



あまぎ

田原春期

さかき傘  
挿絵:天海雪乃

あとみっく文庫





## Shishunki na Adam Volume 01

### Chapter 1: Blue-Burned Sky

“Now!”

The waning light of twilight shined down.

“Look at me with that eye.”

Fujita Mutsuki’s harmony was shattered by that voice.

He struggled and raised his head when he heard that whispering voice that had no place in his normal life.

Despite being told to look, his right eye would not open. He removed his hand from the eye, but it only throbbed with so much heat he thought it would explode.

It was the same itching feeling as when one watched too much TV, swam in a pool, or went outside during allergy season. It felt like the retina had been rubbed too harshly. He felt a heat like something else entirely had replaced his eye. Simply exposing it to the air hurt.

All he could do was hold his hand to it with all his strength.

The itching was growing by the second and he could not resist rubbing at it with his wrist. He gave in to the pleasure of distracting himself, however slightly, from the hot throbbing.

“Ahhh... Gh... Kh.... It hurts... It hurts!”

“Don’t worry. That heat is proof that you are the chosen one.”

He heard some heavy, damp breathing and a boy peered at his face. And the boy did so with a shockingly sensual look in his eyes.

“Look at me. Look at me with your Serpent’s Eye. Violate me with that devilish gaze of such beautiful corruption.”

“...Uuh...”

Tears spilled from Mutsuki’s left eye as he obeyed and removed his hand from his right eye. He hesitantly raised his puffy eyelid like a child afraid of some eye drops.

And...

“Ah...”

The first thing he saw with his opened Serpent’s Eye was an angel swinging down a giant sword.

The boy was sliced in two with his face still twisted in a look of ecstasy. The girl casually kicked the corpse aside, brushed back her hair, and looked to Mutsuki.

Mutsuki gasped not at the sight of someone being killed but at the sight of the girl in his no longer throbbing right eye.

“Fujita Mutsuki. You are the legendary boy chosen by the demonic eye.”

“Who are you?”

“Ange. I was sent here to protect you. I am an angel”

Her clear, ocean blue eyes looked directly into his burning right eye.

“I am Ange of the Double Flame.”

That day was a perfectly normal day that began in a perfectly normal fashion.

“Daaad, mooom, nee-chaan, Chiakiii, Mutsumi-chaan! It’s morning!”

With parents, an older sister, and two younger sisters, the Fujita family was relatively large and it was always Mutsuki’s job to get everything ready in the morning. He prepared breakfast and everything else too.

He could not rely on any of the others, so he had no real choice.

“Daaad, mooom.”

He started from the very back of the second story bedrooms lined up alongside his own. The first was his parents’ bedroom. He knew knocking was not enough to wake them, so he opened the door, shook the bed, and called loudly.

Finally, two hands wearing identical rings poked out from the bunched-up sheets and waved to tell him they were up.

They were both adults, so they would not go back to sleep. It was time to move on.

“Mutsumi-chaan.”

The room next to his parents’ belonged to the youngest daughter, Mutsumi. She was still in kindergarten, so there was no real need to wake her this early, but he had to check on something. He approached the bed buried under stuffed animals and pulled away the blanket.

“Nn... Onii-tama... Eh heh heh. Good morning.”

“Good morning. I see you didn’t do it today. Good job.”

He praised her and rubbed the head resting on the drool-covered Lazy Bear body pillow she loved so much. Before, she had wet the bed once every three nights, but that rate had thankfully dropped quite a bit recently.

The next was the most formidable foe.

“Nee-chaaan.”

She was in her twenties, but her room looked about the same as Mutsumi, the kindergartner. He stepped into the room decorated with fancy wallpaper and anime posters and approached another bed buried under stuffed animals.

The person sleeping there was a kindergartner in an adult’s body.

“Nee-chan! Wake up, nee-chan. It’s morning. It’s! Morning!”

He shouted quite loudly and shook her by the shoulders.

Despite the rough treatment, his sister continued to doze for about thirty seconds, but she finally opened her eyes.

“Good morning, Mu-chan.”

“Good morning. Now get up.”

“Good morning, Mu-chan.”

“Yes, good morning. You need to get going quickly in the morning. Breakfast is ready.”

“Good morning, Mu-chan.”

“Are you saying that in your sleep? C’mon, let’s go.”

Realizing the normal methods were useless here, he forcibly picked her up and dragged her from the bed. She was 170 centimeters tall, so she had more than ten centimeters on Mutsuki. He lifted her onto his back and left the room. Throwing her into the bathroom would be better than making a fuss here.

That left only one other person.

“Chiakiii? Are you up ye-....ah.”

“...Ah.”

As soon as he opened the door, he realized he should not have. Unlike the others, this sister was only a year younger than him. She had told him to always knock even when waking her in the morning.

Her pajama bottoms were down around her ankles and he was greeted by a cute butt wrapped in the cotton panties of an elementary school girl. It seemed his little sister was already up.

“Pervert!”

She threw a pillow that hit him square in the face.

“S-sorry!”

Mutsuki frantically closed the door. He had completely forgotten that Chiaki had recently decided to act more mature and thus tended to get up on her own in the mornings.

He was unaccustomed to these situations, so his face was beet red. Even if she was his sister, seeing a girl near his age in a state of undress had been too much for him.

“Heh heh heh heh♡ You sure are perverted, Mu-chan.”

“Why do you only perk up when things like that happen?”

He threw his grinning older sister from his back.

Fujita Mutsuki’s mornings were always like this. Afterwards, he placed breakfast on the table while his family made their way down. All six members of the family had an apron, but Mutsuki’s pale green one was the most stained.

He cooked six fried eggs and twelve strips of bacon. He prepared a large plate of salad and dressing and passed out rice bowls as each person came down.

“Here, Mutsumi-chan. Make sure to eat your broccoli.”

“Uuh... I hate broccoli.”

“Don’t be picky or you’ll never grow up big and strong. C’mon, eat up.”

“Uuh... Munch, munch.”

After preparing his own food, he made sure his youngest sister ate hers.

“Ahh♥ You can’t beat a morning with your cute little brother looking after you.”

“It doesn’t really matter, but can’t you at least get your own hair ready?”

“It feels great to have you do it, Mu-chan. The warm morning sun, delicious food, and a little brother’s care. This is true happiness.”

“Honestly...”

“Zzz...”

“Don’t you dare go back to sleep!”

He combed his older sister's hair.

He also helped his mother check through the bathroom because she could not find her mascara and placed a compress on his father's aching back. All in all, it was a busy morning.

The Fujita family was quite low key.

The father, mother, and all three sisters were as far from morning people as possible. Mutsuki had for some reason not inherited those low key genes, so he took care of all the morning jobs on his own.

It was a family's job to cover for each other's weaknesses.

He was used to busily running around from the moment he got up.

This scene was what Mutsuki considered a "normal morning".

School was normal as well.

"Morning, Mutsuki."

"Morning, Fujita-kun."

His normal route was a straight shot to school once he passed the train station and a few classmates called out to him on that last stretch. He greeted them all with a smile.

When he happened across a classmate on the way to school, they almost always greeted him.

Fujita Mutsuki's grades were above average and his athletics were below average. He looked well-behaved and had a well-behaved

personality to match, so he did not stand out much but was considered easy to get along with.

He naturally had plenty of friends.

“Hey, Mutsuki! Early again, I see.”

“Agh! Ow, ow. Morning, Sakae.”

A boy jumped at him from behind. The boy landed on his back and placed his arm around his shoulders similar to a headlock.

Tomono Sakae was a classmate with an eternally cheerful personality and a charming face just short of being traditionally “good looking”. He had been Mutsuki’s childhood friend since elementary school.

While Mutsuki was well-behaved, Sakae was the eternal optimist. That difference may have actually helped them get along because neither of them would hesitate to call each other best friends.

“Damn it’s hot these days. Why can’t it be summer break yet?”

“I know what you mean. ...And get off me, Sakae.”

His friend’s expression of affection was invading his personal space a little too much.

“Oh, hey, hey, Mutsuki. Do you have some time later? I’m the class rep, so the teacher told me to come up with the class seating chart. But you know how I hate details.”

“That I do. I’ll help you out...but you really need to get off of me.”

“You will!? Khhhhh, that’s what friends are for! Everyone needs a childhood friend who really gets them. When I’m president of the world

one day, I'm making a law! The childhood friend law! If everyone had a childhood friend, we'd definitely have world piece, don't you think!?"

"Good luck. And can you please get off of me? It's so hot today..."

His friend was invading his personal space and speaking so loudly first thing in the morning, but Mutsuki smiled bitterly and put up with it because it was more annoying than unpleasant. This tendency to go with the flow was likely one of the reasons he was considered easy to get along with. And...

"Hi, Fujita-kun!"

"Gefh."

Someone tackled him from the other side.

It was a powerful blow, but Mutsuki somehow managed to hold his ground since it was all transferred into Sakae behind him. Sakae was sent flying, though.

"Good morning, Kurikara-chan."

"Hiii."

The girl gave an innocent smile.

The short hair signifying her high energy was roughly tied back by two bows and her white teeth made her beaming smile look all the more cheerful. She was a little chubby which gave her some charming feminine curves. Her name was Kurikara Saya and she was another of Mutsuki's classmates.

She got along well with Sakae as they were the class's two biggest talkers and that meant she spoke with Mutsuki a lot, too. She was more than an acquaintance but not quite a friend.

“Ow... What was that for, Kurikara!?”

Sakae recovered after being knocked away.

He did not particularly like getting that close, so he did not place his arm around Mutsuki's shoulder again. Mutsuki gave Saya a look to tell her she saved him. The white teeth she showed off to say “you're welcome” were very cute.

After that, the three of them continued on to school.

“Honestly! I can't believe this girl would violently attack THE Tomono Sakae, the man who stands at the center of the world!”

“Heh heh. You'll never be president of the world if you can't respond to an emergency. You'll just end up blown away at your own inauguration.”

“What!? How can you say that about THE Tomono Sakae, the man with the world's best crisis management techniques!? I'm definitely making a law about you! All chubby girls will be shot on sight!”

“Chub... I can't believe you! Did you hear that, Fujita-kun!? This boy just stepped on a landmine!”

“Ah ha ha.”

Mutsuki could only laugh bitterly at those two's energy-filled morning.

This was the beginning of an enjoyable day at school.

The school buildings finally came into view at the top of a hill separating it from the residential area. The large tower was the most noticeable feature.

Mutsuki and the other two attended Megutono Academy, a private school well known for its size and history. It had a tradition of freedom, it was well-known for the stylish uniforms for both boys and girls, and it contained an elementary, middle, and high school.

The school grounds covered almost the entire top of the hill and it contained more than twenty buildings, but falling birthrates had left less than half of it in use. The size of the campus made the trip between classrooms a pain, producing plenty of complaints from the students who joined at the middle or high school stage.

The most well-known feature was the clock tower in the center of the campus. The giant stone hexagonal pillar was positioned at the back of the courtyard which was known as a place of rest. It was taller than any of the four-story school buildings and the entire academy was on a hill, so one could see almost the entire town from the top of the clock tower.

Its primary roles were to tell the townspeople the time and...

“Ohh, ohh. Look at ‘em run. Keep up the good work.”

Sakae cackled in delight as he looked down from their classroom window.

He was watching a wave of boys with navy neckties and girls with red ribbons hurrying into the school’s front gate.

At 8:30 in the morning every Monday through Friday, the hill was covered by the ringing of the clock tower’s bell so the students would know the school’s gate was being closed.

While it almost never happened to Mutsuki, Sakae was often pursued by that bell, so he enjoyed watching the students gasping for breath as they rushed to school just in time. As a side note, Saya had joined a group of girls once they entered the classroom.

And...

“Oh. She’s as amazing as always.”

“Eh? Oh...”

A single student drew the eye among the chaos at the gate.

Sakae had spotted a girl walking calmly through the gate as everyone else rushed through.

She casually passed by the educational guidance committee member who was already moving to close the gate. Only two seconds after she passed him by, the bell finished ringing. Despite the close call, she was not running or even walking quickly. Sakae applauded her splendid performance.

But Mutsuki’s focus on her was due to more than mere surprise.

“See ya.”

After commiserating with the students who had arrived after the gate closed, Sakae decided homeroom was about to start, smacked Mutsuki’s back, and moved over to his own seat by the hallway.

Mutsuki sat in his own seat at the very back of the second row from the window.

“Morning, Ibekusa. You’ve still got that last second arrival trick down pat.”

(Here she is.)

Mutsuki tensed up a bit when he heard Sakae's voice by the hallway.

A girl responded to her classmate's cheerful voice with a slight nod of greeting.

"You sure cut it close day in and day out. You could always get going three minutes earlier, so why do you wait until the last second? Playing a one-man game of chicken?"

"Negative."

"I see. That's fine, but as the class rep, I've gotta tell you not to be late."

"Positive."

Her response was almost mechanical. Once she finished her unemotional exchange, she moved in Mutsuki's direction. Technically, she was approaching her seat by the window.



She was the polar opposite of Kurikara Saya. She never asserted herself, so her aura or presence was practically nonexistent and she did not stand out much. At the same time, she was brimming with a calm attraction that mysteriously kept one from looking away once they did look her way.

She tended to keep her transparent eyes narrowed and she had a tall bridge of the nose. She did not seem to wear any lipstick, but her lips had a natural glossy pink color. The messy look of her curly hair was somewhat childish, but the noble atmosphere of her expressionless face gave her a sense of dignity beyond her years. She managed to hold both a child's cuteness and an adult's beauty.

Both boys and girls wore a blazer at Megutono Academy and that accentuated her slender figure. From the shoulders to the upper arm and down to the stomach, her blazer was clearly sewn as narrowly as possible.

But at the same time, she was not too skinny. Her chest and hips provided a stark contrast to her slender waist. Her hips were positioned high enough to be immediately noticeable. She wore gray socks over her lovely legs which were full-bodied and filled with life.

To match her face, her figure was as perfect as a model's.

"Um..."

Mutsuki tried to speak up.

He only wanted to say "good morning, Ibekusa-san". He would only be copying what Sakae had done so easily.

But...

"..."

He could not say a word before she sat next to him in her own window-side seat.

His cheeks filled with intense heat and his mouth refused to move.

“Okay, everyone, get in your seats.”

Meanwhile, their homeroom teacher arrived.

Yet again, he had been unable to speak to her.

He barely listened to the information being presented to him and instead took furtive glances toward her seat.

She was resting her head in her hand and staring expressionlessly out the window.

Outside, he could see the magnificent stone hexagonal pillar and the clear blue sky of early summer behind it. The clear sunlight had completely swept away the colors of daybreak, leaving a blue so pure it seemed to suck one in.

The girl in front of it seemed so transparent she would vanish into that sky.

Her name was Ibekusa Machina.

In a way, she was a class celebrity. Her beauty was naturally a factor, but it also had to do with arriving at 8:30 sharp every morning yet never once being late, as if she had a clock installed in her body. Also, she barely spoke with anyone.

“...”

Mutsuki looked her way again and again. He was enraptured by her beautiful profile, but he gave a disappointed sigh at the fact that he could not grow beyond simply looking.

And thus Mutsuki's day began.

He worked hard for his family, he had stupid fun with his friends, and he failed to speak to his crush.

This was but one page from the many harmonious days of his life.

And he remained entirely unaware that the discord decorating human history was fast approaching.

Even afterschool, Mutsuki's normal life continued as usual.

Ibekusa Machina would always arrive just before morning homeroom and leave as soon as the final homeroom was over. Mutsuki wanted to say "goodbye" or "see you tomorrow" but gathered his things with a gloomy sigh when he could not.

Sakae's home was near his, but they did not usually walk home together. Mutsuki had no afterschool activities, but Sakae was always busy with his class representative work.

"Fuujiiitaaa-kun. Bye-bye."

"Bye-bye, Kurikara-san."

He left the academy as Kurikara Saya and his other classmates said goodbye.

He had nothing in particular to do, so he headed straight home.

The town was not quite a city but still had a fair number of people, so the station located on the way home was always filled with officer workers and students heading home.

More cars were honking their horns than usual, but that had nothing to do with Mutsuki on the sidewalk. He ignored the din as he walked straight through the station area.

Suddenly, his cell phone began vibrating in his pocket.

He pulled it out to find an unknown number on the LCD panel. The numbers for his friends, family, parents' offices, and little sister's kindergarten were all saved, so he wondered who this could be as he answered.

"Gather heaven, earth, and hell," said a voice, "and you will have everything."

"What?"

"The world was created from discord. ... You're about to be in trouble."

"Um..."

"Run away."

The nasal alto voice belonged to a grown woman, but he did not recognize it.

The boy frowned because he had no idea what the woman meant.

"Who is this? This cellphone belongs to Fujita Mutsuki."

"Make sure you survive until Ange gets there."

"..."

Survive. He stopped because that dangerous word brought the opposite outcome to mind.

He happened to stop in front of the large wall fountain that made a nice landmark for the roundabout in front of the train station.

“That is hell. You mustn’t stop there.”

“Eh? Eh?”

“The spring has already been wound. Get away from the roundabout!”

Before the woman finished speaking, the screams filling the station area told him something was wrong.

“ ... ”

The woman was still saying something, but Mutsuki dropped his phone on the edge of the fountain.

That was hardly surprising given what had happened.

A bright rouge Porsche was noticeably parked in the middle of all the cars filling the station roundabout.

It was stopped right in the middle of the road which explained why the cars had been honking so much. But those horns soon became screams.

Everyone watched in shock as sounds of scraping metal came from the Porsche and it ceased to be a car.

“Ah...Ah...”

After the hood opened, metal claws burst out and stabbed into the ground to lift the tires from the ground. Next, the convertible chassis bent like an accordion and rose up in a menacing pose.

Then, the emblem on the bumper lifted its head to look in the boy's direction.

Its glossy, streamlined red body showed off its dark engine. Just as a rhinoceros beetle looked like a jewel from the top but revealed its grotesque underbelly when flipped over, a sense of indescribable revulsion filled the roundabout with panic.

(What...is this? What is this? What is this?)

Everyone began to flee the station area, but Mutsuki was frozen in place. The air felt as thick as molasses and his legs refused to move.

As the car monster stood up like a human being, he noticed its headlights turning his way.

The Porsche seemed to forget it had tires, so it dragged its body along by its claws to approach the dumbfounded boy. The weight of the car produced an awful scraping noise on the concrete.

“~~”

The scraping almost sounded like the whinnying of a horse and the boy fell onto his butt.

Even after his hips gave out, the Porsche continued toward him.

“...sten! Listen, Fujita Mutsuki-kun!”

It stopped just as it crushed the dropped phone with its claw.

As the dumbfounded boy watched, something strange happened to the destroyed phone. The bisected parts clung to the claw and became a phone once more.

“Mutsuki-kun, calm down and listen. You can’t stay there!”

The phone still functioned.

It all felt so surreal that Mutsuki started feeling faint.

“Beginning scan. Fujita Mutsuki...positive. Serpent’s Eye holder confirmed.”

A mechanically synthesized voice spoke through the Porsche’s speakers and he clearly heard his own name.

But...

“Listen, Mutsuki-kun! The Springloaded isn’t the problem. The demon will defeat it.”

The voice coming from the cellphone was drowned out by the bubbling sound coming from the wall fountain behind him.

“The demon is the one you need to escape from!”

“Ha ha♥”

He also heard a low and oddly alluring laugh.

“Ah ha ha ha ha ha ha! I found you! I finally found you, Fujita Mutsuki-kun!”

The standing Porsche seemed to lean backwards.

Just a few seconds before, the fountain had been filled with clear water, but now its contents sprayed out like a geyser, assaulting Mutsuki and the Porsche.

And this was not water. It was a sticky reddish-black liquid.

Dried blood may have been the closest comparison. It was exactly as warm as human skin and reeked of blood. Mutsuki shuddered in disgust as it poured down over his back.

“Kh...gh...”

The Porsche did more than tremble. The human skin fluid soaked into the exposed engine. Even in its monstrous form, the precision machinery was weak to foreign substances. As each drop entered the engine, the car's movements dulled and it finally did nothing more than shake like a toy with a dying battery.

In that instant, a giant curved blade pierced through the center of the exposed chassis.

The red blade gently curved like a crescent moon. The giant scythe's blade was over a meter long and the handle was over two meters long. It stabbed so deeply into the Porsche monster that Mutsuki almost felt sorry for it.

Only after moving his gaze down the weapon did he notice that someone stood on the damaged headlights at the front of the car.

(Who's that? Watch out!)

The Porsche could not support itself any longer with its claws broken, so it collapsed forward.

Mutsuki panicked, but the person standing on top was not thrown off. They instead let go of the scythe and leaped toward Mutsuki.

The person bent their waist to a ninety degree angle in front of Mutsuki and moved their head so close it almost hit him.

The situation kept changing so fast that Mutsuki could only watch in a daze.

“Hi. I was looking forward to meeting you, Fujita Mutsuki-kun.”

The person was a boy of about Mutsuki’s own age...or at least he thought it was a boy. At the very least, the sleeveless shirt and pants were boy’s clothes and his husky voice sounded more boyish.

Yet he was so beautiful that Mutsuki’s heart began to race when their eyes met from close enough for their noses to nearly touch.

His droopy eyes and long eyelashes gave him an exotic depth to his looks and the hair held down by his baggy hat was a shiny blond. The innocent smile decorating his perfect facial features gave him a youthful and cute look.

He was more beautiful than handsome and he was more bewitchingly seductive than beautiful. He was such an androgynous boy that his clothes were the only clue to his sex.

“I can call you Mutsuki-kun, right? I’m Lucia. You can call me Lu-kun or Lucy or whatever you want.”

Mutsuki was just about charmed into a stupor.

“...♥”

A complete change came over the innocent sun-like warmth of his smile. Like sunlight ripping apart the darkness, he gave the kind of insane smile one must not be charmed by.

“Wow... You’re even more than I imagined, Mutsuki-kun. You haven’t even awakened yet and I’m already all tingly. I can feel your hidden power oozing from your genes themselves!”

He looked over every inch of Mutsuki’s body with a look of animalistic intensity that seemed horribly out of place on his cute face.

(Wh-who is this kid?)

Mutsuki froze over and finally narrowed the corners of his eyes.

He was scared, but there was a strange charm in this boy’s eyes that just about made him fall in love.

He knew being here was dangerous, but his body refused to move.

The boy’s face drew even closer, but he could not escape.

“You’re just my type♥ Heh heh. I think I would’ve fallen for you even if you weren’t the chosen one.”

“The chosen-...? Nmh!”

He tried to ask about that phrase, but something made his mind go blank.

Reddish lips reminiscent of a blooming rose bud were pressed against his own.

The boy’s lips shined like glistening sweets as they covered the entirety of Mutsuki’s own lips.

(H...Huh?)

Mutsuki was utterly confused when he felt something wet around his lips. The mysterious boy named Lucia used that opportunity to squeeze his lips shut.

“Hee hee♥”

His beautiful looks grew sweetly flushed and he let out a warm breath.

The boy’s bewitching, sweet, and stickily moist breath scorched Mutsuki’s lungs and robbed him all strength.

After being left motionless, the boy devoured, rubbed, and pecked at his defenseless lips.

(What...is this? What is he doing to me? ...Nn, my tongue.)

Mutsuki could do nothing to stop it. He did not quite know what was happening yet. He only felt a pleasantly soft sensation pressing at his mouth sometimes fast and sometimes slow. The aroma of the heated breaths was certainly not unpleasant, but...

(Isn’t he...a boy?)

Only after the boy’s small sticky tongue split Mutsuki’s lips and began groping about his mouth did Mutsuki come back to his senses.

“Waaaaahhh!”

It had taken him a while, but he finally moved back. His back hit the dried fountain as he put some distance between them.

“Wh-why? What? What are you...?”

What are you doing? Who are you? Why did you kiss me? That was my first time.

Mutsuki had so many things flying through his mind he was not sure what to say first, so his mouth only flapped wordlessly.

“Heh heh heh heh heh. Thanks for that♥”

Lucia pressed his knees together and fidgeted with a delighted and charmed smile on his face.

Mutsuki nearly found him cuter than any girl he had ever seen, so he lost his chance to get angry. He could only swallow his complaints. He had a habit of swallowing when he closed his mouth and he only realized afterwards that he had swallowed Lucia’s saliva as well.

The happy-looking boy held his hands to his cheeks.

“You’re better than I ever imagined, Mutsuki-kun. I never thought a kiss would be enough to make me feel like this. I was trying to make you my slave, but I was the one that fell for you ♪”

He moved his thin, pointed chin as if giving someone instructions, and...

“Wah!?”

Mutsuki had been sitting with his back to the wall but his hips were forced up.

It was that blood from before. The black slime-like liquid had stained all of his clothing and it now pulled him upwards on the boy’s command.

“Now, let’s start by awakening the proof that you’re the chosen one. Let’s awaken the world’s most impure and inescapable power that can drag all women down into corruption! Let’s awaken the Serpent’s Eye!”

“The Serpent’s...? ...!? Eh...!”

The liquid had complete control. And as Mutsuki trembled in fear of that unexplainable magic trick, the next trick hit him.

“Ah...ah...ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!?”

Ever since the Porsche had begun to move, none of the mysterious phenomena had harmed anything but his lips, but the flames of pain had finally been ignited.

An indescribable feeling welled up inside his head as if the inside of his skull were on fire or sewage was being pumped into his temples. His clothes were pinned to the wall, so he could not even crouch down as he squirmed and tried to control the core of the sensation.

That core was his right eye which throbbed and burned to a painful degree.

“Ahhhhhh! What is this!? What is this!? What is thiiiiiiissssss!?”

“Don’t be afraid. The throbbing of the nerves is temporary. You’re breaking free of your frail humanity and setting foot in the realm of god. You’ll get used to it soon enough.”

Lucia smiled at Mutsuki’s temporary suffering in a mixture of worry and delight.

“It itches when you peel off a scab, but then you get new, healed skin. It hurts to peel back the foreskin that first time, but then you receive the most wonderful pleasure. Babies are born amid great pain, but then they get to enter this sweet, hellish world. ...Now!”

What did Fujita Mutsuki do?

“Look at me with that eye.”

He looked up toward the whisper that would destroy the harmony of his everyday life.

“Ahhh... Gh... Kh.... It hurts... It hurts!”

“Don’t worry. That heat is proof that you are the chosen one.”

He desperately held and rubbed his right eye. He even wanted to pluck out the eyeball.

“Look at me. Look at me with your Serpent’s Eye. Violate me with that devilish gaze of such beautiful corruption.”

“...Uuh...”

Called by Lucia and with tears pouring from his eyes, he hesitantly opened the swollen eyelid.

And...

“Ah...”

A mass of metal dropped down and split Lucia’s ecstatic form in two, starting from the top of the head.

When the boy’s two halves collapsed to the left and right, Mutsuki saw her standing behind him.

Despite the pain from before, his right eye gave him a shockingly clear view of the world.

“Fujita Mutsuki.”

He saw long hair colored a burning crimson. A blue ribbon fluttered in the wind.

“You are the legendary boy chosen by the demonic eye.”

Mutsuki had anything but a large build, but this girl looked slender even to him. He doubted she was even 140 centimeters tall.

She had the large round eyes of a small animal. The narrow bridge of her nose rose to an unremarkable height. Her lips were thin, but their glossy pink color stood out on her snowy white skin.

She looked young enough already, but she had a round baby face that stood at odds with the dignified angle of her eyebrows. She was more than just short. The shoulders exposed by her white running shirt and the legs contained in her spats were so delicate they seemed they would break if someone grabbed her too roughly. The straight hair that was long enough to cover her butt further emphasized her slender build.

That girl easily lifted a sheet of metal that had to be twice her height and she rested it on her shoulder. Mutsuki was almost beginning to think all of this was just a dream, but he was still shocked by what he saw.

That sheet of metal decorated with black wrought iron was a sword.

She held a sword larger than she was.

“Who are you?”

“Ange. I was sent here to protect you.”

Her clear, ocean blue eyes looked directly into his burning right eye.

That was the beginning.

“I am an angel.”

Meeting this girl was enough to smash Fujita Mutsuki's harmony to pieces.

"I am Ange of the Double Flame."

## **Chapter 2: Micha and Ange**

"Pant... Pant... ...Ah."

Mutsuki had never imagined it would be this difficult to walk with his legs weak from fear. It felt like he had sat on his legs for hours on end, so he was not even sure he was really standing. He unsteadily headed home while leaning on nearby telephone poles and guardrails.

The way home normally took less than fifteen minutes, but it felt horribly long now.

(What...was that?)

His head was spinning and he felt sick. It felt like all of his blood was flowing backwards. He felt a chill yet could not stop sweating and his head was filled with nothing but heat.

He could only imagine the events in front of the train station had been a dream. First, a car had stood up and started to walk and then the fountain's water had turned blood red. Finally, a girl had appeared out of nowhere and sliced a boy in two.

However...

"..."

He gently held his right eye.

A mirror was attached to a nearby guardrail to give a view around the corner, so he hesitantly peered into it. He saw his own face there, but his right eye was proof that those events had been all too real.

It was black. A black smooth object was located where his eyeball should have been. It looked like a nontransparent plastic panel had been placed over the eye.

And yet he knew better than anyone that he was looking at his own eye. The covered eye had no pupil, but the faint outline of the iris was there and he was able to see through that spot.

His right eye could see and his sight was much clearer than before.

He tried covering his left eye, but that only closed off a bit on the left side of his vision.

It truly had not been a dream. That scared him, so he looked down at his upper arms, legs, and inside his clothes. He found no injuries.

There were no red marks. There was no sign of any kind of burns.

“Fwah... Ah...ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!”

The girl calling herself an angel grew wings from her back to prove her claim.

Instead of the white wings told of in legends, they were made of dull blue flames. Still, they were not actually burning and they moved in accordance with her will. They bent just like wings and wrapped around Mutsuki as he was pinned to the wall.

He screamed as the blue flames burned him, but Ange maintained a look of composure.

“Calm down. An angel’s flames are a purifying light. You shouldn’t even feel warm. I’m only getting rid of the Succubi.”

Once she mentioned it, he realized the flames were not even hot, as if they were a mere illusion. However, that was not enough to calm Mutsuki’s panic. There was no way he could relax while flames enveloped him.

Instead of burning him, the flames burned the black liquid soaking his clothes and turned it to ash.

The liquid fell away, freeing Mutsuki’s body from the wall.

He fell into the wall fountain below him. The flames seemed to affect normal water too because it began to boil into steam, but even amid the oppressive steam, the flames showed no sign of weakening.

“How pathetic.”

The angel girl named Ange watched in obvious exasperation as he flailed around in the water.

But when he looked up in search of help, his right eye met her blue eyes.

“...”

She quickly looked away.

“Except for the Serpent’s Eye, it seems.”

She faced the side, revealing a cheek that was so flushed it was noticeable even in the light of the setting sun.

“Ange of the Double Flame, hm?”

A moment later, her face stiffened at a voice.

The voice was Lucia's. He had supposedly been sliced in two, but he looked entirely unharmed as he sat on the hood of the scrap metal that had been the Porsche.

"Even among the angels born from the purifying light of flames, your flames were much hotter than normal. You are the maiden born from blue flames of 2000 degrees. ...Is that big thing the rumored Prominence?"

"I'm glad to hear I'm so famous."

The girl clicked her tongue, turned around, and pointed her large sword at the boy.

Even if it was hollow except for the core of support in the center, the panel of metal was wider than she was, but she easily swung it around in one hand. It was an unbelievable sight.

The slightly damp-looking black surface was made of metal and covered in the luster of a black pearl. It looked just as gorgeous as the Japanese swords that were given as deep a shine as platinum despite being made of steel. Just looking at it was enough to feel the solemn weight of the metal inside.

"Oh, god. What a pain."

Lucia jumped down from the hood.

He pulled out the large red scythe stabbed into the vehicle. His arms were far skinnier than Mutsuki's, yet he not only easily lifted the giant scythe, but he tore apart the Porsche's red body like it was made of paper.

They both seemed to possess the same mysterious and abnormal power.

“——!!”

“——!!”

All Mutsuki could tell was that they were enemies.

The giant sword named Prominence sliced through the air and the two of them collided.

“~~Gh...”

The massive sword was going to strike the long scythe. The sword had more weight, so it would push the scythe back.

However, the boy ducked down before the blade arrived, dodged the slash, and sent the force of his blow to the other end of his weapon. He sent the handle toward the girl’s torso.

“Ah.”

The high-speed exchange did not even last two full seconds. Mutsuki’s eyes caught up, but only after the girl used the momentum of her charge to jump away from the boy and avoid the scythe handle.

Mutsuki was not even given time to gasp before the exchange accelerated. When Lucia’s fingertips danced like he was waving a conductor’s baton, the pieces of black water scattered across the ground formed hands and assaulted the angel.

“Didn’t you know?”

The battle was over.

“An angel’s body cannot be defiled.”

The liquid demons approaching the girl turned to ash the instant they arrived within a certain area around her.

Lucia's eyes grew wide because the girl's body was now surrounded by blue flames so thin they were nearly invisible. The film of fire had created an inviolable barrier around her.

"A Corona!?"

The boy's shock created a brief opening. In that instant, Ange ran right up to the boy while protected by her burning fire.

She unleashed a full swing of her great sword.

Lucia somehow managed to catch it on his scythe, but his slender body was launched several dozen meters as if a large truck had hit him.

"Dammit... You really are strong."

Despite his surprise, Lucia placed his feet on a building's wall to recover. However, he did not immediately make a counterattack. The film of blue fire that had burned the black water had spread as the angel approached and had scorched the boy's beautiful face.

His constant thin smile vanished for just a moment and his eyebrows twitched, but he soon giggled and the smile returned.

"Okay, looks like I'm poorly matched against an angel."

He jumped to the building rooftop with smoke still rising from him.

"Heh heh ♪ That's a lovely eye, Mutsuki-kun. You can violate me more thoroughly later, okay?"

After a parting wink, he turned around and left.

“Wait! ...Oh, you! Micha will be here soon, so stay put!”

That was all Ange said before pursuing the boy.

Mutsuki had no idea what to find strange anymore as the red-haired girl brushed aside gravity to jump on top of the six-story building with that mass of metal in hand.

(Should I really have run away?)

Mutsuki hurried home while hiding his right eye.

(She told me to wait for someone named Micha, but I couldn't stay when people started gathering there. Besides, who knows if I can even trust that Ange girl.)

He made excuses for his inability to do anything but run from that bizarre situation.

But he really did think running away had been the best plan. He felt bad doing this to Ange – who was at least a winged girl who could do a few inhuman things, even if she was not actually an angel – but he wanted to return home at the moment.

(Would a doctor be able to heal my eye?)

With that absentminded thought, he tried his best to think over it all calmly even if he was only feigning calm.

(It started with...that's right. I got that phone call before the car started to move. A woman spoke to me.)

That had been the beginning of this mysterious event.

She had told him to run away and to survive until Ange arrived.

The caller had known Ange, the girl with the sword. And at the very least, she had not seemed to want to harm him.

That made him wonder if he should not have left when Ange told him to stay, but he did not have the nerve to head back to the station now.

After the call, the Porsche had started to move. What had that been? It had been destroyed before he figured out what it was after, but it had certainly turned his way.

Then that boy named Lucia had arrived.

“ ... ”

Mutsuki brought a hand to his mouth.

He could still feel a lingering hint of that warmth, softness, and sweet pleasure.

That boy had seemed to want to earn his favor and Mutsuki had trouble disliking him.

However, that boy had been the one to do this to his right eye. He had also fought a deadly battle with Ange, who seemed more like an ally, but before that, he had protected Mutsuki from the car monster.

(This is hopeless.)

His thoughts spun round and round in his head and he doubted he could think about anything at the moment.

There had also been that black water and those blue flames. It was all a mystery, but his first priority was visiting an eye doctor. He reached the residential district while holding his right eye again.

“Mutsuki-chan, are you only now getting home? Welcome back.”

“Oh, y-yes. Good evening.”

Given the time, he ran into a lot of neighbors.

He had no idea what would happen if they saw it, so he paid careful attention to his right eye as he pretended to be the polite son of the Fujita family he usually was.

“You’re soaking wet. Did something happen?”

“N-no, I just fell in a pond is all. I’m fine.”

Even if he hid his eye, his clothes were wet and he was covered in ashes, so he naturally gathered attention. Feeling uncomfortable, he picked up his pace toward home.

He had his hands full with his own state, so he failed to notice something else.

“I see. Well, try not to catch cold. ...Huh?”

The neighbor who had greeted him was only the first.

“Welcome back, Mutsuki-kun. ...Hm?”

“Hi, Mutsuki-oniichan.! ...Nn. ...Fweh?”

“...!?”

One was a neighbor woman twenty years older than his mother, one was a girl the same age as Mutsumi, and one was a college girl who just so happened to be in the area.

Each of their expressions changed entirely when Mutsuki passed them by.

They more not just surprised by his wet clothes.

They all gave him a look of intense longing.

“I’m home.”

“Took you long enough. Hey, Mutsuki! I called you a thousand times, so I know you turned off your phone!”

As soon as Mutsuki arrived home, his impertinent little sister gave him an angry greeting.

He had never appreciated the voice of a family member or the familiar sight of the house so much. His legs were still weak, so he nearly collapsed to the floor.

“We’re out of ice, so I wanted you to buy some on your way- ...What is that?”

He had made it home, but he could not help but lean on the entranceway door. That was when Chiaki walked in wearing her usual rough around-the-house outfit of a camisole and jeans, but she was shocked to find her brother soaking wet and covered in ashes.

“We need ice? I’ll buy some on the way back from the eye doctor. Can you get me a towel for now?”

“S-sure. And the eye doctor? Did you hurt yours?”

His impertinent but kind sister started toward the bathroom, so instead of saying thanks, he gave her a smile while holding his eye.

“...Eek!?”

As soon as he looked at her, a change came over her.

She held her hands to her navel and started to tremble. She fell to her knees and arched her back behind her. Her entire body shook as if electricity was surging out from the base of her legs. That is, her crotch.

“Ah... Ah...? What...is this? What is this!?”

“Chiaki!? What is it? Eh? Wh-what is it!?”

He frantically ran over because something was clearly wrong.

But without knowing what was happening, he had no idea what to do. As he stood there in confusion, his sister’s state only grew worse.

“Kyah... aheh♡”

The healthy thighs contained inside her jeans spread on their own.

Beads of sweat visibly covered her entire body. Too much liquid to be sweat darkened her jeans around the base of her thighs.

“Help...me... Mutsuki...onii...chan...”

Chiaki turned her moist, cloudy eyes toward the boy as her shaking grew to convulsions.

Utterly confused, Mutsuki reached a hand toward her slender shoulder.

“~~~!!”



After being attacked by inhuman foes a few times already, Mutsuki quickly realized what this voice was.

The unpleasant groan was as high-pitched as fingernails on glass. A moment later, it showed itself. A black slime-like creature burst from his wet clothes.

(One of those things was still there!?)

A scorched stench hung around it, but it fell between Chiaki's limp legs and moved itself forward. Mutsuki trembled in horror as it sent ripples through the spreading puddle and gradually grew in size.

It was absorbing the urine to grow.

After drinking it all and leaving the wooden floor perfectly clean, it moved toward Chiaki's jeans in search of more liquid.

"S-stop!"

"Kyubi? Kyugahhhh! Agyahhhh!"

He thought his legs would give out again, but he frantically picked up his unconscious sister and ran away.

The black filth cried and wailed in hunger as it crawled after him. What was he supposed to do? He decided to at least get Chiaki away and ran toward the entranceway.

"Yes. Good, good."

A ball of red fire squashed the slime flat.

"Eh?"

The filth had burst to pieces from a flame hammer strike and it then turned to ash. Nothing remained afterwards. There was not even a mark on the floor.

“Walking around town with the Serpent’s Eye opened was pretty reckless, you know? I went out of my way to meet you at the station, but you ditched me.”

That flame had burned only the black water. The color was different, but Mutsuki had seen this just a bit earlier. He turned cautiously toward the voice.

“But.”

At some point a woman had appeared in the entranceway.

“You did a good job protecting your cute little sister, so I’ll skip the lecture.”



She too had flames growing from her back.

She did not have a giant sheet of metal, but her otherworldly aura still left Mutsuki in a daze.

His eyes first stopped on the healthy color of her skin. Its brown was gentler than a black person's, so it more closely resembled a dark tan. It was a milk tea color that could not be reproduced with dyes or at a tanning salon.

Then, he noticed her outfit. She wore a miniskirt about as short as a waistcloth and a black cutter shirt that only just barely covered her breasts. While she was also wearing boots that rose halfway up her thighs and a long coat that covered her entire body, her outfit left her cleavage, midriff, and thighs entirely exposed, so it was hardly appropriate to wear around town.

She had red, almond-shaped eyes with a double eyelid, the deep-chiseled bridge of her nose stood prominently out, and her plump lips were a shade of red paler than her skin. Overall, she had the facial features of a model. Her wavy, waist-length hair was a glistening honey blonde, which added to her charm.

She was unmistakably beautiful, but that seductive atmosphere actually made the boy wary.

"Wh-who are you?"

Suspicious, Mutsuki stood in front of his unconscious sister.

Appreciation filled the brown beauty's face when she saw that brave brother.

But when she looked the boy in the eye, she looked just as shocked as Chiaki or the neighborhood girls and women had.

“So this I the power of the one to be the origin. I guess I shouldn’t be surprised.”

“!?”

She crouched down a little and instantly moved right in front of Mutsuki.

She had moved too quickly for him to follow with his eyes and she grabbed his cheeks before he could even gasp.

“Be closed. Humans are happiest as humans.”

“Wah!”

An itching sensation raced through his right eye, but it was much kinder than the pain from before. The boy frantically pushed her hands from his cheeks. He tried a little too hard to back away and his knees gave out. He landed on his butt next to his sister.

“Wh-what did you just do?”

“Oh, you’re pretty cute. I like this a lot better than that snake eye ♪”

The boy snapped back at her due to the responsibility of having his little sister so nearby, but the woman dodged his question with a gentle smile. She then threw some kind of key his way.

The keychain had a small hand mirror attached, so he looked into it.

“...Ah.”

His usual face was back. Everything was back to normal, right eye and all.

Noticing the tension leave his face, the woman smiled his way again. His heart skipped a beat when he looking at her again and realized how beautiful she was.

“The world has begun to move.”

She whispered to him with a meaningful alto voice.

“The world has begun to move with you at the center.”

“Eh?”

“Gather heaven, earth, and hell and you will have everything. The entire world is revolving around you.”

That was when he realized something else.

“I’ll explain what’s going on, since I’m sure you’re frightened with all this strange stuff happening.”

He recognized the strangely cute yet mature alto voice.

It was the voice he had heard over the phone earlier.

“Would you mind going on a date with me?”

After removing both Mutsuki’s tension and caution, she gave him a playful wink.

The woman said her name was Jiyuuni Micha and Mutsuki decided to believe her for the time being.

At the very least, she was not his enemy. Or so he thought. She had told him to run away over the phone and she had defeated that slime with

her fire. She had even made sure to give Chiaki a bath while the girl was still unconscious, so he decided to trust her for now.

Although it mostly came down to wanting someone to explain what was going on.

Micha dressed Chiaki and laid her on the sofa and Mutsuki left with Micha after his older sister returned home. He was riding on the back of Micha's motorcycle. It seemed to be an off-road motorcycle because its tires were as thick as a car's and its long frame had no extra accessories.

He quickly regretted climbing onboard.

"Waaahhhhhh! J-J-J-J-Jiyuuni-san! Too fast! You're going too fast!"

"Call me Micha. Jiyuuni is a fake name for the human world, so I'm not used to responding to it."

"Fine! I'll call you Micha! But this is too fast! I'm going to fall off!"

"Then hold on more tightly. Just to be clear, you'll definitely die if you fall off."

He could only tremble as they moved so quickly the surrounding cars did not seem to be moving at all, but the woman did not slow down in the slightest.

In fact, she seemed to be enjoying this. When she saw him on the verge of tears, she laughed happily and squeezed the throttle even further.

"Uuh..."

He would normally have been too embarrassed to grab onto a woman he had only just met, but his life was on the line here. He wrapped his arms around her narrow waist lest he be thrown off the motorcycle entirely.

The motorcycle did not have a back seat or a luggage rack and he could not have balanced on the back tire's frame, so he was forced to share the one seat with Micha. By this point, her butt was resting on top of his thighs.

It was embarrassing, but his life really was in danger if he fell. He said "excuse me" and pressed his cheek up against her back. He felt more stable when pressing that tightly against her.

He had changed out of his soaking wet uniform, but the wind was cold and Micha's body warmth felt nice through her white coat. The scent of the adult woman was enough to embarrass him even further.

"Anyway, Mutsuki-kun."

"Y-yes?"

The wind would have drowned out her voice, but their close contact let him hear her through her body.

"I'm sure you've figured out by now that your body isn't that of a normal human."

He was having trouble focusing, but she began with the exact kind of talk he had expected.

"I'm perfectly normal."

"Even after what you did to Chiaki-chan?"

"..."

Had it really been his fault that approaching his sister had made her grow confused, piss herself, and pass out? Pain began to fill his heart.

“Don’t worry. Although it is true that was due to your power. It was the power of the Serpent’s Eye that appeared in your right eye, but that’s sealed away right now.”

“The Serpent’s Eye?”

He recalled Lucia calling it that as well. When he thought back, he realized the black eye he had seen in the road mirror had been just like a snake’s.

“Wh-what was that? Why did that happen to my eye?”

“It was unavoidable. From the moment god designed human DNA, it was made to create a bearer of the Serpent’s Eye once every hundred or thousand years. It’s just one of god’s rules.”

He had been born with it. That was the most hopeless explanation there was.

“The Serpent’s Eye has a tremendous effect on the opposite sex. In other words, women. I’m sure you can tell based on what happened to Chiaki-chan. Just looking at them is enough to do that. If you wanted to, you could conquer half the world.”

“Oh...”

“Ever since ancient times, the ones known in the human world as demons have been especially obsessed with that power. You saw them earlier, didn’t you? There was that intelligent demon named Lucia and his followers, the Succubi. If they gain your power, it’s game over for the human world.”

“Um. Wait a second.”

The boy frowned.

This was on such a large scale he was having trouble keeping up, but it all seemed a little too “out there”. It was true his right eye – the Serpent’s Eye – had caused Chiaki to faint just by looking at her, but it seemed like an exaggeration to say he could “conquer the world” with that.

The woman brushed back her blonde hair and looked back at him.

“You’re so naïve ♪”

“What?”

She gave him a coquettish wink and his heart skipped a beat.

His puzzled look seemed to delight her all the more.

And then...

“Excuse me, excuse me. You on the motorcycle, please stop.”

A noisy siren suddenly started up and a voice shouted at them through a megaphone.

Mutsuki looked back and saw three police cars following them.

They were breaking the speed limit with two people on a one-person bike, so this result was hardly surprising. The boy could only sigh.

But...

“You two not wearing helmets, please slow down and pull over.”

“Um...Micha-san?”

He mentally begged her to stop, but when she faced forward again, she twisted the throttle as if this were none of her concern. She was speeding up.

Mutsuki was on the verge of tears and he squeezed his arms around her waist even more. He had only met this woman fifteen minutes ago, but he could somehow tell she intended to lose them.

“Anyway, how far did I get?”

She calmly continued her discussion as the boy buried his face in her back due to the cold and his fear. She had raised her voice because the sirens were so loud, but that was the only change.

“Oh, right. That you’re the chosen one. Anyway, destined people like that are often targeted by dangerous enemies, right?”

She let go of the handlebar with the hand not accelerating.

She drove with one hand while easily exceeding 100 kph. Mutsuki had gone pale, but she pointed back with her thumb. When he looked that way...

“Eh?”

“The Serpent’s Eye is this world’s one and only perfect power. If you gouged it out and encased it in glass, it would become the most valuable jewel imaginable. Everyone who knows about it wants to get their hands on it. Whether they’re a demon...or a human.”

When Mutsuki saw the rightmost police car she pointed at, he grew even paler.

“There are two main groups after you. One is the demons I mentioned before. And...”

There was no one inside it.

The driver's seat and passenger seat were both empty and the steering wheel was moving on its own.

"These are the bigger problem. They're called the Springloaded. They're the servants of a human group who want the Serpent's Eye. That group is named FeTUS."

"Micha-san!"

The freezing boy screamed as the motorcycle accelerated even further.

He was afraid of their pursuers, but he was even more afraid of the red light at the intersection they would reach in another three seconds at this speed. Even if they were trying to escape, this was far too fast for a public road.

"~~!"

However...

"That's lucky. I think we can get away now."

The woman charged right into the intersection at 130 kph even as people used the crosswalk.

She swerved left and right so sharply her knees nearly scraped the ground and just barely avoided hitting any of the pedestrians or cars. She kept it up all the way to the other side of the intersection.

Mutsuki had seen videos of people slipping through the paper-thin gaps between the bullets filling the screen on a shooting game, but he had never imagined he would experience it in person. He was still trembling even after they made it through.

He heard screeching brakes and then an especially loud collision.

The police cars with actual policemen in them had of course stopped, but the unmanned one known as a Springloaded had been destroyed when a truck T-boned it from the side.

However, they did not have time to relax. In fact, it was only after that destruction that the boy realized how frightening his pursuers were.

As if removing a disguise, the police car writhed and transformed. The frame shrank down, abandoning any space for passengers and creating a longer form. Claws burst out to form legs.

Just like the Porsche had with his cellphone, the police car swallowed up the parts of the damaged truck.

“Their Lithography sure has gotten fast,” complained Micha. “Honestly, they get more dangerous by the day.”

If the Porsche had been an inchworm, then this was a giant metal grasshopper with the large vehicle’s cylinders as the back legs. After eating another machine to grow and complete its transformation, it jumped over the chaotic intersection.

It was still pursuing the trembling boy.

“Not to worry. We’re here to protect you.”

Micha calmly turned around despite their speed.

“We’re angels.”

She winked at him.

They were approaching the entrance to a vehicles-only road, so she turned that way at the last second. With a snap, the end of the

accelerator grip seemed to break off. It turned out to be cover and some kind of button was revealed below.

Mutsuki wanted to complain that this was not a manga, but he still gathered all of his strength in the arms around her waist because he had a good guess what was coming next.

And a moment later...

“~~~~~!”

They were moving too fast for him to hear his own scream, so how fast was that converted to kph?

At any rate, after being attacked by a mysterious boy, being pursued by machine monsters, and all the other strange events, this was the most frightening moment of the day. Still, they did manage to escape their pursuers.

“Anyway.”

Despite all the running away, Micha brought him to an apartment building in the same town.

It was about a half hour walk from his home. He had been forced to hold on for dear life for over an hour, but it seemed that was mostly because she had wanted to go touring. While trying to hide the few tears he had shed, he followed Micha inside.

“It’s pretty messy since I’ve only just moved in, but try to ignore it, okay?”

“Okay...”

Mutsuki lived in a house, so entering a high-rise apartment building made him nervous. He was taken to the top floor and then to one of the rooms overlooking the town at a frightening height.

“You were right about it being messy.”

That was his first impression.

He removed his shoes in the entranceway which was filled with so many boots and sandals it would have been difficult to find a matching set. He was impressed by the automatic lights and automatically locking door, but he was more focused on finding anywhere to step in a hallway filled with laundry and flyers. Luckily, Micha paved the way by kicking stuff out of the way.

“Are you good at housework, Mutsuki-kun? Y’know, like cleaning.”

“Cleaning? I do it a lot, if that’s what you mean.”

“Great ♪”

“?”

They moved further inside.

Needless to say, the rest was a disaster too. The dining and living rooms were almost fifty square meters in all, but there was still nowhere to step.

Cardboard boxes waiting to be unpacked were piled up, yet beer cans were stacked in a pyramid on the table like building blocks. There were far too many empty cans for her to have really just moved in, but there were far too many boxes still needing unpacking for her to have actually lived here longer.

“...”

He had not even known her for two whole hours, but he felt he had a pretty good grasp on her character.

And...

“Hm?”

He noticed something on the couch.

They were clothes far too small for Micha to wear. They looked like they might be for a child, but they had caught his eye because they were neatly folded up amid the otherwise messy room.

He naturally approached them and found a shirt and spats he had seen somewhere before.

“Where did she get off to? Hey, are you back!?”

Micha kicked more things out of her way and searched for someone by opening all the doors leading from the living room.

And...

“Ange! Are you here nor not?”

“Yes, yes. I’m here. Just a second!”

Someone replied from the door in the dining room next to the one leading to the kitchen.

“Oh, you’re in there? Were you taking a shower?”

Steam escaped the door, but Micha did not hesitate to walk over and open it.

“...What?”

She did indeed reveal a girl who had apparently been taking a shower.

The girl had just started tying back the red hair that was long enough to cover her butt. She had her hand around the wet hair and a rubber hairband in her mouth.

“ ...”

She slowly turned toward Mutsuki.

Mutsuki looked straight at her.

Except for the towel draped over her neck, she was completely naked. The girl's defenseless body was on full display.



She stood there in her birthday suit with nothing hidden: her armpits, her collarbones, the indentation of her navel, her surprisingly feminine chest given her otherwise childish build, and...“down there”.

It was a beautiful body. Her unblemished skin was pure white. Her long arms and legs were slender. Her waist was so skinny it seemed to have been carved down and her smooth hips were the exact opposite. Her bust bulged out only a modest amount. Other than her short height, she had the slender build of a model.

He knew it was rude, but Mutsuki gulped, sending his still-thin Adam’s apple up and down.

The girl froze in place as well.

“I’ll introduce her properly this time. This is Ange. She works with me.”

The hairband fell from her mouth.

“Gnyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhh!!!!!!!”

“Wah, wah, wah! I-I’m sorry!!”

She screamed so loudly it had to have reached the first floor and Mutsuki frantically turned around.

But he moved too quickly. His quick about-face caused him to slip on a magazine lying on the floor and to trip quite spectacularly.

His head hit the couch and everything on it poured down onto him.

“Nfh.”

Something caught on his face as it fell.

It was the shirt and spats from before. These were the clothes the girl had worn by the station. It could not have been long since she had removed them because he could still feel some faint body heat in them.

And once he removed the spats, something round spilled out from them.

“...?”

It was somewhat damp and the rubber in it had pulled it into a ball.

He spread it out to find a triangular object that smelled of sweat.

They were a pair of pink panties.

“From now on, we’ll be protecting you from any and all danger.”

Beyond the panties, he could see Ange charging at him after putting on the bath towel.

“What! Do you think! You’re doing! With my panties! You pervert!”

“Gfh! Gyah! I’m...I’m sorry!”

“So don’t worry, Mutsuki-kun. Ange’s power is top class even for an angel. So whether FeTUS or the demons attack, she’ll be protecting you 24/7.”

Ange climbed on top of the boy she was meant to protect and started beating him, Mutsuki desperately tried to protect himself with the hands holding the panties, and Micha smiled as she spoke.

“You pervert pervert!!”

“Ow! Ahhhh, I’m sorryyyyy! Micha-san! Help me, Micha-san!”

“Good, good ♪ I’m glad to see you’re already friends.”

She continued to smile.

“Now, after cleaning up real quick, let’s have a welcoming party for our new roommate.”

Ange’s fist finally stopped.

“What?”

“Room...mate?”

This was news to Mutsuki as well.

“Ehhhhhhhh!? I have to live with him!?”

Mutsuki was slow to react thanks to the beating he had taken, so Ange alone stood up and shouted in protest.

“Of course. You wouldn’t be much of a bodyguard otherwise.”

“I refuse to live with a pervert like-...”

Mutsuki had apparently stepped on the edge of the towel during their scuffle, so when the girl tried to argue with Micha, the only thing hiding her bare skin fell away.

“~~~~~!!”

The top class angel girl’s adorable butt was right in front of his eyes.

And a moment later, a low kick filled with reliable strength reached his jaw.

### Chapter 3: Demonic Eye of Corruption

As midnight rolled around, Mutsuki was lying in bed inside the room prepared for him. He had turned out the lights, but he was having trouble getting to sleep.

It may have been the new bed and it may have been how strangely clear his mind was.

Only about eight hours had passed since school had let out, but so very much had happened. He was exhausted as if he had redone his entire life two or three times and his body refused to relax.

He had received more of an explanation, so he now had a general understanding of the situation.

It was sounding like he would need to give up on a portion of his life. Just as Micha had said, he would have to live here. For today, he had called home to say he was sleeping over at a friend's house.

"..."

He rolled over and looked across the room that was empty save for the bed. He had turned off the lights, but he had not shut the curtains. The moon was bright tonight, so perhaps that was why he could not sleep.

He had wanted to be somewhere bright, so he had not felt like closing them.

Whenever he shut his eyes, the exciting events of the day played back in his mind's eye.

He was wearing the shirt of his school uniform and boxers since he did not have any pajamas with him, but the memories were enough to soak the shirt with sweat.

Micha had explained it all again earlier.

None of it felt real, but he had a general understanding now.

He had a strange characteristic called the Serpent's Eye.

He did not doubt that part. He had seen it and he had seen Chiaki go crazy from its power.

And there were two groups who wanted the Serpent's eye.

One was the demons. That meant the boy named Lucia and the black liquid creatures known as Succubi. Based on what he had heard, the demons were not human.

The other was FeTUS. This one was a human organization and they were the ones who had controlled the Porsche and police car.

They were led by high-ranking individuals known as the FeTUS Witches and when they "wound the spring" of a machine, it became a Springloaded. They were not limited to cars and could affect airplanes, satellites, cellphones, or anything else.

The Serpent's Eye was powerful enough to throw the world out of balance if it were misused.

The ones protecting the bearer of the Serpent's Eye were the angels.

They had joined together to protect the human world and were trying to come up with a countermeasure against the demons and FeTUS. Ange and Micha belonged to that group and they would protect Mutsuki until a countermeasure was found.

In other words...

(I can't live at home for a while. I bet Mutsumi-chan will cry.)

Doing what the angels said seemed like the wisest decision. He wanted to avoid having his family attacked by that sticky black water or those walking cars.

When it started to hit home that he was the target of those bizarre things, he began sweating even more. He rolled onto his side to let the heat escape, but then the sweat appeared on his forehead.

Inhuman monsters and a group with the superhuman knowledge to control machines were both trying to pluck out his eyeball.

It was such an unreal reality. And the events of this day were enough to know he could not write it all off as a dream.

Thinking about it all brought a chill to his chest and spine. He kept tossing and turning to escape these thoughts.

It sounded like his only option was to rely on Micha and Ange.

(Not that I feel particularly welcomed.)

When he remembered his other roommate, he felt depressed for a different reason.

"Um... Nice to meet you Ange-san."

"..."

"Um..."

"Just to be clear, I'm only protecting you because it's my duty. I don't actually like humans."

"Uuh..."

“And I hate pathetic guys and perverted guys most of all!”

Things had been like that ever since she had learned he was staying here.

It was not an easy situation for a pacifist (or rather, weak-willed person) like Mutsuki.

(I won't argue with pathetic, but how can she call me perverted. It wasn't my fault.)

Even if it was not his fault, he started to picture her nude body, so he shook his head to clear it away. However, the image seemed to have been burned into his retinas, so it refused to disappear.

At the same time, he became aware that he was in the same apartment as a beautiful woman and beautiful girl he had only just met today. Not only that, but this was going to be his home now. That kept him awake all the more.

And then...

“Mutsuki-kun? I'm coming in.”

He heard a voice from outside the room. Before he could answer, the door opened and Micha stepped in with a small plate in her hand.

“I brought an aroma to help calm you.”

She seemed to know he was awake and could not sleep. The plate was filled with oil and she placed it on the bedside table. She snapped her fingers and a fingertip-sized flame appeared above the plate. It seemed to be something like an aroma candle.

When he tried to sit up, she held out a hand to stop him and sat down next to him.

He looked up and saw her illuminated by the moon and candlelight.

The wild aura of her brown skin was neutralized by the gentle light. He noticed all over again how beautiful she was and grew embarrassed. Her blonde hair absorbed as much of the faint light as possible and gave off the stickily sweet aroma of an adult woman.

She stuck her finger in the warm aroma oil and softly stroked his cheek.

“Don’t worry about Ange. She doesn’t know much about the human world, so she’s a little on edge. She’s actually a really good girl.”

He felt her palm sliding across his skin and smelled the faint aroma of olives coming from the oil. Entranced, he narrowed his eyes.

But that peaceful atmosphere only lasted a moment because Micha seemed to completely change her tone of voice.

“It’s probably because she’s a virgin that she hates the Serpent’s Eye so much. She’s too obsessed with purity. It’s so childish. Maybe she’d understand the world a little better if I deflowered her with my strap-on.”

The boy was shocked by what she just said.

She laughed. It was a childishly mischievous, somewhat alluring, and erotic laugh.

“Just kidding.”

She narrowed her red eyes that seemed to absorb Mutsuki and suddenly straddled the boy’s stomach.

“Um...Micha-san? What are you doing?”

She did not wear her coat or boots indoors, so the beautiful woman on top of him was covered by no more cloth than a swimsuit.

(She’s so close. ...H-her boobs are about to touch me. Ah, she smells so nice.)

The scent wafting from her body was strong enough to drown out the aroma oil, but it was still gentle enough to not sting his nose. Mutsuki had no idea what to do, so he frantically looked away.

The woman seemed to find his reaction amusing and she brushed back her blonde hair.

“Are you a virgin, Mutsuki-kun?”

“What?”

“You are, aren’t you?”

She slid her knees forward.

He did not immediately know what she meant by “virgin”, but his thoughts were quickly diverted elsewhere.

Micha came in close enough that her thighs nearly touched his armpits. Even as short as it was, her skirt was actually hiding its contents...until she pulled it up, that is.

“Fweh!?”

She revealed a small piece of hard leather. It only just barely covered the most precious part of her body and the thong back was wedged into her butt. It was less underwear and more an accessory to seductively show off a woman’s body.

And even though he could pretty much see it all already, she pulled it to the side.

“Heh heh heh ♪ Is this your first time seeing one of these?”

It was so sudden that Mutsuki tensed up.

The contrast between her brown skin and blonde pubic hair burned into his retinas.

The upside-down triangle of female flesh filled the indentation between her two flexible thighs. A bit below the center, curly blonde hair formed a long vertical line. A crevice ran down the center of the flat area at the bottom.

(Th-that’s a woman’s...)

With the internet so ubiquitous, anyone Mutsuki’s age had seen a few inappropriate images or videos, but this was his first time seeing that area without a mosaic over it.

Not only was he seeing his first vagina, but it was in person and from extremely close up.

He was more amazed than aroused and his mind went completely blank.

“There’s one thing I haven’t told you yet.”

“Eh?”

“It’s about the Serpent’s Eye’s effects. I’ll show you just what kind of power you have.”

The boy was on the verge of tears. His breathing was gradually growing more animalistic and those breaths were touching her vulva. Micha did not seem able to calm down, so she held his face firmly between her hands and whispered to him.

“Look. This is my body. It reacts just like a human woman’s would.”

With his head fixed in place, she moved her crotch up until it nearly touched his nose. The indescribably bewitching aroma only produced by an adult woman’s flesh tickled deep inside his nose.

“Open, demonic eye of corruption. I grant you thirteen seconds of freedom, so pierce your prey every which way you may turn.”

In that instant, Mutsuki felt the temperature of his body’s blood dropping as if he had become coldblooded.

All, that is, but for in his right eye.

“...”

That eye was assaulted by the same pain, throbbing, and heat as when Lucia had done this that evening.

But...

“Ah! Ah...ah, ah! Ahhhhhhhhhhh!”

Muffled screams echoed through the room.

“...”

But they did not come from Mutsuki. He used his black eye of a coldblooded animal to stare blankly up at Micha as she straddled him. His right eye had ached and throbbed like it was not his own, but that had subsided after a moment.

It was the second time, so his body was accepting the power.

Micha was the one screaming.

“Ahhhhhhh! Kh. You’re kidding. Oh, god... This... This is...”

“Ah? Eh? Micha-san? What’s-...?”

“~~! M-my name... Ahhhh, it’s just...your voice...but...nnnn...”

This was the same as with Chiaki.

The woman raised her voice in a mixture of screaming and moaning. Beads of sweat quickly covered her brown skin and those droplets flew from her as she twisted her limbs and writhed madly as if electricity were surging through her body.

(Is this...?)

Watching this finally clued Mutsuki in to what his power did.

As if to confirm his guess, the vagina in front of his face began to react. The brown flesh twitched at a different rate than the rest of her body and it split in two.

The sensitive-looking flesh that appeared in the gap between was a salmon-pink paler than the rest of her skin. This flesh was folded up inside, but once it was exposed, it grew further engorged, split to the left and right, and pushed the outer flesh aside as it expanded.

It was a lot like watching a time-lapse video of a blooming morning glory.

“~~ Ahhh...”

Exactly thirteen seconds later, a chilly sensation enveloped Mutsuki's right eye and Micha collapsed. She fell on top of him as his Serpent's Eye closed, so he frantically supported her.

Her body was hot and the sweet scent of an adult now included the essence of sweat and a seductively female aroma.

"Ahh... Heh... That's more than the legends said and more than I ever imagined. I can't believe that was just from you looking at me. Your voice was intense too and I thought I was going to die when you called my name."

Micha was short of breath and leaned on him because she could not gather her own strength.

Mutsuki's face was pinned below her breasts, but he could not exactly throw her off of him when he could feel how hard her weary heart was beating. He left her where she was.

"You know what the power of the Serpent's Eye is now, don't you?"

She turned her moist eyes his way and he blushed a little.

"It makes women...um, horny."

"Correct. It's been said since ancient times that the serpent can corrupt women."

"..."

That was what it meant to conquer half the world. Once that clicked into place, he realized what he had done to Chiaki and frowned in self-loathing.

He was starting to feel a little glad that he was no longer living with his family. If he turned this power on his mother or sisters, he would want to kill himself.

“I won’t let you abuse this power. You can’t use it while it’s sealed like this, so don’t start plotting to make all the girls in the world your sex slaves.”

“I-I wasn’t thinking that.”

It was true he could think of a lot of ways to use this power, but he shook his head to clear his mind. He was not the type to do bad things.

Micha suddenly spoke up as she lay limply on top of him.

“The legends all say it ‘corrupts’ women, but that’s far too vague. That was amazing.”

“S-sorry.”

“Heh heh. You don’t need to apologize.”

While still using him as her bed, she slid a hand down toward his hips.

“Do you think you can take responsibility for making me feel this way ♪?”

“Fwah! Um, eh!?”

Her fingers slipped inside his pants, tickled along his thigh, and pulled down his boxers.

Just as he was thinking it tickled, she reached his most sensitive spot.

Her fingers were flexible and as delicate as if they were carved from marble, so they had seemed more like a work of art than a living

creature. And yet those very fingers moved in a surprisingly raw manner and wrapped around his shrunken testicles.

“Wait, Micha-san? What are you doing? Wah, wah, wah, wah, wah!”

“Hmm? You can’t tell?”

Without removing her hands from his weak point, she softly pressed down on what was growing there.

It was not that he did not understand. He bit his lower lip.

“Or is my body not to your liking?”

“That’s not it.”

“I may have juuuust a little extra flesh around the hips, but I’m still pretty confident in my looks. Or am I not young anymore?”

“No, um... I-it’s just that I only met you today.”

Mutsuki was a healthy, growing boy, so there was no way he would not react to the advances of such a beautiful woman. His penis began to fill with blood as she toyed with it and she could feel his pulse as it pressed up against her hand.

However, he had a sense of morality. A pure young boy like him might be curious about sex or aspire to have sex one day, but the idea of it being taboo was even greater.

The woman, on the other hand, loosened her pink lips like a small child given a new toy.

“Ah...”

She moved her knees up next to his face and grabbed his neck between her thighs.

She had moved her panties back into place, but the fluids dripping down said all one needed to know about the state of the female flower blooming from the brown skin behind that cloth. The boy was left speechless and the woman placed her butt on his collarbones.

“Well, Mutsuki-kun? Am I attractive?”

She laughed and looked confidently down on him.

Her expression was hard to see with the moonlight shining in behind her, but it made her long eyelashes twinkle and made him feel all the more like he was being absorbed by her red eyes.

He did the best he could to nod with his head so restricted.

(Of course you are... I've never seen someone so pretty.)

Her deep-looking brown skin was smooth and the moonlight reflected in her sweat made it look like she was covered in lamé. Her revealing clothing did not look at all obscene because the flowing lines from her bust to her waist were just too perfect.

Her stomach was thin and her butt was indeed a little big, but...

(That plumpness is really sexy. And she smells so good.)

Strength filled the hand teasing his penis.

“C'mon, c'mon ♪”

“Ah...ahh.”

As if tempting him, she wrapped her fingers around the shaft instead of just pressing down on it.

The throbbing at the base of his hips shook the reasonable part of the boy's mind. He normally had enough inhibition to resist his desires, but this cheerful and kind young woman was using the entirety of her exotic body to seduce him. He was not enough of a stoic to reject these advances.

“Of course, I'll just take you by force if you resist ♪”

She started massaging his balls and moved her other hand to her panties.

“You're the legendary bearer of the Serpent's Eye which can corrupt any and all women. That means you have the power to make any woman your slave.”

When she rubbed it, the cloth absorbed the moisture, plastered itself to what lay beneath, and grew nearly transparent.

“That alone makes it worth being your first. But more importantly...”

A somehow bewitching light filled her red eyes as she slid the piece of clothing aside once more.

The boy's eyes opened wide when he saw that hidden flesh within arm's reach. In fact, it was so close he did not even need to reach out.

Before, the engorged pink flesh had split the outer brown flower in a diamond shape, but in the minute or two since, it had gone through further changes.

A round hole had opened in the center of the inner flower petals. The small flower petals were lined up like creases and he could see inside her body.

He had known a woman had two holes down there, but he immediately knew which one was the important one even though he had never seen one before. The urethra would never open that wide.

The hidden hole in the center of her garden reacted harshly, as if it were another creature altogether. It twitched while opening and closing, it wriggled as if biting at the air, and finally spat it back out as a nectar-filled mist. It was such an intense sight that he might have been afraid if he had had no prior knowledge.

This was a clear reaction of longing.

“Your eye has closed, but the effects are really sticking with me. ... The ether resonance is just too powerful. It really is like you’ve stolen my body and my heart.”

“What?”

“I’m saying my pussy is going to drive me insane if you don’t fuck it.”

She grabbed the boy’s hand and guided it to her breasts.

He had thought he was used to the sensation of a woman’s bust since his sister liked to cling to him, but the sensation in his palm was completely new. His forearm stiffened at the unexpected softness. He unintentionally filled his fingers with strength.

He could have sworn he was not squeezing that hard, but his fingertips tore right through the material of her black shirt.

“Ah... S-sorry.”

“Hm? Oh, no, no. That’s just how my clothes work.”

Mutsuki let go in surprise, but Micha smiled and pinched the torn part of her shirt.

It had felt like cotton when he had touched it, but that turned out to be inaccurate. When she pinched it together and massaged it, it reconnected and was as good as new.

“It works fine when it’s dry, but it gets like this when it absorbs salt water. Like seawater. Or sweat.”

She pulled on it herself and tore it again.

It seemed to become something like gelatin when it absorbed sweat. At any rate, Mutsuki breathed a sigh of relief that he had not ruined her shirt.

A lightbulb seemed to go off in the woman’s head and she brought his hand to her chest again.

“Feel free to tear it as much as you want♡”

“...”

She claimed to be an angel, but she tempted him like a demon.

Tearing her clothing was somewhat removed from sexuality and that slight shift of guilt opened a hole in his resistance. His fingers reflexively tensed and peeled away her gel clothing.

With the cup removed from one of her breasts, it tumbled free with a lovely bounce. Despite its weight, the tip not only did not sag but actually pointed somewhat upwards. Her beautiful, large breast almost seemed to stick out from her wild-colored body.

(I-I can’t do this when I only just met her today. ...It’s, um, rude.)

He did think that for a moment, but at the same time...

(But she's the one telling me to do it. ...Her breast is so beautiful. It looks so soft.)

A crack had formed in the dam set up by the reasonable half of his mind, so he could no longer control his instincts. He gulped as he looked up at the perfect curves of that melon that was trembling ever-so-slightly.

When she saw him breathing more heavily, the beautiful woman laughed lewdly and guided his hand to her other breast.

"Go ahead. Have your way with my tits."

"..."

It did not take him long to grab that cup in his hand too.

The second kiss of Mutsuki's life lasted long enough to burn deep, deep down into his brain.

Not only were Micha's lips nice and plump, but an abundant supply of sticky saliva was hidden behind them. He could hardly remain polite when offered such a luscious fruit, so he sucked on them and jammed his tongue in from the moment they reached his own lips.

He licked through her sticky mouth and slurped along the base of the sweet tongue that gently responded in kind.

(Micha-san's tongue... It's so slippery and feels so good. And it smells amazing.)

Mutsuki attacked with his youth on full display, but the woman responded with the composure of an adult. She stroked his hair while softly receiving his lips and providing him with the wet nectar of her saliva.

When he occasionally needed to take a breath, he inhaled an intensely fragrant floral aroma. She had taken over his lungs as well as his mouth.

The boy lost himself in the angel's kiss and his hands crawled along her soft cocoa-colored flesh.

“Nkh... Nfh. Mfh. C-c'mon, Mutsuki-kun.”

She had retained the composure of an adult with just his lips, but she too began to melt when he began roughly attacking her bust.

The great hills of her breasts were large enough to bulge out between his fingers as he squeezed and fondled them from below.

(I never knew boobs were so soft. My fingers feel like they're going limp. Ah ha ha. But this part is nice and hard.)

He continued his persistent attack, waited for her to moan directly into his mouth, and pinched her nipples.

Unlike the pink he had seen below, these stiff points were darker colored like her skin. That made them look incredibly obscene, so he could not help but tease them. Not satisfied by only pinching them, he tickled her trembling areolae too. He also poked at the depressions at the very ends of the tip meant for lactation.

“Nfh... S-stop that. Don't tease my breasts.”

Even though it was his first time, his persistent petting made Micha's limbs twist around.

“Hyah! D-don’t tug on them like- ah! I mean it...”

“But your boobs are so sexy.”

“You’re such a naughty boy. Your Serpent’s Eye has only just awoken and you’re already trying to make a woman your slave?”

Heat had entirely filled her eyes, so she moved her hand from his hair, slid it down his back, and pulled down his boxers.

She had been touching it quite a bit already, but removing the boxers exposed his sweaty hips to the cool air. The boy shuddered.

“Heh heh. You might know your way around a pair of tits, but I see you’re still a kid down here.”

With her lips still ready to kiss his, she wrapped her fingers around what she had pulled from his boxers.

Mutsuki was a picture of adolescence with how hard and full of life he was, but he could not argue when she called him a kid. As his short stature suggested, the wrinkly balls she gently stroked were still nearly pink and there was barely any pubic hair to speak of. Most of all, the tip was still covered by the foreskin even though the penis bent upwards like a scimitar.

The woman gave a satisfied grin when she saw that youthfulness that belied the boy’s lustful attitude.

“Not to worry. I’ll make a man out of you.”

“~~Ahh!”

She began mercilessly stroking the base.

As her fingers pulled up and down, the cover at the top was peeled back.

This was not the very first time, but he had only rarely peeled it back even when pleasuring himself. He had generally moved the foreskin to stimulate the contents until he ejaculated. That was all he would do. And yet...

“Nhaaah!”

The woman’s slender fingers mercilessly wrapped around the sensitive head.

It felt like jolts electricity surged from the surface of contact and his spine bent backwards.

“Did that hurt?”

“It...did.”

Her fingers were still wrapped around it, so his entire body trembled as he answered. Technically, it was not pain he was feeling. The base of his thighs seemed to itch and the pure boy did not know how to explain it.

But Micha seemed to know exactly what words would affect him.

“Bear with it. A cock this lewd is sure to be feeling good in no time♡”

“Ah...ahhh...ahhhh. Micha-san, wait, wait!”

She rhythmically squeezed and relaxed her fingers.

She had only wrapped her fingers around the head of his penis, but an electric storm of shocking pink filled his vision. He lifted the muscles of his lower stomach and writhed about from the sharp, prickling sensation.

Micha's smile grew.

"How very strange. You claim this hurts, but your cock is only getting bigger."

"Fwah...ahh...No...Please don't...do that so roughly..."

"Heh heh heh. I can hear the pleasure in your voice, too. Are you only pretending it hurts? Or does the pain feel good?"

She teased his penis while mischievously whispering in his ear.

She placed her thumb on the slit at the tip and gave it a rubbing massage. The sensation traveled down his urethra and nearly made him pee, but that attack fortunately did not last long.

With pre-cum coating her fingers, she moved them back to the head and began stroking up and down with the fluid acting as a lubricant.

His overprotected tip had stung just from being held, so this friction was impossible to endure.

Veins bulged out on the shaft as it grew until it seemed it would explode.



“Ah ha. You’re so damn cute. I want to tease you because you’re cute and teasing you makes you look even cuter. I don’t think I’ll ever be able to stop ♪”

She seemed to like their respective positions. He was lying on his back and she was leaning over him on all fours. As he writhed and grabbed the sheets, she pressed her nose to the shirt over his chest.

“Nnnnn. I love this smell♡ It’s the smell of a boy.”

The boy’s somewhat tanned skin gained a unique youthful scent when it was soaked in sweat. She could not get enough of breathing it in as she delightedly stroked his rod.

“It feels good, doesn’t it? You’re about to cum as I tease your cock, aren’t you?”

“Stop...stop. Wait, Micha-san. Wait a second.”

“Why would I stop? You want me to tease you, don’t you?”

Her aggressive arousal seemed to be growing as she whispered even more strongly into his ear.

As she buried her nose below his arm, in his navel, and anywhere else that would gather his scent, he saw her large ass wiggling back and forth. She seemed to be pleasuring herself with the thong.

“C’mon, say ‘yes’. Say ‘yes, my cock feels good’.”

Her red eyes sharpened as she entered full S-mode and she began using her sticky tongue to lick his sweaty armpit, neck, and face instead of just smelling him.

“Can’t you say it? Just say ‘yes’. That’s all you have to say.”

“Ahhh...ahhhh.”

The movements of her hand grew even bolder. She rubbed the head, traced her fingers along the frenulum, and suddenly gave the entire shaft a soft squeeze.

“No, ah... I’m... Ahhh, I’m...I’m going to...”

He still only barely thought of what he was feeling as “pleasure” as this young woman ruled over him, but the bed springs creaked as he approached his climax.

Her wild and beautiful face grinned as she felt the head swelling in her hand.

“Are you about to cum? C’mon, c’mon. Not yet. Let me see that cute look some more.”

Even as she spoke, she continued massaging the round head that looked like a ripe fruit made of flesh.

He was on the verge of tears. The stimulation was so strong that, just like the first time he had masturbated, he did not know quite how to reach the climax. He was already approaching orgasm, but it never quite seemed to arrive.

The almost painful experience left him writhing on the bed.

“Fine then. You can cum after I finish counting to ten.”

Micha smiled cruelly and began stroking his shaft more gently.

“10, 9, 8, 7...”

“Ah... Ahhh! Ah.”

This duller pleasure was somehow easier to experience, so he rapidly rose toward ejaculation.

“Heh heh heh heh♡ 6, 5...4...3...”

She teased him by slowing down the last five a bit and the tip of his erection opened its mouth wide as 0 approached.

But...

“2...1...”

“Nn...nn...”

“Oops, ten more seconds♡”

“~~~~!”

At the very last second, she removed her hand from his rod entirely.

Mutsuki’s eyes rolled around in agony at having the goal snatched away right at the end. But his dominated body was obedient. More from the lack of her permission than from the lack of any stimulation, he could not quite reach his climax.

“M-Micha-san...”

“Nope, not yet ♪ C’mon, let’s get going again! Ten! Niiine, eiiiiight...”

As soon as she judged the wave had receded, she grabbed the tip again and dug her fingers into it.

Just as his building pleasure had started to drop, it shot back up again. The pleasure left him in such agony that the boy’s entire body struggled as if trying to elbow the sheets below him.

But Micha still showed no mercy and continued her countdown and perfect finger technique.

“Fiiiiive, foooour, threeeee...”

“Kwah...ah...”

“Twooo, oooooone...”

Her fingers stopped again and she grinned a little.

It was obvious even to Mutsuki that she was going to return to ten once more.

By this point, he was certain that only her fingers could bring him to orgasm, so clung to her without shame, wrapped his arms around her slender brown neck, and begged her with tears in his eyes.

“Please... Please, Micha-san. Don't tease me anymore.”

He gave her the weak, pleading look of an abandoned puppy.

She must have realized she had gone too far because her cruel witch's smile was replaced by a bitter smile and she apologized.

She seemed to be satisfied by the cute boy clinging to her like a baby. She lowered her body to place chest on chest, crotch on crotch, and lips on lips.

“Okay. Go ahead and cum.”

She began stroking the head and shaft with the exact level of strength she had learned would make him writhe the most.

“Ee...ee...ah!”

Her soft, springy thighs touched the head and it grew as dark as any adult's.

Some sort of particle seemed to circulate through his body and he could tell they were surging down toward his crotch. They left behind such an intense itching, he would have thought they were balls of fur. He could not even scream at a pleasure that felt like having all of his bones tickled by a feather duster.

"~~~~~! Ahhh!"

The spiral of sparks finally gathered at the bottom of his hips.

The boy shouted through his clenched teeth at the pleasure of something hot and sticky racing from his vas deferens to his urethra.

One beat later, he fired a bullet that was unbelievably thick for a liquid.

"Ah! Ah! ...Ah...hh...nhah!"

With each consecutive firing, Mutsuki's body shook so hard he thought it would break. The first and second shots splattered on Micha's hips, but the path of the next surge strayed and flew elsewhere. It flew unbelievably high for a third shot.

His mind went blank at the pleasure that surpassed his first time masturbating. It was enough to keep him from feeling the actual ejaculation. He simply felt like this cruel woman's hand had milked him of his semen.

After offering her his most defenseless moment, he entered a dazzling state of intoxication.

Strength filled the arms wrapped around her gentle body line.

"...♡"

Micha delightedly narrowed the corners of her eyes at the sensation of the warm man juices continually landing on her thighs and butt and at the reaction of the boy who clung to her like a baby.

“Now, then.”

“Ah...”

“Have you said goodbye to your childhood self?”

He had cum enough to empty out his balls, but the caress of Micha’s fingers, lips, and weighty breasts managed to get him hard once more.

The room was colored by the silver moonlight and the red candlelight and the woman sat up in those two sources of illumination. She pressed her hips against the flesh spear covered in a film of dripping semen.

Most of the ejaculate had fallen on her, so Micha’s thighs were just as stained as the meat rod.

The two sticky films moved close and obscenely mixed together as soon as they touched.

“Before crossing this final point, let me ask, Mutsuki-kun. You want me to take your virginity, don’t you?”

In between kisses, she guided his hand to her panties.

Earlier, she had claimed she would take him by force if he resisted, but she still gave him the choice in the very end. Feeling a little troubled, Mutsuki’s face grew red.

But he already knew the answer.

He had no reason not to accept this beautiful, kind, cruel, and sexy young woman he had only met today.

He tore through the object obstructing their union.

Micha smiled happily. While her seductive, mischievous smile was charming, this pure smile was downright cute.

Being cummed on had increased the reddish color of that hidden flower and now it lowered toward his shaft. Her shiny brown thighs sank down and the taut labia sucked in the head of his penis.

“Ah...ah...ahhh.”

Surprisingly, Micha was the first to raise her voice. The tip had not even fully entered her slit yet, but her skinny silver eyebrows twisted and sexual moans escaped on her breath.

Mutsuki, on the other hand, could not say anything at all. He was spellbound by those well-formed hips sliding forward and back, left and right as if taking aim. Both of their hips would shake as soon as her wet flesh touched his spear tip, so they had a difficult time of it. He enjoyed how her soft pubic hair would tickle him and her plump butt would hit him.

Finally, the widened head lined up with that secret entrance.

(W-wow. It's going in.)

He commented on the events before his eyes.

He felt a tight ring of flesh wrap around his penis as if measuring its circumference. He was impressed by the pleasure his aroused penis's nerves received from the warmth of a soaking wet woman. He was even more impressed by how the delicate pink flesh blooming on her brown skin flexibly swallowed a portion of his body.

He had not had a complex about his virginity, so he had no real thoughts about losing it. He was more excited by the strange yet natural sight of his body becoming one with someone else's.

As their union grew deeper, the woman's lovely body arched backwards. Her skirt and panties had been removed and the boy had torn her shirt to shreds, so she was very nearly nude. Unable to wait as she slowly lowered her hips, he lifted his own hips.

"Ahn! C'mon, stay put."

Even as she scolded the mischievous boy in a low voice, her beautiful vagina squeezed tight to deepen their bond. Mutsuki had already cum once, so she was in the more precarious state.

"Micha-san..."

"Fwah... Ah...ah hah. Maybe I got a little too worked up. That felt way too good."

Her tone was jocular, but a look of longing filled her face as she placed her hands on Mutsuki's stomach and adjusted the depth of her sitting position.

Her body occasionally trembled as if from an electric shock, so he could tell how great the pressure building inside her was. The beautiful bell-shaped breasts lifted by her upper arms bounced and her wavy blonde hair fluttered through the air, reflecting the moonlight.

(I'm giving Micha-san pleasure.)

When the head of his penis reached the deepest point, a new honey-like stickiness wrapped around it.

(What a lewd expression... Ahhh, sex is amazing.)

The pleasure of sharing one's flesh with another was on an entirely different level from masturbation or the earlier handjob. It came with a sense of oneness like he had become a part of her and he had gained all of her. The amazement and arousal made him feel dizzy.

"Heh heh heh. How do you like my body, Mutsuki-kun?"

Micha was breathing so heavily she could barely ask. Each time the head pushed into her deepest place, her ample breasts would shake and she would writhe in ecstasy, but she still remembered her position as the older one.

"It's...amazing. It feels so good. And...and..."

"Ah... H-hey, stop that."

The boy could not help put thrust his hips up into her twitching and nearly convulsing vagina.

"I'm so happy I could do this...with someone as pretty as you."

He smiled bashfully as he said that.

"Uuh..."

The beautiful angel gave a troubled twist of her narrow eyebrows at the joyous pleasure of the friction on her throbbing internal flesh and at the boy's smile that tickled her maternal instincts.

"Heh heh heh. You might be a genius at winning over older girls even without the Serpent's Eye♥"

She smiled bitterly, brought her face in close, and moved her lips to the side.

“Nhah... Ah! M-Micha-san...that tickles.”

“Nyeh heh heh heh ♪ Your ear’s your weak point, isn’t it? Don’t worry, I’ll gobble it up even more.”

“Ah...Nkh~~”

“Fwah...”

She breathed onto and licked at his earlobe, sending a numb shudder down his spine, so he subconsciously reached out his hands to fight back.

He grabbed both of the soft breasts pressing against his chest.

“H-hey... Not so sudd-...ahhn!”

He lifted the swollen shapes from below as if weighing them and he gave them a squeezing massage. They felt wonderful and the penis buried in her hidden garden would throb each time he teased her nipples.

“Wait...c’mon... Not three...places at once...♡”

“Ahh...Hee... Then you stop...with the ear...hyahhh.”

Mutsuki’s ticklishness seemed to weaken the dam keeping him from cumming and Micha’s bust grew more sensitive thanks to the attack on her nectar hole.

At some point, it had become a competition to see who could overwhelm the other first. They almost looked like friendly siblings playing with various parts of each other’s body.

“Nfh... Ahh, Mutsuki-kun... You’re such a dirty boy.”

“Micha-san... The way you wiggle your big butt is just too lewd.”

“Ah hah... I wouldn't be doing that...if you weren't making me feel so good.”

As she straddled him, her seductive butt started wiggling around in circles all on its own. Just as it seemed to be moving right, it would start left. Meanwhile, her inner flesh continued to gently constrict, stroking the brazen younger boy inside her.

The creaking of the bed grew louder and louder.

“Ahh... I-I can't hold back any more, Micha-san. I'm cumming again... I'm cumming.”

“G-go ahead. Cum. I'm...I'm also about to...”

Her hair shined just like silk as it flew through the air and her moans grew to their peak.

The second surge gathered in Mutsuki's penis and he instinctually thrust his hips upwards. He was burying himself to the hilt in her vagina.

Her brown hips were lifted into the air as their union grew all the deeper.

“Fwaaaaaahhh!”

The wonderful shock was so great that a scream-like moan left her throat.

Her spine arched backwards with her upper body leaning forward, so their colliding cheeks separated and they could look each other in the eye.

“Nn...”

“Heh♥”

Without exchanging a single word or sign, they pressed their lips together as if in an embrace.

They looked like lovers reunited after many years.

“Ahh... Mutsuki-kun. Kh...I’m cumming...I’m cumming...”

Her entire body was erotically wet and shining with sweat as she tensed up like a beast and breathed her adult moans of pleasure into his mouth.

“Ahhh. Micha...-san.”

“Cum... Khhn. Cum with meee!”

They seemed to melt into each other as their lower bodies jerked madly together.

“——!”

In addition to her sweet moans, her fleshy crucible begged him by sucking him in, so he sprayed his carnal desire inside it.

“Ahhhhhn! Ahhhhhhhhhh♥♥♥”

His second load of juices was no less impressive than the first as he fired it into her womb like bullets.

He came with such fierce intensity that simply receiving it was enough to melt the core of the woman’s body and send harsh jerks through her body as she supported herself on all fours. Her chocolate-colored butt was wet with sweat and a number of other bodily fluids as she threw it to the left and right.

They continued pounding their intertwined skin together until he had expelled the very last drop.

“...Ahh...”

In the end, Micha was the first to collapse.

“That was intense... I’m not as young as I used to be, so I’m going to be sore tomorrow.”

Micha’s skin was still twitching from the lingering sexual pleasure, but she was more focused on gently embracing Mutsuki to calm him as he trembled from his first time.

He was overcome by the lethargy of consecutive ejaculation, but he looked up from within that adult woman’s arms.

She looked back at him from right next to him.

They had become one not long before and they were still embracing each other in the nude, but he still looked away in embarrassment when she looked him in the eye. She gave her usual mischievous laugh.

“The Serpent’s Eye is even more powerful than the legends claimed. Arousal alone would be one thing, but I can’t believe I was putty in the hands of a virgin. I think my body might already be your slave ♪”

She sounded somehow delighted by that risqué fact.

On the other hand, Mutsuki felt he had become a slave to this sexual temptress. He gave a random bitter laugh, but the woman’s tone of voice suddenly dropped.

“But this has proven that you are an extremely dangerous element for us angels as well.”

“Eh?”

“If you could use that eye, you could leave all women in no state to fight. And angels like us would be affected the most. Machines and flesh are neither male nor female.”

Her tone was entirely serious. Her usual casual attitude gave this an odd sense of impact, so Mutsuki gulped.

But it only lasted an instant. Her mischievous smile was back soon enough.

“You understand, don’t you? Once I’m like this, I can’t think about anything but your hard cock♥”

She sat up and pushed her hips out toward the boy who was lying down.

Her flower garden had been covered in a milky liquid a few times already, but it had yet to calm down and the engorged pink flesh was pushing out from its brown flesh cover.

“Heh heh. I see you’re still full of energy, too. You can keep going, can’t you?”

Her laugh held the youth of a child, but Mutsuki could only blush as she licked her lips seductively and reached a hand to his crotch.

They had started feeling thirsty, so Mutsuki had gone to the kitchen for a drink before starting the next round.

“Get me a beer, will you? Two if possible.”

“S-sure.”

Micha claimed she could not go because her hips were too weak from all the pleasure, so Mutsuki left the room alone.

There was still nowhere to walk in the living room and he could not see where he was stepping with the lights off, so he shuffled his feet along toward the kitchen.

The kitchen was well-equipped with appliances like a microwave oven and a large dishwasher, but it had none of the crucial cooking equipment, not even a frying pan.

He opened the antique wood paneled refrigerator, but it was amazingly empty. He had had his suspicions since they only had convenience store meals for his welcoming party dinner, but there were not even any seasonings. The only things there were the wrapped-up leftovers from dinner. There was a surprising amount of ice for how little the freezer and refrigerator were being used.

When he opened the drink shelf at the very bottom, he found a shocking amount of beer cans crammed inside.

He saw everything from major brands he often saw ads for to local beers and even ones labelled with strange foreign writing. He dug through it all a bit and found Chu-Hi, sake, shochu, wine, whisky, brandy, rum, Shaoxing wine, grappa, and spirits. It was an impressive selection.

Unsure what to choose, the minor boy grabbed two of the major beers he had at least heard of.

“...”

He leaned against the sink to take a break.

“...Phew.”

He drank a cup of mineral water from the same cup he had borrowed for dinner.

The water felt gentle and sweet on his heated throat. He drank a second cup and was finally able to calm himself after drinking half of a third.

“ ...”

Now that he was alone, he ended up lost in thought with everything on his mind.

He almost felt like he was floating.

It was a lot like dreaming and nothing felt real.

He had become one with Micha, he had become an adult, he was in a dangerous situation now, and...

The Serpent's Eye.

Any woman he looked at would be forced into a disgraceful state.

Something inside of him was far more dangerous than he thought. The brief serious expression Micha had shown him was burned into the back of his mind.

It pained him that he had turned those venomous fangs on his sister, but he did not find that curse of a power to be all that unpleasant.

He was of course scared.

The human organization named FeTUS and the demons were after his power. If either of them caught him, they might pluck out his eye. Just thinking about that was enough to scare him.

But....

Danger approached him, he was going to miss living with his family, and he was anxious about his new life.

Despite the many stressors bearing down on him, his mood was oddly carefree.

(Oh, is that because of Micha-san?)

He suddenly realized all of the worries weighing oppressively on his heart had faded away quite a bit.

They seemed to have been knocked out of him by his intense first time.

He had embraced, kissed, and exposed everything with that beautiful young woman. He had experienced so much pleasure he had thought his blood was going to boil over. He did not know what would happen next or how long he would have to be away from his family, but his mood was oddly light.

What if this was why she had shared her body with him?

(She's such a nice person.)

Her mischievous smile had been enough to cheer him up.

He quickly washed the cup and prepared to hurry back to his room with the beers in hand. This was only an intermission. Micha had already suggested some other positions they could try and his cheeks loosened when he thought about it.

He was going to miss his family, but he thought he was going to enjoy life with this new family.

“~~ ♪”

“Yawn. Honestly, how am I supposed to sleep with that pervert in the same apartment as-...ah.”

If it were not for the other member of that family, that is.

He was humming on the way back to his room at 1:30 in the morning when the door next to his opened.

The plate on the door said “Ange” in cookie cutter lettering and a girl stepped out.

It was her own carelessness at fault this time, but she was quite lightly dressed. She was wearing spats and a custom-fit tank top that was only large enough to cover her chest. Or was it what they called a sports bra? Regardless, her cute navel was exposed.

“!?!?!?!? Wh-what are you doing up so late!?”

Ange quickly covered her chest.

“Wait! I-I was just thirsty, so...”

“Also...”

Mutsuki too had been careless. As a boy, he was not embarrassed by the fact that his shirt and boxers was just about as revealing as her outfit.

The problem was the object pitching a tent in his boxers just from remembering Micha’s mischievous smile, even if he had already cum twice.

“Wah, wah, wah! Um, you’ve got it all wrong! This is-...”

“You pervert!!!!!!!!!!”

A solid fist became the last of the day’s many disasters.

As he flew backwards, he could only conclude that his new life was not going to be an easy one.

#### **Chapter 4: The Trick to the Crane Game is to Pull it in Close**

The next day arrived.

The utterly normal day was the exact opposite of the day before when Mutsuki had been prepared to die more than once, had nearly cried, had worn out his hips, and had climbed the staircase to adulthood.

His classmates were the same as before. Sakae and Saya were as energetic as ever and Ibekusa Machina arrived at the last second as always. Mutsuki tried to greet her again but once again failed to say anything.

There was only one difference.

“Jiyuuni Ange. Nice to meet you.”

A small panic erupted after the morning homeroom.

The transfer student had given the most perfunctory greeting before moving to her assigned seat. That seat was the rearmost one by the window, putting her diagonally back from Mutsuki. He doubted she was doing it intentionally, but she was resting her head on her hand and staring disinterestedly out the window just like Machina in front of her.

She immediately put on a lopsided frown and showed no hint of sociability. Mutsuki was worried she would not be able to get along with the others, but Ange simply turned her back on their classmates' curious looks.

She seemed to have a natural preference for purity, so she had a poor opinion of the Serpent's Eye that could force women into a state of

arousal. However, her dislike did not seem isolated to Mutsuki, so her claim of not liking humans may have been true.

But...

“Ohhhhhhhh! You’re so cute! I love you! Please marry me!”

“Wa ha! Your red hair is so pretty♡ Is it natural? And your eyes are blue... Are you only half-Japanese?”

“We don’t usually get transfer students at this time of year. Where was your old school?”

The fact that she was a beautiful young girl proved surprisingly powerful. As soon as homeroom ended, a tsunami of classmates rushed toward her.

“Hey, make sure you’re ready for first period.”

Their homeroom teacher, Katsue-sensei, rang vainly through the classroom, but no one was listening.

Ange must not have expected this either.

“Well... It’s natural and my eyes are normal. My old school was somewhere far away.”

Despite her composed answers, she looked shocked.

Mutsuki breathed a sigh of relief as he watched on from a step away.

They were pretending to be strangers because of the trouble it would cause if their classmates found out they were living together, but she had of course transferred to the school to be his bodyguard. Since she had come for him, he wanted her to get along with the others.

“Jiyuuni-san... I can call you, Ange-chan, right? I’m Kurikara. Kurikara Saya.”

The class’s female eternal optimist pushed through the crowd of people.

“You can call me Saya. Nice to meet-...”

“Outta the way, jelly-face. If someone like you shows up in front of the nervous transfer student, she’ll think you’re gonna eat her. Leave this to THE Tomono Sakae, the most reassuring man there is.”

“Jelly-face!? How dare you call a girl-... dah wah wah! Don’t push!”

The male eternal optimist joined the fray. Saya and Sakae kept pushing each other out of the way and almost climbing onto the desk to get in front. Ange pulled back with a troubled look each time they got closer.

The two of them finally moved in toward her together.

“Nice to meet you, Jiyuuni-san. I’m the class rep, Tomono Sakae. You can remember me as the man who will one day stand at the center of the world.”

“Hah. The center of the world? The center of this class is the most you can manage.”

“What’d you say!?”

“You heard me! You wanna fight!?”

They really did start fighting.

The classroom’s excitement was growing at the arrival of this beautiful transfer student, so no one tried to stop them and some even seemed to egg them on.

Unable to keep up, Ange gave Mutsuki a look that asked “what’s their deal?”

The boy could only smile warmly back at her. One could only grow accustomed to those two’s energy.

Their classmates continued to cheer and their questions never seemed to end. Even first period was only a brief respite before the next break. And the next. And the lunch break. And afterschool.

The sullen angel-winged transfer student had been confused at first, but she seemed to gradually grow accustomed to the noise.

By the time they left, she was fitting into the class well enough.

Based on her attitude at school and what Micha had said, Ange was apparently not very familiar with human society.

Or with the human world as a whole.

“Wowwwwww!”

Mutsuki had no idea how an angel normally lived her life, but...

“This place is so big!”

She had apparently never seen a shopping mall before.

“Try to be a little quieter. You’re embarrassing me.”

“Sorry.”

“I know how you feel, though, so let’s enjoy ourselves on this shopping trip ♪”

Her usual risqué outfit was gathering a fair bit of attention, but Micha started walking without shame. Ange followed with her blue eyes sparkling at all the stores lining the walls. Mutsuki walked along behind the both of them.

This was SeeDWalk, the biggest shopping mall near their town, which had pretty much anything one might want to buy. It was sudden, but they were already buying supplies for Mutsuki.

“I’ll pay for it all, so choose whatever you want. Ange, if you see anything you want, feel free to buy it. I’ll write it all off as a business expense.”

Micha showed off a black credit card and grinned proudly. Mutsuki did not know how business expenses worked for angels, but he had a feeling this woman was abusing the system more than anyone else.

“Wow, wow! What’s that!? There’s a train running through the building!”

The mall was as large as a small theme park and Ange was impressed by just about everything. She was interested in every store, every facility, and even the bathrooms and benches. She was currently getting worked up over a bus to carry children around the building.

He had first met her just about twenty-four hours before, but this was his first time seeing anything other than an angry or sullen look on her face. It was a refreshing experience.

They started by buying things they would not have to lug around with them afterwards. First, they headed to the furniture store on the first floor of the shopping mall’s western wing.

“Wowwww.”

The girl voiced her amazement yet again when she saw the beds, tables, sofas, etc. filling a space the size of a soccer court.

“Is there any phrase more wonderful than ‘business expense’? Maybe I should get a new everything while we’re at it ♪”

Micha turned her sparkling eyes toward a fashionable white wood dining table with a lace tablecloth, an elegant wooden armchair with no nails or bolts, a tall rack with a mirror covering the entire thing, and other fashionable pieces of furniture. When she spotted a recliner with a built-in cooler for beer, she grabbed the purchase form without even checking the price tag.

And yet their apartment already had a TV, couch, and beds, so Mutsuki had thought it already had the bare necessities.

“ ‘Please try me out.’ Hey... Hey, Mutsuki!”

“Yeah?”

Ange gestured him over. She seemed interested in the bed section and she pointed at a plate that said “Please try me out.”

“It’s saying you can lie on it to see how it feels. Keep your shoes on the plastic at the bottom, though. Also...”

Before he could tell her to do it quietly, the girl dove noisily onto the bed mat. The creaking of the springs seemed to fill the entire floor.

“Wow, wow! This is amazing! It’s so bouncy and soft.”

The comfort that 99800 yen bought was apparently several steps above the cheap bed that had come with the apartment. She kept bouncing up and down on it like a trampoline.

An employee naturally started giving them a disapproving look.

(Why am I the one getting glared at?)

The employee seemed to think she was his little sister, so he averted his gaze.

But...

“~~♡♡♡ That settles it. I’m buying this. I’m definitely buying this.”

Ange stretched happily.

Since she said she was going to buy it, he decided to let her do whatever she wanted.

“~~ ♪”

“ ...”

She lay on her stomach and kicked her feet.

Mutsuki’s expression relaxed when he saw her playing around like a puppy wagging its tail in a nice sunny spot.

The two of them had not exactly been getting along, but he could not think of her as a bad person when he saw this innocent side of her.

He wanted them to get along.

They were roommates, she was helping him as his bodyguard, and they were about the same age.

He was pretty sure they would be able to get along when the right opportunity came along, but...

“I see, I see.”

He felt a soft sensation on the back of his neck. Next, a sweet breath tickled his ear.

“How about we buy a bigger bed? The ones we have are too small, so we almost fell off when doing it doggy style. One with a waterproof mat would be best.”

“H-have you bought a recliner yet?”

He quickly moved away from the large round objects resting on his shoulders.

Amused by his reaction, Micha giggled.

“I did buy one, but I’ve hit a snag. I used a trick to get the lease for our apartment, so we’re technically not registered as its residents. I need to stop by the government office and get things legal.”

“Oh... I see.”

He was bothered by the parts about “using a trick” and “getting things legal”, but she was an angel. He decided to turn a blind eye.

“Sorry. I’ll be gone for a bit, so you kill some time with Ange.”

“Oh... Wait, what!?”

“If you see anything you want, go ahead and buy it all.”

She tossed the black card his way and turned around.

The boy naturally panicked when he was handed an object that could produce as much money as he wanted.

“W-wait, Micha-san!”

She was already gone.

All that remained was the weak-willed boy and the credit card he was afraid to use.

“What did Micha want?”

Having seen her guardian walk up and leave, Ange only tilted her head and got down from the bed.

They decided to look at the furniture later, so Mutsuki showed Ange around the mall since she wanted to see more large stores.

“What a strange place. It’s like an entire shopping district was put inside a single building.”

“That’s what a mall is.”

Fortunately, Mutsuki visited the place about once a month with his sisters, so he knew his way around pretty well. Showing Ange around was a simple task.

“Ha ha ♪”

Ange seemed to like the spiral escalator that made a half circuit of the central space as it brought them to the second floor. A huge smile covered her face as she saw all the stores spinning around her.

The boy laughed quietly when he saw her unable to maintain her usual air of composure.

(She really is a good girl.)

Due to some compatibility issues and bad timing, he had not had a good impression of her. But when he saw her here, she no longer seemed like someone he could never get along with. As long as she could claim it was her duty, she would do a proper job of protecting him 24/7.

“Hm? What is it?”

She seemed to have noticed him looking at her, so she tilted her head while leaning over the railing.

He felt like he had been watching her all day and she seemed to have a habit of putting on that lopsided frown even when she was not particularly angry. That impression was helped by the natural angle of her narrow eyebrows and the sharp look to her eyes.

“I’m just glad you seem to be enjoying this,” he said with a smile. “I thought you might not be able to enjoy yourself with me.”

“Uuh... I-I’m not enjoying the human world in the slightest. It’s just, um, not boring since it’s so different.”

This time, she really did look to the side with a sullen look. The problem seemed to be her prejudice against the human world, her short temper, and her refusal to be honest.

The escalator reached the second floor, so they continued on up to the third. The central space seemed to rotate around them on this half circuit.

Mutsuki spoke to the girl who leaned on the railing with her cute lips bent in a lopsided frown.

“Hey, Ange. Look at that.”

“What is it? ...Wow.”

He pointed down toward the central space.

When she peered down, her angry expression immediately lit up.

On the first floor, the central rest area's decorative plants had appeared to be arranged in an irregular pattern, but from this high up, they formed a picture. With summer approaching, the many yellow seedlings painted a beautiful sunflower.

"Ah ha ha ♪ You humans think up the weirdest things."

She seemed to be enjoying herself again. She completely forgot to frown as the escalator rotated around and changed their angle of view, somewhat changing the sunflower's colors and shape.

She really was a pure girl. Mutsuki stepped up alongside her with a smile. She was not going to complain if that was all he did.

Although maybe pure was not quite the right word.

"There are so many clothing stores, too. ...Ah! Wait a second, Mutsuki! Why are those people standing around in their underwear!? They're in public!"

Ignorant may have been the better word choice.

"Those are mannequins."

"Manne...what? Oh, they're dolls. ...Ah! Wait a second, Mutsuki! They're selling human bones over there!"

"Those are piggy banks shaped like skulls."

"Oh, so they're fake. ...Ah! Wait a second, Mutsuki! That man is wearing a girl's sailor uniform!"

"That's...a personal preference...I guess."

By the time they reached the third floor, the atmosphere had lightened up quite a bit.

The first floor's stores were primarily for food, cafés, and general living items. The second floor's stores were all related to fashion. They planned to visit those places once Micha got back, so they made their way to the third floor. That floor was for entertainment shops.

The stores were all entertainment related: books, music, snacks, movies, etc. Mutsuki had chosen it because it had plenty of stores that sold things Ange would probably like to see, such as kid's accessories and amusement products.

But as soon as they arrived, Ange's interest latched onto one spot in particular.

"What's this place? It sure is loud. Game Master City?"

"It's an arcade. They have games there."

"The whole place is for games?"

"Yup."

"You're kidding."

Her mouth hung open as she looked around.

Her reaction was hardly surprising. Game Master City took up a full third of SeeDWalk's third floor and it was one of the town's leading amusement parks. More than just video games, it had ping pong, pool tables, a bowling alley, karaoke, and a manga café. It even had an indoor tennis and futsal court for rent until seven at night.

Sakae would often drag Mutsuki to arcades, including this one, so it was actually the perfect spot for him to show Ange around. He followed her as she rushed inside.

“Hmmm... You humans really are geniuses when it comes to the most pointless things.”

Despite the backhanded compliment, she smiled happily and ran around the arcade.

“What’s this?”

“The crane game. After putting in some money, you move this around to grab the prize.”

“What’s this?”

“Horse racing. You buy a token from those machines and bet on this. All the games in this area need tokens to-...”

“What’s this?”

“At least hear me out. This is a photo booth. It takes your picture.”

As she dragged him around, Mutsuki checked on the contents of his wallet. He was not about to use the card for games. His investigation turned up a total of about 7000 yen. That seemed like it would be enough.

“I want to try them! Tell me how to do it!”

In an unsurprising turn of events, she called him over as soon as she pulled out a 1000 yen bill. He smiled bitterly and broke it down into 100 yen coins.

“Which one do you want to try?”

“This one. Everyone’s smiling, so it looks fun.”

She pointed at a nearby booth and tugged on his sleeve.

“Um, but...”

He was a little troubled, but before he could say anything more, he was dragged into the booth covered in pictures of “everyone smiling”.

He was unsure what to say since this technically was not a game, but he could not refuse Ange when she looked so excited. He inserted a coin and decided showing her would be faster than explaining.

“Well? Well? What do I do?”

“Um, first, you choose a frame. Which size do you want? There are five options.”

“Size? I don’t know what you’re talking about, but the bigger the better.”

“Then I’ll go with the biggest one. I’ll set the brightness to automatic and add no decorations. ...Okay, here it goes.”

He doubted she knew what was going to happen, but she looked charming enough with the excited sparkle in her eyes.

He was embarrassed standing next to her, so he left a space between them and smiled awkwardly.

“C’mon, what kind of game is it?”

She was still grabbing onto the elbow of his sleeve and she pulled him in close.

At that exact moment, the booth took the picture.

“??”

She turned around in surprise at the sudden light, but her long and skinny eyebrows twisted when the booth did nothing more.

Mutsuki was somewhat troubled as he checked the photo on the screen, but he guessed she would be mad if he retook it. He touched the “confirm” button on the panel and it took around a dozen seconds to print the photos.

“What is this?”

“Like I was saying, this machine isn’t actually a game.”

Anger visibly grew on Ange’s face when he handed her the printed photos.

He began to wonder if he should have retaken it after all. Depending on how one looked at it, it almost looked like they were smiling together with their arms linked.

“What is this!? So it just takes pictures? That isn’t a game at all!”

“Well, you’re actually supposed to draw on the pictures you take.”

“Where’s the fun in that!? How stupid!”

He had started this because he had thought she would find something “stupid” to be fun, but she had gotten mad instead. She seemed to especially dislike how friendly they looked in the photo. She blushed and stomped out of the booth.

Mutsuki scratched at his head and followed her.

But he did secretly pocket his first one-on-one photo with a girl since it had come out so well.

Ange seemed more cautious after that first failure, so she avoided any kind of machine with a screen as she started searching for something that looked fun.

Even in such a large place, there was only so much they could do, so they naturally ended up at a certain device.

“You called this the crane game?”

“Yes. You grab the prizes with that crane.”

“Hmm.”

Still looking sullen, she stopped in front of the prize area that contained over one hundred machines.

The prizes were exposed behind a single layer of glass and one could snag one for as little as one hundred yen. The genre had an attraction for people like her who knew little of normal games and it drew her attention quite well.

“Want to try it? Although it’s not easy, so I doubt you can get anything.”

There were plenty of varieties: orthodox cranes, shovels that scooped up treats and glass beads, extending arms, baskets the prizes were shaken into, and hooks to snag the prizes. For a beginner like her, he guessed the roulette that relied entirely on luck would give her the best odds of success, but...

“I can teach you the trick to it if you want. So which one do you-... Uh, oh.”

“...”

When he noticed what her slanted blue eyes were focused on, he grimaced.

She apparently wanted a Lazy Bear cushion, based on a mascot character that had gotten popular recently. It was a large prize and there was only one per machine. And of course, each play in those machines cost two hundred yen.

“I can get this too?”

“Um... W-well, yes. If you can grab it. But...”

“I’ll do it. Just tell me how.”

Her unconcerned tone of voice would not take no for an answer, so Mutsuki had no choice but to operate the machine in question and teach her how it was done. It was an orthodox crane type where Button 1 moved it to the side and Button 2 moved it forward. He told her that she had to stop the crane above the prize to grab it, that targeting the center of gravity was best, and to go for a spot that was not too thick but not too thin since it responded to pressure.

But...

“Okay. I’ll give it a shot.”

The machine cost two hundred yen a try, but he inserted a five hundred yen coin which was worth three games.

Ange stared at the prize beyond the glass with as serious a look as when she wielded her great sword. Mutsuki had paid for three game's worth to make sure she was convinced, but...

"...Here."

Whirrrr.

"...There!"

Whirrrr.

Whir-whir-whir-whir-whir.

"..."

"..."

"...? Is that all?"

"Yeah, you failed your first try."

The claws had grabbed the prize at a good spot, but they had risen back up without lifting the target in the slightest. Then they moved back above the prize hole.

"What the hell!? What a piece of junk!"

"I told it wasn't easy, didn't I?"

He smiled bitterly at the angry girl because he had expected this to happen.

Prize games generally had two types of machines: the lure machines that drew in customers with their magnificent prizes and the opened

machines that drew in customers with the ability to actually win something.

Mutsuki had looked into it because his sister Mutsumi was really into the Lazy Bear series, but the cushion was a new product. That meant it would be in one of the lure machines. The machine was only meant to show off the prizes, so it would be made so no one could actually win them.

There would be days when it was set up to be possible, but a weekday like today was hopeless. Based on Ange's game, the claws were too loose. Even one hundred games would not be enough to get it.

"Grrr..."

Oblivious to that world of adults, Ange furrowed her brow and glared at the machine as she reached for the buttons again.

Three games would never satisfy her, so Mutsuki inserted another five hundred yen, increasing the "remaining plays" light to "4". In the meantime, he started looking for another solution.

Fortunately, he quickly found what he was looking for. It was the machine he had worked himself to death conquering after Mutsumi had begged him.

"..."

"..."

"Ahhhhhhh! There's no way you can get it! Is this thing rigged!?"

After using up all of her plays and only moving the cushion a little over two millimeters, the girl shouted loud enough for the employees to here.

"As I said, it's really hard."

Mutsuki returned to her with a smile.

“This isn’t just hard. It’s made so you can’t win!”

“And you lost from the moment you didn’t realize that.”

“...”

“Here.”

He handed his prize to the girl whose adorable face was twisted in anger.

Ange was shocked to have something a few sizes larger than the cushion pressed against her chest. Her eyes opened wide when she realized what it was. The shape was a little different, but it was the same character as what she had wanted.

It was a Lazy Bear body pillow. He had worked his ass off winning one two weeks before for Mutsumi...and then had won another for his jealous older sister. And then a third time for Chiaki when she sulked.

He was so accustomed to it that he had won this one after only two tries. It was not a difficult thing on one of the opened machines.

“You can have it. It’s not a cushion, but it’s pretty much the same, right?”

“~~ I-I don’t need...”

“You don’t want it?”

“...”

She never said she did, but she refused to let go of it.

She quickly grew silent, so he headed to the service counter to get a bag.

When he turned his back, he barely picked up a voice saying "...nk you", but he pretended not to hear it and continued to the counter.

However, he could not keep up his gentlemanly act, so he peeked back toward her after turning the corner and asking an employee for a prize bag.

Ange remained entirely motionless for a while, but...

"~~"

He saw her squeeze the pillow just once.

Afterwards, they enjoyed themselves in the normal game section.

With the fighting, puzzle, mahjong, and quiz games that were only buttons and a screen, she could only tell "something is happening on the screen" since she did not know the rules. On the other hand, she quite liked the games that required moving one's body.

Take the shooting games for example:

"Wah! Wah! This is really gory! Take this and this and this and this!"

"Wow, perfect accuracy. That's amazing for your first time."

"Why you-! Take this! ...H-huh? What the hell!? Why did I die when I was never hit once!?"

"As I've already explained several times, your life goes down whenever you shoot a hostage. You can't just shoot everything that moves."

“Grr...”

Or the rhythm games:

“Ah ha ha ha ha. This is so easy.”

“No misses is pretty amazing for a first attempt.”

“Heh heh. Well, if I actually try a little, you should expect this.”

“...”

“But there’s someone with three times my score in the high scores.”

“That’s because you’re hitting the buttons without paying attention to the rhythm. You won’t get a good score that way.”

Or the punching machine:

“What does a punch strength of ‘E’ mean?”

“That’s an error. Try hitting it again.”

“If you say so... Deryah!”

“...”

“What? Now it’s not even showing the ‘E’.”

“The pole is stuck inside the machine. I’ll go call an employee.”

Perhaps due to her personality, she found something to complain about with everything.

“C’mon, Mutsuki! Let’s play this one next!”

“S-sure.”

Still, she seemed to be enjoying herself as she kept tugging on his sleeve.

“Is this like what Micha rides?”

Her interest turned toward the line of motorcycle machines.

It was a racing game that allowed up to eight people to play at once.

She hopped onto one, placed her bag on her thigh, and grabbed the grips. They were coordinated enough by now that Mutsuki inserted two coins, climbed onto the next machine over, and explained how to accelerate, turn, and brake.

“Let’s start with a simple course. Choose the automatic transmission and...that red bike is easy to use.”

They began the game on the practice course, a beginner’s motorcycle, and the easier transmission mode.

“The automatic transmission means you only have to twist the grip to pick up speed. But if you go too fast, you can’t make the turns, so watch out. Good, good. Start by trying not to crash or fall over.”

“Oh, oops... Like this!?”

“Yes. Very good.”

He slowly drove alongside her on the screen as well as on the machine.

“Hmm. Motorcycles are fun. Maybe I should borrow Micha’s sometime.”

“You need a license for a real one. ...Wait? Does Micha-san have a license?”

“Oh, that was close! I’m not going to fall over anymore.”

“Good, good. Make sure to lean to the side when you want to-...oh.”

His heart skipped a beat when she tilted her machine for the curve and her skirt flipped up, revealing the spats-covered thighs below.

Due to her personality, she had gone too fast and crashed a lot at first, but she was noticeably improving with each lap. That may have been thanks to her superhuman athletics. Before long, she was no longer crashing and actually making it around the curves, even if just barely. At the end of the tenth of twelve laps, she was about as good as your average player.

“Ha ha ♪ Did you see that, Mutsuki? I didn’t crash again.”

“That’s amazing. You aren’t spinning out even at your top speed. You’re a proper player now.”

“Heh heh. Well, a human game isn’t about to give me much trouble. ...Whoops.”

She almost crashed while giving him a proud look, but she continued reducing her lap time.

Mutsuki was not very athletic and it had taken him a long time to get used to this sort of game, so he was jealous.

“Heh heh heh heh.”

A smile of victory filled Ange’s slanted eyes.

(She’s so cute.)

That was his honest thought.

She naturally left a powerful impression, but the harsh side vanished when she smiled, leaving only the cute side. Only the cheerfulness of a sunflower and the purity of the blue sky remained.

Once he noticed, he could not keep his eyes off of her.

The two of them crossed the finish line at the same time.

“Hm? It’s already over?”

“It was a twelve lap race. Well? Did you have fun?”

“Yeah! ...No, I mean, a bit I guess.”

Her eyebrows rose in defiance, but she still looked cute.

As the boy climbed down from the machine, his cheeks were loose with self-deprecation.

“Wait,” said the girl. “You’re supposed to use this to race, right? In other words, to see who’s the fastest?”

She put her hands on her hips and pulled her chin back to give him a challenging upwards look.

“Eh? ...You want to race?”

Mutsuki checked, but no one else was around. It looked like they could play twice in a row.

“I’ll have a pretty big advantage since I’ve played this game a lot.”

“I’ll take that handicap.”

“Hm... Fine then.”

He climbed back on and inserted two more coins.

“Don’t you dare go easy on me. And don’t make any excuses if I beat you.”

“Fine, fine.”

Mutsuki realized he was mostly just enjoying playing with her instead of trying to get along with her. He selected the same course, the same bike, and the same transmission.

“No going easy on you, you said?”

“Eh? Ange, don’t kick it! They’ll get mad at us.”

Mutsuki left the motorcycle section while worried about the looks the employees were giving them. Ange stomped off after him.

“Um...”

“Shut up.”

“I-I play that game a lot. You did really well for your first day.”

“Shut up.”

“I’ll admit I went a little overboard when I lapped you the fourth time, but that was because you told me not to go easy on you.”

“Shut uuuuuup! You’re making fun of me, aren’t you!?”

She shouted angrily back and Mutsuki was too weak-willed to say anything more.

Ange may have been good for a beginner, but Mutsuki had been able to drive alongside her and give her instructions. The difference was like night and day. His mistake had been truly not going on easy on her without giving any thought to her pride.

“I’m never riding a motorcycle again! Not even Micha’s!”

She seemed thoroughly pissed after being so badly beaten.

“Sigh.”

The boy sighed at how poorly this was going.

At the same time, he was in a fairly decent mood.

He was certain the two of them had grown a lot closer over the last while.

Ange was still holding onto her prize bag as she moved on ahead. Mutsuki could not help but laugh quietly before jogging back to her side.

“Hmph.”

Even the way she exaggeratedly turned away seemed cute.

After leaving Game Master City, they returned to the mall corridor. Evening was shifting to night and the number of customers had grown a bit.

“Hey, Ange.”

“What?”

“That Lazy Bear cushion will be moved to the opened machines in a while, so how about we come back for a rematch then?”

“...”

She slowed her quick pace and faced him. Her reddish-brown hair fluttered behind her as she did.

“This time you can win the prize.”

“~~”

Merely imaging herself defeating that loathsome crane on her own was enough for her normal lopsided frown to melt and curve upwards.

But it quickly stiffened back up.

“I-I don’t really want that, so it doesn’t matter!”

She stomped off again.

Mutsuki laughed again. That was when Ange noticed the boy had been smiling all this time. She gave a sullen frown.

“And what do you mean ‘in a while’? It’s not like we’re going to be together for that long.”

Her tone was ice cold.

“Really?”

“Didn’t Micha tell you? The angel headquarters down here on earth are searching for a countermeasure against the demons and FeTUS. If we can restrict the influence of those two groups, you won’t need a bodyguard. Then I’ll be freed from this annoying job.”

“Oh, yeah. I did hear that.”

If the other angels could defeat those moving machines and that black water, he would no longer have to live with those two angels. He could return to his family. Micha had explained that the night before.

But when he thought back, something about that bothered him.

“I see. So after that, I won’t be able to see you and Micha-san anymore.”

That felt sad even if he had only met them the day before, so the tone of his voice dropped.

The girl glanced over at him, but she groaned and wrinkled her brow awkwardly when she noticed his expression. But she quickly bristled with annoyance.

“That’s right! I’ll be leaving soon and then we’ll be strangers again!”

She pointed at his nose and raised her voice.

It felt less like she was actually angry and more like she was trying to break the gloomy atmosphere.

The boy was used to being yelled at, but it shocked him when she began shouting in public. Naturally, they drew a lot of attention.

“Just to be clear, every minute and every second I have to spend with you is an annoyance.”

“S-sure. ...Um, Ange?”

“Besides, why do I even have to be your bodyguard? You’re pathetic and perverted, so I’d never want to have anything to do with you if it wasn’t for the Serpent’s Eye.”



And it was the worst possible person for that worst case scenario. Mutsuki started feeling dizzy, so he figured this was would be when someone would faint from shock.

“No delicacy...and pathetic...when being perverted...together.”

A familiar girl was quickly rearranging the keywords for her own convenience.

Her mouth was opened wide, the corners were twitching, and even her nostrils were opened wide as she smiled.

“Hear me out, Kurikara-san. You’ve got it all wrong. The truth is...”

“Spam restrictions off! Chainmail ready to go! Send to entire address book!”

“Stoooooooooooooooooooooop!!”

Even though she was a girl, he seriously grabbed at her to steal her cellphone.

But the girl, Kurikara Saya, easily swayed out of the way and continued dodging his attacks as her thumb raced across the keys with lightning speed.

Ange could only watch in confusion because she was unfamiliar with the human world and did not know of the incredibly dangerous type of human known as the “gossiping girl”.

By the following day, the entire school knew they lived together.

## **Chapter 5: Skirmish between Heaven, Earth, and Hell**

“And you know what, onii-tama? Yesterday, I washed the dishes.”

“You did? You’re such a good girl, Mutsumi-chan. I bet mom was glad.”

“Eh heh heh. She was really happy ♪”

Mutsuki called his family first thing in the morning, but it was more to cheer himself up than for their sake. He held the receiver between his cheek and shoulder and listened to the events of his littlest sister’s previous day as he squinted from the morning sun shining in.

At the top floor of the high-rise apartment building, the mornings were still cool even with summer so close. He doubted they would need an air conditioner and he left the window open as he made his way to the kitchen.

He needed to fix breakfast. He soaked six slices of bread in syrup and cooked them in a frying pan.

His other little sister, Chiaki, took over the phone back home.

“How are things there?” he asked her. “Is everyone the same as always?”

“Pretty much. ...Oh, but onee-chan insists she doesn’t have any classes and so she doesn’t have to get up today.”

“How many Chu-His did she have yesterday?”

“She quit after two.”

“She has classes. Go wake her up.”

“Roger. What about you? Anything new?”

It was 7:15 AM, time to wake up the “family” here, so he knocked on his roommates’ doors.

“Ugh, I drank too much yesterday.”

Micha trudged out looking ill. When she noticed he was on the phone, she poked his shoulder with her chin to say “good morning” and then collapsed into the recliner she loved so much.

The living room had been too messy to walk through before, but it had been mostly cleaned up.

“Not really. We’re doing fine.”

“I see.”

“Talk to you again tomorrow. I’ll call right away if anything happens.”

“Okay.”

He set down the receiver.

The food would be just about cooked, so he returned to the kitchen and grabbed the strawberry jam and orange juice. He moved the French toast to separate plates and took one to Micha.

“Ugh...”

“Here’s your juice. Or would you prefer water?”

“Bee-”

“Not happening. Here, have some orange juice.”

“Boo.”

As he responded to what sounded like some kind of code, he held out a cup filled to the brim with juice. Still sprawled out on the recliner, she grabbed the carton from his other hand and started gulping it down.

He had no choice but to use the cup for Ange's breakfast and prepare another drink for himself.

He heard a loud belch behind him, but as she was a woman, he pretended not to hear it.

"Ahh, I'm just not as young as I used to be. Sleeping in this heat doesn't seem to help at all. But it would be too cold if I left the air conditioning on."

"It certainly was a little hard to sleep last night."

"My back hurrts. Mutsuki-kun, give me a massage later."

"You've had me do that almost every day. Why don't you go to a massage parlor?"

"I like it when you grope me. It doesn't feel good when other people do it."

"F-fine..."

He wished she would not say anything that suggestive first thing in the morning. He had some water ready, but he could not return to the living room where she was only wearing a tank top and hot pants that left her midriff exposed. Especially when the tank top material was so thin he was pretty sure he could see her nipples.

"Ange! It's morning, Ange."

In search of help, he went to wake his other roommate.

"It's so hot... I hate the human world."

The door opened to reveal a girl in cute pajamas with a frightening look on her face.

She was not as scantily clad as Micha, so the heat was even worse for her. The scent of sweat scattered from her as she left. When she saw the water in his hand, she swiped it, emptied it in a single breath, and continued on to the bathroom.

“Don’t you dare peep!”

“I won’t.”

She drove her point home and then closed the door.

It had been three weeks since he had seen her naked, so he could only sigh at his roommate’s persistent grudge.

But he smiled when he looked through Ange’s room’s open door and saw the Lazy Bear body pillow on her bed.

Three weeks had passed since Fujita Mutsuki had started living away from his family.

He had a dream! He dreamed of working in some international field! And after attending a language seminar, he had gained the wonderful opportunity to study a foreign language on an everyday basis by living with the bilingual Micha and Ange!

He had no idea how much of that his family had believed, but Micha looked foreign, she knew a lot about the languages of the human world, and she had prepared some legit-looking documents. They had easily convinced his parents to let him live away from home.

His older sister and Chiaki had not looked happy and it had taken a full five days to convince Mutsumi to stop sobbing, but here he was.

He had been worried about the Fujita family's mornings without their alarm clock of a son, but Chiaki seemed to be doing a good job in his stead. He would call every morning at seven, but someone was always already up by that time. Mutsumi had even started getting up early on her own so she could speak with her "onii-tama" on the phone.

His new life with Ange and Micha had begun.

"..."

It was not a bad life.

In fact, it tended toward being fun.

He had no complaints with the living space. The balcony was so high up it scared him a bit, but the view was pretty, the apartment was spacious, and the equipment was excellent. It was even conveniently located in a familiar area.

He was getting along with his roommates well enough.

Micha could be a little (using an extreeeeemely generous definition of "little") messy, but she was kind. Ange was still prickly, but she was not a bad girl.

Making breakfast had fallen to him at some point. In fact, he was taking care of ninety percent of the housework, including cooking every meal and cleaning up afterwards. He was not particularly happy about that, but there was no helping it.

On his third day, he had cleaned up the hellish mess in the living room:

"Wow. You really are used to this. You're a great cleaner."

"I...suppose."

“Can you do other housework?”

“I...suppose.”

“Then from now on, you’re in charge of every last bit of housework ♪”

“I...what?”

That was when he came to curse the fact that he was a natural yes-man who ended up agreeing to pretty much anything anyone asked of him.

On the other hand, he had no real problem with cooking or cleaning up and he did want to do some work since they were letting him stay here for free.

He had moved here because of the demons and FeTUS, but there had not been any sign of either one.

He did not regret moving here.

Ange was fitting in pretty well at school.

“Hah!!”

She spun through the air like she had wings slicing through the wind. She tied her red hair back in a ponytail during PE and it glittered beautifully like a flame.

She landed on the mat without wobbling a centimeter.

“Ohhhhhhhhhh!”

A cheer filled the entire gym. They were using the vaulting box for a PE class with boys and girls together.

“Wow, wow! How many flips was that!? How many was it!?”

Saya and then the rest of the girls raised their voices and ran over to her. Fortunately, no one was all that familiar with gymnastics, so they had not noticed their classmate had just shattered a world record.

(You can't do that, Ange.)

Mutsuki was worried about how much his angel roommate was standing out. She was probably only using a fraction of her athletic ability, but five flips was taking it too far.

"Well, that's just how it's going to be."

Ange did not seem to mind the attention as she brushed back her long hair and stepped off the mat. In fact, she seemed to be holding her chest out proudly.

Thanks to incidents like that, Ange was known around the school as a "small but amazingly athletic" girl.

She was pretty well liked. She herself still had a poor impression of humans and could often come off as cold, but everyone allowed it because she was cute.

Also...

"W-wood...y-yoo lik...s-sum...kof...ee?"

While her athletic abilities were superhuman, the rest of her was anything but. And that had a certain charm to it.

"Okay, Miss Jiyuuni. That's enough."

"Gh..."

Ange clenched her teeth in frustration as their exasperated English teacher ordered her to sit down.

Despite being an elite angel when it came to PE, she was more like this everywhere else.

According to her:

“Shut up! The languages, chemical formulas, and mathematical theory in heaven are completely different! It was hard enough learning Japanese in such a short time frame!”

At any rate, this helped Ange’s arrogance not seem so disagreeable.

She did not move from her desk afterschool, but Saya and a few other girls had a habit of gathering around her. She did not seem wanting for friends.

She had really become a member of the class.

On another note, it had become common knowledge on the second day that Mutsuki and Ange lived together.

“Gh!? Mutsuki!”

During the midday lunch break, she kicked her chair back and approached him.

“What is it?”

He tilted his head and she held an adorable pink lunch box in front of him. She pointed at the dark green blob in one corner.

“You added your own twist to the lunch again, didn’t you!?”

“Y-yeah. It’s a cold Salisbury steak made with greens and seaweed. Did you not like it?”

“It’s disgusting! It looks like Salisbury steak, but it’s bitter and stinks of seaweed!”

“That’s strange. I thought I’d done a good job on that one. ...It’s full of nutrients, you know?”

“I’m not going to make myself sick for some extra nutrition! ...Cough! Cough!”

Some of the flavor must have lingered in her mouth because yelling was enough to make her choke. Mutsuki was not sure what to say, but...

“The couple is at it again.”

“Fujita-kun’s had fifteen straight losses, hasn’t he? Keep at it!”

Sakae always ate lunch with Mutsuki and Saya would eat at Ange’s desk, so those two classmates started the usual conversation.

“W-we are not a couple!”

Ange was short tempered in the first place, so whenever someone teased her, she would shout back with her face the same color as her hair.

Mutsuki tended to grow silent, so whenever she got angry, he would take a figurative step back and let it happen. When another classmate caught his eye, they would give him a sympathetic look, so he could only smile bitterly back.

“Hey, husband. Quit ignoring your wife. She’s pretty angry.”

“I’m not her husband. How many times do I have to tell you she’s just a relative?”

He kept his tone as calm as possible as he answered his best friend who was nudging his cheek with a fist. Both Sakae and Saya cackled in delight.

The most convincing lie for living together was a familial relationship, so that story had worked its way into the class over the past three weeks. At first, there had been rumors they had three or four kids together, but now only their close friends teased them about it. And with how plain Mutsuki was, no one was going to doubt that they were just relatives.

“F-fine then!”

Everyone was laughing and Ange seemed embarrassed to be the only angry one, so she stopped complaining and moved away. She continued eating while avoiding the Salisbury steak.

Mutsuki made their lunches every day. It may have been a blessing in disguise that the class knew they lived together because now he did not have to fix two separate menus.

“What did you even cook that made her so angry? You said it was a Salisbury steak made with greens and seaweed?”

“Yeah. You know how they make Salisbury steaks with one or the other? Well, I mixed them together.”

Mutsuki had a knack for all kinds of housework, but he especially liked cooking.

Back with his family, his mother and older sister had only let him make breakfast (and had limited the menu to toast, fried eggs, and salad), so

he had a lot more chances to cook lunch and dinner now. That meant he could try out a lot more dishes.

“Want to try some?”

Sakae was peering into his lunch, so he held out a slice of the item in question.

“!!!”

Sakae leaned as far back as he could and vigorously shook his head.

Mutsuki was confused because this boy had a habit of asking for a bite whenever he was eating some kind of snack. But when it came to Mutsuki’s original creations, people had a tendency of sweating a lot and declining.

“But it’s really good.”

He took a bite himself.

“It takes a generous heart to accept something like that. You are a virtuous person, my friend.”

After Sakae muttered that, the smell of the seaweed and meat must have reached him because he pulled his chair back.

“Whoops. Sorry, Ibekusa.”

His elbow hit the neighboring desk where Ibekusa Machina was eating.

“...”

The desk shook, but the girl showed no reaction as she continued to eat.

Her desk was located between Mutsuki's and Ange's, so she almost seemed to be a part of their group. She was physically close by, but she was as hard to speak to as always.

No one said a word about her unique lunch: a single red apple.

The way she chomped wildly into it did not match her overall image. She did not actually open her mouth wide, but she did crunch right through the skin.

The class was already used to this scene.

It happened every day. She always had a single apple for lunch.



Saya had once asked about it when it caught her interest:

“Hey, hey, Ibekusa-san. Is an apple enough for you?”

“It is nutritionally adequate.”

“But aren’t you still hungry? Are you on a diet?”

“Negative.”

“Do you like them?”

“Positive.”

That was all.

With her figure, she certainly did not need to go on a diet, so everyone had concluded she was just a light eater.

“...”

Mutsuki’s eyes wandered in her direction and he found himself entranced by her.

When her cherry blossom pink lips pressed against the round apple skin, they bent so softly around the apple’s contours.

That kiss between scarlet and pink looked so oddly seductive that the boy’s heart started racing.

Machina bit off a piece and thoroughly chewed it. Her eyes were still half-closed and he still questioned whether she felt emotions at all.

Even the normal act of eating seemed out of place for such a doll-like person. It felt like he was watching something mysterious.

Taking the bite had dirtied her lips with some apple juice, so she stuck out her wet and shining tongue and carelessly licked it off.

“What are you staring at?”

“! Wh-what do you mean?”

When Sakae moved into his field of vision, Mutsuki looked away in shock.

“You were looking at Ibekusa, weren’t you? Your wife’s right over there, so don’t cheat on her, okay?”

“I was not! Um...I-I was not looking at Ibekusa-san.”

Sakae was teasing him just like with Ange earlier, but Mutsuki panicked and shook his head since he really did have a crush on her.

His intense reaction was as good as admitting to it, but that boy was not mature enough to think so rationally about it.

In search of an excuse, he looked back toward Machina and the window beyond her.

“Th-the clock. I was looking at the clock tower because I wanted to know what time it-...”

But when he pointed out the window...

It had been a casual action, but as soon as Mutsuki’s eyes reached the top of the clock tower, his face grew pale. Ange noticed the same thing and once more sent her chair clattering backwards.

“Huh? What’s going on?”

Sakae and Saya both looked over at the clock tower in confusion, but by then “he” had hidden behind the minute hand he had been sitting on.

He almost seemed to have been luring in only Ange and Mutsuki.

“Let’s go.”

“S-sure.”

They left their half-eaten lunches behind and ran from the classroom. They heard Sakae and Saya behind them, but they ignored it. They descended the stairs to the first floor, put on their outdoor shoes, and stepped outside. It was a sunny day, but the wind on their cheeks was so cold they thought it was going to rain.

They had practiced for this moment quite a bit in the past three weeks.

Mutsuki did not want to get anyone else involved in the confusion surrounding him and Ange wanted to avoid filling the human world with unnecessary chaos.

Once an enemy appeared, their first priority was finding an empty place.

Luckily, the enemy had chosen somewhere empty for them. The area was known as a place of rest, but it was not very well-maintained, half of the lawn was overtaken by weeds, and the overgrown plants acted as a natural fence that kept most students away.

The two of them ran to the base of the clock tower.

“Ha ha ♪”

The boy sitting on the minute hand with his legs dangling down easily jumped down from the several dozen meter height.

“I’m so happy you came to see me, Mutsuki-kun.”

The demon boy named Lucia gave a smile that Mutsuki had a hard time finding dangerous.

“I’m willing to accept your invitation. Especially when it means I can dispose of an awful brat.”

Ange stepped forward, pulled a pendant from below her shirt, removed the top modelled after silver wings, and squeezed it tight.

The silver color swelled out in her small hand and became a sword pointing Lucia’s way.

The angel easily swung a blade thicker than she was, but the demon boy was entirely unfazed. He did wink at Mutsuki with a cute smile, though.

“Sorry I couldn’t come visit you for the past three weeks. Finding a way to deal with that troublesome angel took some doing.”

He defenselessly turned his back and faced the entrance to the hexagonal clock tower. He reached for the door labelled “no students allowed”. It was not locked, so it creaked open and he left behind a provocative laugh as he entered.

“Wait!”

This was clearly a trap – Lucia had pretty much said it was – but Ange did not hesitate to follow him inside.

“Ah...”

Faced with an enemy for the first time in three weeks, Mutsuki tensed up and failed to stop his reckless bodyguard.

According to Micha, this boy named Lucia was a demon. Of the two groups after the Serpent’s Eye, he was from the one that controlled that

thick, black water. Memories of the three-week-old fear sent a chill down his spine.

“W-wait!”

But he forced his shaking knees to follow the two of them.

As the “no students allowed” sign would suggest, this was Mutsuki’s first time in the tower.

Inside, he found moss-covered stone walls and extremely faint lighting from the small windows.

Fortunately, Ange had stopped just after entering. There was no sign of Lucia, but...

“Stop, Mutsuki-kun. Don’t get any closer. It’s dangerous.”

Mutsuki heard the demon boy’s voice as soon as he set foot inside, so he had to be there somewhere.

The tower had only been designed to hold the clock at the top, so the twenty meter wide space was empty save for the spiral staircase running up the wall. There were, however, sixteen columns made of stone and cement with wooden support beams alongside them.

Mutsuki knew nothing of combat, but even he could tell something about this place.

“Over there!”

Darkness dully glistened between two columns and a curved blade poked out. Ange flipped her sword around to deflect the tip and she tried to charge behind the columns.

“...!?”

But just before she did, her sword struck the countless stone columns and wooden support beams.

With her momentum gone, she was the perfect target. The scythe slithered between the columns like a snake and targeted her wide-open body. She twisted her torso at the last second and avoided having her heart skewered, but...

“Vah...!”

Lucia appeared from a different direction and kned her in the cheek.

Her spine bent like a spring to lessen the impact of the knee to her face, but it still did a lot of damage and her short form wobbled on her feet. The boy instantly pulled his hand back and aimed the tip of the scythe toward her chest.

“Gh...”

“Ange!”

Mutsuki shouted without thinking. That silver blade glistened a disturbing amount in this dim light and it was about to reach his roommate’s heart.

He could feel the blood rushing from his face as he watched.

“Suit – Adamah!”

The tip dug into her shirt a bit, but then it stopped.

“...”

Lucia realized he could not stab here because there was something incredibly hard below her shirt, so he swept the blade to the side instead. At the same time, Ange kicked off a column and moved away.

It was a blink-and-you-missed-it exchange. Mutsuki's eyes only caught up after Ange fell to her knees.

Was "the way to deal with that troublesome angel" this place itself? The space filled with so many obstructing columns was a poor battlefield for Ange and her large sword. On the other hand, Lucia's curved scythe allowed him to target his prey from flexible angles.

"What are you going to do now? You can retreat if you want. But only if you're fine with leaving Mutsuki-kun behind."

The boy calmly sat in a place protected by the many columns and support beams.

"Tch."

The girl twisted her face where she had been kicked and held the front of her blazer uniform.

Her clothes had been cleanly sliced from her chest down to the top of her skirt, but she fortunately did not seem too badly hurt. A trail of red blood ran diagonally across her cute belly, but that was all. Her chest was unhurt despite the direct hit.

Just like Micha's underwear, Ange's sports bra and spats were known as a Suit. They were armor made with a special material unique to angels. When it hardened, it was impossible to pierce. However...

"Shouldn't you be retreating? I aimed for the wrong spot that time, but I'll penetrate you next time."

Lucia gave a challenging smile while rubbing his cheek against the scythe resting on his shoulder.

And he had a point. Ange was safe since the boy had happened to target her heart, but what if he lopped off her head or sliced through the abdomen next time?

“Ange...”

Mutsuki pleaded her to leave even as he trembled in fear.

But instead of nodding, the girl flipped her long hair back and stabbed her sword into the floor.

“Mutsuki, close your eyes.”

“Eh?”

“Don’t ‘eh’ me. Close them, you pervert.”

She made her usual lopsided frown and he finally realized her underwear was visible. Part of him felt this was no time to be embarrassed, but he himself grew embarrassed when he actually focused on her state of dress. It was too much for him, so he did as he was told and looked to the ground.

The girl sighed.

“Plus, you wouldn’t want to see this.”

She grabbed her sword in both hands.

“A living creature is about to be ripped to shreds.”

“What!?”

“Prominence – Loop!”

Drawn by Lucia’s shout of surprise, Mutsuki also looked to see why she sounded so confident.

She split her giant sword in two like a pair of scissors, giving her two long blades.

The sense of weight remained and the two curved single-edged swords were clearly quite sharp.

Also, these were the weapons of an angel that fought with fire. A blue flame passed through the portion that had supported the center of the blade back in its original form, making it look like a hacksaw. Just seeing it was enough for Mutsuki to know how dangerous it was.

“Ange of the Double Flame.”

“\_\_\_\_\_”

“So that’s where the name comes from!”

“Ahhhhhhhh!”

Lucia was dumbfounded as Ange charged toward him with a weapon in each hand.

“Tch.”

Even split in half, it had more than enough power to overwhelm the boy. The sound of the scythe catching just one of them was loud enough to think the scythe was going to break.



And by that time, the other blade was already on its way down.

This wide swing was using the back of the blade. In other words, the flame blade.

Lucia's back was bent, so he managed to sway out of the blade's path, but the blue flames scattered by the passing weapon still scorched his skin.

"I'm not done yet!"

As the boy tried to pull back, Ange stepped further forward and placed her body weight behind the first attack.

The boy and scythe were knocked backwards and his smoking body crashed into the wooden wall.

"Kh!? D-damn you're fast."

"No, I'm not."

Lucia grimaced from the damage and the angel's foot was already right in front of him.

He somehow managed to escape to the side and Ange's flying kick shook the entire tower when it hit the wall.

But she used that as her first step and made a second and third step on the nearby column and wall.

"You're just slow!!"

As if to pay him back for earlier, she stabbed a sharp midair kick into his cheek.

"Hmph."

She watched his body fly off and made a light landing.

“...”

She was strong. Even as a bystander, the difference in their strengths was overwhelming to Mutsuki. Lucia clearly had superhuman power, but Ange outdid him in everything.

“I’m no match for you.”

The boy had avoided an actual fatal blow, but his skin was burnt and he had been kicked across the room. His voice was weak as he got back up and he raised his hands as if to surrender.

“Improper interference in the human world is a first degree violation of the Angel-Demon Détente. In particular, involving the bearer of a special power for no reason is punishable by Nemesis 66.”

“Yeah, I know. And that 66th form of divine punishment is a requisition of your material form in the physical world. In other words...”

“Death.”

She mercilessly approached with both swords at the ready.

“Ah...”

Mutsuki frowned and seemed to entirely forget the situation.

The boy’s burnt skin cells were rapidly healing and the scorch marks were vanishing, so he clearly was not human. Still, he looked just like Mutsuki or Ange. Getting kicked on the cheek had left a bloodstain on his lips. Mutsuki did not want to see him sliced to pieces.

It was because of his fear that he did not feel any hatred for the boy.

Not to mention the friendly smile on the boy's face.

"Heh heh. Thanks♥"

Mutsuki's thoughts must have gotten through to him because Lucia winked his way.

That confident expression did not look like someone prepared to die.

In fact, boldness filled his face as he faced Ange again.

"Not to worry ♪ I said I'm no match for you, not that I can't win."

"!?"

He lowered his raised hands.

In that instant, black water poured down from where it was hidden in the dark ceiling. This downpour was made up of the blood-colored demonic creatures known as Succubi and they quickly surrounded Ange and Mutsuki.

However, this was not enough to turn things around. Wings of blue flame had already surrounded the girl and Mutsuki as a shield, so the black water vaporized and turned to ash as soon as it fell down.

"What was the point of that? Surely you didn't think that would help."

"Ahh, ahh. Are you sure you should have burned them?"

Ange was confused that he had not tried to escape while making his futile last attempt, but Lucia made a show of looking upwards. When the girl noticed a sudden presence, she too raised her head.

"Those little guys were protecting you."

It was already too late.

“Obstacle gone. Resuming capture of intruder...positive.”

It looked like a giant spider to Mutsuki.

It hung down with eight metal stakes driven into the columns and it viewed everyone inside the tower using round eyes made by placing countless cameras at different angles.

Once it determined these truly were intruders, the tail-like shell split apart.

“A Springloaded!? Wah... Why you-!”

Several wires shot out toward Ange. She fought back with her blue flames, but she could not immediately burn through the metal wires and their thread-like flexibility kept her from cutting them with her sword. They ended up capturing both her wrists.

This mechanical spider was a Springloaded. They were the soldiers of the human organization named FeTUS which was also after the Serpent’s Eye.

Mutsuki had seen ones based on cars before, but this one seemed to have modified the engine running the large clock. It was mostly made of metal parts and some analog pieces like gears and springs were visible here and there.

“Ah ha ha ha! Weren’t you listening, moron? I found a way to deal with you.”

Like a trapped butterfly, Ange was lifted up high by her captured arms and Lucia laughed in delight.

“Wh-why does a demon like you have a human weapon?”

“I’m not using it. The humans left it here to monitor Mutsuki-kun since he’s a top priority target.

It took me three weeks to find a toy that would eliminate anyone who got close and that was waiting somewhere I could lure you to.”

The boy looked perfectly calm, but the spider Springloaded was attacking him too. However, the black water swallowed up the approaching wires and hardened to keep them from moving.

“My adorable little Succubi were keeping it from moving, but – heh heh – a certain someone thought it would be a good idea to burn them all away. ...Whoops.”

While mocking Ange, he turned around and stood in front of Mutsuki to protect him from the metal wires coming his way. The black water followed him and surrounded both of them.

“Are you okay, Mutsuki-kun?”

“ ...”

The boy had been left speechless by the successive reversals.

“Stay close to me.”

Lucia moved so close his shoulder pressed against Mustuki’s chest.

“L-let go!”

Even if he could not keep up with what was happening, Mutsuki did not remember growing that close to the boy, so he violently twisted out of the way.

Lucia furrowed his brow at the unexpected resistance, but his smile remained.

“It’s no use. With a Springloaded on the scene, you’ll have to rely on me.”

He spoke with a confident tone different from his usual charming one.

“Were you thinking that girl could help since she beat me and I’m holding off the Springloaded? If so, I’ve got bad news. Angels aren’t that all-powerful.”

Mutsuki stood perfectly still as the black water created a wall around him and the boy calmly walked out amongst the flying wires.

“All of those with power are burdened with a certain duty. None can be perfect but god. If there’s someone at the top, then there have to be people down below. That’s the absolute rule of all things.”

He picked up the girl’s dropped swords.

“You know rock-paper-scissors, right? Rock beats scissors, scissors beats paper, and paper beats rock. It’s the most even matchup in the world.”

He placed the two swords together like scissors and lightly swung the original sword around. It easily sliced through the Succubi at his feet like they were paper, but it was easily deflected by the spider Springloaded that’s metal was as hard as rock.

“An angel’s flames are a purifying light, so demons like us can’t beat them. But angels can only intervene according to the rules of the natural world and those patterns have been analyzed by the descendants of those who ate the Fruit of Knowledge...in other words, you humans. We demons, on the other hand, have no restriction to the natural world.

FeTUS only has the knowledge built up by mankind, so they can't kill non-life forms. In other words..."

"It's a three-way deadlock?" muttered Mutsuki.

Lucia gave an exaggerated nod.

Mutsuki looked up toward Ange, but the captured girl made no rebuttal. She hated to lose, so if she had nothing to say, it was likely true.

Angels were strong against demons, demons were strong against humans, and humans were strong against angels.

"But enough boring talk. What matters is that the angel isn't going to be any help here."

Lucia tossed the sword aside.

"Two intruders. Possibility of capture...negative. Prioritizing examination of captured target."

The Springloaded also seemed aware of those compatibility issues, so it gave up on the demon. It quit battling the black water and turned all of its threads toward the girl it already had.

The wires were not mere fibers. They seemed to be autonomous machines themselves. They were already approaching their captured target and branching out their tips into something like a brush.

"Fwah!? ~~ Wait, hey!"

The split tips dug into the fibers of her clothing. Ange cried out in confusion, but it was too late. With each turn of the gears, the wire brushes mechanically pulled at the clothing.

Then there was a tearing sound.

“Ange... Wah!”

“~~~~ M-Mutsuki, you idiot! Look the other way!”

“S-sorry!”

Her uniform had already been cut down the front, so it was easily torn away and her skirt fluttered to the floor.

Except for her socks, the ribbon worn instead of a tie, and her hair ribbon, she now only wore her sports bra and spats.

The skimpy outfit may have been even more provocative than if she were nude. Even with the metal threads wrapped around her, she tried to shrink down her body to hide her chest and belly. Mutsuki quickly looked away.

Ange had superhuman physical strength, but not even she could tear through the countless wires. Even as she was disgracefully stripped in front of others, she could do nothing more than blush. Meanwhile, the machine continued its assault.

“Beginning to take samples...positive.”

The finely split fibers pressed against her skin like ivy climbing a wall. Attack did not seem to be their goal, but goosebumps covered the girl's skin as they traced along her flesh.

“Heh heh. How pathetic. The Springloaded have plenty of ways to leave an angel powerless, so it'll make quick work of you.”

Lucia sounded satisfied that the opponent who had nearly defeated him was about to be turned into a specimen.

“Do you get it now? I'm the only one that can protect you.”

“Nwah... Wah. Um, stop.”

“Eh heh heh. You were worried for me before, weren't you? I was sooo happy♥”

He returned to Mutsuki and moved his face in close. Mutsuki tried to escape, but the black water that had defended against the wires wrapped around his hands and feet, pinning him to the wall. After rendering him as much a specimen as Ange, Lucia leaned in and rubbed his cheek against him.

The beautiful boy gave off a strange smell that was not quite an essence of sweat. It was different again from Micha's sweet womanly scent, but it was just as alluring.

As that seductive aroma surrounded Mutsuki, Lucia rubbed his body against him with the same friendly smile as before. The androgynously soft skin gave Mutsuki goosebumps of his own.

“W-wait. Aren't you a boy? Stop that.”

“Hmm? I am technically male, but what does that matter? Do you not like me?”

“Well, it's mostly that...I-I'm a boy too.”

Mutsuki complained while feeling flustered from the adorable expression on the face below his own.

The demon boy had slender limbs and a slender build. His white collarbones peeked out from his tank top, as did the nape of his neck. His body was filled with a bewitching charm somehow different from a woman's.

Mutsuki had never felt any homosexual urges before, so he was confused by the pounding of his heart when the boy pressed up against him. Lucia seemed to have realized how he was feeling, though.

“Is it wrong when it’s two boys? But I love you.”

“...”

The look in Lucia’s eyes was purity itself.

Despite who this was and despite the situation, Mutsuki’s heart skipped a beat when he heard someone say they loved him. And while his mind went blank, Lucia grabbed his cheeks between his hands.

“My genes yearn for the bearer of the Serpent’s Eye. ...But that’s not all. I fell deeper and deeper in love the more I investigated you. By the time I actually met you, you already ruled my heart.”

Lucia brought his face in toward Mutsuki’s defenseless face.

“I love you, Mutsuki-kun.”

“Ah...”

It was not a surprise attack like last time, but their lips pressed together.

It was a soft kiss with no tongue. His lips were not as plump as Micha’s, but they made up for it with a sweet damp sensation.

Despite coming from another boy, Mutsuki felt no revulsion or displeasure.

“S-stop!”

It even felt a little good, so he harshly shook his head to escape.

Lucia looked up at him in displeasure. His lips were pouting, perhaps as a remnant of the kiss, and that made him look all the cuter.

“I’m not into guys... And, um, I-I don’t think I can get along with you.”

He knew how pathetic it was, but he was completely flustered.

But Lucia tilted his head in confusion.

“You don’t think you can get along with me? Why not? Because the angels said so?”

“Th-that’s right. You want the Serpent’s Eye, don’t you? So you’re trying to pluck out my eye.”

“Oh, what a pain. You sure are pure. Don’t believe everything you’re told.”

For just a moment, his usual smile of enjoyment vanished and he shrugged.

“Didn’t I tell you? God is the only perfect being in this world. No one else is always right, be they human, demon, or angel.”

“Eh?”

Mutsuki’s blank look brought back the demon boy’s mischievous smile.

“C’mon. She’s starting to enjoy herself over there, so how about we get to know each other better?”

“Eh? Ange!”

Mutsuki had started to forget, but then he looked back to the girl captured by the spider.

“Hkh... Kh... Uuh...”

Ange was on her knees with her bound arms both stretched diagonally upwards.

She did not seem to be in much danger. The countless wires were only binding her arms while the extremely thin ones brushed across her skin.

However, her reaction was intense. Her sweaty brow was sharply furrowed as she desperately tried to endure something. Her limbs would occasionally give a jerk and her normally pretty soprano voice sounded pitiful as it escaped her tightened lips as low moans.

By focusing his ears, Mutsuki could hear what sounded like insects buzzing around even more quietly than the rotation of the clock at the top of the tower.

“...~~~...”

Ears, neck, collarbones, armpits, sides, navel, back, inner thighs, front and back of the knees.

It did not seem the wires could break through the angel’s Suit, but the soft brushes did apply suction and a slight vibration to all of her exposed skin.

It must have been too ticklish to bear because Ange had tears in her blue eyes.

“There’s nothing to worry about. It’s only taking samples of her cells and skeletal structure. She isn’t in any danger.”

“...”

“But... Heh heh heh. Look at that, Mutsuki-kun. She’s blushing and short of breath. ...I think she’s getting turned on from a toy messing with her body.”

The demon laughed loudly.

This may have been the worst torture for someone as prideful as her, so Mutsuki could not say anything.

However, he did notice her red face, the suppressed moans escaping her nose as “kfh” or “nn”, and the slight shaking of her skinny waist. It all looked erotic to him, so he politely turned the other way.

“Oh, I know ♪ Let’s help her out.”

Lucia whispered mischievously as he peered in at the other boy’s face while lying on the floor. Mutsuki had no idea what he meant, but Ange briefly paled. And by then, it was too late.

“Open the seal. Oh, impure demonic eye, reveal the proof that you are king of this world!”

“Gh!”

This was the third time, but Mutsuki was still not used to the sensation in his right eye.

At the same time, Lucia and the more distant Ange’s bodies both reacted.

“~~~~ Ahhhhhh! Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

That demonic eye could bring any women to a state of arousal. Ange was trapped within its range, so the effects reached her immediately.

The cry she had been suppressing burst from her lips and her entire slender body almost seemed to convulse.

“Ah hah! This really is amazing♥”

Despite being a boy, the intoxicated look in Lucia’s eyes made it clear he too was affected. He expressed his desire by rubbing up against Mutsuki like a playful kitten.

Mutsuki was worried about his friend, so he looked her way.

“Ange!? Are you o-...”

“Khkhhhh! Y...you...idiot! Don’t...use my...name...!  
Close...your...eyes!”

“Oh, sorry.”

He quickly squeezed his eyes shut. According to the experiment with Micha, a woman being violated by the Serpent’s Eye would be driven into an even worse state if they heard his voice or if he called their name.

The closing of the boy’s eyes let the initial wave pass, but an intense stiffness stuck with her.

“Hgh... Hh... Nnnnn!”

Oblivious to the Serpent’s Eye, the machine continued its probes, so she could only writhe in agony.

The many fine hairs brushed across her skin. They stroked across the most sensitive exposed parts of her fully aroused body: the neck, the ears, the armpits.

“Stop...uuh...! N-not the armpit... No, not the back!”

The ticklishness seemed to have been concentrated several dozen times over and that indescribable itching sensation caused Ange to cry out in a normally unimaginably weak voice.

Just like with Micha, fire was racing through every cell of her body and all of her sweat glands had opened.

The material of her bra and spats twisted. The heavenly armor known as a Suit could not be pierced by any material, but when exposed to salt water, it became something akin to body paint.

(Ange... What do I do? Ange is going to be-...)

Worried, Mutsuki opened just his left eye.

“Fwah!”

At that precise moment, the front of her sports bra was peeled away.

Two white balls of flesh were exposed with a pleasant bounce.

She was as short as Mutsuki’s sister Chiaki, but she did have a proper bust size. It provided a nice curve up from her slender waist. Her uniform’s ribbon still hung around her neck, giving an obscene look to those artistic curves.

They were beautifully round and the immature, somewhat-inverted nipples were a bright pink.

The current situation was banished from Mutsuki’s mind and his heart skipped a beat.

“Heh heh. I see you’re pretty horny, too ♪”

At some point, Lucia had kneeled down and reached for Mutsuki's pants. Before Mutsuki could react, Lucia had undone the belt and pulled both pants and boxers down.

Ignoring Mutsuki's wordlessly flapping mouth, the boy turned his moist eyes toward the sweaty object now exposed. Given the situation, Mutsuki was not erect, but it was showing signs of stiffening due to his tension and Ange's erotic appearance.

"Ahh... So this is yours."

Lucia's chilly palm lovingly lifted Mutsuki's balls from below. With that weak point in the other boy's grasp, Mutsuki could only quietly ask him to stop.

Lucia ignored the plea, gently rubbed along his inner thigh, and wrapped his fingers around the swelling object. It had already started to fill with blood and this delicate stroking was enough for him to forget the situation entirely and harden at the touch of another boy.

"...♥ Thank goodness. I was worried I wouldn't be able to turn you on."

Lucia really did sound like he had been worried and he then wrapped his wet tongue around the foreskin that hid the tip even now that it was fully erect.

"Ah... Wait...stop..."

Even as Mutsuki panicked, Ange fell victim to even further humiliation.

The ultra thin wires were targeting her breasts. Countless threads wrapped around those smooth spheres that resembled white peaches.

Those lovely forms were twisted and squeezed like boneless hams until her small nipples rose from the flat areolae.

“Ahn.”

The thorough threads moved toward these newly-revealed points. All the while, the girl produced adorable breaths that were not quite screams. Feeling the slight vibration of the wires, her slender body shook harshly and her lustrous red hair flew through the air.

(Ange...)

Thinking he should not be seeing this, Mutsuki looked away, but the way she had sharply furrowed her brow to withstand the humiliation had been unbelievably erotic and the expression was already burned into the back of his mind.

“Ah hah. You’re so big.”

His uncontrollable arousal caused his penis to point sharply upwards and for precum to flow from the tip. Overjoyed, Lucia stroked his obscenely twisting tongue across the frenulum.

“S-stop. Stop that.”

Mutsuki’s resistance was weak.

For one thing, his mind was having difficulty comprehending the fact that another boy was pleasuring his sexual organ.

But most of all, Lucia’s attitude robbed him of anger, hatred, or any other offensive feeling.

Micha had given him a blowjob the other day, but what Lucia was doing seemed entirely different.

The boy placed his tongue on the sensitive pink tip and coated it with plenty of saliva to keep the stimulation to a minimum. Then, his tongue crawled across its shape.

“Nkh. Hh. Hahhhh.”

Lucia thoroughly licked along every inch of the tip and frenulum while providing a slight vibration. A ticklish itching seemed to cover the surface of contact and in indescribable feeling filled the entire base of his thighs.

Lucia provided the perfect amount of stimulation for the exposed head. As a fellow boy, he knew just how to use his tongue.

“Nn... Pwah... Mutsuki-kun, I love you. I love you so much.”

He moved his tongue to the balls, the perineum, and the anus. As he did, he glanced up with the mischievousness gone. Instead, he had the look of a puppy wanting some love from its master.

That expression and the loving oral service kept any revulsion from Mutsuki's mind even if this was a fellow boy and an enemy.

“...Kah... Wh-why you...hyah!”

Ange writhed, shaking the ribbon still hanging from her neck, and she let out a new cry.

She had been rubbing her thighs together, which had damaged her spats and torn a hole in the weakened material. The hole revealed her white thighs and the pink panties that were the last defense of her most precious spot.

“No...Stop... Ah, ah... Not there...”

The power of the Serpent's Eye had left her nipples so erect they seemed to throb, so the attack on them left the brave angel as helpless as a doll. Her young age may have left her weak to sexual pleasure.

"Ha ha. Look at her face, Mutsuki-kun. This is definitely turning her on."

Lucia's sticky lips formed a delighted smile.

"No matter how embarrassed or frustrated she is, she's can't stop the sexual desire. Heh heh. For how proud she acts, I bet she's a huge M."

"~~ Ange."

On the verge of tears yet unable to free his hands from the demonic liquid, Mutsuki could only watch as the spider feasted on the angel in search of more data.

The tail shell the wires came from began to move. It pressed against the back of its prey and then produced a pin that glittered with a silver light.

It looked like a marking pin. It was about five centimeters long and it had a small stud on the opposite end.

"~~~~~!"

"Ange!"

The pin was fired into the center of the girl's back.

Perhaps to investigate within her body, the pin dug over five centimeters into her. Mutsuki cried out at the painful sight, but...

"Kah... Heaaahhhh..."

Even as she writhed from the incredible shock, Ange's screams sounded somehow sweet.

"Ahn! Ah... Ahhhh."

More pins were driven in along her spine. And with each one, the tone of alluring ecstasy in her breaths deepened.

She was clearly feeling something other than pain when these pins violated her body. Each time the fine hairs tickled across her armpits or the wires squeezed her breasts or nipples, the ever-rising curve of her pleasure would spike sharply. And that was replacing the pain of her pierced skin with sexual pleasure.

Each time Mutsuki heard one of the pins being fired, Ange's round breasts would bounce.

The sharp contrast to her usual dignified attitude left Mutsuki in shock. He knew silently watching his roommate writhe as she was violated made him far crueler than Lucia, but he simply could not look away.

"Ahh...ah...ahh...ahhhh."

Once the Sprinloaded's tail finished firing the pins in a straight line from the top of her spine to the bottom, it shifted its aim to her butt region. She was lifted by her arms and pushed forward so the machine could aim better.

"Ah... S-stop... Not there..."

Once she realized where the ejection point was aimed, Ange shook her weak head.

But machines felt no mercy. With a sound as light as using a stapler, the marking pin was systematically driven into the center of her sacrum.

“Khee... Heeee...”

Sticking her butt out behind her had torn a large hole in the weak material of the spats. The girl pleaded with tears in her eyes as her panty-covered butt was exposed.

Seeing that look on her usually determined face filled Mutsuki with a cruel tremor of arousal.

“Ahn♥”

Lucia moaned happily when the penis hit the back of his throat.

He stroked the shaft with his lips and canine teeth while strongly slurping up all of the salty precum. Mutsuki felt like his urethra was in a vacuum and the sensation reached all the way back to his vas deferens.

The duet of arousal was just about enough for the boy to admit defeat.

“Phah... Nn, go ahead... Hah, let me swallow...nmh, your load.”

Lucia sensed Mutsuki was getting close, so he pressed his face in close while his eyebrows twitched.

“Ahhh, w-wait... I’m...I’m a boy.”

“Not gonna wait♥ Nmh... Nheh heh. Besides, your penis knows what it wants. It wants to...phah...cum in my mouth more than any girl’s.”

Mutsuki’s reason gave one last shout of protest at the pleasure of having his entire penis wrapped in the boy’s soft mouth, but Lucia ignored it and continued moving his mouth and lips while groping at the front of his own pants.

“Hee!”

Mutsuki's low groan overlapped with Ange's stiff, high-pitched voice. The machine had parted her two butt cheeks through her panties, letting the air pass through.

"~~~~!"

The final pin was fired toward her tailbone, just above her asshole.

The sensation of the foreign object grazing her sensitive flesh was enough for the girl's eyes to open wide and her spine to arch backwards.

"Hyah... Ahhh! Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Still dangling from her arms like a doll, Ange cried out in a mixture of sorrow and pleasure. Her entire body stiffened and her limbs twisted as if trying to brush something off of her back.

"Ahh!"

Mutsuki's pleasure exploded as he watched and he thrust his hips as if in time with his pulse. The tip very nearly entered Lucia's throat and the demon boy seductively rubbed his thighs together as he sucked.

"Nheh heh. Ahhh, here it comes!"

His voice was even more seductive than the other two as he sucked down every last drop of the milky fluid.



“Delicious♥”

Lucia gave a wet, satisfied sigh and pulled his face back from Mutsuki’s crotch.

Mutsuki’s mind had gone blank even as self-hatred filled him for getting off to Ange’s state. Even after she climaxed, Ange continued to writhe from the machine’s thorough examination.

The satisfied boy sighed happily that he had completed his objective and at the scent of the other boy lingering in his mouth.

“Now, then.”

He stood up and stroked Mutsuki’s cheek. The darkened demonic eye faded and his original right eye appeared. The boy’s mind was too blank to react, but Ange gave a slight sigh of relief when the intensity dropped.

“I’ll be taking Mutsuki-kun, but what to do about her? I bet Mutsuki-kun would be made if I left her here to go mad with pleasure and die. Then again, I do want to tease her some more.”

He turned his callous eyes up toward the girl whose entire body was still being tormented.

But then...

“Vvvv...”

The sound of an old TV being switched off came from the spider Springloaded’s mouth. Mutsuki, Lucia, and Ange all looked up in confusion.

An instant later, the eight legs digging into the columns bent silently. The wires loosened and Ange pitched forward. And as her small body toppled forward...

“Wha-?”

The machine modeled after a spider slammed into the floor and came apart as if it had been nothing but a pile of sticks.

“The Springloaded’s element was removed? Impossible. Only the FeTUS Witches would know the anti-Lithography code.”

An angel like Ange could not have caused that destruction, so Lucia’s eyes widened in surprise and he looked around for the cause of this oddity.

And that instant was all Ange needed.

“Corona!!”

Still lying face-down, she emitted a film of blue flames that quickly spread throughout the entire tower interior. It fried the black water enveloping Mutsuki and it knocked Lucia away.

“Gh... You still have this much strength left?”

The Succubi had shielded him, so he did not take much damage. He quickly got back up, but he seemed to realize retreat was the best option once his own body started to burn and once he saw Ange standing up with her large sword in hand.

“You leave me no choice. Mutsuki-kun, I’ll be seeing you a lot sooner next time.”

He brushed off the scorch marks on his skin.

“Remember: god is the only perfect being in this world. And...”

He winked.

“That god was the one that gave you your power.”

He spun around and jumped out the window.

Mutsuki had not the slightest clue what was going on, but he frantically got up once he heard Ange weakly telling the boy to wait.

She used her large sword to prop herself up because her hips refused to support her.

“Uuh... Kh...”

“Are you okay, Ange? What in the world happened?”

“I don’t know. It just broke all of a sudden.”

The two of them looked back.

That Springloaded had been a manifestation of super science just a moment before, but it was no longer even a machine and its parts were scattered across the floor.

Lucia had seemed surprised, Ange said she did not know, and Mutsuki obviously could not pull off a trick like that.

“...?”

The black water had given off a strong smell of burning flesh and the broken metal gave off a metallic smell.

But mixed in with that, Mutsuki felt the somewhat familiar scent of a sweet fruit tickling the tip of his nose.

## Chapter 6: Angelic Aroma

Mutsuki had known only two things: they had been saved and Ange was injured. That left only one thing to do: escape before any more trouble occurred.

Ange's uniform was ruined, but her Suit could regenerate. After returning her bra and spats to normal, Mutsuki let her wear his shirt. They left the school and took a taxi back to the apartment. He had only needed to call their homeroom teacher to inform her they were leaving early.

Mutsuki had wanted to get back right away, but Ange had been afraid of pursuit and had instructed the taxi to take them around town for about an hour. The morning had been sunny, but dark clouds covered the sky by the time they arrived at the apartment. It looked like some intense evening rain was on its way.

"Yes, yes. We just got back. Can you not come back yet?"

"Sorry, but I'm not even in the human world yet. It'll be another five hours."

"Should I take her to the hospital?"

"Human medicine is meaningless to an angel. But don't worry. Based on what you told me about her damage, the first aid equipment in the apartment should suffice."

Micha normally spent all day lazing around the apartment with a beer in hand, but today of all days, she was out working. Mutsuki had to care for Ange on his own.

Her footing had been unsteady when they left the academy and she had been unconscious by the time they left the taxi. The most she could do was sweat and gasp for breath. He let her lean on his shoulder to carry

her to their apartment on the top floor and he placed her on the living room couch.

“Listen, Mutsuki-kun. Angels can take physical attacks without much trouble, but since the materia makeup of our bodies is based in fire, we’re weak to having our heat taken away. If she seems exhausted, that’s almost certainly the cause. That Springloaded probably had some Bug Lithography built in and that’s turned some of her skin into a radiator.”

“?? Um, can you dumb that down a little?”

“Part of her body’s been turned into the cause of this. Ange’s young and has plenty of energy, so she’ll be fine if you can stimulate her metabolism. You know where the aroma oil is, right?”

“Aroma oil? ...Oh, yes!”

With his cellphone in one hand, he headed to his own room. He grabbed a bottle of ocher-colored liquid sitting on the bedside table.

She had given him this oil. Its aroma was meant to be calming, but he had barely used it and it was still mostly full.

“Here it is. What do I do with it?”

“That contains the mana that helps purify an angel’s astral body. Apply it directly below the skin and it should help her synthesize energy. She was affected by the Serpent’s Eye, right? That craving should still be there, so the ether ripple caused by your cells should help too. Use that as a medium.”

“Um, can you dumb that down again?”

“What I’m saying is...”

He left his room with the bottle in hand.

“You need to rub it all over her skin with your own hands.”

He just about dropped it.

The weather was only getting worse. Rain was starting to sprinkle down and the room had grown awfully dark.

Mutsuki felt oddly guilty about what he was going to do, so he did not feel like brightening the room. Without turning on the lights, he scooped up some aroma oil after having washed his hands with disinfectant and milk soap.

He removed the ribbon that still hung from Ange’s neck and applied the oil directly to the back of her neck.

He realized this was his first time touching her. Her skin was incredibly smooth and his oil-covered palm slid frictionlessly across her. Compared to his sisters, her body temperature was higher than normal.

He was not doing anything wrong, but his heart beat painfully loud in his ears.

Her slender neck was the polar opposite of her dignified expression and he diligently slid his fingers toward it like she was a fragile object.

“...Hhoo...ah...”

She did not come to, but her breathing was visibly calming.

Micha had apparently been telling the truth. This aroma oil had the ability to heal angels.

He covered his palm in oil again. The mild amber-colored oil had a pure olive scent and seemed like it would be kind to the girl's warm skin. He thoroughly covered her wrists where she had been bound and then covered the back of her hand, the palm, the elbow, and even the upper arm.

"I don't know how badly she was infected," Micha had said. "So apply it to everywhere the Springloaded touched her."

That meant pretty much her entire body. The only exceptions were the lower legs and feet protected by her socks, the scalp below her hair, and her most precious spot the spats had somehow managed to protect. Everywhere else had been thoroughly tormented by those lewd brushes.

"..."

After applying the oil to everywhere outside her clothing, a troubled expression came to Mutsuki and he returned to her neck once more. He chose the area least likely to cause trouble if he touched it: her face, her throat, her forehead, and her cheeks.

He even covered her small earlobes.

"..."

He naturally received a close up view of the sleeping beauty's face.

(She's...so pretty.)

He passed his fingers over her eyelids and corners of her eyes while making sure not to actually get any in her eyes.

He had lived with her for three weeks now, but he had never gotten such a close up view of her.

Her face had a round egg-like outline. The gentle lines of her cheeks were as smooth as polished marble even without the oil. Applying the lustrous amber-colored oil to her white skin gave it a sticky shine that made this all feel somehow obscene.

“Ange, I’ll be removing just the shirt.”

He remembered an area he had to worry about, so he reached for the buttons of the shirt he had lent her.

The torn bra and spats would have already regenerated, but each time he spotted her white collarbones or navel, that amateur esthetician’s hands just about stopped.

Once he finally removed the whole shirt, he used the roundness of the couch to roll her onto her stomach.

There were occasional points of red in the indentations at the center of her back.

That was where she had been stabbed. They had removed the pins at the clock tower, but the marks remained.

Her body had been invaded there as well. Deciding to be extra thorough here, he poured some oil directly from the bottle.

“Khah....ah...”

It must have stung because the girl groaned quietly and her slender back bent like a civet.

“...Hm? Mutsu...ki?”

“Oh, did you wake up?”

She was still exhausted, but she partially opened her eyes and looked up at him past her shoulder. She apparently could not move because she asked him to sit her up.

Her sense of balance was still numbed over because she fell right back onto the couch. He frantically propped her up by holding her in his arms from behind as she sat on the floor.

Her body had yet to recover, but her blank mind soon returned to normal.

“Aroma oil? Why are you doing my healing? Where’s Micha?”

“She’s out, so I’m doing it instead.”

“...I see.”

She put on her usual lopsided frown when she realized he had been touching her body while she slept.

However, he had meant well. She still had her underwear on, so she did not get angry.

“That’s enough. I can have Micha do the rest.”

“Eh? But she won’t be back for another five hours and she said it would be best if I did it. Something about ether.”

“Oh, the ether resonance. ...I don’t need that. I can put up with this.”

Her body swayed as she tried to escape his arms.

That irritated Mutsuki because she was implying she did not want him to touch her.

“...”

He briefly wondered whether he should put up with it or argue back.

But then Lucia's face appeared in the back of his mind.

"No, I'm doing it."

"Eh? Fwah!"

His sticky fingers crawled along the contours of her spine. Her shoulders gave a jerk from the ticklishness on her skin and the stinging in the wounds.

The boy was acting bolder than anyone would have imagined. Ange's hair was long enough to spread out on the floor when sitting, so he brushed it forward, exposing her white back.

"You were injured protecting me, so let me take care of you a little. I swear I won't touch you anywhere inappropriate. But I can touch you here, right? It's the same as before."

He thoroughly applied the oil to the first wound directly below the back of her neck.

By "the same as before" he was referring to when he had removed the pins before leaving the clock tower. She should have no reason to refuse him now.

The girl probably disliked that he refused to do as he was told, so she wrinkled her brow for a while. But finally, she sighed.

"If you do touch me anywhere inappropriate, I won't forgive you."

Mutsuki had forced her to let him continue, but Micha's was the only other girl's back he had ever seen and this proved too stimulating for him. His hands grew much more careful on the second wound.

"Nn...fh...uh..."

And Ange's oddly sexual moans were certainly not helping.

Just like when the Springloaded had attacked her, there was a nasal tone to them. But unlike when she was desperately trying to suppress her voice, these were softer and much sweeter.

(Is she...horny?)

His thoughts quickly turned in a wicked direction.

He did not know all the details of the Serpent's Eye's power, so he began to wonder how long the arousal lasted. What if it was still affecting her?

He lowered his fingertips to the third wound. This one was right above her bra strap.

The girl's skin was still soaked with sweat and the material was still weak. He would be able to tear right through that bra.

And then...he would be able to see those beautiful breasts again.

(What are you thinking, you idiot?)

He shook his head.

He was healing her. He had promised not to touch her anywhere she would not want.

But Mutsuki was not yet mature enough to restrain himself just because it was “wrong”. The desire he had expelled into Lucia in the clock tower was about to rear its ugly head again.

(A girl’s...skin. And body.)

Even if it had been forced, he wanted to erase the fact that he had been satisfied by another boy. And that made Ange’s body look all the more attractive.

“Ahh... Hahhn. Wahn.”

Ange’s seductive moans only made things worse. As he approached her waist by moving to the fourth and fifth wounds, a sweet tone filled them.

The boy intentionally covered her slender back with more oil than entirely necessary. As it dripped down, the spats could not absorb it all and it dripped all the way to the floor.

The rain was really starting to pour outside and that provided them with strangely pleasant background music. As Ange’s melting moans mixed in, Mutsuki’s fingers continued down almost subconsciously.

“Hyah!”

“Oh...sorry.”

His fingers wrapped around the deep indentation of her waist.

He had known she was slender, but he could hardly believe how much it curved inward now that he felt it for himself. Mutsuki’s hands were not all that big, but his middle finger almost reached her navel with his thumb on her spine.

And that drew his attention to her navel.

“It messed with you here too, didn’t it?”

He had promised not to touch her anywhere inappropriate. Thinking she might allow him this spot, he moved his palm around front. She had rid herself of all excess flesh, but she still had a feminine softness to her.

“~~ Th-that tickles... Not so sudden.”

Ange bent her eyebrows, but she only complained and did not reject him.

When she glared back at him over her shoulder, a sensual heat filled her eyes.

The blood rushed to Mutsuki’s head and he suddenly realized his fingers were digging into her waist. The way her back pressed against him only increased his arousal.

“Ahhhn. I-I said not so...sudden.”

“Sorry, Ange. You’re ticklish, aren’t you?”

He applied the oil to her navel with a wet sound.

“Shut u~~~~”

She tried to complain, but it melted away when he teased her cute little indentation with his middle finger.

Her lovely lips opened and she gave a voiceless cry.

“You...idiot. Ah, not there... Ahh...uuuhh...”

When he wiggled his finger around with it sticking into her navel down to the first joint, her entire small body jumped. It was enough for her bust to bounce harshly beyond the black sports bra.

“I see. Then...”

He did not want to make her angry, but he also wanted to hear more of her adorable voice. The boy gulped his dry throat and used his entire palm to cover her waist with oil.

“Ahh...hh...ee...nnn...”

She could relax when he used his palm, but he would occasionally press down lightly with his fingers. The application of the medicinal oil had transformed into a massage in search of her erogenous zones. The oil was only an excuse now and his hands were clearly performing the caresses Micha had taught him.



However, neither Ange nor Mutsuki himself had noticed.

“Wait... Not...there...”

“You don’t like it?”

“~~ It...tickles.”

He traced his hands along her pelvis and groped her sides.

Each time, her slender body would writhe in his arms. Before, it had only been her upper body, but now she wiggled her hips and pressed her butt against the floor. It almost looked like she was trying to rub it on something.

“No... I’m...I’m feeling funny.”

With that quiet comment, Ange leaned forward.

The ten or twenty minutes of “healing” were showing results. She subconsciously placed her hands on the floor and supported her own body weight.

She had regained freedom over her own body and it was enough to support herself.

“Hahhn! Ahhhhh!”

But neither of them suggested they stop.

The girl bit her lip and her tear glands may have had a way of loosening at times like this. Her long eyelashes were glittering from something other than the oil.

Her narrow eyebrows were still bent upwards. Her dignified look remained in its entirety, yet tears wet her eyes and her expression sometimes melted from the sticky feeling building up inside her.

That weakness stimulated the boy's assertive side. Or rather, it put him on the attack.

"Yes, here too."

"Eh? Uuh...h-here? But...I really..."

"C'mon, just lift your arm."

He covered his palm with more oil and moved his hand to her shoulder. She could move her arms now, but she did as he asked and let her guard down.

He slid his index finger to little finger through her relatively warm armpit.

"Ee...ee!"

His four fingers crawled along with a waving motion and Ange gasped a little.

The film of oil kept Mutsuki from noticing, but the hair was just starting to grow there, leaving it incredibly sensitive. She almost thought she could feel every groove of his fingerprints.

"Ahhn, ahhhhhhn. C-c'mon... Ahhhn, c'mon."

The ticklish sensation was as concentrated as possible. It felt like a feather duster tracing along her nerves, so the girl's body jerked about immodestly.

A horribly warm chill assaulted her. Drool flowed through her clenched teeth and dripped down her slender chin. Whenever any one of the four fingers under both arm bent even slightly, goosebumps covered her entire body.

The dripping oil had pooled up on the floor and Ange's heated hips bumped into that hard surface.

"Ow! ~~"

Her intoxicated and lovely features bent sharply.

"Ange? What's wrong? ...Oh."

Mutsuki stopped moving his hands, assuming he had hurt her, but he quickly realized something else had caused it. When she lightly lifted her hips, he saw the foreign object.

"There was one left!? Why didn't you tell me?"

"B-because... Fwah! Wait, Mutsuki."

It was only a five millimeter sphere, but it was flashing red and its presence was obvious from the angle he had.

It was the end of a marking pin fired into her black spats.

He had thought he had removed them all, but it seemed he had missed one. It had been fired into her tailbone and it hid inside her butt crack when she stood up. It was hardly surprising that Mutsuki had not noticed it or that prideful Ange had been unable to ask him to remove it.

"Leave it to me."

“Ah... Stop.”

He had to remove it now that he had noticed it. He grabbed her hips without asking and lifted them to stick her butt out toward him.

He forced the girl onto all fours and reached for the object buried in the center of her smooth ass.

“There...huh? Oh, damn.”

But it was too small. His oil-covered fingers had trouble grabbing the object from above her equally oil-covered spats.

Once he pulled it out just a bit, he pressed the surrounding skin down with his second joint.

“Wait, Mutsuki. I can...get it myself...ahhhh.”

His bent thumb’s joint touched the hot place in the deepest part of the valley.

The girl had only been writhing from ticklishness before, but her hips reacted harshly to a sensation on an entirely different level.

“Ahh...”

Meanwhile, touching somewhere that dangerous helped Mutsuki calm down.

He also noticed the pose he had placed Ange in.

She was on all fours like a dog with her hips right in front of his face. Her spats were formfitting enough already, but they had ridden up in the center, showing him every contour of her beautiful butt’s plump hills.

He had not meant any harm. In fact, he had been worried since she still had a piece of the enemy embedded in her body. But he could not keep going and he removed his fingers.

Wondering if he had any other options, he realized the top of the pin was outside her clothing.

“Oh, I know. Ange, I’m going to pull a bit.”

The girl watched him continue with her face beet red and tears in her eyes. When she expressed her understanding, he reached for her spats.

He pulled on the material as if to pull it out of her butt crack. It caught on the head of the marking pin and lifted it as well. His idea was a success. Once it was out this far, he could grab it with his fingers again.

“Okay. Got it, Ange!”

But...

She had been sweating enough to soak the borrowed shirt, so the sweat had of course soaked into her spats as well. The fragile Suit’s fabric tore. The vertical tear revealed the pink nylon plastered to its contents by the oil soaking it.

Her hips had no excess flesh and looked like two boiled eggs pressed together. And now they appeared before the boy’s eyes while protected only by her panties. Also, the oil plastering them to her flesh gave him a clear view of the round shape below.

The way she stuck her butt out toward him had spread the two plump cheeks, but the panties were still riding up in the center because the material had lodged itself in a small opening in that deepest point. A closer look revealed the wrinkled central portion was visible through the cloth.

“ ... ”

A shudder ran through Mutsuki's chest like cold water had been injected into his heart. He gulped without realizing it.

*“How pathetic.”*

*“I refuse to live with a pervert like-...”*

*“Just to be clear, I'm only protecting you because it's my duty. I don't actually like humans.”*

The many looks he had seen on her face for the past three weeks spun through his head: a scornful look, a dignified look, and that innocent smile.

This defenseless girl seemed like an entirely different person from that Ange. As if his body had become a machine, he set the pin aside almost too calmly and let more oil drip from his hand. He let it drip onto her hips and onto the panties wedged inside her butt crack.

“Nnah... Mutsuki? Ah...no...”

He pressed on her spine with his middle finger as he rubbed the oil in.

He just barely stuck with his initial objective of treating her wounds. However, he was breaking his promise not to touch her anywhere inappropriate. The boy's fingertip took advantage of the oil's lubrication.

“~~ Ahhh...”

When his fingers slipped inside her panties, Ange moaned through her nose in surprise.

(She's so hot in here. ...Oh, the heat's coming from here.)

His finger arrived inside her sweat-soaked panties and the sweaty valley of her butt. His mind was so blank he was oblivious to his own arousal and he set the previous location of the final pin as his goal.

He could feel the soft, elastic flesh squeezing his finger from either side.

He started a gentle piston motion just a few centimeters above the collection of small wrinkles visible through her panties.

“Ah...fwah.... S-stop. Not there...not theeeeere.”

Despite her weak cries, the girl's body immediately accepted the boy's finger. Her butt swayed sensitively. He kept his middle finger on the wound and the way her entire hips would jerk made it look like she wanted him to go further.

She must have been awfully embarrassed because her butt was extremely tense. There were even dimples in the swelling flesh. And that made the wrinkles of her anus all the more noticeable.

(Ange...)

When he saw her like that, Mutsuki finally noticed his own sexual desire.

(I want to make her cum. I want to make her cum by my hand.)

His rational mind peeled back to reveal what had started growing deep inside him when he saw her being tormented in the clock tower. This was a dark desire he had been forced to suppress.

“Kyah!”

Just like a cunning snake waiting for its constricted prey to lose strength, he reached around her unresisting body and pulled up her sports bra's zipper.

Ange's body bent back in surprise. The full cup material peeled away and her breasts forcefully popped out.

"It messed with you here too, didn't it?"

He grabbed them from the base as if wrapping his fingers around them. As the flesh was pushed higher and higher, the areolae on the tips puffed out. The girl hesitated at first, but the sense of perversion had already filled her mind and she put up no resistance.

(Ange's body... Ange's boobs.)

They had the perfect resiliency and softness of gelatin that had yet to firm up. But more than the wonderful feeling in his hands, it was the fact that he was teasing Ange's breasts that fried the boy's brain with blazing arousal.

The enemy had poisoned her wherever it had touched her, so he rubbed in the medicinal oil.

But that logic had vanished from his mind. He simply wanted to take her back from that spider, take her back from anyone else who had filled her with pleasure. And to do that, he firmly groped her breasts.

"Ahh...ahhhh...no..."

The girl bent her eyebrows and moaned. Her red hair glittered like a jewel as it fluttered through the air. Even the tips of her hairs seemed to react to his touch.

"Ah..."

Then her butt bumped into his hips.

He responded by moving his hips forward and digging the hard stiffness into her soft, feminine butt. Her eyes widened. Micha had called her a virgin, so this might have been her first time to feel that male organ.

“~~”

Normally, she would have yelled at it him and maybe even hit him, but he was confident she would do nothing as he rubbed his hips against her.

Her reaction was even better than he had imagined: strength left her entire body.

“I’m going to touch every last part of you.”

“...”

She answered him with silence and did not reject him.

He leaned over her as she stood on all fours and he squeezed her bust while he pressed against her beautiful porcelain-like back. Her breasts looked large, but her overall frame was small enough that they fit right in his palms. He gathered up that sensation that felt like it would slip from his fingers due to the oil.

At the same time, he thrust the hardness inside his pants toward the hips sticking out toward him. It delighted him to see the twitching reaction of melting pleasure run along the line from her butt to her thighs.

“Ah...ahn...hahn...”

“Ange...Ange...”

The aroma of the oil seemed in the way. He wanted to smell Ange's own sweet and sour scent, so he buried his nose in her hair. That placed his mouth right by her adorable ear.

"Your boobs are really horny, aren't they?"

He whispered into her ear.

The girl's spine trembled as his wet breaths traced along her eardrum.

"Sh-shut up... I am not...horny."

That was exactly the kind of thing he had expected her to say. The erect nipples pressing against his palm seemed to be begging to be pinched, but her eyebrows were still bent upwards.

Now he wanted to have her admit it no matter what, so he moved his fingers even more obscenely. He remembered what Micha had taught him and kneaded the fleshy hills like he was wringing them out from the base.

"Wai...t. Don't...touch me like...that..."

She could not help but breathe heavily.

"Ah...hahh...Nn..nnnn..."

"Are you sure you aren't feeling horny? Your boobs are so hot."

"Shut up, shut up. My body temperature...is up due to...the Serpent's Eye...is all... Hyaahhn!"

Her dignified beauty was heated by a moist sweetness and her long hair fluttered about.

No matter how much she clenched her teeth in embarrassment, she was clearly melting from the sexual pleasure of his thorough petting. Each time the sticky oily feeling rolled her bust around, her hips would react and rub her butt against his pants. She almost looked like a dog wagging its tail.

Mutsuki had also grown short of breath and transformed into a beast. He fondled her twin breasts even more persistently while thrusting his hips against her. The sensual elasticity of her tight skin felt good, but he had to continually send his hips back toward her because that same elasticity would push him away whenever he let his guard down. Filled with a desire to go on the attack, the boy grew so rough he seemed to try to pry open her asshole with his hard organ.

“Ah... Ahhhh... Hahhh... Ahahh...”

He had not replenished his supply of oil since moving his hands to her breasts, so the friction on his madly dancing palms grew as the wetness became a mere stickiness.

Unable to bear with it, the girl thrust her white throat forward.

Her nasal breaths came to an end and her cherry red lips opened instead. She could no longer restrain her beautiful voice, her shoulders were trembling, her elegant features were twisted in pleasure, and her butt rubbed against his erection in his pants enough to distort the shape of her flesh.

(She's about to cum.)

He had avoided a concentrated attack on the protruding tips of her breasts as he rolled them around in his hand, but now he moved his fingers toward them. He used his thumb and forefinger to hold the hardened and erect areola.

He removed his face from her hair that gave off a faint clean scent and he looked to her face instead.

The continued attack on her erogenous zones had given her a distinct expression of pleasure and intoxication. Her naturally tear-prone eyes further stimulated his emotions.

Mutsuki felt a dark confidence that he could do anything to her now.

“I’m going to touch you here now. Okay, Ange?”

“Uh?”

“Do you want me to touch you?”

He massaged her breasts without directly touching the most important part. He instead applied pressure from the surrounding area.

The mixture of pleasure and insufficiency brought by only massaging the areolae caused the small protrusions to grow all the more erect.

“...Ye...s...”

Drowning in ecstasy, the girl nodded as she was told.

“Please...touch...ah!”

Once her breasts shook in his palms, Mutsuki did as she asked and slid his fingertips to the tip.

With his fingers around that wonderfully hard sensation, he twisted them.

The girl’s eyes widened enough for the gathered tears to scatter to the floor.

“Ah...ahhhhh! No, no, no. ...Stop...”

Unlike when the machine had done it, Ange cried out with an incredibly sexual voice as she submitted to the pleasure from the bottom of her heart. Her body also jerked and bounced.

As if to accentuate the roundness of her hips, her slender spine arched backwards. She seemed to be pressing her butt against the swollen object behind it. The lovely, ballerina-like curve of her back trembled as currents of ecstasy surged through it.

“Ahh...”

Mutsuki’s eyes widened as he noticed an unexpected scent parting the minty oil’s aroma.

He initially thought of his little sister Mutsumi. He would sometimes smell this when waking her in the morning.

The golden liquid that his sister would dirty her bed with now puddled on the floor after flowing from the spats that still just barely hid the girl’s holy place with what little material remained.

“Ahhn...ahahn.... Ahhhn. Mutsuki...Mutsuki...”

She called the boy’s name and gave more sweet cries with saliva dripping from her mouth.

This was different from Micha’s sexiness. Seeing that proud angel cutely cumming while pissing herself sent Mutsuki’s heart racing. Lucia had supposedly sucked him dry earlier, but so much white fluid exploded inside his pants he could hardly believe it was the second time.

(I...made her cum. I made Ange cum.)

A dark joy filled his chest.

(She belongs to me.)

But then something else happened.

The heavy breathing filling the living room was drowned out by a footstep.

It had not been all that loud, but Ange's sharp hearing immediately picked it up.

"——!?"

"Wah!"

Ange stood up with Mutsuki on top of her, so he was thrown back into the couch. Only then did he notice.

"..."

"....."

"Here."

"——!?!?!?"

Ange let out a voiceless cry as she gathered her bra and spats together to hide her body.

Mutsuki watched in a daze as someone peered into the living room from the entranceway hallway.

"I came to give you this."

Ibekusa Machina calmly held out two copies of a printout she had brought.

## Chapter 7: Black-Dyed Eye

“Listen!”

Ange raised her index finger.

“What you just saw was necessary and wasn’t wrong in the slightest. We did that because we’re relatives, so it wasn’t anything even remotely filthy or weird! Make sure! Make *absolutely sure* you don’t misinterpret what happened!”

“Understood.”

Ange was acting incredibly threatening, but the reaction from the sudden visitor, Ibekusa Machina, was as low-key as ever.

Even though their seats were right in front of each other, Ange still had a poor grasp of Machina’s character, so she was doing her very best to make excuses.

“So you see, he was only trying to help me recover! Isn’t that right, Mutsuki!?”

“Ah...ah ha ha. That’s right.”

Mutsuki was left to clean up the oily floor, so he gave a vague bitter laugh with a rag in one hand.

Ange glared at him, asking how he could be so calm, but on the inside, he was even more shaken than she was.

That girl had come to bring them the printout they had missed after leaving school early. The doorbell apparently had not rung, the door

had been unlocked, and she had heard some odd voices, so she had peered inside...and that led to the current situation.

(She's definitely going to misinterpret what happened.)

That would not have happened if he had stayed rational, so he had trouble calling that a misinterpretation. But most of all, it was quite a shock for her of all people to see him teasing his roommate like some kind of pervert.

Ibekusa Machina was a strange character even for their class. She made no effort to gather attention, but she still had an incredible presence.

She was a pretty, mysterious, and oddly alluring girl.

(She probably thinks I'm a pervert.)

Mutsuki sighed deeply as he wiped up the stubborn oil and Ange's urine.

"So you understand? You really do understand?"

"Positive. That is my responsibility for entering without permission."

It sounded like things were settling down between Ange's angry attacks and Machina's calm deflections. Mutsuki looked up, assuming Ange had cleared up the misunderstanding.

"?"

For some reason, she was beckoning him over.

"Eh? Eh?"

He had lived with her for three weeks, but this was his first time inside Ange's room.

However, that was not the confusing part. He was baffled by the girls' actions as they entered the room too.

Ange was wearing clothes now. It was only a T-shirt, but Mutsuki was still thankful. In just her bra and spats after he had teased her body so much, he had difficulty knowing where to look.

The problem was Machina and how *her* state of dress made it difficult to know where to look.

"Here."

"Yeah, you wouldn't want it to get wrinkled. I'll take that."

She unhooked her own skirt and passed it to Ange.

Her cute striped cotton panties were exposed. The boy averted his gaze at that point, but then she removed her uniform's ribbon and began unbuttoning it.

"An...ge. What's going on?"

The girl he was interested in...no, that he had a crush on had suddenly started baring her skin, so he sought help from his roommate while sweating.

"To make up for seeing me in such an embarrassing situation, we're doing the reverse now."

Ange sat on the corner of her desk, put on her usual lopsided frown, and stuck her chin out. Machina obeyed the haughty instruction by sitting on the bed.

“I get to see her in an embarrassing situation. You’re just a tool. Do to her what you did to me.”

“What!?” Mutsuki raised his voice without meaning to. “Wh-what are you talking about? What possible purpose-...”

“Do it.”

He tried to argue back, but she immediately rejected it. Just fifteen minutes earlier, she had been shedding tears of pleasure in his hands, but the intense light in her eyes overpowered him and he looked away.

“Um...but I can’t. Ibekusa-san would get mad.”

“I do not mind.”

He searched for a new way out, but he found the girl opening the front of her uniform.

“Wow.”

“Wow.”

Both Mutsuki and Ange were shocked by the contents of her opened blazer.

Mutsuki suddenly remembered that Kurikara Saya, the girl in the class with the least delicacy, had seen Machina changing for PE and told the rest of the class the girl was “quite large”.

But “quite” did not cover it. “Very” or even “incredibly” would better describe the volume before his eyes.

“This is my responsibility for entering without permission. I will make up for that.”

She did not hesitate to unhook the back of her bra, which almost shot off of her from the weight it had been holding back.

“You look...a lot skinnier with your clothes on.”

Ange had been the one to insist the girl stripped, but she was shocked by this unexpected size. Her cheeks grew red from embarrassment and her displeased look returned as soon as she compared them to her own. But...

“C’mon, Mutsuki. Guys like this kind of thing, don’t they? Then this is a good deal for you.”

She used her chin to tell him to get going.

“D-don’t be ridiculous. This is wrong. How can you call this a good deal?”

Squish.

(W-wow. They really are heavy.)

Mutsuki was fully aware he was scum for doing this, but that self-hatred vanished as soon as his fingers sank into that white flesh like it was a swamp.

He could feel the weight pressing down on his hands. He had wiped the oil from his hands, but her skin still felt damp and sticky. It was as soft as pudding, yet it had an intense elasticity that pushed back at his fingers like springs.

He had no real preference in size, but even he was a slave to these breasts.

She had narrow shoulders, yet they smoothly swelled out in beautiful bowl shapes. When he touched them, he found them to be the perfect level of soft yet also vibrantly elastic. They were too large to fit in his hands either way, but he judged by eye that these were a size bigger than Micha's which were voluptuous enough already. And yet Machina was more than ten centimeters shorter.

The comfortable weight seemed to fill Mutsuki with pleasure. With his fingers digging into them, he moved his hands in large circles to fondle those great masses.

"Nn..."

Machina had remained expressionless even as he grabbed them, but her eyebrows briefly twisted now.

Then, her cheeks flushed with embarrassment. Her skin was a milky white, so the red noticeably stood out.

She sat on the bed facing Mutsuki, so he barely had to lift his gaze to see her expression. He gave a cautious glance but immediately looked away when their eyes almost met.

(Ibekusa-san... This is Ibekusa Machina-san.)

That thought alone nearly set his mind boiling.

He had been interested in this classmate since spring. He had tried to talk to her even if just once, but he had failed every single morning.

It was too much for him to suddenly have her half-naked to do with as he pleased.

(I'm touching Ibekusa-san's breasts.)

A tremor of nerves passed through his fingers and jiggled her breasts a little.

He looked up, wanting to see her face again. He realized he had seen her in profile a lot since she sat next to him, but he had not looked at her head on very often. And it was a first from this close.

“...”

(She’s beautiful.)

He felt her allure was in her eyes. The doll-like perfection of her face was part of it, but his mind always came back to the elusive half-lidded look of her eyes. Her transparent eyes looked like a single drop of water on a pure sheet of ice.

It was love at first sight, just as it had been during the spring.

He felt like her deep eyes were sucking him in.

“So you hide those giant tits of yours, huh? Honestly, Mutsuki, you sure look a lot happier than with me...ah.”

Ange had put on her lopsided frown in annoyance, but then her eyes widened.

Mutsuki was snapped back to his senses by that third party’s voice.

(Huh? What am I doing?)

He felt a wonderful softness pressing against his lips. A sour and somewhat sweet scent of apples tickled his nose.

Machina gently closed her eyes from so close their noses touched.

“~~ Fwah! I-I’m sorry, Ibekusa-san! Um...I didn’t mean to do that...”

He frantically pulled back his face.

The smacking sound was enough to know he had stolen her lips with unexpected strength. Ange's eyes were opened wide off to the side.

He had promised to only touch her breasts, so he tensed up in fear.

"...?"

But Machina seemed confused that he had stopped.

"I do not mind."

She placed a finger on his lips.

"Your lips...were not unpleasant."

She stared straight at him with unreflecting eyes as transparent as the sky.

Mutsuki felt like he could see what lay beyond them, so he reflexively placed a finger on her mouth as well.

They began teasing each other's lips.

(Ibekusa-san's...lips...)

"Um..."

Before Ange could say anything, their lips pressed together again.

Mutsuki's momentum pushed Machina back onto her butt, so he reached a hand behind her head to powerfully pull her close and deepen their kiss.

“Wait, you two...”

The third party’s voice no longer reached them.

When he brought her pleasant smelling pink lip into his mouth and sucked on it, Machina vacantly closed her eyes again. She then wrapped her arms around his neck with the familiarity of lovers with years of experience. They seemed to be creating their own private world.

“Your mouth smells like apples.”

After moving a bit away, he poked at her cherry blossom petal shaped lips with his tongue and licked off the overflowing saliva. The girl let him without opening her eyes.

“I want to eat more of you.”

“...Ah.”

They said little, but she opened her mouth as if their hearts were connected.

While realizing this was his first time to be the one doing it, he gently stuck his tongue inside.

Her mouth was soft and warm. The plentiful saliva that wrapped around his invading tongue left the greatest impression. It ever so slightly smelled of apples.

(Her mouth is delicious. ...Ah.)

As he started growing dizzy from the sweet aroma of her saliva, he found her tongue at the bottom.

When he gently teased it, she quickly realized what he wanted and stuck it out. He did not hesitate to lick all over it. The air caught below her tongue made obscene noises.

(Her tongue...is so sticky and cute.)

Their sticky tongues pressed against each other for a while as he tasted her mouth.

(Um, you do it like this, right?)

“Nfhn...”

He deepened the kiss further.

He poked at the tip of her tongue with quick vibrato movements and sucked at the base without warning. His clever mouth caress led Machina to blow air from her nose.



(This is turning her on. So next I should do...this.)

He focused on tickling just the base. That was enough for her eyebrows to twist and her closed eyelids to twitch.

But Mutsuki was only getting started. He slowly licked up to the tip...or pretended to. Halfway up her tongue, he moved to her teeth and gums where he started tickling and poking at her.

“Nnah...”

Machina cried out in irritation.

After plenty of teasing, he wrapped his tongue around hers and powerfully sucked at it. That was enough for her slender spine to react. Her large breasts bounced from the movement and the pink tips stood erect.

Mutsuki had learned both techniques from Lucia. He was not sure he had perfectly copied the tongue technique that had charmed a fellow boy, but he did know the girl’s breathing had quickened.

(And next... ♪)

He pressed the bottom of his tongue below her tongue and slowly stroked it back and forth.

This was a technique Micha had taught him. That was the most ticklish spot of the mouth and this was the best method of bringing pleasure there. As he rubbed that erogenous zone, saliva began dripping from her mouth like love juices from a vagina.

He sucked it in and tried swallowing it. It also had a hint of apple juice flavor.

“...Hh...”

The girl barely reacted. Even as he caressed her sticky mouth and sucked in her overflowing saliva, no displeasure or embarrassment appeared on her face. She was just as doll-like as in the classroom.

But...

“Fujita...-kun.”

She opened her eyes a little.

Warm tears floated in her icy eyes as heat filled the corners.

She had not told him anything, but he still gently let his own saliva flow gently into her mouth.

“...Ah...♡”

She swallowed it all as if it were the most natural thing to do.

The sounds of rain and distant thunder could be heard from outside. It was still evening, but thick clouds covered the sky and the room was incredibly dark without the lights on.

Mutsuki and Machina exchanged tongues as if trying to dissolve them in each other's mouths.

“Um... You two?”

This had only been a game to hide her own embarrassment, but at some point, the other two had gotten serious. Ange tried to interject, but...

“Ibekusa-san, your body is so sexual.”

“...~~”

“Ah ha ha. Sorry, but it really is wonderful.”

Her voice did not reach them.

As he attacked the girl's mouth to the point of swapping out all of her saliva with his own, Mutsuki's hands returned to her breasts. He traced his hands along their outlines and kneaded them.

Machina's body had enough feminine curves to charm even another girl like Ange. To enjoy those lines, Mutsuki's fingers traced down to her navel. But they suddenly moved back up and pinched her nipples that looked like freshly-bloomed cherry blossoms.

(He...really is lewd.)

Watching was enough to be infected by the obscene atmosphere, so the angel started fidgeting her hips without noticing.

Rubbing her thighs together, pulled the plump flesh of her butt to either side and let the corner of the desk in between. She frantically started to lift her hips, but...

“I'm going to touch you, okay?”

Mutsuki's hand moved even further down than Machina's navel.

Ange relaxed her legs and pressed her hips against the corner.

“Nnah...”

Mutsuki wrapped his hand around the warm mound he could feel through her striped panties.

A low cry escaped the girl's lips.

Ibekusa Machina tended to remain silent, so hearing her voice at all was a rare treat. He had always liked its beautiful bell-like quality, but when a sensual tone was mixed in, it was enough to stimulate his male instincts. Mutsuki could not help but suck at her lips even more. He could not find a good time to stop kissing her.

(Ibekusa-san... This is Ibekusa-san. I'm doing...this...with Ibekusa Machina-san...)

He was kissing her and petting her half-naked body.

"Nn...nnnn."

He had always thought this classmate was beyond his reach, but they were now kissing like lovers.

Her curly hair always looked messy even when it had been well brushed, her white skin looked like it was made from a film of pale milk, and her scent was sweeter than Ange's and sourer than Micha's.

He loved everything about her. He thoroughly groped the honey field he had in his grasp. The elastic mound softly swelled further in his hand.

"Kfah... Hah... Nn... Fujita...-kun."

(Her voice is so sexual now.)

He had attacked her lips with the tongue techniques of an angel and a demon, he had attacked her breasts with the technique that had left an adult like Micha and a child like Ange dizzy, and now he teased her crotch with the thoroughness of a loving parent. The beautiful girl was as horny as she was ever going to be.

Her usual lack of reaction made her arousal all the more obvious when her cheeks grew flushed, her breathing grew heavy, and she occasionally let out quiet moans.

The more of his saliva she swallowed, the more obedient she grew. She had initially closed her legs in embarrassment, but they were now spread to welcome him in.

(The surrounding flesh is so soft... and her butt is really warm.)

He gently rubbed the hidden lips that grew obscenely visible through her panties when she spread her thighs. That was enough for Machina to sensitively furrow her brow and wrap her soft tongue around his in place of words.

The hills of her butt were just as ideally large as her bust. Seductively tight thighs were located at the base of the lovely legs extending from her perfectly slender hips. Her deep gray socks covered her tight calves. Every part of her body was perfect.

And that body grew more flushed with every movement of his arm and of his fingertips. An embarrassing stain grew on her panties.

(I want her.)

His heart was dyed by a dark desire that kept appearing and disappearing within him.

(I want to make Ibekusa-san mine.)

His hesitation and conscious shook his heart, but he was fixated on that one point.

And in that instant...

“...!”

Ange's shoulders gave a jerk as she watched from behind.

“...Can I?”

But Mutsuki ignored the other girl, moved his hands behind Machina's beautiful hips, and grabbed the cloth in his way.

The girl still said nothing, but she did move her hands behind her and lifted up her hips. This was less of a “you can” and more of a “please do”.

He slowly slid down the panties while continuing to kiss her. The sweat-soaked nylon striped panties stuck to her skin. He almost had to roll them down and, as he did, a single line of sticky liquid formed a bridge between the fabric and her virgin flesh.

“You're so wet. I'm glad you got this horny for me.”

He rubbed her porcelain-smooth butt and dazzlingly tight thighs as he whispered in her ear.

She must have been embarrassed because her cheeks reddened and she looked to the side.

But she still spread her legs with her knees up in an M-shape. Mutsuki only had to lower his gaze a little to see the most precious part of her body.

Her nectar-covered flesh was a lot different from Micha's in more than just the skin color. His thorough petting had left her incredibly wet, but the outer flower petals were still closed.

When he gently spread them with his fingers and peered inside, he found the same pink flesh as with Micha, but the shape was different. The folds hid the vagina like they were forming a lid.

“...Ibekusa-san.”

Looking at it was enough to fill him with excitement. His mind went blank.

He could not go any further. This was only a game. It was only meant to satisfy Ange, so even kissing her and removing her panties had been going too far. It should have been over after he touched her breasts a little. And yet...

He unzipped his pants and pulled out his hard, erect object. He had not cleaned up after cumming earlier, so the smell of the dried milky substance wafted from his boxers.

(I'll make her mine.)

As if to convey his desire, he rubbed the hard thing against her knees and thighs.

“...~?”

As Mutsuki gave into his dark desires, Ange reacted before Machina did. As she watched on, she felt an almost painful throbbing running through the center of her skin. Both of her hands were holding the spot pressed against the corner of the desk.

“What is this? The Serpent's Eye? ...No, it isn't open.”

“...”

Machina's usually narrowed eyes briefly widened in surprise at the exposed penis, but...

“Be...”

She lay back on the bed with her legs still spread.

“Be...gentle.”

A nearby lightning strike shook the apartment window with its thunderclap.

The boy leaned over the girl and carefully pressed his weight on the point of insertion.

He had tried a few different positions with Micha and missionary had been one of them, but he was still nervous. His classmate’s interior was surprisingly tight and he felt like he would break the walls if he forced it inside. He used the plentiful wetness to slowly deepen their bond.

Micha’s had felt like an infinitely-deep and muddy swamp, but Machina’s truly was a tunnel of flesh with a comfortable elasticity to it.

It resisted him with the writhing movements of a living creature, but he could feel himself forcibly expanding it. And...

“Ah...ahhh...”

The painful tones escaping his silent classmate fanned the flames of Mutsuki’s animalistic side.

He slowly moved his hips forward and back, wringing further lubricant from the delicate structure.

As his tip slid forward, it would further pry open her sensitive flesh.

(Wow... Am I dreaming? I’m having...)

He was so moved by the situation that he very nearly came from that alone, so he gathered his strength to hold back.

(I'm having sex with Ibekusa-san. ...Hm?)

He felt like something struck the head buried inside her. At the same time, Machina's body gave a sharp jerk from the deepest point of her slender waist.

Dense as he was, Mutsuki initially thought he had imagined it, but when he moved his hips further in, he felt something tearing. And with each movement, the soft swellings of her breasts would bounce and her mature hipline would wriggle. Only then did he catch on.

"Ibekusa-san, you mean...?"

"..."

She nodded.

His experience was based on Micha, so he had completely overlooked this possibility. This girl had the most developed body in their class, but she was still his age.

"S-sorry. I, um..."

"This is not a problem."

The girl wrapped her arms around the boy's neck as he panicked.

"If you are...gentle, then this is not a problem."

Her tone was as unconcerned as ever.

Even inside her holy ground, the melting folds of flesh contracted and wrapped around the swollen invader as if guiding it deeper inside.

There was no way he could run away now. No man would pull out here. Mutsuki's only option was to make her deflowering as nice a memory as he could.

He wrapped his arms around her back. He could feel the head swelling out further as it slid further down the delicate pathway of flesh.

"Ibekusa-san."

Would it be pathetic to say "thank you"? Instead, he stroked her curly hair and finished penetrating her down to the base.

He then bent his upper body downward so the two of them lay on the bed together. He embraced the vibrant aroma of a young girl with an active metabolism. To reduce the shock of her deflowering as much as possible, he stuck his tongue in the mouth he had already developed into an erogenous zone and he rubbed her hardened nipples.

Painful sighs occasionally escaped her covered lips.

(She feels completely different from Micha-san. Oh, she twitches inside when I squeeze her nipples.)

This felt different from when he had lost his virginity. He enjoyed how the youthful internal flesh sucked at him, how warm the sticky fluids were, and how a wave of convulsions would occasionally leave her womb and pass through her tightened flesh.

Suddenly, he noticed something different.

(Um, this is her cervix, isn't it? And...)

As the head hit the donut-shaped flesh, it felt like raw rubber. That he recognized, but...

“Fwah!”

He only moved his hips a little, but she cried out louder than ever before.

The boy now wanted to check on this all the more, so he lifted his hips again and again. It was simply a thrusting motion. It was nothing special and he only slid his erection up and down inside her, but...

“Gh! Kh! ~~~!”

Each time, her eyes opened wide.

He felt a bumpy area on the navel-side of her vagina. When he pressed his penis into it, the head seemed to fit in perfectly.

This was the lewdest part of the female body that he had only occasionally scraped against with Micha.

In Machina’s body, it sucked at his penis as if returning the favor. It seemed to be measuring his length and girth.

(Does this mean...we’re a perfect match?)

“Ah...wah. ...Ahn...ahn.”

Every slight movement kept a constant stream of moan’s coming from the usually silent girl.

Filled with excitement, Mutsuki gave more momentum to his flesh pillar.

The penis dug in so perfectly that his each and every move stimulated that spot of sexual pleasure. Machina’s usual expressionless look crumbled and her melting face began to sob.

“Ibekusa-san, does this feel good?”

“Ah...nn... Meany.”

“Good. Then I’ll make you feel even better.”

He wanted to see her even further lost in pleasure, so he rubbed his rod against her weak point.

She bit her lip in embarrassment to quiet her moans. But even if she could bear with the pleasure, she could not hold back the instinctual womanly bliss coming from her cervix. The moans overflowed from her lips no matter how hard she tried.

Her legs in black socks wrapped around the boy’s waist and crossed behind him.

(She’s so cute. ...O-oh, no.)

Mutsuki’s face grew red as well.

Even after Lucia milked him and he self-destructed with Ange, a new sexual torrent was recharging at the base of his penis.

The rest was simple. His beautiful crush held their bodies together and writhed about with her large breasts bouncing all the while. One look at the blatant pleasure on her normally composed and expressionless face was almost enough to make him cum.

At some point, the girl had even started rolling her slender hips a bit.

“...Hh...nn...uhn...”

No matter how much she suppressed her embarrassing moans, the ecstasy covering her face was impossible to hide. She lifted her hips as if

performing a bridge to actively rub her constricting nectar flesh against Mutsuki's penis.

"Nn, Ibekusa-san, you like having your deepest parts teased, don't you?"

"Don't...say it."

She bent her eyebrows in blissful agony, but did not have it in her to lie and simply nodded. She nodded clearly enough that her bouncing breasts hit her chin.

"..."

The boy's dam crumbled at that admission.

"I-I'm going to cum... Can I? Can I cum inside?"

He whispered something so bold not even he could believe it.

"I want to cum inside you. I want to fill you with my semen."

Even as his mind grew foggy with the pleasure of his approaching ejaculation, he was not just saying that.

He wanted to climax inside her. He wanted to dye her womb and the inside of her body in his color.

"...~~"

Surprisingly, she nodded without even having to think about it.

In fact, she gave an intoxicated look at the thought of him conquering every nook and cranny of her vagina and even her womb.

"Please..."

Her vagina squeezed down along the entire shaft and head.

“Please...cum inside me.”

“~~!”

The waves of release traced along the nerves of his lower body, he felt pleasure like every pore on his body was opening, and he trembled like an excited horse.

She lifted her vagina toward him and he thrust his penis inside even harder than before. It was enough to distort the shape of her donut-like cervix.

“~~~ Ahh... So deep...”

The shock was enough for the girl’s entire body to jerk. Her milk-colored bust gave a large bounce a short moment later. Her nectar field spewed out syrup like someone was scooping it out with a spoon and the folds of her vagina gave a new reaction. They stopped swelling out sideways and instead sucked the invading object upwards.

“Ah... Ibekusa-san... You’re...amazing inside...”

“Ah, ah, nn... Fhah... Hur...ry...”

Wrapped in her reacting vagina, his penis and his entire lower body felt so good he thought they would melt. The fleshy organ swelled out further and the enlarged flesh plunged even deeper into her womanhood.

He would press in on the cervix when he thrust in and the thick head would rub against her sensitive spot when he pulled out

That vortex of double sexuality travelled up and down her crotch. Her pleasure grew with each excavation and her sweaty breasts bounced endlessly.

“Hurry... Give it to me.”

She begged him with her hoarse voice.

“Hurry... Fill me...with your...”

“——!”

Just as his erection swelled to its limit, her nectar flesh tightened to its limit.

The male organ and the female flesh pressed so tightly together they seemed to become a single entity. The borderline between them vanished. Boy and girl became one at the point of penetration.

“~~~~~Nnah!”

“!”

As his lips sought another kiss, Mutsuki reached his limit. Their lips met as his pulsating organ filled her womb with its milky liquid.



“Kfh...hh...~~~”

As the torrent struck the sensitive back of her womb, the girl obscenely wriggled her slender hips at the approaching orgasm.

Machina rarely showed emotion, but the pleasure enveloping her was even more obvious than with a normal girl. Her normally expressionless form was dyed with seductive joy as convulsions rose from her womb, were amplified by the wonderful size of her bust, and shook those bowl-like objects so much they nearly lost their shape.

“Ah... Kh, Ibekusa-san.”

“...Fujita...-kun.”

They exchanged a kiss in a world where they could only see each other.

Neither of them noticed Ange collapse to the floor behind them as her knees gave out.

Machina brushed back her hair that had grown soft from sweat and she crawled over to bury her face in the boy's crotch.

Her tongue crawled across his rod that was showing signs of wilting after pumping three straight loads into her womb.

She had initially grimaced at her own fluids covering it, but when she saw the delighted look on Mutsuki's face, she stroked her extended tongue along the shaft.

“Wah, hah. That feels good. Ah, hah. It tickles.”

“Mfh... Nnn, ahn.”

Machina's mouth contained plenty of saliva, so a quick lick was enough to form beads of dew that made his rod shine wetly. After coating it with her saliva, she made smaller strokes like a kitten which tickled more than it felt good.

Not only had he felt compatibility down to the bottom of their hearts as he had sex with his crush, but now she was orally pleasuring him. Mutsuki felt like he was dreaming.

He sat on the bed with his legs stretched out and she had crawled over to bring her head in from the side.

Her back was hunched over, so he only had to reach over to scoop up her bouncing breasts or stretch a little further to reach her hips. She had not fixed her clothes, so she was only wearing her shirt and socks. His fingertips easily slipped between her hips.

"Kfhn, nn, nnn."

Machina still said very little, but she had started moaning much more easily in this short period of time.

Mutsuki grabbed and groped her plump butt and reached a finger toward the alluring region in the center. He traced a finger across the nice indentation of the puckered opening that felt warm to the touch.

She had allowed him her body, but she still looked troubled as he teased her asshole. But an intoxicated look finally filled her eyes and she returned the erection to her mouth. Her cheeks tightened onto it and her tongue wrapped stickily around it.

"Wah... Y-you don't have to blow me that lewdly."

"Nfh...nnm..."

As if to say it was his fault, she jerked her chin around to pleasure his erection with her entire head.

She sometimes started to choke when she brought it too deep into her throat and she was less skilled than Micha, but she made up for inexperience with passion. She was clearly falling into a state of ecstasy as he teased her anus. A longing wetness filled her eyes as she sucked the almost bluish-red penis.

“Ah ha ha. Ibekusa-san.”

He wanted to see her face some more, so he used his other hand to brush back her hair and called her name.

She looked blankly up at him. Her eyes were narrowed as always, so she looked like a sleepy kitten.

Not only was she cute, but he was speaking with Ibekusa Machina like they were lovers.

(She belongs to me.)

A dark elation filled him.

He had felt this emotion a few times already: when he had become one with Machina, when he had kissed her, and when he had decided to go on the attack with Ange.

In fact, this emotion had taken root somewhere in his heart ever since the Serpent's Eye had first opened three weeks before.

“...Ah, ah...”

Suddenly, he heard a weak cry behind him.

He looked back to find Ange crouched on the floor.

Her legs were turned to the side and she sat on top of them.

And she was rubbing her butt against her left heel.

“...”

Mutsuki wordlessly reached out a hand. He bent his upper body a little to show her his left thigh. With Machina leaning in from the right, that spot was free.

The girl crawled across the floor like she was hypnotized and leaned onto that spot. Beyond her fluttering red hair, her wet blue eyes were unfocused. And her indistinct gaze was focused on a single point: the object buried down to the base in their classmate’s mouth.

“Nn...ph.”

“...Thank you.”

After the other girl removed her mouth, Ange closed her vacant eyes and kissed the erect, dark-red head as if she had no choice.

The angel’s lips were thinner than Machina’s and felt more sticky and raw than they did soft. The sensation shook Mutsuki’s heart.

(Yes, both of them...)

Machina began licking the base and his balls. She had no real knowledge of this, so Ange simply gave quick but passionate licks to the urethral opening and the underside of the shaft. Their normally intelligent and dignified expressions were completely forgotten as they mindlessly sucked at it like sister kittens indulging in catnip.

*“God is the only perfect being in this world. And...”*

Lucia's words replayed in his mind.

*"That god was the one that gave you your power."*

*"Kyah..."*

The sixth eruption that day burst onto Ange's face.

White lines were drawn through the air like tracer rounds as the hot liquid spewed again and again from the swollen head. The girl quickly closed her eyes, but she forgot to move out of the way and everything from her cheeks to her lovely red hair was dirtied. Despite how many times he had already cum, he produced plenty of semen. The amount that trailed down the bottom of his penis dripped onto Machina's face for the first ejaculation to reach her anywhere but in the womb.

The pleasure alone had weakened after so many times, so the boy watched the scene in a pleasant daze. Without aiming the tip away, he watched as his own bodily fluid dirtied the two girl's faces.

(Both of them are mine...)

And that dark emotion filled him all the while.

## **Chapter 8: The Perfect Man**

*"Pervert!"*

Mutsuki could hardly argue with her. A merciless punch from an angel with top class combat skills sent him flying and his back slammed into the bedroom wall.

*"You...pervert! I let my guard down for a second and you cover my face in...in... ~~You perv!"*

*"I never actually told you to suck it."*

“\_\_\_\_\_”

“Sorry.”

If he argued back, his life might really be in danger. Sensing that in Ange’s eyes, he sat down and bowed over and over.

After his sixth ejaculation, she had snapped and their trancelike state had left them. The two girls were wiping off what covered their faces and Machina was fixing her clothing.

“Oh, honestly! Why do I have to protect you of all people?”

An odd scent lingered in her mouth, so Ange continued shouting in anger.

“C’mon, you say something too.”

After scrubbing her face with a wet tissue until it grew red, she turned to the other victim.

But Machina showed no concern as she gently wiped off the stickiness and calmly buttoned up her uniform and adjusted the ribbon.

When Ange saw how unconcerned the girl was, she must have remembered who it was who had gotten the other girl wrapped up in this in this because she stopped arguing.

“W-well, sorry this got so weird. You can leave now. Thanks for bringing us the printout.”

She gave a slapdash show of appreciation and turned her back.

Machina nodded and looked to Mutsuki for just a few seconds.

She immediately looked away once he raised his head and started to leave the room.

“Ah, I-Ibekusa-san, wait.”

Thinking letting her leave now would make him an awful person, he frantically called after her.

But when she looked back his way, he was unsure whether he should continue speaking or not.

“Um, it’s pouring outside, so let me call a taxi.”

“I have...an umbrella.”

“An umbrella won’t help when it’s pouring this hard. Um, where do you live?”

He asked a perfectly harmless question.

However, that was enough for Ange to drop the tissue in her hand.

First, her eyes widened in surprise, but then they sharpened.

She grabbed Mutsuki by the back of the neck, pulled him over, and threw him onto the bed. She then stood in front of the confused boy.

“You’re Ibekusa Machina, right?”

“Yes.”

“How did you know about this place?”

She grabbed the pendant on the desk.

“The school was only given a fake address, so how did you get here?”

“...”

Ange’s question was low and sharp. Machina’s expression did not change, but her skin visibly tensed for just a moment.

That was enough to confirm Ange’s suspicions.

“It was that pin, wasn’t it?”

Mutsuki’s mind had yet to catch up, but the clear angel gave her conclusion and pulled the boy from the room.

“~~~!?”

“Lithography: excellent.”

The living room had completely changed from the one he had lived in for three weeks.

The TV, audio system, refrigerator, and all of the electronics they had bought to fill out the room had vanished.

The table, sofa, and other furniture had been crushed into rubble. And in that empty living room, something stood atop the bisected sofa.

“Resuming capture of angel...positive.”

It almost looked like the previous spider, but this mechanical soldier’s shell was even more offense-oriented. Its joints creaked as it faced them.

The belly was made from a series of joints below the head and chest. The giant joint-legged animal even had a long needle attached to its tail. This

steel scorpion had devoured all of the mechanical devices in the living room and swept the furniture out of the way with its giant tail.

Finally, Mutsuki understood. That one remaining pin had become a Springloaded using the machine-consuming power that could devour everything from a cellphone to a large truck.

“Beginning capture!”

“Gh!”

The scorpion Springloaded leaped at them. The girl shoved Mutsuki out of the way and used her large sword as a shield. She fought the machine’s great weight with just one slender arm.

“Run away, Mutsuki! I’ll hold this thing back, so you escape from that girl!”

He looked at Machina who had left the bedroom.

“Escape? From Ibekusa-san? Why?”

“She’s with FeTUS! She found this apartment using the beacon in that pin!”

“~~~!”

Mutsuki faced her in stunned disbelief.

Machina was as expressionless as ever.

She was not at all surprised at the half-destroyed living room or the moving scorpion machine.

With a sound that shook the entire apartment building, the living room's window exploded.

Ange was thrown outside into the rain.

"Why you...! Corona!!"

A thin film of blue flame instantly enveloped her. The raindrops were large enough to see their droplet shape, but they were vaporized as soon as they fell around her.

She used that air pressure as footing and returned to the balcony, but...

"Movement range: excellent. Anti-angel tools: prepared. Capture: possible."

"Kwah!"

With eight legs identical to the spider's, the Springloaded clung to the outside wall and charged forward before she could balance herself. The giant scorpion-like tail swung like a whip.

Ange somehow managed to catch the attack on her sword, but even with her great power, she lacked body weight. She was blown away.

"Kh..."

"Equal or superior power confirmed. Capture: possible. Capture: possible!"

"Shut up!"

The girl clung to the wall and swung her sword, but the mechanical scorpion's many legs gave it more chances to attack and a swing of its tail was enough to easily knock the girl away.

Unlike the spider Springloaded, this type kept pushing and pushing with its power.

“Ahh! God, you’re annoying!”

“Ange, are you okay!?”

Mutsuki ran out onto the balcony and shouted her way.

Ange and the machine used the apartment wall as footing as they clashed. Even to an amateur, it was obvious the girl was being pushed back.

“If you’re nothing but brute force, I just have to fight smarter not harder! Prominence – Loop!”

She split her giant sword in two and switched to her two-sword style.

Blue flames blazed along the back of the swords. At the same time, the flames erupting from her back grew more intense. The deep blue wings seemed to manifest as physical objects. The raindrops around her were vaporized, creating an explosive blast of heat that reached Mutsuki on the balcony.

“Daaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!”

The weight did not hold her back as she ran forward. She raced along the outer wall and charged toward the mass of machinery fast enough that Mutsuki could barely see her beyond the curtain of steam.

Once she was in range, she rotated with her arms spread wide.

The girl became a top that sliced through everything in the vicinity. She even deflected the extended tail once she touched it and the Springloaded noticeably faltered.

There was no avoiding her attack at this range, but...

“Target within capture range. Firing net...positive.”

“!?”

The raised tail fired the same white threads – or metal wires – that the spider had used to toy with the girl. A shield-like web formed between the machine and the sword.

The full-speed slice easily chopped through the impromptu shield, but...

The metal wires split their tips into fine brush-like hairs. They were as sticky as a real spider web and they wrapped around the sharp blade.

Splitting her sword into two came back to bite her. Their halved weight kept the sharp edge from slicing through the thread, so she could not cut the metal machine.

The spiral of power Lucia had mentioned was true. The angel could burn a demon with her flames, but her scissors-like weapon had less luck against the solid Springloaded that was hard as a rock.

“Angel capture simulation: complete.”

“!? Oh, n-...”

“Checkmate.”

The needle at the end of the tail targeted Ange. She deflected it with her other sword, but...

“~~~~ Kh!”

She paid dearly for leaving herself defenseless within the enemy's attack range. The scorpion had extended its pedipalps at the same time as its needle, so it captured her arms and torso between them.

"Khah... Let me go! Let me goooo!"

The girl struggled, but her arms were not strong enough to break free of their alloy bonds and her swords were useless without use of her arms. Not that she could have cut through its shell with the threads and wires tangled around one of them.

"Ange... Wah!"

A metallic groan accompanied every movement of the frighteningly nimble mechanical scorpion as it hopped back to the balcony with the girl in tow.

It landed right in front of Mutsuki.

"Likely Serpent's Eye possessor spotted within capturing range."

"Mutsuki...you idiot! Why didn't you run away!?"

The machine had shaken the entire balcony when it had landed, so the boy had fallen onto his butt. The scorpion extended its mechanical tail with the girl still in its grasp.

With the sound of splitting metal, the tip parted into a crane shape.

"Ah...ah..."

Mutsuki's hips had given out, so he crawled backwards to escape capture. But after taking aim, the catcher caught up quickly.

Plus, his back hit something at the balcony exit and he could move back no further.

“ ...”

He turned around and trembled like ice was licking at his heart.

Machina stood there. Her usual cold eyes were calmly observing the abnormal events.

That was all the confirmation he needed, but...

“I-Ibekusa-san...”

He felt like he was praying as he asked the question.

“Are you with FeTUS?”

Speaking it aloud filled him with a tremor not brought by fear.

Just a few minutes before, he had felt she was the closest person in the world to him. She was no longer a mere classmate and that time had been so sweet and even more passionate than time spent with a lover. He had been happy and he was confident she had enjoyed it too.

But when he thought back, he had to ask why she had come here and why she had so easily opened her body to him.

“Positive.”

She gave a quick, precise answer and an unconcerned nod.

“Are you one of FeTUS’s top level members!? The FeTUS Witches!?”

Unable to move, Ange only shouted angrily. The other girl once more nodded.

The boy’s mind went entirely blank and all strength left him.

Then had she only allowed him her body and heart as an act to deceive him?

He had longed for this classmate since spring.

Just as he thought he was going to fulfill that desire, the ground had crumbled below his feet.

“Mutsuki! Pull yourself together! You need to escape, Mutsuki!”

Ange’s futile voice was drowned out by the rain and the boy had stopped moving. Machina reached out a hand and the Springloaded’s mechanical hand approached from the front.

“ ... ”

The boy was surrounded and had no escape.

The mechanical hand continued forward.

“Mutsuki! Why you...!”

It grabbed the body of the chosen one.

“Let goooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!!!”

“Eh?”

Why did Ange sound so confused?

Because the crane-like hand holding the boy had broken to pieces?

Or because the two mechanical bonds holding her had torn away like tofu?

“Ange?”

Mutsuki was just as baffled by the scene before his eyes.

His gaze met Ange’s wide-eyed gaze. Her eyes were as dignified and sharp as ever.

But they had shed their usual blue and taken on a divine gold color.

To match her eyes, the usually blue flame wings were also burning gold.

In a spherical shape around her, everything was audibly vaporizing: the balcony wall, the window, and even the Springloaded’s body. But as always, Mutsuki did not even feel warm.

“What...is this?”

“...”

Machina looked just as curious as she stared at her own hand on the wreckage of the tail crane.

She was the one that had destroyed the crane. Her outstretched hand had passed the boy by and grabbed the Springloaded trying to capture him.

As soon as she had touched it, the tail had fallen apart as if all of the screws had been removed. It looked just like when the spider in the clock tower had been destroyed.

Had she protected him? Mutsuki was confused by both this and what had happened with Ange.

“Damage level: 37%. Within capture range: negative. Attack still possible. Switching to attack.”

Two of the Springloaded’s legs had melted and its tail had come apart, but it approached the angel and boy with its remaining six legs. However...

Ange and Machina swept their hands dismissively toward it.

One hand melted it like chocolate and the other dismantled it.

“What in the world is this?”

They both looked curiously down at their own hand.

“The temperature of my purifying fire has increased. It’s on an entirely different level.”

“I can input the Anti-Code so quickly... This is six times as fast.”

They were both surprised by their own power. They exchanged a glance, completely forgetting they were enemies.

Ange remained utterly shocked, but Machina ultimately calmed down.

“Our bodies... Our cells and spirituality have raised our abilities to protect Fujita-kun.”

“Wh-what are you talking about? Raised our abilities? We can’t just get a power-up that easily.”

“It is not that surprising. The Serpent’s Eye affects every part of a woman. And if he is the true origin...”

“——!”

They both looked his way.

“Adam?”

“The perfect man?”

“Hm? Wh-what are you two talking about?”

Mutsuki grew flustered when they both gave him a frightening look.

Ange seemed dumbfounded and Machina gave a look of realization.

“Damage...level: 71%. Move...ment: im...possible.”

The metal scorpion could just barely stand on its remaining four legs, but it gave a staticky groan like a poorly-tuned radio.

“Securing...classified information...top priority. Self...destruct approved...positive.”

“!”

“!”

Panic filled Ange’s and – for the first time – Machina’s face.

“The astral source is reversing. The core energy is being annihilated. The algorithm is shifting from libido to death drive... Oh, no.”

“Self-destruct!? Mutuski! Get down!”

Ange charged forward, wearing flickering armor of golden flames.

She almost seemed to trample his collapsed form to shield him.

“Ange...!?”

At the same time, Machina stood in front of the both of them and spread her arms.

He saw both Ange and Machina trying to protect him.

And...

“...♥”

He saw the pouring rain grow a dark blood-red.

“Looks like my timing was perfect.”

“Vvvv!?”

The Springloaded let out a groan of surprise with only five seconds until it self-destructed.

All of the raindrops on it became the dark red of blood and began wriggling about on their own, so its surprise was understandable.

Rock could not be cut by scissors, but it was weak to paper.

A moment later, the black liquid surrounded the Springloaded and tossed it into the sky. All of its groans were drowned out by the rain.

“...! ...!!”

Mutsuki did not know if a machine could scream, but he knew this one had to be screaming if it could.

More and more rain wrapped around it, slipped into the gaps between parts, and easily took control. At the same time, it was smoothly carried up toward the source of the rain. It moved opposite of gravity.

The raindrops acted like a slide as they carried the Springloaded high into the sky.

The clock inside was accurate, so it happened precisely four seconds later.

The thick clouds producing the intense rainfall were blown to smithereens by a sphere of light.

Ange, Machina, and Mutsuki were dumbfounded.

“Eh heh heh♥”

Lucia gently landed.

“Told you I would be seeing you sooner this time.”

Just like on the day Mutsuki had been invited into this bizarre new life, the demon boy winked with a glimpse of the setting sun in the background.

## **Chapter 9: Gather, Heaven, Earth, and Hell**

A clock ticked with perfect regularity.

Clocks were science incarnate. The world was ruled by time and man had built clocks to rule over time. They were proof that man used springs to oppose the world that god had created.

That was why the girl loved this old clock.

Leaning on it was enough to relax her. The ticking of the second hand was especially comfortable. Its regular rhythm felt like the beating of a heart, reminding her of her mother's heartbeat. It brought her back to her time as a fetus.

The girl was human, so that was where her memories of peace lay.

And the girl was human, so it was only natural to rely on science.

"Miss A, I have a report from Miss E who contacted that boy."

A mechanically synthesized voice cut in. The girl frowned at having her rest disturbed and she looked upwards.

The clock was a pocket watch with a leather strap and it hung around a white rabbit's neck.

Light reflected from the rabbit's red eyes which were larger than the girl.

"She succeeded in procuring the boy's sperm. He is definitely Adam, the core of our plan. However, it seems the cells can't be implanted for artificial insemination. She also failed to request his cooperation. He is already working with the angels."

"I see. I suppose Machina...Miss E is too poor a talker."

The girl got up from the old clock and placed her tall leather heels on the floor which was entirely covered with countless playing cards.

"Not a problem. We can correct this scenario."

She parted her blonde hair.

"Maintain the current situation so we can make our next move against the angels and demons on a moment's notice. It hurts that they got the

first move in, but all three factions are still lined up alongside each other. If he's leaning toward the angels, that gives us a slight advantage."

"Understood."

The girl gave a small sigh.

"The time of rivalry has arrived."

Despite the girl's appearance, she gave a deep, deep sigh that seemed to hide a thousand years of life behind it.

"If we cannot break through destiny, nothing remains for us. We need him to break it for us."

"Yeah, that's right, mama. I broke through a piece of destiny."

There was darkness.

It was too dark to tell which way was up and which was down, but Lucia lay there.

Or was he really lying down? He might have been standing or he might have been falling.

Regardless, he seemed to be using the darkness as a comfortable bed.

"I was too late to make the first move, but I made up for it this time. Didn't I tell you I could manage even against an angel?"

He opened his pale, cloudy eyes.

A woman was there. She had long blonde hair and a beautiful yet somehow inhuman devilishness to her.

Her gently drooping and maddeningly bewitching eyes were just like Lucia's.

"I'll move to the next stage soon. ...Heh heh heh. I'll be taking another step closer to Mutsuki-kun."

The mention of "Mutsuki-kun" was enough for both the boy and the woman's cheeks to melt.

They laughed obscenely like they were drunk on sweet wine. And...

"All three factions are lined up alongside each other now. It'll take us some preparation to achieve our goal, so we might be falling a little behind. Well, we'll make up for it soon enough."

He jumped down to a large clock.

"After all..."

He landed on Megutono Academy's clock tower.

"I'm the one that loves Mutsuki-kun the most ♪"

A place far closer to the sun than the earth was filled with never-ending light.

The humans commonly called it "above the clouds" and both the floor and walls were as white as clouds. The reflecting light dazzled Micha after her time in the dimmer human world.

But unlike on earth during the summer, this place was nice and cool.

She narrowed her eyes and stretched her back.

She faced...a mass of wings. Something had six pure-white wings wrapped around itself like a cocoon.

“Thank you for the report. So you are certain it is him?”

Someone spoke from within the wings. The voice was too muffled to tell if it was male or female.

“There is no mistaking it.”

“Then...you and the maiden of blue fire are to prioritize protecting Adam rather than the Serpent’s Eye holder. I will pass the report on to the higher ups.”

“Understood. And according to the report, one of Mutsu-...one of the boy’s classmates is a member of FeTUS. At Ange’s current level, I believe she would have trouble opposing them.”

“That is not a problem. We have already taken measures against that. We are all on equal footing, which is not the best situation, but as long as the humans and demons stay put, this should be fine.”

“Understood.”

Micha gave a quick bow with her back still straightened.

The winged individual finally lowered its voice like a living creature with actual emotions.

“Gather heaven, earth, and hell and you will have everything. ...Who would have thought they would be gathered in such a small place?”

The six wings slowly opened.

“According to Genesis, the world was created from discord.”

It was not clear what or who was there. It was as bright as the sun, so Micha could not even look at it after growing accustomed to the dim human world. But she did know one thing.

“Human history is a history of discord. Ever since they were created from the dirt of the earth, they have never forgotten conflict. And the same can be said of us angels and the demons. After all, god is the only perfect being.”

This being was superior to her.

“But...”

The light spoke.

“If some form of harmony does in fact exist...”

“Listen, Mutsuki.”

“Y-yeah?”

“She got away yesterday, but we’re definitely getting that girl to talk today. I doubt she would talk even if we threatened her, so you talk to her. Get her to tell us what’s going on inside FeTUS and what she’s doing.”

“But...I wouldn’t know what to say.”

“Think about it. You were getting along so well yesterday. Just get her to tell you about FeTUS as a continuation of your pillow talk. Simple, right?”

“I-I wouldn’t call it getting along...”

“Here she comes!”

It was eight thirty the following morning.

Ange and Mutsuki looked out the window and spotted Machina slipping through the school’s gate at the last second like a machine.

“Morning, Fujita-kun, Jiyuuni-san. You left early yesterday, but are you oka-... What is it?”

“Ah...ah ha ha. Good morning. It’s nothing.”

A deadly look came over short-tempered Ange who was already prepared to fight, so Saya and their other classmates looked shocked.

“Anyway, you need to get her talk by force. After what you did yesterday, you should be able to do that.”

“Qu-quit mentioning what happened yesterday.”

The eager girl made Mutsuki blush and grow frantic.

This time yesterday, Machina had been a classmate he was happy simply watching from the sidelines. He did not know what kind of distance to keep from her after the previous night, but...

“...”

At the same time, it was useful to have a way to find out about FeTUS. Ange would be providing backup and there was a lot he wanted to ask about: what kind of organization it was, why they were after him, and...

About yesterday.

“Here she is.”

He looked up at Ange's comment and saw Machina enter the classroom.

Mutsuki and Ange's desks were next to and behind hers, so she naturally approached them with her usual doll-like lack of expression.

"C'mon, say it."

"O-okay. Um, Ibekusa-san..."

Once she was within earshot, he hesitantly spoke to her.

She walked past him, placed her bag on her desk, and then spoke.

"What?"

She turned only her eyes toward him.

"...Um."

"?"

"Um..."

What was her connection to FeTUS? Was she after his Serpent's Eye? Was she okay after what happened yesterday? He wanted to ask so much and it all swirled around his head.

And he ultimately managed to get out a single word.

"G-..."

"..."

"Good morning."



“Eh? Wah. Wait. You. Lu-...”

For some reason, he was wearing the same Megutono Academy boy’s uniform as Mutsuki.

“Lucia-kun?”

Mutsuki’s mouth hung open.

“——!”

Ange was just as shocked and she quickly pulled her wing pendant from her chest. She prepared to summon the divine sword that could respond to this demon’s surprise attack, but...

“Stop. No fighting in the classroom.”

“Gh...”

Machina stopped her with a hand.

Even if Ange had the upper hand against a demon, she had to be cautious of the FeTUS girl, so she was forced to stop.

Lucia continued rubbing against Mutsuki’s chest and stuck his tongue out toward the other two.

He also showed no sign of fighting.

“U-um. Why?”

Once Mutsuki’s mind finally caught up, he hesitantly moved away.

“Satowa Lucia here is transferring in today,” introduced Sakae. “Looks like he really does know you, Mutsuki. Anyway, Satowa, I’m *the*

Tomono Sakae, class rep and the man who will one day stand at the center of the world. Nice to meet you.”

“What are you talking about? The most you’ll ever manage is the center of this class.”

The other classmates gathered around.

“Um, Satowa-kun? Wow, you’re so cool♥”

“Damn, I was hoping for another cute girl, but it’s just a guy. ...Wait, that is a guy, right?”

“Ha ha. Looks like we’ve got a new friend ♪ I’m Kurikara. Kurikara Saya. You can call me Saya.”

Lucia was surrounded in no time.

He fully pretended to be a transfer student and pleasantly said “nice to meet you all”.

The androgynous and coquettish boy had stolen the hearts of every girl in the class (and of a lot of the boys), so Ange could not touch him. She glared at him but had to put away her pendant top.

“Hey, you! What’s the meaning of this!?”

She knew she had to be cautious, so she shouted angrily at him.

“Eh heh. This is Mutsuki-kun’s scent~”

Lucia ignored her and rubbed up against Mutsuki some more.

“...”

Machina did not seem to care and sat in her seat.

Ange: a short-tempered angel that protected Mutsuki with blue flames and a large sword.

Lucia: a hedonistic demon boy who commanded creepy demons and opposed the angels.

Machina: a mysterious classmate who claimed to be one of the FeTUS Witches.

Gather heaven, earth, and hell, and it was said you would have everything.

And according to Genesis, the world was created from discord.

But when one classroom's worth of the world was gathered...

"Eh heh. I finally get to be with Mutsuki-kun~♥"

"Mutsuki! How long are you going to cling to him! Get away from him!"

"I-I'm not clinging to him. He won't let go."

"...Phew."

Strangely, it felt no different from a normal lively morning.

### **Afterword**

Hello. If you gathered all the money I've ever spent on the crane game, you'd probably have enough to buy a car. This is Sakakikasa.

As the second release from Atomic Bunko, how did you like Adolescent Adam? I'm guessing this ranks toward the herbivorous end on the spectrum of photosynthetic men.

While creating a story based on a dream probably 99% of guys have had, I mixed in a little of this and that. Did it come out well? There will be a sequel if it's popular enough, so I hope you'll show your support. Will there be sex scenes with Lucia? ...Grin.

Finally, some thanks. To the illustrator, Amagai Yukino-sama, thank you very much for the cute illustrations. I thought they looked pretty enough when I saw the roughs, but I didn't expect them to be so full of life when the color was added.

Now, until we meet again.



