out ourse~elves!" Megumin finished. The two of them spun around, standing back to back before pointing at Aqua. Then, in one voice, said "So we went to Wiz and demanded a bunny-suit all of our own!"

You know... now that she was thinking about it, this put Kazuma's behaviour in a different light. These two, strutting around the place like this? She could imagine it easily enough. Megumin being all chunni and adorable, Darkness pretending that she dropped things and that being dressed like this was somehow his idea... Put it like that, no wonder he'd been so creepy just now. A NEET like that getting exposed to this much raw female flesh at once couldn't be psychologically healthy for him. It would be like... like if you had someone who had been starved for a month and fed them a fine banquet, their digestive tract cannot handle it, that sort of thing.

"Well, I'm glad you're having fun like this, but once this job is over I'm hanging this up for good," Aqua nodded.

"Be sure to visit Wiz!" the other two girls in her party declared. "For the best prices and the finest merchandise in the city!"

"Yeah, yeah, sure..." Aqua yawned. "Oh! I'm more tired than I thought. I'll get some rest now, and have something to eat later. Goodnight."

With that said she wandered off to her room, unaware of a hungry gaze that fell upon the eyes of the other pair. They then strutted off down to the living room, hips rolling back and forth with an almost mechanical, yet seductive gait. There, they found Kazuma, struggling to stand, and also struggling to rise.

"Kazuma, Kazuma~" Darkness sang.

"That's ten minutes now~" Megumin sang.

The two of them stood on either side of him. The self proclaimed head of the party looked up, left and right, at the two of them while they in turn looked down upon him as if he was a nice juicy steak. Darkness put a hand on his shoulder, Megumin sat on his knee and rubbed her cheek up against his.

"Ready for another round~?" Darkness sang.

"Mmm, I think this is round ten, right?" Megumin asked. "I've sort of lost track."

"Hehehehehe!" Kazuma burred, his eyes wide with lust and fear and mostly absence of sanity.

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The next morning came almost too quickly for Aqua. She'd been enjoying her sleep so much that she only registered that she hadn't changed out of her bunny suit in the morning, while brushing her teeth. The sight of herself with bed head wearing this revealing tight suit was quite the contrast. Why, a Goddess like her shone all that much brighter from wearing something like this. Weirdly, breakfast had already been prepared for her, yet there was no sign of her fellow party members. She thought she could hear something from Kazuma's room, probably jerking off again or something.

Well, whatever! Aqua threw the door to their home open and strode out, practically bouncing (or hopping) out the door while nibbling on a carrot. Raw, but... Huh, she really felt like she wanted a carrot for some reason.

"Hey, did you hear?" she heard someone out on the street gossiping just outside their walls. "There's a new job opened up."

"You mean the bunny girl class?" another voice asked. "Yeah, popped up out of nowhere overnight. Something about 'cute girls giving relief to adventurers' or something like that? Some sort of CHA based job."

"Yep! Apparently the perks are increased libido, increased sex appeal, higher dexterity, and enough stamina to outlast whole mountain ranges."

Huh. That was a bit weird. Could it be? Had the sight of a Goddess strolling around advertising like this awakened something in the citizens? Inspired them to create a brand new adventurer's job just for hot women? Well! If anyone thought they could outdo Aqua, they had another thing coming! She left, strutting out, winking at the gossiping men as she went - and just as she was about to advise them to head to Wiz, she noticed that they were carrying bags with the logo from her store. Which... for some reason had bunny ears on top of it now.

That was a little weird, but whatever. Aqua continued on her merry way, off to work and - You know, now that she was looking around there were an awful lot of women wearing bunny suits. Tight fitting, high waisted, practically painted onto their figures. Those that were speaking with men were being very audacious and flirty, practically shoving their tits and asses into their faces. Those talking to each other were holding each other very affectionately while occasionally glancing at a nearby man with bedroom eyes. If Aqua had a dirtier mind, she'd swear they were fishing for a threesome.

Oh, whatever! None of her business what they wanted to do. Tum de dum, of she hopped towards work, idly noting that this new fashion craze was... very popular. In fact, it was practically everywhere. Every street, every doorway, everywhere she looked there were bunny tails, bunny ears, and a whole lot of female flesh on full display.



Huh. How about that?

"Aquaaaaaa!" a panicked voice called out, and along comes one of... no, scratch that, the one and only attractive woman she'd seen today who wasn't bunnies up. Chris, a Rogue if Aqua remembered right. A friend of Darkness probably. "Take that suit off! Please! Before you make things worse?"

"Pervert!" Aqua sniffed. "You want me to stand here, naked, in public?"

"It's that suit!" Chris barrelled on, undaunted. "It's got some kind of charm on it."

"Of course it does, I'm wearing it! A Goddess blesses the clothing she wears merely by the act of wearing it." She patted Chris on the head and hopped away. Gosh, she could do with a nice juicy (throbbing, hard, erect) carrot right about now.

"No, you don't understand! That suit is brainwashing everyone!"

"A suit can't brainwash people," Aqua said, then turned and saluted cutely to Chris. "But be sure to check out Wiz's shop -"

"For the very best deals!" every woman in the street said at once. Oh. Okay. That was a bit eerie. They said that, then they all shuddered as though someone had just fed them their favourite flavour of ice cream. Chris gestured to the surrounding people with a quirked eyebrow.

"Oh... kay.... That is a bit weird I will admit," Aqua said. "Maybe - Maybe I should talk with Wiz about where all these bunny suits come from?"

That seemed to satisfy the cute Rogue. The two of them immediately made a beeline for the Lich's shop. Was she doing something sneaky? Underhanded? Was she finally playing her hand after pretending to be nice, like Aqua always thought?

"Welcome to Wiz's Bunny Emporium!" said Wiz, herself decked out in a full on bunny suit, one that was somehow - impossibly - even skimpier than Aqua's. That wasn't a neckline, that was a round trip to the Mariana Trench and back. She was wearing heels that looked like they should be used as lethal weapons, or perhaps would count more as stilts than as a fashion accessory. The fact she could walk in them at all was a miracle. "Oh, Aqua. Chris. So nice to see you."

She then pulled out a carrot and began to munch on it in the most seductive way that Aqua had ever seen anyone eat a carrot. Actually, come to think she could really, really do with a carrot as well. She didn't have any money on her though. Maybe if she made out with Wiz for a bit, she'd share a carrot...?

No, hold on, what was she thinking? Make out with Wiz? A Lich? That was disgusting! Forbidden! *Tantalising*.

More to the point, the shops had changed quite a bit overnight. For some reason there was a whole lot of rabbit theming going on here. Gone were the mysterious artefacts and suspicious items. In their place was row upon row of bunny suits, for women of all shapes and sizes. Colours all across the rainbow abound, with stylised ears, tails made of various fabrics. It was surreal, bizarre, a total change, a complete transformation.

"So, why did you change brands quite so drastically?" Aqua asked. This was far too strange not to comment on, especially in light of how people were behaving. Also... now that she was really looking she could feel a lot of magical energy in the store. Infused into the suits.

"I dunno, it just felt like a good idea," Wiz said. "A lot of women came in yesterday wanting the same kind of suit that you're wearing, so I made it for them. Then, that seemed to be the only thing people wanted, so... I ramped up production on these, and they're selling like hot cakes."

"I see, I get it now," Chris said in mild horror. "No wonder, it makes perfect sense! The small charm effect she'd cast on your suit, it's been amplified by your divinity! Then, with this many people all using the same minor charm effect, it's causing a feedback loop! Before too long, every woman in the city will be a ditzy horny bunny, and all the men will be too spent in bed to do much of anything! Even I'm being affected, those suits are calling to me, I want - "

"You want to wear one of these suits too?" Aqua asked. Because as it turned out, she cannot stop being useless. Even for a moment. She has to somehow find a way to make her score lower. "Urgh, I don't see what the problem is. So everyone is trying to emulate me. That is only for the best. If everyone emulated me more perfectly, then the world would be a... happier... place...."

She looked outside, and saw something unbelievable. Kazuma. Smiling contently. With Darkness and Megumin on either arm. Clinging onto him with genuine affection. The NEET was smiling. Happy. A hand on both their butts, and neither of them mounting a complaint.

"Who is my horny little bun-bun?" Kazuma asked.

"We are!" the other two called out, kissing him on the cheek and *on purpose* rubbing their bodies up against him.

Oh. Oh no. Oh very no. This went against the natural order of things. Kazuma was getting laid? Kazuma had two cute girls interested in him?! Now she got it! Now she understood! This was wrong, this was evil, this had to be stopped before it got to be too bad! Luckily, she had a competent Rogue on her side -

"I think dark blue is more my colour, don't you think?" Chris asked, wearing a bunny suit that totally exposed her navel. "Hehehe, you're right Aqua, this is so much fun!"

Aqua backed away, staring in utter horror at Wiz and Chris, as the two of them began to first lick and nibble on carrots. Twitching their noses, letting their stray hands wander around their curves. This is what she'd done? This is the effect she'd had on those she'd advertised to?

But before she could back up very far, she bumped into something. Or rather, someone.

"Oh, there you are," Kazuma asked. "Hehehe... You might be a useless Goddess, but you make a fine bun-bun. Wanna be my horny bun-bun too?"

Suddenly it made sense. This feeling in the pit of her stomach. That had been growing all morning. Getting worse and worse as she saw other women wearing such scantily clad clothing. Those leggings, those thighs, those barely concealed butts, that cleavage, those feminine figures... it was making her, the Goddess of Water, thirsty!

"What are you saying, stupid Kazuma?" Aqua sniffed. "I'm already your horny little bun-bun!"

"Hehehehe," Kazuma chuckled to himself, then looked past her towards Chris and Wiz. They, in turn, looked back at him with a steamy gaze each. "Say, Wiz... You wouldn't happen to have any stamina boosters for men, do you? I have the funny feeling they'll sell out quickly with the way things are."

## Pride and Joy

The Kuno residence. One of the few residences within Furinkan that truly rivalled the Tendo home in terms of size and history. Which is quite remarkable when you consider that the owner of this property was a High School Principal. A quite eccentric Principal at that. In fact, one might even call him an unprincipled Principal.

He rarely visited anyway, preferring to stay in his underground artificial beach. Resting up on a lounge chair, thinking up ways to 'torment da students' and 'teach dose wahini to respect da Principal properly!' Our most sincere apologies to the denizens of Hawaii, this man can only be thought of as a walking insult to all he encounters.

Though enough of him. Let us consider his offspring for a moment. Yes, he has a son and a daughter. Both in the same general realm of madness as he, though it manifests quite differently in each. His wife? Their mother? Unseen, undiscussed, hence unimportant.

So let us settle on the daughter of the family. Kodachi Kuno. A maiden in love. Or perhaps lust would be a more appropriate word. One of Ranma's women, though had you told him that when they first met he would have found the idea unappealing. She was - to say the least - not his type at all.

Right now though, we see Kodachi at her best. Clad in a black leotard, standing on a mat in the middle of a large room set aside for athletics, Kodachi cartwheels, spins, leaps and frolics. She does so while juggling batons, then picks up a ribbon and twirls it around herself in immaculate precision. Gymnastics is her life, gymnastics is her one true talent, gymnastics keeps her close to her own approximation of sanity.

Because there is something gnawing at the back of her mind. Penis. Penis. Ranma's penis. His monster cock. The impossible schlong. Filling her up. Satisfying her. Fulfilling her. Making her understand what it means to be a woman. The activity is practised and polished through countless hours, but the workout her body wants - what her body needs - cannot be granted by athletics alone. Her slender physique craves that which is not here, and yet she does not rush off to greet him at this very moment solely because rationality demands she demonstrate some measure of self control.

"Oh, Ranma darling!" she swooned, stepping elegantly towards a poster pinned to the back of the hallway. "If I were to be with you every moment, it would not be enough. I must contain myself, for the sake of pragmatism. How can either of us live a life if we are to be so besotted with one another?"

Still, she could only stay away for so long, and not even all that long at that. Her loins were aching for his touch, and she was genuinely concerned that she might lose grip of her sanity if she held out too much longer. Someone might comment that she had let it slip away long ago already, but that would only result in a haughty laugh and a demonstration of why one should not take martial arts gymnastics lightly.

"Foolish sister, you still pine over that foul sorcerer?"

That voice belonged to her older brother, Tatewaki. Standing in the doorway, shirtless (ew) and tanned, smug as ever, a bokken at his side. Kodachi rolled her eyes at the fool.

"You critique me, while you moon over Akane Tendo and Ra- The pigtailed girl?" Kodachi asked. She'd already tried to tease her brother over the identity of said pigtailed girl. It didn't take. At all. The idea went in one ear and out the other, to the point that she'd simply had to give up on explaining it to him at all.

"True love is different from the spell this fiend has cast upon thee," her brother said, then confidently marched across the room towards her poster. The gleam in his eyes telling the whole story - his intention to tear it down!

This was something Kodachi could not abide! Her brother wasn't even half the man that Ranma was. Including the time he spent as a woman! Ribbon in hand, she lashed out, letting loose her trademark ojou-sama laugh as she thrashed the normally soft, silk item like a whip. Cracking the air, intent on reminding her brother why she was not one to be toyed with lightly.

"Ohohohohoho- Huh?"

To her utter shock and horror her blows did not land at all. In the blink of an eye his bokken was drawn, far faster than she had seen him draw it before. "Compared to the hell I have experienced, this is slow!" he decreed, striking the ribbon out of the air and even slicing through it before stepping in. "I strike!"

Kodachi's eyes boggled. All she saw was a blur of motion. She felt something hit her. The tip of the bokken...? For a moment she stood there stunned into inaction, her body tensed up, waiting for the shock to wear off and for the pain to hit her all at once.

Yet no pain came. Actually, she felt oddly refreshed. Nonetheless, her brother sniffed as if in victory.

"Be free of his wicked spell," he decreed. "This technique, that I have learned from Watermelon Island, shall ensure that you, my twisted sister, shall be under his spell no more."

"Technique?" Kodachi said. She granted it a "Hoho!" but deemed it no more worthy than that. "Brother dearest, I barely felt anything. Could this training have made you weaker? It could hardly have made you more fooli-"

Dum-dumpf. Kodachi staggered as something did hit her, right at that moment. Something hot, heavy and... strangely sweet tasting. It was as if she had suddenly taken a bite out of a big juicy watermelon. Her eyes crossed as an unfamiliar sensation crept along her spine, settling in around her -

"Uuurgh?" she gasped, and then something truly unbelievable happened before her disbelieving eyes.

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Later, in the bedroom of one Nabiki Tendo, the room's owner and her older sister were sitting on her bed, half dressed, staring at Kodachi from her position on the floor with some measure of anticipation.

"Well?" Nabiki asked, as if she couldn't believe Kodachi would leave that kind of lame cliffhanger. "What happened next?"

Kasumi leaned forward out of full concern. "Yes, please don't keep us in suspense, if your brother's technique didn't do anything why did you collapse as though you'd been through an intense battle?"

"It's not that simple..." Kodachi muttered to herself, fidgeting with her leotard. "Saying it doesn't do it justice. You see, my brother... he..."

Nabiki and Kasumi leaned in closer, as Kodachi's voice grew quieter.

"After my brother used that technique, it made my..."

Closer, closer. For Kodachi to become this demure, it must be truly awful. Her voice was quieter than a whisper now. They had to be practically on top of her to hear it.

"My brother did this to me!" Kodachi all but yelled, tugging down her leotard, and in the process also pulling away the restraints on her breasts. Now, Kodachi's quite a slender lass. All the better for martial arts rhythmic gymnastics, right? It could be seen as part of her appeal. The kind of physique that fills out a leotard and makes it look good. Long trim, yet powerful legs, a svelte figure, flexible with a great reach. It's like she was made to be a gymnast.

Well, right then, when she tugged down that leotard and also pulled down the restraints for her breasts, they bounced right on out and hit both sisters right in the face. A fleshy assault right to the mush that made them both think 'soft...' right before causing them to topple back in a rather less than dignified manner.

So, now we have Kodachi with her tits out while Nabiki and Kasumi are sprawled on the floor, staring up at the ceilings with rather goofy smiles on their faces. A shame nobody had a camera. These are expressions those two don't make often.

"Hrmpf, these things are far too big and unwieldy," Kodachi said. "It was suffocating me trying to keep them restrained. I can't do gymnastics like this! They throw me off my balance far too easily."

"One moment!" Nabiki raised her hand while still lying down. "You're complaining that you have breasts most women would have to pay for plastic surgery to have?"

"Well, yes, of course I am..." Kodachi said.

"Oh my, for some reason I feel a little annoyed," Kasumi said.

"Don't worry sis, I'm sure Kodachi will make it up to us by giving us free permission to grope those big massive honking badonkers as much as we want."

This is where Kodachi took a nervous turn. "N-Now, wait one moment. I came here so that Ranma darling could give me the railing I desperately need to let out some stress. I wanted to slap his meat in between these puppies and let him experience - Dear lord stop!"

Alas, there was no stopping either of them now. Both of the older Tendo sisters lunged for Kodachi. Her martial artist's instincts should, perhaps, have allowed her to leap out of the way. Then again, consider - why is Akane able to deck Ranma every time he does something dumb or offensive? It's obvious that he's the superior martial artist by far. Surely he should be able to dodge, to counter, to ensure that she cannot, absolutely cannot come close to striking him based on what they are capable of?

The same principle applies here. Think of your reasons as you will. Perhaps Nabiki and Kasumi were simply sufficiently motivated that their sudden action caught her off guard. Perhaps she subconsciously wanted to let them grope her and so she made no action to escape. It really doesn't matter what the reason is, the point remains the same - Kodachi was letting the two of them feel her up to their heart's content.

"Goodness, they really are all natural," Kasumi said. Her examination of Kodachi's right breast was methodical and precise. Almost clinical in its examination, as though she was satisfying curiosity rather than lust. "Well... I suppose natural is the wrong word considering they're clearly the product of magic rather than genetics, diet and exercise, but..."

"Put your pedant hat away, sis," Nabiki said. "You'll enjoy the experience more if you go hell for leather."

Kasumi took her little sister's advice to heart and focused on the much more vital fact that these boobs were right here, right now. Which led to the natural question of what they tasted like. Especially the nipple. Well! There was only one way to answer such a question, and that was to run her tongue along that rock hard nub to give it a proper taste test. Nice and thorough. While Kasumi was well aware that the so called 'tongue map' was basically pseudo-science, it would be best if she made sure to touch the nipple with as much of her tongue as humanly possible. For science. She sucked on it. She kissed the yielding flesh. She captured the erect protrusion between her teeth, oh so lightly, then dabbed the tip of her tongue into it, in the process transforming Kodachi into a moaning, twitching mess.

So, hey, it turned out that this situation had taken the innocent angelic Kasumi and unleashed a bisexual horndog monster that got off on making others feel good. Whoever could have seen that coming? Hey! Hey! Put your hand down, there at the back! You're the one that requested this story to start with, so it doesn't count as a prediction!

Believe it or not, but Nabiki was actually hanging back from this, watching her big sister mercilessly tease Kodachi was kind of in her ballpark more anyway. Still, she was always the pragmatic one, as such the question did swing around.

"Might I ask why you're here?" Nabiki asked, rubbing Kodachi's remaining nipple in between her thumb and forefinger all casually. Like she was dialling an old radio. Or winding a watch. "Are you here to show these puppies off to Ranma?"

"Mmmm, I want ot slap his big hard cock in between these boobs!" Kodachi admitted. "They're ridiculously sensitive, I need to feel what that's like! I absolutely must know! P-Please, bring him to me right away! I must give him a boobjob post haste!"

The expression on her face turned unusually manic. As in, unusual even for Kodachi. The prospect of Ranma slapping his meat down in between her new fleshy valley apparently filled her with such joy that, regardless of the two sisters playing with these 'sensitive boobs', there's a very real chance that merely imagining it would drive Kodachi right up to the brink of climax. Of course, one may note that if such a thing would drive her to the brink the two of them adding to her sensation overload even a little would surely be enough to push her over the edge, right? Well, no.

Push wasn't a strong enough word. Perhaps 'shove' or "toss" or 'lift across the line and run for another mile' would be better ways to describe it. If Kodachi was a baseball then she was hitting a home run, her body convulsing from overstimulation and making quite the mess of the floor in Nabiki's room. Not doing her leotard any favours either.

"I'm so horny I cannot stand it anymore!" Kodachi convulsed. She had to put her hand to her mouth to keep herself from screaming. "I nneeeed it, I neeeeeeed it soooooo badly! You must cease your cruelty and bring him to me! Bring him now, before I go insane! You cannot imagine how this feels!"

Kasumi stopped her ministrations and shared a look with Nabiki. As a reminder, Kasumi had been so horny today that she'd all but begged her little sister to help her take the edge off. To her, Kodachi sounded like she was complaining it was raining while Kasumi had been in the midst of drowning. Neither of them were strangers anymore to the all consuming need for D that only a pigtailed studmuffin could provide. As such, her begging and pleading sort of sounded hollow.

"Not to worry, until he returns we shall take care of your needs," Kasumi said. "We understand better than anyone how it is to be absurdly horny."

"N-No, you don't understand, this isn't just being horny..." Kodachi tried to explain, but Kasumi replied by stroking her hair and hugging Kodachi's head into her chest. All motherly and affectionate, and even punctuating it with a kiss to the top of the head. Enough to make Nabiki decide not to eat anything sugary for an hour or so in case she gave herself a disorder.

"Shush now, we're here, we'll help you in any way we can," Kasumi said.

"Ahem! In summary?" Nabiki coughed. "Your dumbass brother went off and learned a martial arts technique that gives women bigger boobs, and the only side effect is that it opens a



bottomless chasm of arousal the likes of which can only be sated by Ranma's enormous monster dick?"

"Ah, no, you're - You're not getting it!" Kodachi yelled. "Nabiki Tendo, do not do what you're thinking! I will not let you, for your own sake - "

Alas, Nabiki was no longer listening, and was in a plenty good position to slip away regardless of what Kodachi might say on the matter. It was not too hard. All she had to do was nudge the back of Kasumi's head in the general direction of Kodachi's cleavage, and gravity (as well as her newly perpetually aroused big sister's instincts) took care of the rest. That being said, Kodachi very easily could have dodged out of the way of this... could you even call it an attack?

Either way it was a repeat from earlier. Perhaps Kodachi subconsciously wanted Kasumi to faceplant right into her cleavage. Maybe Kodachi unconsciously yearned to have the beautiful older girl motorboat her into blissful ahogao? It's entirely plausible, isn't it, that Kodachi was so damned horny that common sense fled her, and she wanted to have the acknowledgement from the most desired single woman in Furinkan that she was also a desirable, sexy babe herself?

"Blub blub blub blub blub!" Kasumi rapidly shook her head from within its new position, pinned between these two pillowy mounds. Kodachi's eyes crossed, and she collapsed flat onto her back, unable to stop Nabiki from checking she was decent and then strolling out of the room.

"OhOhOhOhOhhhooo," Kodachi moaned. It almost sounded like she was trying to do her usual laugh, but was inhaling when she should be exhaling.

"Bigger boobs, here I come," Nabiki muttered to herself. "Heh. Play my cards right, and I'll be a much more valuable piece of treasure for Ranma's horde."

It's worth noting that Nabiki didn't see anything wrong with describing herself in that way, and if they'd heard her, neither would Kodachi or Kasumi. Not that those two were in much of a mood for paying attention to anything Nabiki had to say anyway, under these conditions they rather had two other big, round, beautiful bouncy things on their mind.

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Tatewaki Kuno was serene and contemplative. He was a wise boy, for his age. He was skilled. He was talented. He was handsome. He was also in love with two stunning martial artists, prodigies to match him. His peers, his equals in terms of talent, looks and force of personality. How suitable it would be for these two beauties to enter into a relationship with him. How formidable a trio they could be, if only they ceased their shyness, overcame their mutual jealousy of one another, and shared in his affection as Kuno knew, in the end, they would.

A more accurate read on this boy would be to say that he was a bit on the delusional side, but what else is new for this family. Nonetheless, he was quite dangerous. Skilled with a

sword or a bokken, but not to the point he was as overwhelming a foe as he liked to think himself. He had returned from a training trip of late. A place called Watermelon Island, where he had endured the most difficult and rigorous training, mastering a new technique that would ensure those under the effects of brainwashing, in particular love spells, would be set free. His own twisted sister - no doubt a victim of Saotome's mental meddling - had fled in obvious shock and horror after he used it on her. For now, he would have to bide his time. Wait for the perfect opportunity. To repeat that same technique on those other girls under Saotome's insidious sway. Liberate them - and then, they would show him great gratitude.

There was only one thing worrying him.

"Why can I not recall the training...?" he pondered, scowling as he tried and failed to recall precisely what he had endured upon that island. He knew it was hard. He knew it had tested him. He knew that his speed and precision were far greater than they had ever been. Nonetheless, the finer details eluded him. How peculiar. Why could he not remember...?

"Oh, Kuno-baby? You shouldn't leave your front gate unlo~cked, you never know who might stroll i~in."

That voice! It sent a chill down his spine. His chief tormentor, Nabiki Tendo, had chosen today of all days to pay him a visit! The older sister of his first love, the fair Akane Tendo, who retained nothing in common with her in terms of strength of will, strength of body. Only in the skin deep facts of their general physical attractiveness did they share any features in common.

He met her in the hallway, as she leaned against a wall. Idly inspecting her fingernails. Every bit the cool and collected devil that he expected.

"What do you want today, Nabiki Tendo?" Kuno asked, having little patience for her antics today. "Unless you have further photographs of your sister or the pigtailed girl, I have no interest in speaking with you today."

Nabiki's eyes flickered towards him, and she tilted her head. A strange sort of warm calculation running through her mind, he could tell at a glance. What was this? This sense of unease coursing through him? Something sat ill here, in the pit of his stomach. He did not like this. He did not care for it. This was deeply unsettling, like something crawling underneath his skin.

"I am here to warn you away from Master Ranma," Nabiki said. "He will not tolerate your antics any longer. Leave his horde alone."

"His... Horde?" Kuno repeated, raising an eyebrow. "And you call him Master, do you? Are you his slave? His servant, perhaps?"

"No, I am merely his treasure," Nabiki said. "A piece of gold left lying in his horde. Gathered by him, protected by him - but today I will protect him from you. Back off, Kuno-baby, or you will know my - "

"I attack!" he yelled, letting loose with his new technique. Normally, he would never dare use an attack against a non-martial artist. Which was true enough. While Kuno was a pretentious blowhard, a bully he wasn't. Well... Sort of. It depends on what you mean by bully really, but he's not the sort of bully to go out and wantonly thrash the weak with his full considerable strength. He would have little problem in gaslighting a group of boys into thinking that if they beat up a really strong pretty girl that she'd go out with them, and try to take advantage of that for, like, a month by fighting her after she'd already exerted herself in fighting all of them.

Anyway, enough musings about the myriad ways in which Tatewaki Kuno was a fucking creep, and a terrible human being to boot. Right now his bokken went awfully, lashing out with incredible speed. Nabiki barely had the time to let her eyes go wide in shock as the air around her whipped around, his bokken striking - yet delicately - precise points upon her body. Over and over again, a hundred times in the blink of an eye. Her clothes blew around her from the sudden gust, blowing up her hair, and for a moment he could see the resemblance between the two sisters all the more clearly, with the hair billowing around briefly surpassing the impression he had that he was looking at the middle Tendo sister.

He soon finished and put his bokken away. Nabiki stared dead ahead, then looked down at herself.

"You are free!" Kuno announced. "How do you feel, Nabiki Tendo? There is no need to thank me."

"How do I feel?" Nabiki asked, blinking in confusion. No doubt stunned by the mental effect Saotome had used evaporating. "I feel - nnnnnnnnnnnnngh!"

What was this, now? Nabiki sank to her knees, and her breathing turned rapid and shallow, though quickly grew deeper as time passed. Ah, he must have been mistaken before. This must be the process of having the insidious effects of Saotome's mind control leave her body.

Very well then. While he detested Nabiki Tendo so, so much he was an honourable man. He had done this to her and so he would sit with her until it had run its course, and perhaps even counsel her in the aftermath. Surely it must have been a traumatising experience, being under that foul wretch's control. To call herself his 'treasure' and 'part of his horde'...

Such clear signs of a truly twisted mind.

=====

"Well, well, well. Look what we've been reduced to."

Within Nabiki's mind, she was receiving admonishment within a classroom. It was just her. Sitting at her usual desk, with another version of her - more adult, more mature, more stern and cold - wearing a pencil skirt, a button up shirt and a pair of triangular glasses glowering down at her. This was, without question, her inner Ice Queen.

"You know, we're supposed to be the one making others do stupid things due to lust," the Ice Queen remarked. "Not doing it ourselves."

"It was a perfectly sensible decision," Nabiki countered, but the Ice Queen pulled out a ruler and smacked the desk, quite hard.

"You saw the state that Kodachi was reduced to," was the cold, clinical reply. "You shouldn't have rushed in to have this done to yourself so hastily. It wasn't merely to enhance your own sex appeal, so you could more easily control others. You did it for *<i>him.</i>*"

There was no need to mention names here. It was obvious she was meaning Ranma. Honestly, Nabiki couldn't think up a good counter to that. No matter how often Ranma railed her, she kept on wanting more, more, still more. That monstrous penis, that enormous cock, the sublime example of male genitals being used to satisfy her every lustful, sinful urge.

Fortunately for Nabiki, she didn't have to counter the accusation, because another figure appeared in the classroom. Chewing gum. Wearing a school uniform right out of a porn parody. Tied up blouse, a skirt that would make a better belt, thigh high white stockings and heels. She had her hand raised in the air, a motion that almost made her boobs spill out from the blouse. Then again, almost any vigorous motion would have the same effect.

"So, what's wrong with that?" said this other Nabiki, a clear representation of her sex drive. "I mean, we're getting our world rocked on the regular, right? That's really fun. We're all about having fun."

"By maintaining control over others," the Ice Queen calmly replied. "We have casually, easily cast aside that control for the sake of 'getting our world rocked' to the point that it led us here. To the Kuno residence. Where we have allowed that buffoon to inflict upon us a technique that is increasing our bust size even as we speak, but also rapidly increasing our urge to get bent over the nearest table and get *<i>fucked</i>* like the slut that we are!"

Ice Queen loudly coughed into her hand, but Nabiki noticed that her button up shirt was now displaying her navel quite obviously. Also, its sleeves were shorter.

"This is all due to a lack of self control around... Him," Ice Queen said.

"Oh, you mean Ranma?" Sex Drive asked, and Ice Queen suddenly clenched her thighs. "Ranma, Ranma, Ranma!" Ice Queen's thighs clenched so hard she could probably crush coal into a diamond between them, and then she made a noise that grew higher and higher in pitch until only dogs could hear it. "R-A-N-M-A."

"St-stop that!" Ice Queen demanded. "I will not argue about anything you want to do with him later on if you would only stop saying his name!"

"Sure, sure, but I could really go for some... ramen right about now," Sex Drive smirked knowingly, putting her feet up on her desk. Like this, if you were looking in her general direction you could plainly see the colour of her panties. Hell, you couldn't avoid it. "Please continue."

"A-Anyway! W-We are growing aroused beyond all rational conception, and our legs are too weak from arousal to make it ten paces. The only other human being within sight is that total idiot - Which means we are about to do something we are very much going to regret in the near future. A problem that will only get worse when our boobs grow. Which we can feel is going to happen any moment - "

"Ohohohohohoho!"

The illusion was shattered when, of all people, Kodachi leaped into the hallway wearing a brand new leotard, her enormous chest bouncing around like someone had strapped bowls of jelly to her chest. That's gelatine for you Americans. Anyway, she tossed a bouquet of flowers in her brother's direction. He immediately struck it aside from years of instinct, but this one time no paralysis powder came out. It was a mere distraction so that Kodachi could retrieve Nabiki, bundling her up into her arms and then leaping across the rooftops carrying her bridal style.

"Are you safe and well, Nabiki Tendo?"

"Hoooornnnnnyyyyyy..." Nabiki grunted like an animal.

"As am I," Kodachi said. "Perhaps next time you will listen when someone says something is too much for you to handle. Hrmph! Well, at least two of Ranma's treasures now have an extra bit of polish to them. Perhaps he will enjoy these improvements to his horde? Ohohohoho!"

LS Usagi

It should have been a perfectly ordinary class at a perfectly ordinary school. With ordinary students, and an ordinary teacher. The sort you could find anywhere in Japan. A small handful of those students were meant to be gathered here, by destiny, for the purpose of growing strong enough together to face off against the forces of evil and chaos. Amidst this normalcy, friendship would bloom that would save the planet, the galaxy, and yes even the universe itself. That was how it was meant to be.

For Usagi Tsukino, running late due to her intervention in the bullying of a helpless cat, it was still exactly that. Her long wonderful legs had worked furiously, pounding her feet upon the pavement as she hurried along to that very class. In through the school gates, right as the bell rang. She dashed through the hallway, threw open the door, and found her teacher - Miss Haruna - staring at a clock sitting on her desk, eyebrows set in a distinct frown, forehead creased.

"Late again Miss Tsukino," Miss Haruna tutted. "Take your seat, I'll talk with you later on."

"Sorry," she bowed. "I was saving a cat from some bullies, and - "

"Yes, yes, I'm sure whatever story you came up with en route will be a best selling short story one of these days," Miss Haruna interrupted. "Now, on with the lesson, shall we?"

And so Usagi sheepishly walked through this perfectly ordinary classroom, full of perfectly ordinary students and approached her seat while the others watched her.

Of course, dear reader, I would not have emphasised the supposed normalcy of this classroom if it was anything of the sort. No, of course it is not. How could it be, when six days a week Usagi Tsukino - bearer of a slumbering shard of a Lesbian Goddess - sits here, radiating its mysterious power into all in her vicinity? Look at Naru. Look at her family. Look at her! See how they have changed over the course of years, it's only natural that those attending this class would change as well.

The girls have all been affected, make no mistake of it. Though the effect is muted in comparison to the others we have seen so far, if one were to take the national average - no, perhaps a global average would be better- for girls of this age range and compare their three sizes to the girls of this classroom, certain discrepancies would become immediately obvious. Taller, bustier, curvier, far more developed in every major female sexual characteristic. Not to the same degree as Usagi, her mother, or Naru, but the differences were definitely there.

It's also worth noting that every one of those girls was checking Usagi out to some degree. Some staring at her legs, others enraptured by her chest, others still by her tummy while a few sighed dreamily while looking at her eyes. They had all shifted a degree along the Kinsey scale to say the very least. Those who were straight were now hard bi, and the few in class who were bicurious were now full on lesbian. What of those who were lesbians already? They were the girls in the class who, besides Usagi and Naru, had the biggest breasts to

boast of. Less work needed done on them mentally, so the shard's presence worked on them physically instead. Not that there were many of them in class, mind.

As for Miss Haruna herself? Usagi was a terrible student. This meant she had to be kept for extra hours quite often, including retaking tests (a point we shall return to shortly). This meant that she had a bit more exposure to the girl than the others in class, and in turn her body and mind were further along than any of them. She's certainly not a MILF by any means. Not least because she isn't a mother. Still, she does look a bit younger. College finishing age, perhaps? Her physique has certainly improved a fair amount - and she's also gone full gay.

Not especially a challenge for her really. Her romantic misfortune was the stuff of local legends. The instant she drew the eye of a man that met her standards, something disastrous would happen. To her. To them. Something that split them up irrevocably. Perhaps they turned out to be a swindler, or fancied themselves as a playboy looking to score an extra notch on their bedpost, or something along those lines.

Then one night, in a fit of desperation, she went on a date with a woman. The next morning she woke up feeling like all the stress had been drained out of her, resulting in her formally renouncing men and going on the quest for a girlfriend. She'd had no luck as of yet.

However, a parent/teacher conference was fast approaching, and it was the first time she'd meet Usagi's mother. Perhaps something could spark there...

"Alright, settle down already!" Miss Haruna said, pulling out a pile of papers and slamming them down menacingly on her desk. "Here are your test scores! Some of you are going to be having a makeup test - and no guesses which of you is problem number 1!"

The test score was placed onto Usagi's desk and she let out a little whimper. 37%? That was bad, right? Less than half, she thought?"

Saviour of the universe, ladies and gentlemen. It's a good thing she's a better leader than she is at taking tests, or everyone would be straight screwed.

Or, under the circumstances, they might be gay screwed?

=====

Classwork is boring, so let's skip right by that nonsense. You're not here to read up on the history of the world, Trigonometry or do a critical analysis of the works of Natsume Sōseki. One might think 'but surely some sort of horny antics might occur', but one would be overestimating the influence the still slumbering shard had upon the occupants of that classroom.

For the time being, let us resume our focus on Usagi and Naru as they journey home.

"I swear, she must have it in for me!" Usagi huffed. "I mean, she must have specifically set up questions she knew I wouldn't know the answer to! And now my mommy is going to put me over her knee and give me a spanking!"

Naru's eyebrows waggled, for reasons assuredly unconnected to imagining her super stacked and curvy best friend being put over her MILFY mommy's knee and smacked with the flat of her hand. "Come on, come with me instead!" Naru said, linking arms with Usagi and slightly changing direction. Away from the Tsukino residence, and on towards her own home instead. "There's a sale on at our place, maybe looking at some nearly affordable jewellery will make you feel better?"

"Nearly affordable jewellery!" Usagi gasped. "Why, that's my favourite! Your mom has the best sales!"

They approached the Osaka jewellery store, run by Naru's mother Mrs Osaka. Yes, yes, a creative name for a store, but why go against what works? There was an enormous queue, out the door and around the corner. As the two girls approached, we see a woman walking her dog happen to walk past the queue and -

"Hey lady, no cutting in line!"

"In line...?" the dog walker asked. "I'm walking my dog!"

"Sure, sure! That's what you say... until you duck inside ahead of the rest of us! I know your game!"

"Oh no you don't!" said the person ahead of them in the queue. "I see what you're up to, trying to pick a fight so you can duck ahead in the confusion!"

Meanwhile, out the front door a shopper staggers out, dazed, but wearing a scarf that seemed to be made of diamonds, while a glittering tiara perched upon her head. She was then followed by a man carrying a ruby the size of his torso, and another woman who was pushing a wheelbarrow filled to bursting with glittering gems of all shapes and sizes.

"You know, I can't place it but there's something a bit weird about this sale," Naru said.

Usagi looked around. "I don't see anything too unusual, it always gets like this when your mother has a - Is that an enormous sapphire cut into the shape of a puppy? Awww! so cute!"

Osaka Jewellery sales were also the stuff of legends around Juuban.

"Well, it's more my mother. She's acting really weird this time around..." Naru leaned and snuggled into Usagi's shoulder. "Say, if you spot what's making me feel like something's off, could you point it out for me?"

"Sure, but in exchange you gotta do that thing with your tongue later on," Usagi asked. Naru rolled her eyes. She was planning on doing that anyway.



=====

The conclusion that Morga had reached so far, on this, her first mission to drain energy from humans, is that humans are weird. She'd thought she'd have to put some effort in. Throw on a human disguise, take over a jewellery store, replace the owner, put up a sale, enchant some gems... It sounded like a whole thing, you know?

Turns out she barely needed to bother. Put up the word 'sale' and people turn into freaks all on their own, no brainwashing required. Still! The youma did appreciate the human disguise quite a bit. Of course, Mayumi Osaka had been exposed to Usagi's shard fairly often as well over the years. The girl had come over for several 'sleepovers', and hung out with Naru basically all the time. As a consequence of this, her body had become quite developed as well. If Ikuko was a ten, then Mayumi Osaka was, perhaps, a six or seven. Somewhere in between there. Think of her as a Milf, while Ikuko was a MILF, with the capital letters nodding along in appreciation as the two mothers walked by. A bombshell, no doubt, but... not quite to that level.

"That's right, shoppers, I'm practically giving these away!" Morga spoke through a megaphone. Oops! She had to duck a clothesline from an overly enthusiastic shopper. Weird how she was used to that by now. "Yahoo! That's right! Pour your heart and soul into it!"

"Hey mom!" said the brood of the woman she was copying. And her overly developed friend. The two of them proceeded to immediately jump a flying leg sweep, and rolled aside to avoid a comical dust cloud in which fists were flying freely. "I see this sale is a bit more calm than usual."

"Ahahaha, oh Naru, you joker!" Morga laughed, eye twitching a bit, the youma almost sort of hoping that the girl wasn't being serious. "So, how about your friend? Are you in the mood for affordable jewellery? Go ahead, take a look at our collection!"

"Sorry, I was promised almost affordable jewelry," the girl said, bowing slightly. Then she tugged Naru away, and spoke to her in the corner of the room. A human couldn't hear her. A youma could, though. "Yeah, I see what you mean. I'm not feeling that urge to drip honey all over her and lick it off like I usually do."

"Right? That's so weird, isn't it?" Naru nodded in agreement. "I wonder what it is."

What it was, quite simply, is that youma don't actually have genders. It's not how they reproduce. They might appear to be male or female, but they lack both the sexual characteristics and the psychology necessary to actually be a gender.

And there's nothing wrong with that. There is, however, plenty wrong with their overall disdain for human life and in how they find enjoyment in watching people suffer.

To Morga, that conversation meant one thing, and one thing only. The daughter was getting suspicious. The honey thing was a bit weird, but whatever. It wouldn't matter much in the long run. Tonight, after closing hours, she was going to murder the living hell out of mother and daughter both.

====

Leaving a store should not be this difficult, and yet here we are. Usagi felt like she'd gone through an intense obstacle course designed by a supervillain when all that she'd really done was duck, dodge, weave, roll and crawl away from some completely manic shoppers in the midst of Sale Fever.

"You know, Naru was right, that did make me feel better," Usagi tittered to herself and strolled home. "You know what, Mommy doesn't need to see this. No need to make her get all upset at me."

Just like that, she balled the offending test up and tossed it over her shoulder like it was no big deal. There! Out of sight, out of mind.

"Hey!"

Yep, No big deal, her mother never needed to know about that test.

"Hey, you there!"

If she played her cards right, she might even be able to get some ice cream out of it. Wouldn't that be nice?

"Do you have cotton in your ears, or are those meat buns on your head eating your brain?"

A hand tugged upon Usagi's shoulder and whirled her around. Without warning, Usagi came face to face with a tall figure with dark hair, who felt oddly familiar for reasons that Usagi could hardly place...

=====

A long time ago, at the fall of the Silver Millennium, the Lesbian Shard was in the midst of a major freak out. It had hoped to find a new host when everything went to hell in a handbasket and - that hadn't worked out for it. Before it even knew what was happening, its host had wound up impaled upon a sword which was, in turn, also impaling some guy that apparently had a thing for its host.

Ew. Also, not quite as important as such a matter normally would be.

It flared its power - but found them wanting compared to the mystical energies firing around it. Not too far away it could sense the host's mother, and another woman who was the cause of all this chaos, confronting one another.

The life force of its host was ebbing fast. Too fast. Worryingly so. This was bad, bad, bad! Why did the last thing it would have to see be a man staring down affectionately at her? Oh, it was so annoying - But hold on. What was that power surge over there?

Bad news. That's what it was. If the Shard was right then that spell would -

Escape! Must escape, right now! Staying here would be bad, bad, bad! Even the man might be fine for a little while, if it meant surviving long enough to find a better host! The Shard flew into a rare panic, flaring its power as brightly as it could. Even going so far as to try to reach into this... This Prince Endymion if it meant a hope for escape!

Escape, escape, escape! Esc-

But escape was simply not possible. All souls present were drawn into the cycle of resurrection, including the shard... Yet its flaring influence had reached out beyond its own limits, and in so doing made more alterations to things than it might have expected...

=====

Her name was Mamori Chiba, and make no mistake she was absolutely drop dead gorgeous. Everyone had that reaction to her. A tall, busty beauty with hips that could rock a house down given half the chance.

A shame she couldn't remember all that much else about herself. It would've been nice to know some of those things. Like, why did she have those weird dreams every single night? About a woman who made her feel moist and warm, while their features slipped from memory like sand through a clenched fist? And why was there a man in those dreams? A familiar man, and yet she felt great revulsion by his very presence.

That wasn't normal. She was pretty sure that wasn't even approaching normal. Nonetheless, the compulsion remained. It didn't help that basically everyone hit on her all the time, but not a single one of them - man or woman - held her interest. They simply weren't in her league, and didn't ignite that fire, that spark, that je ne se quoi that she instinctively felt herself searching for.

Until she saw a girl wearing hair like odango. After said girl tossed a balled up scrap of paper into her face. It was something she would have brushed off from someone else, but...

But that butt. Underneath that long flowing skirt was a butt that didn't know the meaning of the word 'quit'. Trailing up her back, Mamori drank in a figure that was... simply divine. Perfectly proportioned. Perhaps even better than her own taller physique.

She called out to this girl, this stranger. She was ignored. So she called out again, a little annoyed, before eventually having to whirl her around. To look her in the eye, and... And she was absolutely stunning. big bright eyes, a cute button nose, this expressive mouth that looked like it would taste delicious if she only leaned in and dared to take a sip...

This was new. This was not something Mamori was used to. She was so radiant that Mamori could barely look at her. She'd have an easier time staring at the sun, and yet she could not look away either.

Therefore...

"Huh, 37%?" Mamori asked, balling up the test score and bouncing it off this girl's dumb pretty forehead. Mamori caught it, then bounced it off her again. "No wonder you tossed it, it's trash like the girl who threw it."

The girl snatched it after the third time it bounced off her. Then gave her this scowl that would linger in her dreams for years to come.

"Oh, bravo, you do have basic pattern recognition?" Mamori sarcastically clapped. "With a test score that low, I thought you'd at least get to ten before trying to grab it."

"So I don't test well, big deal!" the girl crossed her arms. "Do you have a habit of bullying girls you don't know?"

"Your name is Usagi Tsukino," Mamori said, and the girl had the audacity to look shocked at that. "Your name was on the test, dummy."

"I- I knew that! Don't talk to me like I'm an idiot!"

"Oh, I'm not," Mamori said. "There's no metaphor here, you are an idiot. Do you understand what I just said or should I break out a cheat sheet for you?"

She couldn't help herself. She was smitten beyond belief, but didn't know how to express it... and so it came out as bullying. Mean little teases.

"You're lucky you're super hot, otherwise nobody would want to talk to you with an attitude like that!" Usagi huffed.

"Yeah, and you're lucky you have a sweet butt, otherwise nobody would look twice at you," Mamori replied without missing a beat. "No, no, wait. Your breasts might be enough to distract people from how much of a ditz you are."

"Well, I'm not hanging around here to be insulted!" Usagi said, though several passersby had the same thought - That wasn't exactly an insult. Also, these two very obviously happened to be super into each other.

"Oh? Where do you usually hang out to be insulted?"

"Gah! You're impossible! I'm going home!"

"Careful, if you hang out at home to be insulted it might crush whatever's left of your self esteem!"

By the time Usagi had turned the corner, Mamori felt like the strength had been surgically removed from her legs. She had to brace herself against a wall. Her heart was threatening to leap out of her chest at any moment, her nipples could cut glass, and her underwear... yes, definitely thoroughly ruined. She brought a trembling hand to her face and tried to control her breathing.

Put that behind her. You won't likely see her again. Focus on this jewellery store. Tonight, pay it a visit. If your suspicions are correct, then...

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"The nerve of that drop dead gorgeous, rude, insensitive, stunning, busty babe..." Usagi grumbled to herself as she stomped home like a gathering storm. Her mood was ruined again. After Naru, dear sweet Naru, had gone to all that trouble to cheer her up. Why, she ought to have taken a swing at that - That! Ohhhh, she didn't even know how she should think about them!

Do you know what she was going to do? She was going to head upstairs, to her room, and once she was up there she was gonna... she was going to strip down naked and go to town on herself. Yeah, that's the ticket. She'd imagine herself, uh, sitting on that girl's face until she apologised, which would be kinda hard because - because Usagi's pussy would be in the way. But it served her right, you know? Treating her like that. Nobody treated her like that and got a way with -

Alas, Usagi managed to get exactly two steps up the flight of stairs in her home before a hand fell upon her shoulder. It suddenly felt like someone had walked over her grave. She turned, and found her mother, smiling gently, but not with her eyes.

"37%?" her mother asked. "Usagi, you know what this means, don't you?"

Did you by chance think that Usagi had been exaggerating earlier when she said her mother was going to spank her over this score? If so, then you have not been paying due attention to the effects the shard has had upon this family. Not one minute later but Usagi was naked, laying over her mother's lap, as Ikuko Tsukino brought the flat of her hand down upon Usagi's cheeks, letting her hand linger a little to sneak a grope of them.

"Bad girl!" Ikuko declared, bringing her hand down. "Naughty girl! Remember, you agreed to this!"

"I did!" Usagi said, wiggling her hips and lifting them up. "I'm soooo bad! Soooo naughty!"

Ahem, yes, that does change the complexion of the scene quite a bit doesn't it? Spanking, incidentally, is not a good punishment for children, nor is any physical violence of that sort for the purpose of correction condoned by the writer of this tale.

In this case though, it was at least a consensual arrangement. Neither of them really did see anything too strange about it either. It was just... something they did to punish Usagi. The overt sexual nature of it, the little whimpers that Usagi made every time that hand descended upon her fleshy posterior, the way that flesh jiggled upon each blow, the little squeezes Ikuko was sneaking, none of it struck either of them as overtly sexual or bizarre in the slightest.

"Now, set to studying!" Ikuko said while Usagi sniffed and patted at her red bottom. "No milk until all your homework is done, either."

"Whhaaaa? No fair!" Usagi said, pointedly staring at her mother's chest. "But you know how laden you get if it doesn't get drained!"

"Then your sister will get a double dose tonight, she finishes her homework with plenty of time."

With that, brooking no further argument, Ikuko turned and left. Usagi flopped onto her bed and let out a weary sigh. Not exactly her best day ever, huh? "It's probably a bad sign that the highlight of my day was escaping that sale unharmed..." Usagi said.

"I don't know, helping me out seemed like a pretty good point."

"Yeah, helping others is pretty - "

Usagi stopped for a moment. There were a few things her brain was trying to catch up on. The hamster in the wheel running in her brain picked up the pace, powering that generator a little at a time.

First point. That was a voice she had never heard before.

Second point. She thought she was alone in her room.

Third point. The direction the voice came from was her window.

Fourth point. It was a cat. A cat was speaking. The same black cat as before with the moon mark on its forehead.

Needless to say, but that was a tricky thing to process. Pretty much any direct irrefutable encounter with the supernatural.

"My name is Luna," the cat said, jumping off the windowsill and landing right on Usagi's butt. She winced and squealed a little. "Oh, sorry about that, I thought this was a pillow."

"T-Ta-Talking c-c-cat!" Usagi screeched. Then she paused to take a deep breath - only to have her scream stopped by a paw put over her mouth.

"Ah, now, let's not alert the rest of your family to my presence please, I'm here on a matter of great secrecy and urgency."

Alright Usagi. Try to think about this using that... What's it called? Reason? It's obvious what this is, right? Cats don't talk. They literally cannot talk. They don't have the stuff they'd need for it. therefore, this is not a talking cat. It is, in point of fact, yet another one of your weird dreams.

And if this was a dream, then -

"Are you going to turn into a pretty lady?" Usagi asked with a rather suspicious amount of enthusiasm.

"Ah, no... No, I'm not the one that's going to transform today," Luna said. Although, was that a blush on the little kitty's cheeks? Now, that confirmed it for Usagi, obviously she couldn't see a blush under that fur! "Strange though, why do I get this feeling I might be able to transform...? Never mind. Alley-oop!"

The cat then did a backflip in mid-air. Usagi clapped. That was actually quite impressive. She knew that cats were agile, but seeing a four legged creature do a backflip like that was quite the performance. That being said...

"Where did this come from?" She picked up a compact that had appeared on her bed out of nowhere. Weird. It was pretty looking and all, but... weird.

"Try saying 'Moon Prism Power, Make Up' while holding that," Luna said.

Okay. Sure. Why not? Usagi picked up the compact, held it aloft and said the magic phrase... And in the instant she did so, several things happened at once.

This was it. This was what had awakened that which had slumbered within Usagi all of her life. A shard of power passively influencing the world around her rises alongside her own amazing inner strength. The pretty Sailor Soldier of Justice Sailor Moon was born, but alongside it was a pulse of energy rippling out of her. The Lesbian Shard was awake after thousands of years.

Across the world this pulse was felt by a number of girls. Ami Mizuno was sitting in her room, in the midst of studying when a cold shiver shot down her spine. Her legs clenched together, as she felt something indistinct - and then she returned to what she was doing as if nothing had happened.

Rei Hino was sweeping a broom in her family's temple when it hit her. The instant it did, she lifted her head, frowned, and immediately hurried over to the fire kept burning on the temple grounds for meditation and purification rituals. She didn't know what that was, but it was important. Very important. Every cell in her body demanded to know why.

Makoto Kino was cleaning her dishes after a hearty meal, but then a blush fell across her face as she suddenly thought of her senpai.

Sailor V, also known as Minako Aino, was hopping across roofs somewhere in Europe. She bites her lip, her eyes flutter... but she has an important job to do, and so she continues about her task undaunted.

Then there were Haruka and Michiru, who were in the middle of a tender moment on their couch together. Embracing one another, lips tightly sealed together, the two of them were showing a slow passion towards one another... that very quickly became heated once the pulse hit them. The two of them almost seemed to be racing to remove one another's clothes as fast as possible.

Lastly was Mamori, who stumbled slightly as she felt... whatever that was. It reminded her of that girl, Usagi, from earlier. She felt a distant longing, a stirring, a call to action that demanded she head out into the world, and - And for some reason, she felt like putting on a tuxedo before hitting the town.

"Why does it feel like destiny is turning its wheel in a new direction?" Mamori wondered aloud. "No matter. Destiny has no say in my future. I am the one who decides that, and no other!"

Little did he realise, destiny was indeed turning in a new direction. What happens when you combine the power of Sailor Moon with the now awake and intelligent shard of a powerful Lesbian Goddess? The world would soon discover...



## Rosario + Vampire Succubus Rebirth Plan

It might seem a little strange to some, that the succubus race would be on the verge of extinction. Surely they would have little trouble attracting a mate? Their entire deal is that they are hypnotically attractive, irresistibly alluring to the opposite sex. That should not be a problem, should it?

It shouldn't. And yet, a particular quirk got in the way of that fact. A very unfortunate joke of evolution that meant that a succubus must first find their 'destined one' and then only become pregnant by them. Isn't that cruel? Isn't that kinda mean?

The world is a cruel and mean place. It was something that Kurumu Kurono had long since learned for herself. So she had put it away somewhere to make it easier for herself to handle. Her one true love was Tsukune Aonno, a regular human boy who wound up at this school for monsters by mistake... And the girl likeliest to win his heart wasn't her. It was little miss split personality vampire, who goes from subby to domme in the tug of a rosary.

It wasn't fair. Or, rather, she didn't like that she was losing. That is what most people tend to mean when they say something isn't fair. Of course, it would be a simple matter for her to use her Charm effect to win the battle but she'd promised not to do that. She was going to use her ridiculously hot body to do that. Especially her boobs, which she was really proud of. For good reason! They were truly splendid, large and soft, ideal for seducing any man.

Today, though... Today she wasn't seducing Tsukune. Today she was sorting through the newspaper club storage closet. A wasteland of trash that she was certain took up more space than the closet it was stored inside. A total garbage pile.

"I need to speak with Gin about this," Kurumu grumbled to herself. It rankled her seeing it this messy. Like a bomb had gone off in it. Then, for good measure, another ten had come in quick succession to really drive the point home. "It looks like this place hasn't been cleaned out in years!"

She felt like she should be wearing a hazmat suit in here. Urgh! Let's start by getting the nearest boxes out so she could take a look through them. Honestly, she didn't expect to make that much of a dent in it today... But a task doesn't get done until you've at least started it. Besides, it might be a good time to meditate. Sometimes letting your body do a brainless task is just what you need to let yourself drift away and think about what to do next.

Then this box near the door. Kurumu picked it up, and almost as soon as she did an old dusty lamp slid right on out.

"What's this?" she asked, picking it up and giving it a polish. "Some sort of prop for a play?"

As she mused that point, smoke began to billow out of the lamp. Oh no! Had she activated some sort of hidden mechanism? It would be just like Gin to have something like this. No doubt a practical joke of some sort. Kurumu coughed and sputtered in the smoke, noting that it had an odd purple colour to it. Also, was that lightning she could hear?

"Greetings, Mistress!"

A new voice boomed in Kurumu's ears. One that she had never heard before. It sounded powerful, yet subservient. Mighty, yet meek. It reminded Kurumu of a sledgehammer looking for someone to swing it. The smoke soon cleared, and Kurumu suddenly found she was not alone. There was a strange woman with bluish skin standing there, wearing... not very much. What looked like an embroidered, jewel studded yellow handkerchief was wrapped around her chest, not doing a great job of hiding her large (though not nearly as big as Kurumu's) breasts. Additionally, she was wearing yellow trousers that looked quite fancy and baggy, but also mostly see through. Her legs might as well be on full display like that, so what was even the point of wearing those?

The strange woman did a flowery curtsy amidst Kurumu's confusion.

"I am the genie of the lamp," she announced. "For freeing me from it for this briefest of moments, I grant you the privilege of three wishes! Although, no killing, no messing with the emotions of others, and no bringing the dead back to life, and no wishing for infinite wishes. The Genie Union doesn't like those, and they go against the spirit of what we do."

A Genie of the Lamp. Kurumu stared at her in absolute rapt fascination. Quite a pretty thing, wasn't she? Oh no, she could almost see exactly where this was going. This Genie would meet Tsukune, he'd wish for her freedom, and then she'd join the contest too! Well, Kurumu wasn't having that! She knew exactly what to wish for already -

Actually, hold on a moment. While she might not look or act very smart, Kurumu wasn't a fool by any means. Now that she was putting some thought into what she was about to say, she could see the rather obvious problem with this setup. A Genie? Appearing out of nowhere? From a lamp that just so happened to be stashed away in the storage closet? Please, you're trying to convince her that Gin didn't know about -

Huh. Djinn, Gin. Interesting pair of homophones there. It probably didn't mean anything, but Kurumu wasn't taking any chances. She held up her hands and crossed them, forming an X in front of herself.

"Denied!" she yelled in the Genie's face. "Nope, not falling for it!"

"Not falling for what?" the Genie asked, sounding genuinely perplexed.

"I know how this goes!" Kurumu warned, wagging her finger right in the Genie's face. "Your sort loves to twist around wishes made by the unwary!"

"Ah? Oh! I'm shocked!" the Genie gasped. She made a faux swooning motion that wasn't fooling anyone. "Is this the modern day stereotype of our kind? When we seek only to help, is it our fault that people wish for things they do not truly desire? That they don't comprehend their own heart? We are not malicious, we are benevolent! Boo hoo, hoo!"

And the Oscar goes to... Kurumu could hardly help but sarcastically applaud, but the Genie wasn't done yet.

"If only I could set your mind at ease!" the Genie sniffed. "Tell me, Miss. Can you give me an example of what concerns you? Explain your view in more detail, I desire the chance to prove myself to the one that has saved me!"

"Oh, you know the sort of thing, following the letter of the wish, but not the spirit," Kurumu said. The Genie nodded, and made encouraging noises and motions with her hand. Even producing a notepad so she could take notes.

"I'm not entirely sure I get your meaning, can you please elaborate further?"

"You know, like... if I wish for more power, or something like -"

Crap. That's what the Genie was fishing for. Tricking Kurumu in a roundabout way into making a wish! Well, you could hardly call it 'making a wish' exactly, but the phrase 'I wish' had been said, and that would probably be enough to satisfy a Genie! All monsters have their rules to follow, their own set of powers and their own weaknesses, and this was surely the weakness of a Genie, who was now letting out the most evil smirk that Kurumu had seen (which says something at a place called Yokai Academy!) before snapping her fingers and leaving Kurumu paralysed on the spot, unable to move at all.

"Wish granted... Or it will be shortly," the Genie said, tapping at her lips. "Let's see, let's see. You're a Succubus, right? So! That means your power is a bit more of the va-va-voom style, so let's start there."

The only thing Kurumu could do was breathe and move her eyes. She couldn't speak, couldn't move. Well, okay, she could think, but that was her absolute limit. Oh. And she could hear, too. In particular she could hear the distinctive telltale sign of stitches tearing from down beneath her. In turn, she could also feel a sharp tightness in her chest as her bra tried to suffocate her. Looking down as much as she could made it clear what the problem was. Her already perfect breasts were, inexplicably, getting bigger! Rounder! Bursting out of her uniform, and leaving her clothes utterly ruined from her now enormous, yet also extremely healthy looking mammaries! If she tried to rub these up against Tsukune's chest, she might accidentally make him pass out from suffocating him!

"You want power, Mistress?" the Genie asked, sounding almost sarcastic in calling Kurumu that. "Let's make you into the strongest Succubus to ever exist,"

Imagine what it would feel like if the top of your head was unscrewed, and something was poured inside. Like warm treacle pouring over her brain, then trickling along her nervous system, bringing everything it touched to life. Or more like, stimulating it all in way sit didn't know it could be stimulated. Activating muscles Kurumu didn't know she had. The same sort of effect as if she were a bodybuilder, suddenly realising she could do something with her body that she couldn't do before because of the sheer conditioning of her physique.

It was like nothing on earth that she'd experienced before. A rush. A thrill. It wasn't physical strength exactly, more like... More like she had a keener understanding of what she could do. More attuned with what it meant to be a succubus.

"Huh... the clothes aren't quite right," the genie said. "Not that you fit into that crummy uniform anymore anyway. Your boobs are way too big, and your butt would make that tiny pleated skirt flip up every time you took a step."

"S-stop this!" Kurumu demanded, but there was nothing to stop a genie in the middle of mucking up someone's wish. A dark leotard appeared on her body out of nowhere, snugly fitting to her frame. Its neckline was low, and its waist was high. It was accompanied by purple leggings with a bat motif, and after a moment Kurumu felt something grow out the side of her head. Without looking or feeling, she somehow knew what they were right away. Bat wings! She flapped them experimentally, then gradually realised that she had control over her body once again.

"Wish granted!" the genie said, sounding smug and superior. "You like? I went for the Morrigan look. You're not actually as strong as her *physically*, my magic's not *that* good... But your innate succubus talents more than make up for it."

Her succubus talents? Kurumu blinked slowly, and when she opened her mouth nothing escaped save an erotic moan.

"Feels good, huh? I'm sure your friends will like it too," the genie cackled. "That near constant, pounding arousal. A freshly awakened, potent bisexuality. You won't be able to keep your hands off them - and when you're in the mood, they will be too!"

It was true. She could feel it in her heart. This pounding arousal she was feeling was like a bottomless pit. Imagine the greatest glutton in history, shovelling food into their mouth. Kurumu felt like - like if she started to 'eat' she would never feel full, she would still be hungry, nothing could sate her.

Yet she needed more. More. More! After a moment she concluded that it wasn't anything more than the power itself doing this to her. It needed lust. It could only exist through lust. Her thoughts were growing cloudy, and she could hear the devil on her shoulder start to whisper away.

"You could use this power to take what you want." That devil on her shoulder whispered such things in her ear, making her think of Tsukune - hell, think of Moka, think of Mizore...

But the angel on her other shoulder had things to say as well - "You promised not to charm him again, remember? You should win him fair and square."

That was true. She had an instant win button now. What was the point in claiming the prize if you couldn't lose? Then again, what was the point in going after a prize if you couldn't win either. She was not winning, in spite of everything. Would she not succeed? Like so many other succubi, would she fail to seduce her one true love, then pass on without another generation? There were so few of them left now, the thought left her feeling empty inside. Empty and *hungry*.

"You have two more wishes, Mistress, what will they be?" the Genie asked.

Kurumu raised her head as a thought occurred to her out of nowhere. It was a naughty thought. A nasty thought. She really should not make another wish that this Genie might twist around to her own advantage. Then again... Who said that the Genie would have a choice in the matter?

She rose to her full height, breathing heavily and focusing her attention on this cute babe in front of her. Then, she looked the Genie in the eyes, leaned forward and all but forced her to stare into her exposed cleavage. It was practically spilling out of this top, so it was quite hard to miss. Not impossible, but so difficult it might as well be.

"So, normally my Charm doesn't work on women," Kurumu said, and activated her most potent weapon. A hypnotic charm that imposed a total attraction on those she used it on. Simple eye contact was all that was needed, and right away the Genie started showing signs that it was working. That skimpy top had two very obvious little points poking out of it, right away. "Yet it seems your powerup has changed that."

"Ah, wait!" the Genie realised her folly too late. She tried to look away, as Kurumu intensified the effect, but a simple grab of the chin and she had the Genie again. Trying to tread water, but still sinking under. "No, you can't - St-stop!"

"What's the matter, isn't this what you gave me?" Kurumu asked. "You gave me this gift, and I need to test it out on a suitable subject."

A flush fell upon the Genie's face. Red underneath the blue, quite a startling contrast. "You're so pretty..." she muttered, and Kurumu rewarded her by pressing her breasts right into Genie's chest. It was like watching a watermelon cosy up to a pumpkin. Both large, but one was plainly bigger. Squish, squish, squish! How delightful, watching the Genie's face screw up in erotic pleasure was extremely satisfying, especially after the stunt she'd tried to pull.

"Let's make this permanent," Kurumu whispered. "You'll break out of this eventually, unless you kiss me." Then she closed her eyes and puckered her lips. She didn't have to wait long before the sweet taste of a Genie descended upon her. It was strangely bittersweet. How sensible. In a way, it made Kurumu keenly aware of the cruel fate that they, too, must deal with.

Trapped for Centuries in a confined space. Phenomenal power at their fingertips, yet never allowed to use it - save to grant the wishes of others. Is it any wonder they grow bitter towards their Masters and Mistresses? Is it any wonder they delight in twisting wishes around for their own amusement? It must be the only way they can stay sane half the time.

That being the case, why not release her from that fate? Once the kiss parted, Kurumu looked her in the eyes, seeing nothing but devotion and lust within. She stepped back and offered the back of her hand, to which the Genie eagerly knelt down and kissed reverentially.

"I swear eternal love to you, Mistress!" the Genie said, her enthusiasm sounding like honey in Kurumu's ears. There was a distant part of her that was saying, no, this is wrong, you shouldn't be like this, but...

But power is a corrupting thing, once you have it. Besides, this Genie had tried to trick her. It was only fair for Kurumu to take advantage.

"For various reasons, the Succubus race is dying out," Kurumu said, allowing her new servant to show her devotion by kissing every square inch of the back of her hand. "I want to fix that."

"Mistress, creating life on that scale would be beyond my power," the Genie said. "To prevent inbreeding, you'd need at least fifty unique succubus, and preferably around ten times that to ensure sufficient genetic drift. I fear such a wish would be beyond me."

"I know, I know," Kurumu said, a devious smile appearing on her pretty face. "Instead, I wish for the power to turn others into Succubi."

There would be no need to create new life here. Simply transform others into members of her dying race instead. Kurumu licked her lips with great anticipation, yes, that was just the trick. Not only would it ensure that her kind didn't die with her, it would also help to unite monsters under her guidance. Ah? Her guidance...? Well, she was a pretty powerful succubus now, apparently. She tried extending her claws - razor sharp. Her wings? Enormous and mighty. Her tail? Adorable and potent. As for her illusions...?

She changed the room around herself to show off the future she had in mind. Herself at the head of the room, her friends kneeling before her. Moka, Mizore, Ruby, all with the wings of a succubus springing out of their backs. No, not just them! Kokoa as well, and a few of their former enemies. Gone were the telltale signs of what sort of monster they used to be, now they all had Succubus wings and a tail protruding from underneath their skirts.

Heh, actually, if they were all meant to be Succubi... She gave them all a little boost in the bust department. Make them all as big as she used to be, before her own enhancement.

Then, to make it absolutely perfect, Kurumu brought in another figure. Tsukune Aono. Yes, even he would have the distinctive wings and tail. In his case though, his figure would be more manly than it already was. A distinctive hunky chest, rippling biceps, the features on his face even more chiselled and handsome.

No, she could still make it better! Have a little girl riding on his shoulders. A little girl with blue hair, Tsukune's eyes, her nose, his chin... A perfect blend of the two of them. Kurumu's breath hitched as this figure of Tsukune stalked across towards the image of herself. Then he leaned over and...

Ah! She was so excited! Too excited! This was perfect, absolutely perfect! She wouldn't charm Tsukune, no, no! She wouldn't need to! She'd get everything she wanted by charming everyone else!

"Wait, no, we're not like this!" a voice inside Kurumu yelled. "This is the Genie's magic making you behave this way! Snap out of it! Stop, don't do this!"

But that voice was roundly ignored. It was squashed the same way the powerful often ignore their own conscience trying to guide them back to the light. Mostly by assuring them that they weren't abusing their power, per se. It was simply that they knew better, and they knew exactly how to make everyone happy.

Technically, since this involved mind control, Kurumu wasn't exactly wrong about that last point. Everyone would be happy if she won, whether they intended to be or not.