



背後をねらう者

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さかき傘
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Adolescent Adam Volume 02 - The One Who Attacks from Behind

Prologue

Life had become a troublesome thing, so Fujita Mutsuki had been sighing a lot lately.

For example, his roommate was a young woman who drank beer at a pace of ten cans a day. She claimed she was tougher than your average person, but he was still worried.

For example, his other roommate was an ever-irritated girl. She had always been a bit selfish, short-tempered, and sullen, but it had been especially bad recently.

For example, he was no longer sure how close he was to a classmate he had been interested in since spring. Just as he had thought they had grown closer, he had discovered they could not be friends and now did not know how to approach her.

For example, he stood out in his class recently.

Because a cute transfer student was so attached to him.

“Heh heh ♪ Your body is so warm, Mutsuki-kun.”

“Y-yeah.”

“And you smell great. ~~~ You’re sweating.”

“Sorry. ...And don’t sniff at me. It’s embarrassing.”

Even in the few minutes between their last class and the final homeroom, the transfer student would cling to Mutsuki.

The transfer student sat behind Mutsuki and would lean on Mutsuki's back, sit on his lap, or rub against his chest.

The transfer student was named Satowa Lucia and was the latest cause of trouble for Mutsuki.

Rumors of how cute the transfer student was had spread through the school the very first day and a fan club had already formed by the tenth day. Mutsuki did not dislike the excessive intimacy, but...

"Um, Satowa-kun. It's about time for homeroom, okay?"

"Mh~~ Don't call me Satowa-kun like we're strangers. We're classmates, aren't we?"

"Then... Lucia-kun. For now, um, don't cling to me."

"Okay ♪"

When asked, he obediently moved away. Yes, "he".

Satowa Lucia-"kun" was a boy.

His blond hair was kept short, he had big round eyes and soft facial features, he was so small that his S-size uniform looked baggy, and 100% of people would mistake him for a girl if he changed his clothes. Nevertheless, he was definitely a boy.

"Eh heh heh♥ School is so much fun. I wish I'd done this sooner."

Even after hopping off of Mutsuki's lap, he leaned his face in close with a happy smile.

Even though he was not a girl, Mutsuki's heart skipped a beat.

The problem was all the jealous glares reaching him from the edges of the room. From both girls and boys.

Mutsuki was not exceptionally good looking or gifted in academics or athletics. He was a perfectly normal student with no real points of interest, so he felt uneasy in the center of attention.

He gave one of the heavy sighs that had become a habit lately.

“You two sure do get along.”

His friend, Tomono Sakae, approached.

“Of course. I love Mutsuki-kun sooooo much.”

Lucia responded without a care in the world while still hugging Mutsuki.

Caught off guard by a smile so coquettish it seemed wasted on a boy, Sakae’s heart skipped a beat, so he smiled bitterly.

“But you can’t, Satowa. This guy’s already got a wife.”

He gestured over with his chin.

A cute girl sat diagonally behind Mutsuki in the farthest back seat by the windows. She had a sullen lopsided frown on her face and she actually was a girl.

The lines of her well-shaped chin descended from her slender cheeks, her eyes were angled sharply upwards, and she had a more dignified look than any of the boys in the class, but her femininity was made apparent by her height that did not even reach 140 cm and the red hair that reached her knees when standing.

That girl, who angled her sharp eyes even further as she glared at Mutsuki, was named Jiyuuni Ange. She had transferred in a little before Lucia had.

Also, she lived with Mutsuki and had recently seemed in a constant state of irritation.

“Oh, how scary. Ha ha. Looks like your wife is pissed.”

Sakae rubbed his fist against Mutsuki’s cheek.

Mutsuki said nothing. He had known since kindergarten that this childhood friend had no fear, but he would still prefer the boy did not throw oil on the fire. That was part of the reason she had been so irritated lately.

“Everyone, in your seats.”

Their teacher arrived and the final homeroom began.

Their homeroom teacher, Katsue Subaru, was young, beautiful, and popular with the boys, but she was quite strict. Both Lucia and Sakae hurried to their seats.

“I have some announcements. The baseball team has a practice game, so hurry on down there. The halls of the southern building have been dirty lately, so be more thorough when cleaning them. And tomorrow’s PE is swimming, so don’t forget your swimsuits. That is all.”

After briskly passing on the information, the student with day duty instructed them to stand and bow.

Once the tense homeroom was complete, they were free to do whatever they wanted. Some collapsed onto their desks and others began chatting with friends, but the majority prepared to leave.

“Let’s go, Mutsuki.”

Ange was the fastest of that majority. She immediately stood from her seat with her bag in one hand.

As they lived together, they also walked home together. She started tugging on his elbow even though he was not done gathering his things. ...And in the process, she knocked over Lucia in the seat behind him.

“Ah! What are you doing?”

“Shut up. You’re in the way, so move.”

“You could at least ask before shoving me. Ahh, violent girls are the worst. Isn’t that right, Mutsuki-kun?”

Lucia gave an exaggerated shrug. Mutsuki did not want to make Ange mad when her eyebrows were already twitching. However, she had been wrong in this case, so he only gave a vague bitter smile.

The girl told him not to stop trying to please everyone and tugged even more on his elbow. That was when Sakae smiled at her blatant behavior.

“Come on now, Jiyuuni. I know you want your husband to yourself, but you shouldn’t be this jealous all the time.”

“I-I am not jealous! And he’s not my husband!”

Unlike Mutsuki, she was far too short-tempered, so she blushed and shouted back at the joke.

It had been a month since she transferred in, but she still did not get that reacting like that was the worst possible option.

“A girl’s jealousy is such an ugly thing. And poor Mutsuki-kun has to put up with her all the time.”

Lucia knew how to handle these situations and immediately joined in on the teasing.

Ange had only shouted at Sakae, but she gave Lucia a murderous look as if she could never allow him to provoke her. Mutsuki quickly tried to get between the two, but...

“...”

The girl was forced to stop when someone else interrupted with an unnecessarily loud sound of a chair being pushed back.

“...”



The noise came from the classmate who sat in front of Ange and next to Mutsuki.

Without speaking a word, she grabbed her bag and stood from her seat as if to throw cold water on the volatile situation.

Compared to the girly Lucia or the manly-eyed Ange, this girl's sex was much more obvious. Her facial features were as flawless as a doll's and her glossy lips were the pink of a sweet springtime dessert. Her slender limbs and the height of her hips gave her a refined and almost artificial-looking beauty.

Her name was Ibekusa Machina. Barely anyone had held a proper conversation with that silent and mysterious classmate.

She was the one person in the class that Ange had to be cautious around and forced her to restrain her short temper.

And to Mutsuki...

"Oh...Um, Ibekusa-san."

He called out to the girl as she started to leave.

When she faced him, her transparent – too transparent – and unreadable eyes made his heart race, but he gathered the courage he had finally gained recently.

"See you tomorrow."

"...See you."

He had managed to say goodbye.

Machina left after a short response and Mutsuki watched her leave with his cheeks relaxed.

That short exchange was all he needed.

He had been interested in this classmate since the spring. Until recently, he had never even spoken to her, but now he could greet her like that. He was happy with just that.

“Nnn...”

“...Honestly.”

Behind him, Lucia grimaced jealously and Ange formed an even more lopsided frown.

“Um...”

The two of them walked out the school gate side by side.

“The pool opens tomorrow, doesn’t it? That’ll be a first for you won’t it, Ange? Do you even have a swimsuit?”

“...”

Even though they walked home together, it was hard to say they got along.

“You do understand, don’t you?”

After entering a back alley so they could not be seen, the silent girl exploded with irritation. Mutsuki had half expected this and she crossed her arms while glaring arrogantly at him.

“Don’t tell me you’ve forgotten why I’m here.”

“O-of course not.”

“The higher ranking angels do not wish to infringe on your freedom. Leaving your home is enough stress on its own, so we aren’t telling you to change your name, change your school, and hide in some distant part of the world. I am protecting your current lifestyle by acting as your bodyguard.”

“Yes, and thank you.”

“But how am I supposed to protect someone so stupid he makes friends with the enemy!?”

She gave him an incredibly menacing look as she shouted in anger.

She was less than 140 cm tall and she had an adorably childish face (except for the eyes), but she still had the intensity of an experienced hero.

Jiyuuni Ange was said to be the most powerful angel.

And then there was “the enemy” she referred to.

Mutsuki had hardly forgotten why Ange was here and why she was acting as his bodyguard so he did not have to leave his hometown or school.

That was the biggest trouble that had arrived in Fujita Mutsuki’s life: the Serpent’s Eye.

Some called that dreadful power the ability to rule half the world. One month ago, Mutsuki had learned it resided in his body.

When activated, that demonic eye could make slaves of half the world. That is, the female sex of man, beast, angel, demon, and all living creatures.

Any woman viewed by that corrupting demonic gaze would be filled with sexual arousal.

Thanks to that power, Mutsuki was being targeted by FeTUS, a human group that used mechanical soldiers, and the demons, a collection of supernatural creatures.

If misused, that power could fundamentally destroy the order of the world, but there was another group that protected it.

Those were the angels.

They were servants of order and they would nip any sign of disorder in the bud.

Currently, Mutsuki was being protected by them.

He had left his home to keep his family from being caught in the middle of it all and he was living with two angels. Ange of the Double Flame was his dedicated bodyguard, so she even came to school with him.

FeTUS and the demons were frightening opponents, but the angels were reliable and the first three weeks had passed without issue.

It was ten days ago when things had changed.

He had thought Ibekusa Machina was a perfectly normal girl who had been his classmate since the spring, but he had since learned she was a member of FeTUS.

For some reason, she was not targeting Mutsuki. Ever since spring, she would have had countless opportunities, yet she did nothing but observe even as he grew closer to her.

Ange and Mutsuki had tried to ask her about it, but the second incident had interrupted. A demon had joined their class as well. That was the coquettish transfer student, Satowa Lucia.

They could not tell what he was after either. And with an angel, human, and demon present, all three were unable to act.

Angels were born from a pure radiance and were formed from the purifying light that was fire. They had the power to burn away the impure creatures that were demons, but as their temperature only reached 1000 degrees Celsius, they could not burn away machines with a metal framework.

Those human machines were resistant to heat, but tools that could not autonomously evolve had a limit and could not handle the constantly evolving demons.

As an ever unknown existence, the demons had an advantage against the human knowledge based on past data, but they were weak against the holy blades of heaven.

The three of them were in a three-way deadlock.

Angels were strong against demons, demons were strong against humans, and humans were strong against angels.

With a representative of heaven, earth, and hell next to the ultimate power that was Mutsuki, they all held each other in check.

A three-way battle that could influence the entire world could break out at any moment, but ten oddly peaceful days had passed.

“How many times do I have to tell you that making friends with FeTUS and the demons is out of the question?”

“I know, I know.”

The two of them chose a deserted way home and Ange expressed her irritation the entire way.

That was hardly surprising. Two unreadable enemies were constantly nearby and she could not do anything to them. Nothing could build up more stress for a bodyguard.

Plus, Lucia liked to cling to Mutsuki, Mutsuki was too nice to be mean, and they ended up simply looking like friends.

“Listen, Mutsuki.”

“Yeah?”

“I don’t know why they’re behaving, but keep in mind that they’ll pluck your eye out the second you let your guard down.”

After receiving that frightening warning, the boy hung his head.

Ange was not exaggerating. His right eye was the Serpent’s Eye. It held the power to rule half the world, so a lot of people would want to take it.

“ ... ”

But to Mutsuki...

“What is it?”

“Nothing.”

When he stopped replying, Ange gave him a puzzled look, so he quickly shook his head.

He knew she would get mad if he told her what he was thinking.

They finally arrived at their home.

It was a single-story building without a yard tucked back behind a small road. The location was poor and a parking lot bordered it on the south, so it got plenty of sun but not much air.

They had been living in an apartment before, but they had moved since it had been half destroyed in the trouble ten days before and since Machina of FeTUS and Lucia the demon had learned its location.

“Nn. C’mon, Micha... That’s in the way.”

Ange expressed her annoyance as she climbed over the off-road motorcycle parked right in front of the building. That motorcycle with a giant engine and indestructibly thick tires was the sole possession of their other roommate.

Either because it was large or because the house was small, it covered the entire entranceway. Mutsuki also climbed over it with some trouble and slid open the poor-fitting door.

“We’re back...ah.”

“We’re back...ah.”

They both gave the same greeting and they were both left dumbfounded.

The place was so small that the living room was immediately inside the entrance, but even though most of the boxes had yet to be unpacked ten days after moving in, the room was too messy to see the tatami mat floor.

They both held their head in their hands. It looked like the place had been attacked, but they could not blame this on FeTUS or the demons.

Nothing looked damaged and most of the clutter came from beer cans, junk food wrappers, magazines, and removed clothing.

The culprit was sprawled out, asleep, and clutching a bottle of booze.

“Zzzz~~”

The blonde beauty with dark skin was snoring on the floor. She was nearly 170 cm tall, so she covered most of the ten square meter living room.

She had apparently stripped after getting drunk and hot. Her clothes were strewn about and the breasts sexily rising from her chest were exposed. She was still wearing her skirt, but her legs were spread wide, giving a perfect view of her thong. Mutsuki blushed and looked away.

She was Jiyuuni Micha, the other angel who protected Mutsuki.

“How did she make such a mess in only eight hours?”

The place had been clean that morning, so the boy sighed. And at times like this, it was always Mutsuki who got stuck with all the housework.

“Oh, honestly. Take care of this, Mutsuki.”

As usual, Ange showed no sign of helping and stomped through the trash to go change in her room.

“Sure... Oh, Ange.”

“What? ...Fwah!”

He was going to tell her to be careful because plastic was slippery on top of tatami mats, but before he could, she looked back and stepped on a salami wrapper. She made a spectacular fall forward.

“ ... ”

She usually wore spats, but today she was not wearing them.

He saw the color white.

“Ow, ow...gah!?”

She frantically held down her skirt and gave him the same murderous look she had given Lucia earlier.

“You perverrrrrrrrrrrrt!”

“Y-you did that on your own!”

“Shut uuuuuuup! If you hadn’t said anything, I wouldn’t’ve tripped!”

After he was sent flying by a high kick, Mutsuki sighed for the umpteenth time that day.

Life had become troublesome. A strange power had awoken inside him, a lot of scary things had happened, and his daily life had changed.

The worst part today was not the demon or mysterious classmate.

It was his irritated roommate

Chapter 1: Plot of the Elders

A straight corridor continued without end.

The floor was covered in shades of red, blue, white, black, yellow, gold, silver, and green so bright they hurt the eyes and the area overhead was too dark to see the ceiling.

Countless doors lined the walls on either side. Doors with identical dimensions, color, and keyhole shape continued forever without end.

A single figure walked down that strange hallway before finally coming to a stop.

It was Ibekusa Machina.

There was no visible difference between the doors and there had been 102 of them as far as she had walked, but she did not hesitate to reach for the knob. She chose the correct knob from all of those different doors.

She found a blue sky and garden on the other side and a refreshing breeze blew in as soon as she opened the door. The scent of fresh grass welcomed her.

This miniature garden was decorated by red and white roses. Straight ahead were a table covered in a pure white tablecloth, a white wooden chair carved with a design, and a small girl sitting in the chair.

The girl wore a red gothic dress with plenty of lace, frills, and ribbons. Her hair had curly ends, was tied to either side, and was colored a blonde as dazzling as the sun. She did not look even ten years old, but she had a strangely mature calmness to her.

A single maid stood behind her.

A chess board and a white stuffed rabbit sat on the table. There were also two teacups. When she noticed Machina, the maid immediately began preparing tea.

“Welcome back.”

“Welcome back.”

“...Thank you.”

Machina sat across from the girl.

“I see you’re as punctual as ever.”

While taking a sip from the cup in her hand, the girl pulled out a wooden pocket watch. The time was precisely 16:59:57.

The stuffed rabbit on the table moved on its own to move one of the chess pieces.

It boldly moved a rook forward to break into the opponent’s formation.

But a moment later, the girl used the hand not holding her teacup to move her queen one space forward. The rabbit froze in place with its long ears tensed. That rabbit had the world’s five best chess programs installed in it, so it knew she would achieve checkmate in seventeen more moves at this rate.

Deciding to recalculate everything from square one, the rabbit blinked its red eyes while thinking.

“ ... ”

“Mh.”

Machina reached out and used the previous rook to take the pawn next to it. The blonde girl confidently enjoying her tea looked on in shock.

At 17:00:47, the beautiful garden was enclosed in darkness.

The sky, trees, and scent of fresh grass all vanished, leaving only the table.

Also, twelve monoliths built to the golden ratio appeared floating around the table.

Those rectangular solids had the designs of playing cards. A Jack, Queen, or King was drawn on each one and one of four suits was designated in the top left and bottom right corners.

“Hi, Miss A. how have you been?”

The King of Spades was positioned out front and it swayed like a clown while speaking in a mechanical voice that muddled the voiceprint.

The gothic dress girl referred to as Miss A closed her eyes and briefly replied “fine”.

“Esteemed guests of FeTUS, thank you very much for gathering here today.”

The maid prepared a cup of tea each even for the cards and began the meeting once she was done.

“Today, we will be discussing FeTUS’s final objective, Adam, which has at long last appeared. I will provide a report on the current situation and FeTUS’s plans for the future. As I am sure you know, Adam is currently- ...”

“That is not necessary.” The Jack of Hearts interrupted as the maid began with a gentle smile and voice. “We can gain a certain amount of information on our own.”

“The Adam scheduled to be born within these hundred years has finally appeared.”

“Mutsuki Fujita, the Serpent’s Eye holder mentioned in our last meeting, is Adam.”

“Currently, he is under the angels’ control and safely retrieving him would be extremely difficult.”

“We know all of that.”

The Queen of Clubs, King of Diamonds, and Jack of Spades spoke one after another and the others showed no sign of attacking them for their rudeness. It seemed all twelve were already in agreement.

“My apologies.”

Despite their overblown complaints, the maid’s gentle smile did not crumble.

“Then Miss A will provide her thoughts on FeTUS’s future plans.”

“Yes.”

At the maid’s insistence, the girl finally set down her cup of tea.

For a brief moment, she seemed to glance toward Machina across from her. Machina remained just as silent and expressionless as at school and that was her response to Miss A.

She was letting Miss A say what she would.

“Let me begin with the conclusion.”

The girl spoke to the floating monoliths that surrounded her as if to intimidate her.

“From here on, maintaining the status quo will be FeTUS’s top priority. Fujita Mutsuki will continue to be observed by Miss E and the others currently monitoring him.”

“What...!?”

The twelve cards each gave muffled expressions of surprise. Despite the lack of expression on the playing cards, the microphones meant to disguise their voices still let through how shaken they were.

“Miss E has already built a favorable relationship with Fujita Mutsuki. As such, I believe keeping everything as is would be the safest and most reliable method of achieving our ultimate objective.”

Even as the stir vanished from beyond the microphones, the girl continued speaking.

The cards replied after managing to at least calm their voices.

“You mean we have Adam right before our eyes...and we will do nothing?”

“Precisely.”

“I cannot accept that! From what I’ve heard, the demons are already advancing on him! You know perfectly well what will happen if Adam falls into the demons’ grasp. To achieve our ultimate objective, we should secure Adam as soon as possible and even restrain him if need be!”

The Jack of Diamonds moved forward while shouting in anger.

That led to several other cards joining the argument to agree.

“Miss A, you have been far too passive lately. It was almost certain that Mutsuki Fujita was Adam, yet you had Miss E do nothing, allowing the angels to snatch him from our grasp. It was also your mistaken decisions that allowed the demons to approach him, wasn’t it?”

“I know you have not forgotten how much money went into locating Adam! We investigated every single infant in the world and monitored the six hundred thousand with a possibility of holding the Serpent’s Eye. But of all things, the angels and the demons found him ahead of us...and now I hear all three factions are on equal footing!”

“And then you went on to observe without acting, which is not like you at all. What happened to the vigorous Miss A who supported the history of mankind for centuries?”

They all voiced their complaints and showed no sign of stopping.

Machina remained expressionless throughout, the maid’s smile was erased by her annoyance, and Miss A sighed and frowned.

Those beyond the playing cards were investors who had made large financial or informational contributions to FeTUS, the organization led by Miss A.

This was a gathering of influential members of large corporations from around the world, but the rich being loud and annoying was a global constant. And being unable to speak back to one’s sponsors was another such global constant.

However, a hierarchy had been established.

“Listen.”

“Mh...”

The girl’s heavy voice rapidly silenced the sponsors.

Showing respect to one’s elders was yet another global constant. Even if this group of twelve owned a third of all the world’s legal currency, they could not treat her rudely.

Even if all twelve of their large ages were added together, they still could not match hers.

“I am not saying we should do nothing. I am saying we need to actively work to maintain the status quo.”

She glanced to the side and the maid stepped forward. The cards moved back after approaching to complain.

“First, I will report everything we know about Adam.” The maid’s smile had returned. “We have succeeded in retrieving Adam’s sex cells. We have attempted an experiment with the highest known implantation rate, but we have learned artificial insemination is impossible.”

“The cells closest to god cannot be manipulated with science,” added Miss A.

The monoliths’ microphones picked up another stir.

Miss A picked up her cup and took a sip of tea before saying more.

“That means restraining Adam would be meaningless. In fact, doing so would only sow the seeds of conflict between us and the angels protecting him.”

“We do not need to fear the angels. The report said our Springloaded fought extremely well against the angel acting as Mutsuki Fujita’s bodyguard.”

“Do not forget that Adam is currently held by the angels. No matter how well we can fight, the results are what matter. We lost to the angels last time.”

“Mh...”

“And with a demon on the scene, another loss would destroy the three-way balance and put FeTUS’s very existence in jeopardy. We must act with utmost care.”

The elder’s composed words mostly silenced the twelve cards.

But they still did not accept it. There were a few comments of “well” and “but” coming in over the microphones.

“...Sigh.”

The girl sighed because persuading them was proving difficult. And...

“Now, Miss A. How about this?”

One of the few cards that had not taken part in the previous argument spoke up. The King of Hearts floated calmly forward.

“What you say is correct. When implementing a plan, caution is the greatest virtue. But I am sure you understand the fact that simply observing has caused us to lose ground.”

“Mh...”

“We are at an impasse. So how about we compromise by having Black Cat act?”

As soon as the name Black Cat was mentioned, the girl showed surprise for the first time. She had been setting down her teacup, but it clacked quietly against the saucer.

She was not the only one. Machina had remained as motionless as a doll, but she turned her head to stare at the King of Hearts. Finally, the maid’s smile vanished again.

The monoliths reacted differently; they produced laughter.

“Now that would do nicely. Black Cat is a member of the FeTUS Witches, so we and Miss A can trust her.”

“And she is quite close to Mutsuki Fujita! She would be perfect for dealing with Adam!”

“More importantly, no one is more loyal to our desires than her.”

“...Wait. Black Cat is... Miss C is too dangerous.”

The girl’s previous composure vanished and she spoke with a low groan in her voice, but the twelve cards refused to listen and the King of Hearts continued after finding this weakness in the girl.

“Not to worry. The modifications made to her came from the best military technology that my country has to offer after being reunited from its split between east and west. Based on our calculations, she can take on an angel or even a demon.”

“Dr. Strangelove,” said Miss A. “I am sure you understand that we are not seeking victory in a trivial battle.”

“If our knowledge proves effective against demons as well as angels, we will have taken a large step toward our ultimate objective. That seems to be a much more beneficial plan than simply monitoring the situation. I simply cannot see why you would oppose it. It’s almost as if...”

The mocking laughter was obvious even through the microphone.

“Miss A, it’s almost as if you desire this disappointing situation.”

“...”

That finally silenced the girl.

Seeing an opportunity, the King of Spades immediately spoke loudly to seize the situation.

“Very good. Then we will have Black Cat secure Adam and eliminate his angel bodyguard.”

“Understood,” replied a new voice in the darkness.

Miss A, the maid, and Machina turned toward the voice in surprise.

“Ohh, so you’re here, Black Cat. Then I assume you know what we wish from you.”

A girl stood there. Only a straight-backed silhouette was visible in the darkness, but she did nod in agreement with the investors.

And she gave a slight snicker.

“It is about time, so let us bring this meeting to an end.”

They reached that conclusion without waiting for Miss A to say anything more and the monoliths each spoke their thanks before vanishing.

Miss A glared at the King of Hearts which remained to the end. It then vanished without changing the clownish and somewhat mocking expression of the illustration.

With the ringing of a bell, the feminine silhouette turned its back.

Finally, the lights returned and the garden enveloped in peaceful sunlight followed.

The blonde girl brushed aside her bangs which were plastered to her forehead with sweat and sank heavily into her chair.

“This will probably lead to an all-out conflict with the angels. ...I just hope the legends of Metatron are greatly exaggerated.”

“...”

Silence fell and Machina took a drink of her tea now that it had finally cooled.

She took a large gulp without changing her expression. It was meant to calm her rattled nerves.

Miss A was the opposite, so she set down her cup as if to say she would drink no more.

“Be careful, Fujita Mutsuki’s angel bodyguard.”

“Cough!”

Ange choked like she was coughing up blood.

Then she collapsed to the ground.

It was 7 PM. In the Jiyuuni house, that was dinner time.

The three roommates were sitting around a small tea table in the cleaned-up living room.

Micha and Mutsuki blinked in confusion as pale-faced Ange pushed herself up with her hands and pointed at the small plate she had eaten from.

“Mutsuki... What is this?”

“Hm? Today’s dinner.”

“What is it?”

“A stuffed bell pepper.”

“ ...”

“With kusaya, smoked cheese, and seaweed since they were on a really good sale.”

“~~”

“Was it not any good?”

“It’s disgusting! Was that choking not enough of a clue!?”

The girl rudely spat out a half-chewed piece of bell pepper and shouted in anger.

“That’s odd. It’s plenty nutritious, you know?”

Mutsuki tried eating an identical bell pepper sitting on the large plate in the center.

He thought it had a unique flavor but not anything worth getting worked up over, but Ange was angry regardless.

He loved cooking, but for some reason, his reputation was poor.

“What do you think, Micha-san? Is it not any good?”

He turned to his other roommate in search of an ally.

“Hmm? Anything’s fine by me as long as I can drink.”

The brown beauty had been passed out drunk earlier, but she was already working on another can of beer. She grabbed one of the stuffed bell peppers (that had some extra ingredients) and easily popped it into her mouth.

“Ahhhh~ Now that’s the stuff ♪”

“See, Ange. Micha says it’s good.”

“She’s talking about the beer. ...But forget it.”

The girl gave up and reached her chopsticks toward the salad on another plate. It was a premade item they had bought at the supermarket.

“...Ah, I’m out.”

After eating the bell pepper, salad, and fries to go with her drink, Micha shook the can and gave a sorrowful look toward the hollow sound coming from it.

She then gave Mutsuki a begging, upturned look.

“No. I already told you only two cans a day.”

“Ehhh~~~?”

“Don’t give me that.”

He ignored her.

Her wild brown face was flushed around the eyes from the alcohol, so she looked sexy enough to get any guy to do whatever she said. He

would have been in trouble if he had not looked away. After all, that was her third can she had just finished.

However, the young woman saw right through to the boy's weakness.

"C'mon, Mutsuki-kuuun."

A coaxing tone filled her voice.

"Uuh..."

The angle gave him a double punch from her childish begging look and the bewitching cleavage visible thanks to her risqué outfit. He quickly looked away, but...

"C'mon, pleeeeeease."

"Wah, wah."

She collapsed forward.

The tea table was small, so she was quite nearby and her face landed right in his lap.

"C'mooooon. Muuutsuukuiii-kuuun."

"I-I said no. You secretly...well, no, you didn't even try to hide it. Anyway, you drank a bunch during the day, so I can't let you have anymore-...wah!"

She started rubbing her cheeks against the base of his thighs and she curled up her body to press her breasts against his hip.

"Pleeeeeeeeeeease~~~~"

"Wait...okay! Okay already!"

When she started shoving her face right into his crotch, he admitted defeat and frantically moved away. At this rate, the contents of his pants were going to enter a dangerous state at the dinner table.

Ever since he met her, he had never been a match for this young woman, so he fled to the kitchen adjacent to the living room.

“Get me a pickled plum.”

Ange gave him an order of her own.

He opened the fridge, grabbed the requested items, returned, and handed them each to the one who had requested them.

“Here, Ange. ...Micha-san, you’re going to make yourself sick eventually.”

He made sure to at least warn her.

“~~♪ I’ll be fine. Angels like us are made from flames unlike you humans made from dirt. That means flammable substances like alcohol are nutritious to us.”

She refused to listen and started gulping away.

“...Really?”

“I wouldn’t know. I hate alcohol.”

Ange placed the pickled plum on top of her rice.

Seeing a red-haired blue-eyed girl eating Hinomaru-style rice was a surreal sight. Mutsuki gave up on Micha and focused on her reaction.

“How is it, Ange?”

“What do you mean? All pickled plums are the same...bfwah!”

Seeing a cute girl do a spit take was also surreal.

“This isn’t the same at all! What’s with this pickled plum!? It’s sweet! Sweet!”

“Yeah, I pickled it myself. In plum honey.”

“Hon-... Whoa, it does taste like honey...”

“D-don’t get mad, okay? This is actually a traditional method.”

“I don’t care how traditional it is! It doesn’t go with rice! How could you watch me cover my rice with honey without saying anything!?”

Eating it thinking it would be sour had amplified the damage of the sweetness, so she did not even have it in her to yell anymore.

“Ugh... My rice is covered in honey...”

“S-sorry.”

“And isn’t this honey a little dark?”

“You can tell? The honey I used was actually kind of old, so I added some black vinegar to kill any germs.”

“Ahh! Ahhh! Don’t tell me that! I’ll remember! I’ll remember the hint of vinegar flavor!”

“But black vinegar honey is a traditional health drink...”

“Shut uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuup!”

Ange was angry and Micha was happy with her beer.

These two had been his family for a month now, so he had grown quite used to this scene.

Of course, he had not forgotten about his real family.

“Ahhh~ I’m so lonely without my Mu-chan~ So lonely, so lonely, so lonely~”

“Don’t cry. I might stop by this Sunday.”

Every morning and sometimes at night, he would call home to hear his parents and sisters’ voices. He had not missed a single day during the past month. They did not know when the enemy would attack, so he could only see them for a few hours on the weekends. He normally had to get by with a phone call.

He had one older sister and two younger sisters.

He was currently speaking with the older sister (who was an adult in college).

“Sob, sob. You promise? You’ll really come see me? If I don’t refill my little brother nutrients, I’ll be all empty.”

“Yes, yes.”

“No saying ‘yes, yes’.”

“Sure, sure.”

“No saying ‘fine, fine’ either~”

She had the tearful voice of a spoiled child.

Lately, even his youngest sister (a kindergartner who had a habit of wetting the bed) had matured enough to not cry even though he did not visit often, so he could only shrug with his cellphone in hand.

But with this sister, it was not a real problem.

“It’s getting late, so I’ve got to go.”

“Okay. Good night, Mu-chan ♪”

Her tone changed entirely, proving that the tears had been fake. She liked causing trouble for her little brother.

After hanging up, he shooed away the mosquitoes swarming him and stepped inside the house. In this day and age, a house with bad cell reception was very inconvenient.

Right inside the entranceway was the living room that had the walls to the kitchen and hallway torn down. There was a single bedroom and storage room in the back. The storage room functioned as a private room for Ange, so there were really only two rooms Mutsuki could use.

There was no one in the living room, so he moved to the back of the house and opened the south-facing window.

“~! Shahhh! ~~~!”

In the parking lot of a company closed for the night, Ange wore only a plain T-shirt and spats so as not to restrict her movement. She was fighting far more balls of light than there were mosquitos.

The lights floated with irregular movements and would sometimes spark as they attacked their target.

The girl would stop them and cut them down with a sword taller than she was that resembled a sheet of metal. The lights would burst into particles that would eventually gather with other particles to form new balls of light. The girl swept every last one of them aside as they made their never-ending attack.

Ange had trained like this almost every night since they had started living together. The lights had a temperature of several hundred degrees, so they hurt a lot if they touched you. They were known as Helios and she defended against them with Prominence, the sword so large that it looked hard to wield. She claimed the training was meant to hone her reflexes.

“Seh! Dah! Crush! Hahhhhh!!”

Any number of the lights could come from any direction, but the girl calmly deflected, endured, and dodged each and every one.

It looked like an ultra high-speed dance and it would have been impossible for a normal person.

The giant sword’s core was wrapped in blue flames and it drew a trail of blue radiance through the dark night. At the same time, her sharp movements caused her red hair to flutter sharply like it too was a burning blade.

Surrounded by those flames of blue and red, the girl looked courageous and cool.

“...”

As her roommate, Mutsuki had seen this a few times already, but it always filled his chest with warmth. She was strong, she was beautiful, and she was working this hard for him.

“Thanks as always, Ange.”

Watching might interrupt her, so he closed the window.

She was normally a willful and somewhat selfish girl, but when he saw her like that, he could not find it in himself to get mad at her. In fact, the childish gap made her seem all the cuter.

He was thankful she was protecting him and he wanted to get along with her.

And to do that...

“Heeeey! You there, Mutsuki-kuuuun?”

He heard Micha calling for him. It was apparently bath time for her because her voice came from the bath at the end of the hall.

He knew what she would want while in the bath, so he grabbed a bottle of mineral water from the fridge before approaching.

“What is it?”

“I’m thirsty, so get me the usual.”

This was normal. She liked taking long baths, so she often asked for a drink partway through.

He already had one, so he entered the changing room, slid the frosted glass door to the bath partway open, and held out the chilled bottle.

“Water? I want beer.”

“Not a chance.”

“You’re too strict, papa. ...Nn, I can’t reach it. Bring it to me.”

The tub was on the opposite side from the door, so reaching his arm inside was not enough to hand it to her.

With no other choice, the delivery boy blushed and stepped inside.

The house itself was falling apart, but the easily-dirtied bath had apparently been remodeled, making it much cleaner than the rest of the house. The faucet was split between hot and cold water which felt quite outdated, but the tiling on the floor and walls was brand new.

There was not a hint of mustiness, so only the scent of soap and the somewhat sweet aroma of an adult woman welcomed him in.

Micha was soaking in a deep, square silver tub.

“Phew... This bath is pretty big, but I wish there was room to stretch out your legs.”

She had been in the bath long enough to be soaked to the core, so the corners of her almond eyes drooped sexily.

She was submerged up to her shoulders, but the twin fruits covered by a towel were floating up on the surface. Mutsuki’s eyes naturally focused on their wonderful size and he blushed further. His heart pounded as he handed her the bottle.

“Thanks♥”

Micha immediately started chugging the water.

The boy was tempted to take a peek inside the tub, but since he had completed his task, he obeyed the reasonable side of his mind and started to turn around. But...

“Wait.”

After draining half the bottle at once, she closed it and stood up.

“Since you’re here...”

Her blonde hair was not as long as Ange’s, but it would still cover her back.

She had swept it forward, revealing a surprisingly fit brown back with an animalistic eroticism to it.

Mutsuki looked away so as not to stare as he scrubbed a bubbly towel up and down.

“Ahhhhh♡ Yes, yes. Just like that.”

After warming herself up and getting her blood flowing, she had her favorite boy washing her back.

The young woman narrowed her eyes in bliss.

“I feel years younger. I should have you wash my body every night ♪”

“...At least not more than one night in a row, please.”

While she seemed satisfied, Mutsumi was extremely nervous having to rub his hands all over her naked body with only a towel in between.

(Micha-san really does have one hell of a body.)

Until this year, he had never understood what exactly a “sexy body” was, but he could tell her body was exactly that.

She had slender, feminine shoulders, a muscular back, and chocolate-colored skin that dully reflected the light. She had casually shown off her naked body ever since the day he met her, but he still found himself charmed by it.

(She’s so pretty...and sexy.)

He naturally followed her curves with his eyes.

She had unbelievably long legs and they rapidly grew thicker from her ankles to her thighs. Those thighs had plenty of feminine fat. The butt positioned above them also had a mature amount of flesh that was squished down against the bath chair.

Her waist was as slender as possible, creating a flowing contrast to her hips.

The curves moved seductively back out for her chest and Mutsuki was filled with an urge to peak at the front. He felt the blood rush to his face as it grew warm, so he looked down to restrain himself.

“...Well?”

“Yes?”

“How’s school going? I can make a good guess based on how Ange is acting, though. Are you getting along with the demon...Lucia-kun and the FeTUS member...Machina-chan?”

“Oh...”

She actually sounded composed for once and the boy’s heart skipped a beat.

This entire situation may have been a way to speak with him sans Ange. Realizing that, he felt embarrassed for his inappropriate thoughts.

There was actually one thing he had wanted to discuss with her for a while, but he had never done so because he had been unsure what to say.

He still could not find the words, but she seemed to catch on.

“Say it. I won’t get mad, so tell me everything you’re thinking.”

She spoke kindly and persuasively.

She knew how to guide those younger than her in more ways than one, so Mutsuki had no choice but to confess. He gathered strength in the hands on her back as if to rely on her.

“I don’t think those two are...bad people.”

He could never say this in front of Ange.

“I just don’t think Lucia-kun and Ibekusa-san could harm me.”

“That’s right.”

“Both of them have had a few chances to pluck out the Serpent’s Eye if they really wanted to, but they didn’t. At the very least, I don’t think they’re after me. I don’t know why Lucia-kun followed me to school, but...but...”

Nothing else he could say had anything to back it up, so he came to a stop

Lucia was so affectionate and had saved him from danger.

Machina had been with him since spring and had been like a lover ten days before.

He felt no desire to call either one an enemy.

And this second bodyguard responded by...

“Heh heh♡ Well done.”

He had been certain she would be angry, but her kind tone of voice remained.

“As far as I can see, they aren’t a threat. Although Ange can be stubborn, so she probably wouldn’t understand. The Serpent’s Eye is not their target.”

“Eh?”

“It’s you yourself.”

She was his bodyguard, yet she gave a pleasant smile after he showed good will toward the enemy.

“???”

Their target was him and not the Serpent’s Eye. He did not understand. Wasn’t targeting him the same thing as targeting the Serpent’s Eye?

“But remember this, Mutsuki-kun. Ange does not view them in a hostile light without reason. Gather heaven, earth, and hell, and you will have everything. Also, the world is made of constant discord.”

Her kind smile remained, but her tone had grown serious.

“There are those with FeTUS and those with the demons that will harm you. There are also those who would misuse your Serpent’s Eye. ...And those who would misuse you yourself.”

“I-I see.”

She once again made a distinction between the Serpent’s Eye and him.

“Well, there’s no need to think about it too much. Lucia-kun and Machina-chan – especially Machina-chan – really aren’t a threat. You understand why, don’t you?”

She did not actually give him any time to think.

“Any girl who has had sex with you even once becomes physically unable to do you any harm.”

With a mischievous smile, Micha stood up from the bath chair, placing her chocolate-colored butt right in front of the crouching boy.

He gulped as the scent of an adult woman reached him.

“It really can be a problem. All you did was wash my back, but all I can think about it how wonderful your hands feel and how you must be rock hard right now♥”

She turned around, bringing her hips close enough that soft blonde hair tickled his nose and she placed one leg up on the edge of the tub.

The seductively wet inside was exposed from close enough to see the veins.

The mound of flesh the same color as her skin was pushed open by the inner lips that grew larger than average when engorged. Her shocking pink clitoris poked out from its pod. When he looked up, he found her nipples standing erect from the tips of her beautiful bust.

Every last part of her body was engorged.

“Not only am I throbbing down here, but my womb itself is throbbing.”

The Serpent’s Eye was the power to rule over all women. Any woman under its effects was forcibly brought to a state of arousal.

They would become a slave in body and mind to its owner, Fujita Mutsuki.

“Ah...”

He had assumed he was the only one growing aroused, so he was dumbfounded to find she was far hornier than him.

She gave a challenging and wet lick of her lips.

“You don’t need to wash my back anymore ♪”

“...Okay.”

He was allowed to get along with Machina and Lucia.

With that settled, he had nothing more to discuss.

“Nnn~~~~~♡”

“Fwah... Wah, M-Micha-san, that tickles.”

More importantly, Micha was clearly not going to discuss anything else even if he wanted to.

She knocked him onto his back and straddled him. She kissed him, rubbed her cheek up against him, and pressed her nose against the back of his neck and near his ears.

“Sniff♥ I love your scent so much, Mutsuki-kun~ Not too sweaty and not too childish.”

“M-Micha-san, um, you’re going to get my clothes all wet...”

“Yes, yes. Then let’s get rid of those troublesome old clothes~”

She pulled up his shirt, undid his belt, and reached inside his pants. Overwhelmed, Mutsuki was pushed back against the silver tub.

He was embarrassed and did nothing to fight back, so she easily stole his shirt and pants.

But he was only a little embarrassed and he actually quite liked being forcibly assaulted by a beautiful and sexy young woman.

“It’s been a while since we did this.”

“...Ah ha ha.”

Micha’s warm tongue licked across his navel, nipples, relatively flat Adam’s apple, and lips.

A month before, on the day they had first met, the two of them had tested the power of the Serpent’s Eye and ended up going all the way, but they had not done anything in the ten days since moving to this house. They had no real choice because the house was too small to hide from Ange.

Because it had been so long, Micha was even more intense than usual.

“Hey, hey. Wash me here too.”

She grabbed the towel from him, twisted her body around, and skillfully wrung the towel out over her butt.

The ample remaining soap fell onto her fleshy brown cheeks.

“Okay.”

Mutsuki did as he was told and washed her butt with his bare hands. He groped the springy flesh enough for it to change shape.

He pressed his fingers in and rubbed the two cheeks together in the center.

(Her butt is so soft and amazing.)

The mounds of her butt shined stickily from the soap and they became too slippery to grab easily. He took his careful time groping that mature elasticity with enough force to leave his fingerprints behind.

“Ah...nn... Yes, you’re good at this.”

His strength seemed to seep into her lower spine and sacrum, so the woman blissfully narrowed her eyes.

Perhaps as a reward, she began kissing every last part of his face: the ears, the cheeks, the nose, the forehead, the corners of the eyes, the chin, and...

“Nn...”

The lips.

The reward continued as something slipped inside his mouth. It was so soft he thought his chin would melt away.

At times like this, she seemed to have a magic power preventing him from resisting. He felt embarrassed, but he offered his tongue up to her and she immediately wrapped her own extended tongue around it.

“Hh...nn.”

She adored his tongue as delicately as giving a blowjob.

Breaths escaped his nose as the delicious pleasure melted from his mouth and into his entire body. She pressed her giant breasts even harder against him and yet gently stroked his head. She confidently guided the younger boy.

But even as sweet saliva and ecstasy filled his mouth...

(It's so soft inside her and it smells great. Also...)

He observed her expression through his narrowed eyes.

(Her face is so sexual.)

When she was horny, her deep-cut Latin features would always gain this erotic look with a blank look in the eyes.

Even the pure, inexperienced boy could tell she was aroused when he saw that.

He enjoyed the flavor of her kiss, but seeing that expression from so close was unbearable. He wanted to put an even more sexual look on her face, so he resumed groping her butt while continuing to entangle their tongues.

“Eh...? Mutsuki-ku-...nnaah...ah...”

(She really does like a softer touch. And...)

He used the slippery bubbles to bring his fingers toward the center. He tickled her on the verge of touching her plump inner thighs.

“Nhh, ah, c’mon... Y-you’re such a dirty boy...fwah!”

As soon as his feather touch primed her nerves, he gave another strong squeeze.

Micha could not believe that his thorough massage was intentionally avoiding the center in order to fill her most precious place with an almost painful throbbing.

Mutsuki had been born with the Serpent’s Eye that forced women to a state of arousal, but he also had a natural talent for discerning the perfect spots, timing, and level of strength to pleasure his partner.

Each time they shared their bodies, he learned even better where her weak points were. His desire to delight the person he loved was probably stronger than for the average person.

“Ahh...ahah...mnn.”

He used the perfect level of strength while intentionally avoiding her weak points, so her entire body only grew more aroused.

The pleasure from her licking and tongue grew all the deeper.

(Honestly, wh-when did he get so...ahh...n-no...)

When she had taken his virginity a month earlier, he had only tearfully moaned while clinging to her like a baby, so Micha shuddered when she considered what he would do in the future.

As he rubbed at the bottom of her tongue and she swallowed the youthful saliva flowing into her mouth, a pulse of sharp pleasure ran along her spine.

As the surge reached the depths of her hidden garden, it pleaded to be touched by covering her thighs with its hot juices.

“...Nn. O-okay, Mutsuki-kun, I’ll wash yours too.”

Micha got down from his lap and gently removed his underwear.

He was used to being seen by her, but that instant was still a little embarrassing. Especially when he was so shamefully hard.

“Looks like you’re all ready. And the smell is strong too.”

“Sorry.”

“Well, it has been ten days.”

She had yet to move her face in close, but the hormonal smell still reached her nose. She gave a pleasant giggle at the manly intensity of his erection.

“You saved it up without masturbating, didn’t you? Good boy, good boy.”

“Nyaaaaaaah! M-Micha-san!”

She had grabbed the tip and patted the head while saying that last part.

That area was usually protected by the foreskin, so it was still weak to stimulation. His hips jerked intensely as he felt like jolts of electricity were running through him.

Micha gave a relieved smile when she saw it.

“Then let’s wash each other♡”

She poked out her saliva-covered tongue and turned her body around.

She climbed on top of him while he lay on his back to form the sixty-nine position. His head was still propped up against the tub, so he faced her butt from quite close by.

“Nhh...”

He could see every part of her most precious place. She took a pose that seemed to accentuate the interior of her butt crack and the base of her thighs. Then she brushed her long blonde hair back and lowered her head.

Mutsuki gulped as an undulating object touched his most sensitive place.

(A-as always...her mouth is amazing...ah, ah...oh, no.)

Something so soft it felt more like jelly than flesh wriggled around while conforming to his shape. The warm pleasure made him clench his teeth.

He felt saliva being rubbed on down to just a bit below the head, and it felt so good he thought both his penis and his pelvis were going to melt. That alone was enough for the ten days’ worth of fluids inside his testicles to throb, but the tongue did not stop there. It teased at the underside, the head, and the tip.

“...Hh...!”

A rough softness danced across his sensitive skin. It felt itchier than it did pleasurable, so he twisted his hips around.

“Nn...nnh. ...What a naughty flavor and scent. Ten days’ worth is amazing.”

It did not help that Micha was using her tongue much more passionately than usual.

He had been keeping it clean, but his raging erection gave off a salty flavor that stung the tongue. Every time he trembled, a clear liquid seeped from the slit at the tip and gave off the same immature smell as semen.

Micha's feminine instincts reacted to the male hormones covering her tongue and filling her nose with an intensity too great to imagine it came from a child.

"~~~♥ It's spreading out like crazy here too."

Her eyes widened as the head expanded to create a great height difference.

"It's so thick... I bet it would stir me up all the way to my womb."

She placed the expanded umbrella in her mouth and wetly moved her entire head up and down. The kissing technique that always enslaved the boy was now directly applied to his erection, so his back arched below him.

"Ahh...ah...Micha-san...that's...amazing..."

"Eh heh heh...Hn...nh...nnm."

Her soft, slippery lips moved up and down the surface of his shaft. Her tongue continued poking at the tip and her hand gently stroked the bottom of his balls. All in all, she pleased him quite thoroughly.

However, he was not the only one crying out in joy. Servicing the sizable piece of male-smelling meat was enough to arouse her as well. As she

continued her passionate service, she let out low moans and wiggled her hips.

Seeing that reminded Mutsuki that they were supposed to be washing “each other”, so to distract himself from the pleasure, he grabbed at the chocolate-colored flesh positioned right in front of him.

When he massaged the two spheres, her hips swayed even more intensely than before.

(She’s enjoying this, too.)

After grabbing it, he realized her butt was an important erogenous zone.

As he massaged that obscene flesh, her engorged flower petals completely gave up on protecting their precious contents and instead peeled back. The honeypot within even opened and closed its mouth as if it desired to devour something.

And more importantly...

“...Wow.”

Mutsuki noticed something at the center of the mounds of flesh in his hands.

Due to their sixty-nine position, he could see her soft-looking anus with its elegantly closed wrinkles.

His upper body was propped up, so that exit was at the perfect viewing height as it wriggled as if breathing. The movement was intense enough to give glimpses of the poorly-lit contents.

Hidden deep behind her wild brown skin was some softer flesh the color of a young girl’s lips.

The delicious-looking salmon pink filled Mutsuki with so much arousal a tremor ran through his body.

He gulped and then...

“Fyah!? Wait, Mutsuki-kun!?”

It happened so suddenly that Micha quickly spat out his shaft.

“Sorry. But your butt’s so cute.”

Mutsuki did not hesitate to press his face into her butt and his nose into lovely fleshy spot breathing at the center.

He made use of the tongue techniques built up by his deep kisses with her. He loosened up the flesh with saliva and heat as if parting each individual wrinkle.

“Nnah...ah...um, Mutsuki-kun, that’s...that’s...”

Not even that sexy young woman was accustomed to this type of stimulation, so the surprised sphincter quickly squeezed shut.

Mutsuki continued kissing and even sucking at the ring of muscles.

“St...stop... That’s dirty...”

“There isn’t a single dirty part of your body, Micha-san. ...Nn.”

He placed his tongue in the center of the ring and pushed it in to slowly expand the circle.

He knew it was not a clean place, but since it was Micha’s body, he truly did not think of it as dirty.

That was how powerful an impression the woman had left on him.

He saw her as a roommate that knew how to get him to do what she wanted, a young woman that he could rely on, a mother that would envelop him, and at the moment, a beloved lover.

He wanted to kiss every last part of her plump body and see even more sexual looks on her face. Most of all, he wanted to make her feel even better.

With that thought in mind, he very, very thoroughly dug into her anus.

“Ah...wah...fwaaah...nn.”



His thoughts seemed to reach her anus before the rest of her, but the anal caress finally began to fill her with a strange sensation.

The woman could not help but lewdly shake her large butt. She writhed from the clever caress that was Mutsuki's second talent.

"You smell so sexual, Micha-san. Even your asshole is erotic. ...Ah, it opened ♪"

His thorough tongue play almost seemed to melt her flesh and robbed her of the strength needed to close it. The sphincter was still stiff, so her anus swelled out like a volcano. His tongue sank into the sunken crater at the peak.

"Ahhhhh...khhhaaaahhhh...♡"

A soft creature slipped in and out of that sensitive and supposedly dirty opening. A strange feeling welled up inside her and she began trembling from her thighs to her hips and her back.

(She's moaning in pleasure.)

Goose bumps covered the entirety of her round butt and something other than confusion filled her voice. Sensing that, Mutsuki felt a different sort of arousal that seemed to lighten his body.

(I want to do even more. Um...)

He searched through his memories for a way to make her feel even better than licking.

(Will a finger fit in?)

He decided to try to reach even deeper inside.

He gathered the remains of the soap to get his finger nice and slick. When he removed his tongue from the small entrance between her butt cheeks, it trembled like a small frightened animal, so he pressed the tip of the finger against it as gently as he could.

“Ahn!”

But even that light touch caused it to slip in up to the first joint.

It felt like she had loosened up to welcome him inside. Both surprised and interested, Mutsuki pushed his finger in with a look of arousal.

Her squishy rectum was surprisingly soft. However, it seemed to be wriggling in fear of the foreign object, so he tried to relax her by using his second joint to massage the tense sphincter from within.

“Eeeeeek! C’moon... Not from inside...my ass... Ah, ah...hyaaaaahn!”

“Ah ha ha. But it gets softer as I mess with it. It’s all wet inside too, so I doubt it’ll hurt much.”

“Uuh..... Nn♥ Nnn♥”

Micha screamed as his middle finger audibly moved in and out of her.

Once something caught his interest, he would investigate it as much as possible. Being on the receiving end of that kindergartner-level curiosity left her body on the verge of melting.

Simply slipping his finger in and out gave her an artificial feeling of excretion and the boy bent his finger even more to rub at and loosen up the sphincter.

A month before, he had been a virgin boy who could only tearfully cling to her, so she would never have imagined being pleased like this by him. A mixture of frustration and pleasure enveloped her in a mysterious sort of ecstasy. She was unable to preserve her heart and

could not stop her embarrassing moans. Her butt moved in circles all on its own.

Having that hole toyed with from the inside and outside felt undeniably good. She would have preferred he focused on her front side instead because this exclusively anal attack was unbearably embarrassing. Despite the lack of stimulation elsewhere, the anal pleasure caused her womb to tremble and her flesh flower to leak plenty of juices.

She had always known this area brought more pleasure, but she had rarely touched it out of embarrassment.

“Nh... C-c’mon...”

In order to get him under control, Micha used her pride as an adult to lower her head even further than before, swallowing his erection nearly to her throat. Her breasts and erect nipples pressed against his lower stomach.

“Fwah...”

Mutsuki gulped as he felt an intense sensuality cover his entire hips region.

Micha’s lips were no longer merely caressing him; she had gone on the offense to actively try to wring out his fluids. She sucked so hard he thought she would create a vacuum in his urethra and she licked all over the sensitive underside.

“Um, Micha-san...ah...wah...ahhh!”

This situation brought trouble to the younger boy instead. As she continued to tease his penis, he felt like it and his testicles were more obedient to her than himself.

Pleasure had been drifting through his entire body, but now it gathered in the base of his hips.

He accidentally tensed the finger in her anus.

“...Eek!”

His ring finger slipped inside the cramped entrance to join his bent middle finger.

Micha’s eyes widened as her anus was spread twice as wide as before. At the exact same moment, the pleasure gathered at the base of the boy’s penis seemed to burst.

“~~~~~! Ahhhh!”

“Nn! Nn!”

As her anus was violated, ten days’ worth of young fluids were squirted from the head sticking nearly down to her throat.

She tried to stop it with her tongue, but the torrent surged out regardless. Her entrance was filled with semen and her exit was filled with fingers.

“Nngh... Nn...nnnnnnnnnn...”

She too was launched to a bittersweet state of perfect ecstasy.

Her loosened anus tightened down on his fingers and, slightly below, the seductive flesh flower squirted hot nectar as if to protest the lack of stimulation.

Her nicely slender hips twisted and her butt wiggled in joy.

“Kh...nn, nkh...nkh.”

Even so, she did not forget to care for her younger lover by swallowing the substance filling her mouth.

“What a troublesome child. I can’t believe the boy with the Serpent’s Eye is such a pervert. Who knows what will happen if you misuse it.”

Micha breathed a heavy sigh.

This truly was a problem.

“Oh, it opened up again. I bet I could fit another one inside...”

“Hey...hyahn! S-stop that!”

Even after cumming, Mutsuki immediately resumed messing with her from behind.

He placed Micha on his lap and began audibly moving his fingers in and out of her butt. Instead of giving her a rest, he added a third finger to the mix.

“You’re so sexual... H-hey, Micha-san. Does this feel good?”

“~~ I-I don’t know.”

It was obvious her hips had given out and she was at his mercy, but he still asked her that embarrassing question.

He was touching a hole meant for filthy things. The boy had lost himself in the arousal of seeing a beautiful woman writhing from something so abnormal. He wanted to see just how wide he could get it as he opened and closed the middle and ring fingers held inside.

“Hon...estly...”

Micha gave a weakened sigh at the boy’s childish enjoyment.

Fujita Mutsuki possessed the Serpent’s Eye that let him rule half the world.

And now he may very well have awoken to a frightening new talent.

But then...

“Hey, Micha, how long are you going to be in there? I want to take a show-...”

The bath’s door slid open with a rusty creak.

“Eh?”

“Ah.”

“Ahn...ahhn...”

It had of course been opened by the house’s third resident.

Mutsuki looked up and froze in place, just like Ange as she looked down.

Micha, however, had gone too limp to freeze.

Chapter 2: Together in the Infirmary

The mood on the way to school the following day could not have been worse.

Ange did not actually neglect her bodyguard duties, but she refused to walk alongside him like normal and she kept a distance of five meters at all times. And she always stayed behind him.

“...”

“...”

Naturally, they did not speak at all.

She had been thoroughly irritated lately and things had often been awkward, but this was the worst day that month.

She had apparently suspected Mutsuki and Micha were in that sort of relationship, but actually seeing it – and while he was attacking her partner’s secondary hole – seemed to have been quite a shock.

Not only would she not approach him, but when he had happened to circle behind her while they put their shoes on in the entranceway that morning...

“Don’t get behind meeeeeee!”

She had shouted in intense anger.

She had darted away and covered her butt with both hands with her back to the wall.

“...Um.”

“Shut up, shut up! Face forward! Don’t stand behind me, you pervert! You butt devil!”

That summed up how she had been acting.

Even if it was his own fault, being called a “butt devil” was so blunt it made him want to cry.

He did not want her shouting that in front of others, so he maintained the five meter distance on their way to school.

That awful situation continued all the way to the classroom. Ange moved to her desk in the very back and Mutsuki to his diagonally in front of hers.

Normally, Ange would stare out the window until morning homeroom began, but...

“~~~”

“Ugh.”

Today, he felt a gaze so sharp it was physically painful and it lasted the entire time.

His saving goddess appeared with only a few minutes until the chime rang.

“Morning, Fujita-kun, Ange-chan. ...Something wrong?”

“Good morning, Kurikara-san. Everything’s fine.”

“...Good morning.”

Their classmate ran over with a smile as bright as the midday sun.

The girl with plump feminine lines on her cheeks and upper arms and adorable round eyes like a dog’s or cat’s was Kurikara Saya.

She liked to talk, she was cheerful, and she was something like the leader of the class's girls. Ange preferred being unsociable, but this girl would still speak with her and they had started speaking quite a bit recently.

She seemed to have noticed the dangerous atmosphere surrounding the two, so she blew it away with the smile of an eternal optimist and slapped them on the back. She seemed to be in an even better mood than usual.

"Hey, hey. Did you bring yours today?"

"Our what?"

"Oh, c'mooooon! You know!"

"Eh!?"

She suddenly lifted her own skirt.

Mutsuki and Ange were sitting down, so they were in the perfect position to see her healthy thighs. The two of them were speechless and they could even see the black material covering her crotch.

"Wait! K-Kurikara-san! What are you-...ohh."

Mutsuki briefly panicked, but he soon caught on.

"Heh heh heh~ I can't wait until swimming class during third period~ The pool is finally opening~"

The black material was her swimsuit, not her panties. Their classmate spun around in a little dance with her skirt still lifted and the nearby boys stared, but Mutsuki looked to the side.

"So did you bring yours? Your. Swim. Suits♪"

This was the source of her good mood. Even at her age, Saya was so excited she had worn her swimsuit below her clothes and she smiled.

“Mutsuki nodded and patted the bag he had brought with him.

“So what about you, Ange-chan?”

“I...don’t have one of those.”

Mutsuki realized Ange was acting weird.

Her irritated expression had stiffened and she looked out the window as if to avoid the issue.

“Oh, did you forget yours?”

Their eternal optimist classmate immediately latched onto the reason for this change.

“Nooooo to worry! Leave it all to Kurikara Saya, lead helper for Class 2-A!”

“Huh? ...Fwah!”

“We just have to borrow one from another class♪”

She grabbed Ange’s hand.

“Kagura-chan in Class C is on the swim team, so she’ll have a few school swimsuits here. One of them should fit you, so let’s borrow one.”

“Wait, you don’t have to do that! I’m fine sitting out!”

“We can’t have that! Not swimming when the pool’s first opened is blasphemy against summer! So let’s go! Adolescence isn’t going to wait around. Our summer has only just begun!!”

“I said noooooo!”

Ange was reluctantly forced from the classroom by Saya’s energy and Mutsuki was left all alone.

He checked the time and found it was past 8:30, when the school’s gate was closed, and homeroom would begin in five minutes.

“...”

“...Oh, Ibekusa-san.”

Machina arrived at the usual time and entered the classroom with a puzzled look toward the two classmates running out.

“Good morning.”

“...Good morning.”

Exchanging a greeting had almost become a daily ritual. She sat in the second window-side seat from the back, which put her right next to Mutsuki.

Even without Ange, his bodyguard, she showed no sign of laying a hand on him and the Serpent’s Eye.

What he had discussed with Micha the night before seemed accurate.

She was not an enemy.

“ ...”

He must have stared at her too much because she suddenly turned his way. She looked him in the eye with her usual half-lidded gaze.

His heart skipped a beat at the eye contact. Those eyes were more intellectual than any scholar's yet as transparent as an infant's. Mutsuki felt his cheeks growing warm.

For the past ten days, he had worked to restrain his feelings because she was part of an enemy organization.

But he had spent the sweet time of a lover with her ten days before and he had been interested in her ever since spring.

He did not know how to feel and he wished he could at least hide the pounding of his heart.

“...Fujita-kun.”

She called his name with a voice so thin it seemed about to vanish yet that carried like the ringing of a small bell.

He doubted his ears. They regularly greeted each other now, but this was the first time the generally silent girl had called his name in the classroom.

“I have something to discuss with you. In private, if possible.”

That was all she said before returning to her normal self and staring out the window with her mouth closed.

That was when their homeroom teacher arrived and morning homeroom began.

“Ibekusa Machina, Class 2-A Girl, Student #2. Personality: silent. Special trait: expressionless.”

“Right.”

“Number of friends: 0. Likes and dislikes: unknown. Favorite food: probably apples.”

“Right.”

“Starting today, she’s my #1.”

Sakae was visibly delighted.

They had swimming for their third period PE class. This was the first time, so after a test of each individual’s skills, they were given half an hour to swim as they liked.

The seven-lane pool had been split in half so lanes 1-3 were for the girls and 5-7 for the boys. However, Mutsuki’s friend Sakae had dragged him over to join the other boys hanging out at the very edge of lane 5.

“Oh, nooo! The boys are leering at us!”

“Hey~! Get that dirty look out of your eyes~”

Just as the girls suggested – while looking somehow happy – the boys were carefully observing the girls in their swimsuits.

“Ibekusa’s been hiding those amazing things this whole time?”

Their focus had turned to Ibekusa Machina who sat on the edge of lane 1 with her feet soaking in the water.

She was silent, expressionless, hard to get along with, and inconspicuous, but she was secretly well-known for having a good shot at the top spot in the class when it came to looks.

Her figure did not normally stand out, but she really drew the eye when she removed her clothes.

“Huh? How big are those? At least an E. Maybe an F? Or even a G?”

Her pure white skin gained a milk-like sheen when it was wet. Her arms extended smoothly down from her slender shoulders. Her thighs were surprisingly well developed and her calves were tight.

But what grabbed the attention of Sakae and the other boys most of all was her ample bust that stretched the chest of her swimsuit tight enough that the nametag saying “Ibekusa Machina” was difficult to read.

“...”

She was about two sizes bigger than Micha’s F cup.

While muttering that fact in his heart, Mutsuki felt a little discouraged.

It did not feel particularly good to have so many curious eyes focused on the exposed skin of the girl he had been watching since the spring. That was just how the selfish male heart worked.

“Hmm, I’d thought everyone would be talking about Jiyuuni this year, but we had a surprise hiding in plain sight the entire time.”

Sakae grinned and finally turned to look at the others.

“Bwah! Ah, ah... Wait! Too fast...too fast!”

“Nya ha ha♪ Sorry, sorry. Okay, now go. One, two! One, two!”

“Uph...nn...ph...abhbhh!”

Saya was helping Ange as the girl drowned (swam?) with a kickboard in one hand.

“You’re so athletic, Ange-chan, so I never thought you couldn’t swim.”

“Shut up! Land animals don’t need to know how to-...bhhbh! Don’t let go...bhbhbh...”

It seemed drowning was the correct verb.

Angels were supposedly created from fire, so they seemed to have trouble with water.

Ange had several times the athletic ability of a normal person on land, but she became incredibly cute when she was thrown into the water. No one seeing her kicking her small little legs while holding onto the kickboard would have ever imagined how dignified she had looked training with that large sword in a single hand the night before.

“I’ll give her a 97. She has some decent tits and she gets high marks for that kickboard with her height.”

Sakae had some odd tastes.

“And the winner of the ass category is Kurikara Saya! She beats out all the rest! The guys who came equipped for underwater combat will be able to battle that plump ass for another decade at least- gah!”

A kickboard thrown by Saya (the softball team’s ace pitcher) hit him square on the head.

Sakai somersaulted over in the water and Ange began to sink with nothing to support her.

And then...

“Wah!?”

Something suddenly rubbed against Mutsuki’s thigh...no, against his crotch over his swimsuit.

“Gasp~~ Hey, hey, Mutsuki-kun. Come play over here.”

Lucia had stealthily approached underwater and began clinging to Mutsuki’s bare skin.

Despite Machina’s unexpected figure, Ange’s cuteness, and Saya’s (as rude as it was to say it) nice butt, this boy was gathering the very most attention in the class.

His body was at the exact midpoint between a beautiful girl and boy and he was wearing a swimsuit, so a lot of the girls were naturally looking at him. He had a slender frame, a small indented navel, and temptingly pink nipples. His coquettish aura had a way of tickling at the male fancy as well, so he had also grabbed the attention of quite a few of the boys.

“Now this is just plain cheating. Satowa Lucia.....I’m cool with it!”

Even Sakae was losing his way.

In fact, Mutsuki himself felt an odd feeling rising within him as Lucia clung to him with his soft and squishy skin.

“Um, sorry, Lucia-kun. I have to go.”

“Mhh. That’s no fuuuun.”

When Mutsuki moved away with a bitter smile, Lucia pouted his lips in displeasure but did not try to pursue.

Mutsuki then climbed out of the pool.

“...”

He glanced toward Machina and she looked his way as well. When she realized he was signaling her, she gave a slight nod.

They were free to go wherever they wanted during this free time, so he told the teacher he was feeling sick and easily got permission to leave the pool.

He returned to the classroom they were using to change in and put his uniform back on. They had not set a specific place to meet, but he went to the infirmary. Sure enough, Machina had realized what his signal had meant. She had apparently not changed, so she still wore her swimsuit with a towel over her neck.

Conveniently, a note saying “I’m in the faculty room” was placed at the infirmary’s entrance and the teacher was not there.

The unique smell of disinfectant made him nervous as he faced her “in private” as she had wanted.

However, there seemed to have been a misunderstanding.

“...Where is Jiyuuni-san?”

“Eh?”

Mutsuki was confused.

“I wanted to speak with you and Jiyuuni-san.”

“Eh? Oh! With Ange too!? S-sorry, I didn’t ask her to come...”

He had mistakenly thought she wanted to speak with him alone, so he blushed and bowed deeply.

“I see,” said Machina as she calmly sat on a nearby sofa. “That is not a problem. If the two of us leave at the same time, she will notice and eventually find us here. We can wait until then.”

He realized she was right and breathed a sigh of relief.

“...”

Then he realized that he was the one who had wanted to be alone with her.

He had wanted to speak with her alone.

“Um, Ibekusa-san.”

They had time until Ange arrived, so this was a good opportunity. His Adam’s apple moved a little as he swallowed his tension.

“So...you’re definitely part of FeTUS then?”

He got right to the point.

Her face tensed briefly, but she quickly recovered her expressionless look.

“Positive.” She nodded. “I am FeTUS Witches #5, aka Miss E.”

She added on more information he had not asked about.

He had known this, but he did not like having it reconfirmed and he frowned.

“Um.”

He wondered whether he should really ask this or not.

“Why...are you here?”

“To observe you.”

“...I see.”

He regretted having asked.

He had been interested in her ever since meeting her that spring, but to her, he was the Serpent’s Eye holder rather than Fujita Mutsuki.

It was a painful realization and he had to wonder how he looked to her as he kept glancing over at her.

After some silence, he began wandering aimlessly around the room. The school was unpleasantly quiet while classes were in session and it only exacerbated their awkward silence.

Machina was just as still and unconcerned as always.

She was the same doll-like girl as she had been in the spring.

He had thought they had grown a little closer ten days before, but he had apparently been alone in thinking that.

“Um.”

He asked what he had wanted to know the most since the day before.

“C-could you maybe get along...with the angels like Ange?”

“ ...”

“You aren’t trying to take my eye, the Serpent’s Eye, right? Then I think you can do it. Ange has a short temper, but she’s a good girl. And...”

“Negative,” she curtly replied. “I will agree that I am not trying to take the Serpent’s Eye. However, our target is the Serpent’s Eye holder, aka you. So if necessary, we could even restrain you. The angels object to the violation of a powered individual’s freedom, so we cannot reconcile with or build up an amicable relationship with them.”

“I see...”

Her expressionless answer caused Mutsuki to hang his head hopelessly.

Just as Micha had said, she had no intention of harming him,

He had hoped that would allow the two groups to get along, but that seemed impossible.

That was unfortunate, but she also viewed him as a mere “powered individual”. The fact that she had no interest in him as “Fujita Mutsuki” was the biggest shock.

He sat down on the bed.

“I have...one last question.”

It was a meaningless question, but he took the chance to continue.

“Before, we...um...did it, right?”

“We did.”

He was referring to that day ten days ago when they had ended up sharing their bodies.

He thought back to that sweet time when they had acted like lovers.

“Why did you do that?”

It was a weird thing to ask and he did not really want an answer, but his mouth moved in desperation.

“To acquire your sperm.”

He had known she would mechanically and expressionlessly answer him, but....

“Examining your sex cells is one of our goals. It was not yet time for that, but I took advantage of a useful opportunity.”

“...That’s why you did it? That’s why you...kissed me...and stuff?”

“Positive.”

Machina calmly nodded. In a way, that answer was the biggest shock of all.

He had thought of sex as an extension of love, and yet...

“But... Wasn’t it unpleasant...doing that kind of thing for a job?”

“I am meant to exist and function alongside you. Offering my body can be one such function if necessary. Any negative feeling in carrying that out would be self-contradictory. It was not unpleasant.”

“I see.”

Her plain tone of voice had infected Mutsuki as well.

“And? Did it help?”

“Negative. The only cells that could be investigated were those remaining in my womb, but they were influenced and changed by my egg cells. I require sperm ejaculated outside of my vagina.”

“.....I see.”

Mutsuki was beginning to feel stupid.

He had been truly happy when he had become one with her. He had intended to take lifelong responsibility when she had given her virginity to him. Even as a child, he had been prepared for that.

But she had never intended it that way. She had only done it for FeTUS. It had not taken place between Fujita Mutsumi and Ibekusa Machina; it had taken place between the Serpent’s Eye holder and a member of FeTUS.

He could tell his feelings for her were rapidly cooling.

So...

“Press against me harder.”

“...Like this?”

Even if he was not in the mood, seeing her slide down the shoulder straps, pull down her swimsuit, and lift up her weighty bust was more than enough to get him hard.

She kneeled at his feet while he sat on the bed with his pants pulled down.

The splendid body that had caught the eye of every boy in the class was defenselessly exposed just for him. His heart trembled with an itching sense of conquest.

The seductively jiggling spheres were pressed together and were squashed longer in the vertical direction.

The sweet softness and elasticity of a baby's cheek surrounded his sensitive penis. The gentle pleasure of that flesh sent a tremor down the boy's spine.

Since her sperm cell extraction had been of no use last time, he was helping her again.

Any method would have worked as long as he did not cum inside her vagina, so he had suggested a titjob. Machina had agreed to his desire to monopolize the giant breasts his classmates so coveted.

"Can you move now?"

"Yes. ...Hh...hh."

Her cleavage was still damp from the shower as it enveloped the mushroom-like form and she moved her white breasts up and down.

(Ah... Th-this is even better than I thought it'd be.)

He had only reluctantly agreed at first, but he quickly began breathing heavily from the pleasure.

The sensation of a rice cake wrapped in gelatin surrounded the entire tip and seemed to envelop its shape.

This pleasure was different from the stickiness inside lips, the pressure inside a hand, or the all-encompassing feel of the vaginal flesh.

“...Ah...ah...”

He naturally arched his back and squeezed the sheets with the hands supporting him on the bed behind him. The cheap bedsprings creaked.

The sensation on the head was weak and nearly only a tickle, but as she moved her breasts up and down, that slight pleasure continued without end. Instead of leading directly to ejaculation, it seemed to permeate his entire body. He felt like his hips were slowly melting away.

But then he looked down at her.

“...”

Machina was down on her knees and rolling her own large breasts around to pleasure his erection.

Her cheeks had grown a little red, but she still had no expression to speak of. She was using her body toward a functional end and nothing more.

And as he watched her...

(She's only doing this because I have the Serpent's Eye.)

He could not stop that frustrated feeling from welling up inside his chest.

He was filled with irritation and disappointment. But his feelings for her would not go away and they drove him to action.

“Nn... F-Fujita-kun?”

He reached out and grabbed the defenseless pink points moving up and down before him and she let out a groan of surprise.

“Is something...the matter?”

“No, so continue.”



He rolled her areolae around as he gave her a command.

She seemed to hesitate, but she finally nodded obediently and resumed bouncing her breasts.

“...”

He wanted to tease her in some way, so he began an even more indecent attack on those bouncing breasts.

Touching her again after ten days confirmed that this was the same girl he had loved on that day.

Her nipples grew more sensitive the closer to the tip he got, but she was also weak at the border with the areolae at their base. Her ears, neck, nape, armpits, back, and sides were also sensitive. As he traced his fingers across her, her entire body wriggled.

“N...nhh.”

When he stroked her hair, she breathed from her nose like a relaxed kitten.

When he obscenely stroked her areolae, he could see the butt twitching inside her black swimsuit. She also began pressing her breasts more strongly against his penis.

He could feel the rhythm of her breathing quicken as her breaths tickled his legs. She clearly wanted him to grope her bust until they lost their shape entirely.

Eliciting that indecent reaction gave Mutsuki a slight sense of satisfaction.

But at the same time, he could not forgive himself for falling back in love with the entranced look visible in her upturned eyes.

“Is someone there?”

Mutsuki heard the door slide open and heard the voice of the school doctor who ran the infirmary.

Oops, he thought. He had been so focused on being alone with Machina that he had completely forgotten they were at school. He started panicking.

“...Over here.”

But Machina reacted quickly. She immediately stood up, fixed her half-removed swimsuit, and signaled for him to hide behind the shelf by the bed.

The shelf held new sheets and tubs for vomit, so it was quite large and the surrounding area was divided off with a curtain. There was plenty of room to hide a single person.

“Oh, so there is someone. What’s the matter?”

Just as he had hidden, the school doctor peeked in through the gap in the curtain partition.

“...Feeling anemic. I want to rest a little.”

“Oh, the pool, huh? Yeah, that’s tough for girls. Wait there.”

Fortunately, School Doctor Shiromiya Kaede was a woman and well-known for being kind. Seeing a female student in a swimsuit was enough to believe the claim of anemia without really checking.

After sensing the teacher leaving the partition, Mutsuki peeked out.

“ ...”

His eyes stopped on Machina’s backside.

Quickly pulling her swimsuit back up had caused it to ride up on her small butt.

Unlike her chest, her butt was small and tight. The flowing roundness of a marble statue was pressed in by the edge of the swimsuit, emphasizing the feminine softness of her flesh.

(Her ass is really sexy too.)

He had forgotten with all the focus his classmates had given her breasts, but her nice hips and long-legs were also as beautiful as the average model’s.

“!?”

He naturally reached out to the delicious butt sticking out in front of him.

He ignored Machina’s widened eyes and lewdly groped it. He knew someone was right on the other side of the partition, but he could not stop himself. In fact, her troubled expression worked up his sadistic side.

“Fujita...-kun.”

She tried to rebuke him in a voice almost too quiet to hear, but he continued pushing his fingers and the swimsuit in between the two cheeks.

Unlike Micha’s squishy butt, Machina’s had a pleasant elasticity.

He could not help but dig his fingers into it. He rubbed it, pinched it, and kneaded it.

“Hh...hh...”

Machina’s breathing grew heavy once more as his fingertips reached her thighs as well.

“Fill this out.”

The teacher was back. Luckily, she did not peek inside, so Mutsuki was able to zip back behind the shelf. Still, he kept his hands moving along her erotic flesh as he did so.

Machina pressed her hips against the shelf to keep his hands from being seen – essentially sticking her butt right in front of Mutsuki’s eyes – as she filled out the form needing her class, name, and symptoms. And then...

(...Hm?)

She began twisting her hips in irritation as he thoroughly groped her.

With her butt so close, he breathed in through his nose and detected a familiar scent.

“Okay, you can rest now. ...You’re Ibekusa from Class A, right? Where are your clothes?”

“...In locker #2 of the outside girls locker room.”

“Got it. I’ll bring them here, so don’t go to sleep until you change out of that wet swimsuit.”

She was a sloppy but good teacher, so she handed Machina an iron supplement and some water before leaving the room.

After hearing the door close, the girl quickly moved away from his indecent caress.

“D-don’t do that.”

She fixed her swimsuit that had nearly become a thong and she lowered the ends of her thin eyebrows.

Mutsuki smiled bitterly when he realized this was his first time seeing her angry, but it did not slow him down any. In fact, his cheeks twisted upward at the rare expression.

“Don’t do it? Even when it’s done this to you?”

Before she could stand up, he wrapped his hands around her fleeing hips.

He embraced her as she pitched forward and brought his hands to an even more risqué depth. As he rubbed all over her inner thighs, her slender shoulders twisted and she lost the strength to fight it.

“Um...”

“You’re getting horny on the inside too. ...Keep an eye out in case the teacher comes back.”

Even through her swimsuit, she was obviously melting. She had definitely been burning up ever since the titjob and a sweet and sour feminine smell was rising from deep within her round butt.

Her belly was unbelievably tight, so her hips created a sharp contrast and her butt really stood out. That tightened texture was irresistibly cute, so he traced his tongue along it.

“Ahh...”

Machina leaned forward in surprise.

She was now clinging to the metal pole for the partition and her entire lower body – from her small and adorable butt to her toes – was presented before the boy crouched behind her.

“I’m gonna take a look.”

That short comment sounded like a command and he pushed aside the swimsuit’s crotch.

The soft mound of her hidden palace was exposed below her white butt. The swollen flower petals had seductively spread to reveal the pale inner flesh, but the undeveloped inner folds did their best to hide the central hole.

Mutsuki gulped.

Seeing the shameful flesh he had deflowered ten days before filled him with dark desire.

That place had become his once before.

He was its conqueror.

“Ahhh... N-not so...sudden...”

When he mercilessly stuck his middle finger into the wet crevice, the girl gave a shrill scream as if a jolt had run through her.

“...♪”

Mutsuki’s cheeks loosened. Nothing delighted him quite like the cries of that normally silent girl.

He brought one hand to her inner thigh from the front. He spread the flesh covered in sticky nectar and gently grabbed her clitoris.

“Hyahhh...ahh...nkhhh... Like...I said...”

The school doctor could return at any moment, so Machina attempted to complain.

“Fujita...-kun.... I really...want you to stop...ahhh.”

“No, you don’t. Your juices just keep dripping out.”

When he sucked those juices from her thigh, she could not argue back.

“You need...need to stop...”

She was leaning against the partition, so she naturally ended up presenting her butt to him. She moved her hips to soften the stimulation, but she could not escape when he had her hardened maiden’s bead in his grasp. In fact, she soon began straightening her legs, giving him the best angle to tease her from.

The boy brought his face in close and discovered another teasing point.

“Hey, Ibekusa-san.”

He released her body and brought one of her hands from the pole to her own butt.

“Pull that back for me.”

He whispered to her with a slightly commanding tone.

She did not seem very willing, but she did as he said when he started wetly rubbing her clitoris which had grown so erect it tingled down to the base.

She spread her plump butt, pulling the navy blue swimsuit aside.

“Ah...nn.”

Letting the air in between the cheeks must have been embarrassing because she twisted her upper body and could be heard breathing from her small nose.

Deep inside the beautiful heart shape of her butt, an adorably enticing hole squeezed shut to form wrinkles.

“Eh...? Hyah... F-Fujita-ku...nn!?”

He had tried this on Micha the day before but been interrupted by Ange. Without permission, he reached his finger to that slightly wet bump.

“Ah...um...ahhn.”

The crimson wrinkles came together at even intervals and lifted the small hole up a bit in a donut shape. He had guessed it when it twitched worriedly just from the cold air reaching it, but he was sure of it once he traced his finger along the edge of the dark pink hole and all of the small wrinkles reacted.

She was sensitive here.

“Ahhhhh~~ Nn...!”

He parted her butt that looked as juicy as a freshly-picked white plum and he sucked at the central indentation.

His soft tongue dug into her anal flesh and licked the wet ring. Machina arched her back so much he thought it would break and she let out a scream shriller than he would have ever imagined from her.

But that reaction only caused her giant breasts to bounce up and down through her glistening school swimsuit. She was unable to shake his grasp on her hips.

“Um, Fujita-kun. That’s...that’s the wrong hole.”

“No, it’s not. It feels good here too, doesn’t it?”

She may not have been aware that excretion point could be used for a caress because she seemed intensely confused as the boy’s tongue skillfully worked its way around. But...

“...Nn. Ha ha. You’re really sensitive here.”

“Ahhhhhhh...”

Once her hard sphincter softened, her reactions were even more indecent than Micha’s.

When he teased the soft pink flesh beyond those wrinkles, the sphincter located about a centimeter deep loosened. He immediately stuck his tongue inside.

“Kfaaaaahhh... M-my butt... It...it feels weird...”

He stirred up her anus like his tongue was a drill making meringue and the girl produced meaningless moans like she had completely forgotten how silent she normally was.

(I wonder if hers can spread wider than Micha-san’s.)

Continuing to lick that soft anal flesh was an attractive option, but his interest turned toward the ring of harder flesh nearer the entrance. He poked at the ring with the tip of his pointed tongue from inside and out. He also rubbed the body of the tongue roughly against it. Altogether, he

employed an even more thorough assault than the one that had driven Micha mad.

The deep crimson flesh finally seemed to admit defeat and opened wide.

An indecent scent wafted out from within the dark hole. There was a faint hint of a familiar fruity scent, reminding him that she often ate apples.

“Ahh...ahhhhn... No, no...”

Tears of embarrassment filled Machina’s eyes, but her body was already a slave to him as his tongue moved several centimeters in and out of a hole meant for excretion.

She fell onto all fours while still holding the pole and she began pressing her butt up against his face. She was telling him to penetrate her anus even deeper.

And just as she was entirely immersed in anal pleasure...

“This might be a little tougher.”

“Eh...? Ah...no...ah... Nn~~~~”

He redirected his tongue to the area around her anus and stuck his middle finger into the central hole.

Based on Micha’s reaction the day before, he thought this might be too much for Machina, but her excretory flesh tightened pleasantly around the finger.

“Ahh...ahhhh...”

(What a sexual look on her face... I never thought messing with her butt a little would make her look like that.)

Her usual expressionlessness made the melting expression all the more noticeable. And based on that, he guessed he could make this tight hole even softer. A tingle ran down his spine.

(Ibekusa Machina...)

The dark feeling that had appeared in his chest earlier was growing stronger.

He did not know what it was, but it grew larger and stronger the more his actions threw Machina into disarray and the more she submitted herself to him.

(She's mine.)

A thrill welled up within him.

But then the door slid open again.

"I've got your clothes."

Almost exactly like before, they heard the teacher's voice and the boy quickly hid behind the shelf.

"...U-um."

Machina tried to say something, but it was too late. Doctor Shiromiya brought the uniform over and peeked inside the partition.

"Are you up? ...Your face is pretty red. Is something wrong?"

"~~"

More than just red, the girl's forehead was covered in sweat, so the school doctor tilted her head.

Instead of just being taciturn, Machina could not even open her mouth, so she shook her head to say nothing was wrong.

To make matters worse, Mutsuki was still pushing at and massaging the excretory flesh that was writhing from the foreign sensation. He rubbed his saliva all over the entrance and dug deep inside. The same finger technique that had easily brought an adult like Micha to climax were building up this young girl's sexual pleasure.

"Hh...hh..."

The girl used a mind of steel to erase her expression and attempted to ignore the sticky anal pleasure.

"Hm? Well, whatever. Once you're changed, get some rest."

Luckily, Doctor Shiromiya closed the curtain without noticing Machina's condition. Namely, the swimsuit riding up oddly in the crotch and the nipples standing visibly erect even through the elastic material.

Machina's hips gave out and Mutsuki rushed out to catch her.

But even as he held her in his arms, his teasing hand did not stop. His hand seemed to grow from her butt like a tail as he sent his finger in and out of her and used his other hand to rub her engorged anus.

"Akh...nn..."

She bit onto the shoulder of his shirt and desperately clenched her teeth.

However, the presence of a third party only cornered her further as she trembled from intense ecstasy.

"Ibekusa, I'm going to head back to the faculty room, so can I leave you here?"

Assuming the girl was changing, the school doctor did not open the curtain, but she did speak to her.

If Machina did not respond, the teacher could look in at any moment. She looked up at him with a pleading look, but he did not go back into hiding or even stop his fingers.

Tears and drool wet her lovely face as she gathered everything she had to open her mouth.

“Y...es.”

Her voice was a little shrill due to the pleasure coming from her anus which was normally kept tightly shut.

Even as she tried to keep her mind sensible, her body had long since passed the point of no return. She clung tightly to the boy and unwittingly rubbed her bust against him through the swimsuit.

“If anything happens, come to the faculty room. Okay?”

“...Okay.”

She completely lost control of her anus. The sphincter swelled out on its own to press against the finger penetrating it, asking to be rubbed even more.

A trembling wave ran through the white butt with the black fabric riding up in it.

“I’m...going to cum...”

Juices sprayed from her almost frothing nectar field and dirtied the floor. Her damp anal flesh wriggled with intense flowing motions.

“~~~! ~~~~~! ...!”

She restrained her voice as she reached her first anal orgasm at Mutsuki’s hand.

“Ha ha. That’s amazing.”

After hearing the teacher leave and slide the door closed, an impressed laugh escaped Mutsuki. He could feel her anus bulging out while grabbing at his finger.

Machina twisted her body due to the intense waves and her breasts bounced on her chest with a one tempo delay. Not only did her butt wiggle around, but the inside of her anus squeezed shut as if expelling waste. That told him just how deep her pleasure was.

He finally caught her entire body weight when she went limp, like a marionette with its strings cut.

The residual pleasure continued for quite a while afterwards and the girl could not seem to escape her trancelike state.

Mutsuki placed her on the bed and rubbed her back and shoulders.

(I might’ve gone a little overboard there.)

He felt bad, but it was true his desire had been to embarrass her.

“Phew...”

Machina’s breathing finally calmed. Her hips and thighs would still tremble on occasion and some residual pleasure seemed to remain inside her, but her mind had apparently calmed. She first turned to face him.

“Ah...”

She glared at him with somewhat swollen eyes.

She normally had an unreadable half-lidded gaze, but she turned blatant anger his way here. The rare sight made his heart skip a beat.

“...Don’t do anything like that again.”

Her muscles must have still been worn out because her voice shook a little.

He did feel apologetic, but he was also glad to have seen her lost in so much pleasure. That complex state of mind led him to respond with a vague, noncommittal smile.

“Sorry. That had nothing to do with getting a sperm sample, did it?”

“That isn’t what I meant.”

A sullen frown came to Machina’s expressionless face.

“I want to avoid being seen by anyone but you. It would be incredibly unpleasant.”

“Eh?”

“And I do not like seeing you not being your usual kind self.”

She looked down in embarrassment for that part.

Mutsuki was briefly caught off guard.

“Kind? Me?”

“Positive.”

She must have calmed down because all intonation left her voice and the anger on her face faded.

She gave him her usual unreadable look of a doll.

“It is not unpleasant when it is you.”

His expression froze over when he realized his mistake.

He had forgotten how to read her feelings.

The girl named Ibekusa Machina was as expressionless as a doll and left no hint of her feelings in her mechanical words, but there was one way to determine how she felt.

It was a method she had only allowed him.

“Sorry.”

“Nn...”

He had learned this ten days before. First, he kissed her and created a lovers’ connection between their hearts.

And then...

“Are you sure?”

“Posi...hyah...positive. Not a...nhh...problem...”

The boy lay on his back and the girl wiggled her hips restlessly on top of him.

This was not her first time, but in the ten day gap since that first penetration, her feminine flesh had regained the hardness of that untouched time. This was also her first time forming the union herself, so the docking took some doing.

Still, she forcibly dropped her hips and established the cowgirl position.

“Ah ha ha. Yeah, if you lay here in your swimsuit, Doctor Shiromiya would get mad.”

Mutsuki did nothing except enjoy the luxurious view of Ibekusa Machina straddling him in her swimsuit. Each time she irresistibly shook her butt or lowered her hips, her breasts would bounce inside the dark navy material.

“There’s something...weird about you today, Fujita-kun.”

She looked troubled. She had agreed to this method for extracting his sperm cells, but she seemed displeased with what she was wearing.

Everyone in the class had been interested in her in that swimsuit, but she seemed not to understand that male fetishism or his desire to have that version of her all to himself.

“Ah...nn...hh, hh...”

“It’s going in, it’s going in. ...Nkh, Ibekusa-san, are you okay?”

“N-not a problem. ...Hh.”

She moaned through her nose and continued to restlessly shake her hips.

Mutsuki’s voice also trembled in arousal as he helped her form their union. When he had sex, it was usually Micha taking the lead, so he was most experienced with the cowgirl position.

He grabbed her slender waist and sent small vibrations into the folds of flesh wetly wrapping around him.

The gentle vibration softened the shock of penetration. Machina's painful breaths melted away a little and her tensed vagina warmed and softened.

"Ahh... You're easier to get inside than the first time. Are you getting used to this?"

"Uuh..."

She seemed embarrassed that her body could be trained react so indecently so easily. Her entire lovely face flushed.

Their bodies were incredibly compatible, so their sex organs fit together perfectly.

The beads of flesh inside her and the swollen head of his penis seemed made to rub together. She had a habit of tightening down deep inside when she contracted, so those two spots seemed to fuse into a single piece of flesh.

"There..."

"Ah. Ahh...nn. Wait...a little...fwah!"

A light shake of his hips was enough to bring an intense stimulation to both of them.

Mutsuki's face grew red as her fleshy beads rubbed against him, but the girl's react was even greater.

The greatly swollen head of his penis was rubbing against her G spot, so she could not maintain her expressionless look any longer. The ends of

her eyebrows lowered weakly, tears welled up in her eyes, and she tried to suppress the moans that threatened to escape her mouth.

“Was that too much? Sorry. Then you move how you want.”

He figured it would be too hard on her to attack her again so soon after making her cum from behind, so he simply lay obediently on the bed.

“Hh...ah...ahn...ahhn.”

She must have been bothered by the “how you want” part of his request because she embarrassedly bit her lip but still began moving her hips as asked.

She initially held back and only fidgeted a bit, but as time passed, she began rhythmically pressing down with her entire lower body and rubbing against his erection. Sticky waves ran through her wet flesh, seeming to lick along him from the base to the tip.

(I still can't tell what she's thinking.)

He was not self-centered enough to assume she was doing this out of love. She was only giving him her body as a member of FeTUS and he was simply taking advantage of the offer. He understood that, but...

“Ah, ahn. Nn, nnh...ahhhh.”

Her face could not be called expressionless anymore. She had a look of deep intoxication while both her moans and the speed of rubbing their union together grew in intensity as if to indulge in him.

(I'm the only one that can see this sexual side of her.)

He had this lovely girl all to himself and that was enough to satisfy him.

She shyly moved her hips to indulge in the thick rod inside her. Her breasts bounced with plenty of weight behind them. Simply looking at her built up the desire to ejaculate, so he clenched the sheets in his hands with all his might.

“Akh... You just got even tighter.”

“O...only because you’re...too big.”

“Heh heh. Sorry. But you’ll get used to it.”

He rubbed his solid pillar against the ridge-like protrusions of the fleshy folds.

“I’ll make you just my size and then mine will make you cum right away. I’ll make this into my personal pussy.”

“~~”

After his unilateral announcement, the girl embarrassedly bit her lower lip and looked to the side.

She looked troubled, but he did see her make an ever-so-slight nod.

At the same time, her body’s reaction grew even further and her straddling body twisted obscenely with its white skin contrasting the swimsuit.

(Wow, this angle is really lewd.)

Her shapely butt seemed to automatically bounce up and down as if to accentuate the sheen of the elastic material riding up into it.

The sensation passed through to her skinny belly with the navel visible through the swimsuit and her bust bounced seductively up and down. Her breasts moved so much the nametag grew nearly illegible.

“Fwah!”

He instinctually scooped up those mounds.

“U-um...nnahn.”

She grew obedient. Her eyes pleaded weakly with him, but her large bust was too sensitive and her protests turned to indulgent cries as he rolled them around.

“...Ahh...ahhh...Fujita...-kun.”

Her eyebrows bent and she intertwined an arm around one hand kneading her breast.

He quickly realized what she meant and reached for the other hand sitting by his navel.

“Ah...”

He smiled gently up at her.

When she noticed, a hint of calm appeared on her blushed face.

They said nothing, but they intertwined the fingers of their two hands.

“Is it easier like this?”

“Y...yes...ah...ah...ahhn...”

Machina seemed to be the type of person who wanted to cling to something when she was awash with pleasure. As soon as he held her hands, all restraint seemed to leave her body.

Her tight hidden flesh tightened even further and her G spot sucked stickily at the head of his penis. The amount of nectar dripping down his shaft grew and an obscene wet sound rang from deep within their union.

“Fujita...-kun.”

She spoke his name with her big toes scraping at the bed sheets.

More than calling for him, it seemed to have escaped subconsciously. Her fingers squeezed his hands even more.

“...Ibekusa-san.”

“Hh...”

Simply calling her name was enough for her shoulders to tremble and a seductive passion to permeate the moaning breaths escaping her nose.

Her vaginal flesh tightened with a wavelike motion as it seemed to devour the object embedded inside. Mutsuki intensely moved his hips and Machina received him with the juicy fruits of her breasts bouncing boldly about.

The cheap bed creaked below them.

“Ahn...ahh...Fujita-kun...Fujita...-kun.”

“Ibekusa-san...ah, kh...Ibekusa-san.”

They had both forgotten everything but the other's name.

The Serpent's Eye and FeTUS meant nothing now. To a third party, they would have looked like a boyfriend and girlfriend skipping class to have sex in the infirmary.

Even they were starting to see it that way.

“ ...”

Her breasts moved forcefully within her swimsuit, her hips jerked alluringly left and right, and she lowered her embarrassed expression with obscene moans escaping her elegant nose.

“Um, Ibekusa-san, it’s about time.”

Mutsuki could feel his penis swelling out to dangerous levels and he just barely managed to remember that this was technically a way of getting a sperm sample.

He could not cum inside her. He had to cum outside.

“ ...”

But despite that thought and despite his impending ejaculation, she would not move off of him.

Her beautiful butt bounced up and down to continue the indecent friction.

In fact, she lowered her upper body and wrapped her hands around his shoulders to cling to him.

“Ah...”

She was close enough for him to feel her breath on him and his gaze met her unemotional, half-lidded one.

For the first time, he felt like he could read the thoughts behind those eyes: Don’t pull out. Cum like this.

“ — — — —!”

“Nmh...”

He bounced his back up and sucked at her lips. He sucked forcefully as if to make his mark on her sweet-smelling mouth.

That girl’s feelings were unreadable and the boy had agonized over not knowing how she felt, but he had almost telepathically read her desire to kiss him.

“I’m cumming, Ibekusa-san. I’m going to pump it all inside.”

“Ahhn...nhh, ahh...”

“Even your womb will belong to me.”

“...Okay.”

Like driving a pile into the ground, he slammed his hips into her thighs.

He pushed her hidden flesh inwards and the tip of his penis hit her cervix. He used a massaging rotating motion to embed the head in that donut-shaped flesh lid.

“~~ Kh...”

After he had so thoroughly rubbed at her G spot, the sensation of having her womb lifted up proved too much.

Pleasure welled up from deep inside her body, reached the surface, made a sudden reversal, and seemed to sink into the core of her spine.

“Ahhhhhhh♡”

Her spine arched backwards on its own and she cried out in an octave not often heard from her. Her nectar-covered flesh had already contracted deep inside and wrapped around every contour of his shape.

An intense jerk ran through both their bodies as they locked lips on the bed.



“Kh!”

“Ahh...ahnnnnn...”

They exchanged sexual cries as if breathing them into each other’s mouth.

Thick magma sprayed out into her inner garden that contained her egg cells.

“Hh! Hh!”

Intense heat burst inside her belly. The surge from directly below was so incredible that her entire body writhed without even letting her scream.

Energy seemed to push up within her body and the butt contained in the navy blue fabric bounced up and down. The anal flesh at the center also seemed to have gone mad. A clear fluid sprayed from the gap in that swelling hole.

“Kh...ahh...”

Machina’s expressionlessness vanished and her face melted even more erotically than a normal girl as she lost herself in orgasm.

Pleased, Mutsuki felt his mouth loosen a little.

He still knew nothing about her, but that expression was more than enough for the time being.

He was the only one that could make her look like that.

The chime rang.

The next period was starting and someone would likely arrive at the infirmary soon. They needed to head back.

“What about the sperm?”

“...We can do that next time.”

They were used to it now, so they kissed once more to signal the end of this time as lovers.

“Mutsukiiii!”

Ange ran in just as Machina had changed into her uniform. Mutsuki had fixed his clothing and the bed, so they could hide what they had done.

“Ibekusa Machinaaaaa! Attacking while I was drowning is a cheap trick!”

As soon as Ange saw the situation inside the room, she made her own assumptions about why a FeTUS member was alone with the Serpent’s Eye holder and she moved to stand in front Mutsuki. She had not wanted to turn her back (or rather, her butt) toward him that morning, but she faithfully fulfilled her duties as bodyguard.

She pulled out the silver wings pendant she wore.

It started burning blue and immediately transformed into a sword far too large for a girl her size. It was Prominence, Ange’s divine sword.

“Surely you know capturing or attempting to capture a powered individual is in violation of the Deadly Sins of those who live on this earth!”

“Positive.”

The two girls glared at each other in an explosive situation.

Ange seemed to think Machina was trying to abduct Mutsuki. He was shocked by how rapidly she had flared up and he frantically tried to stop her, but...

“W-wait, Ange. You’ve got it all wrong. Ibekusa-san was...”

“...It’s fine.”

Machina cut in before Ange could argue back.

She chose to stand in a more open position.

“This is the quickest way for the two of us to settle this matter.”

“I have deductively concluded that combat is unavoidable in the current situation. Beginning decompression of anti-angel tool. Expanding as a geometric medium in accordance with Poincaré.”

A glowing circle appeared on the floor around Machina.

It looked like a magic circle, it contained connected lines and geometric figures, and it ultimately formed runes.

FeTUS Witches Miss E was demonstrating her willingness to fight, so Ange lowered her hips in preparation.

“I won’t kill you, but I will hurt you as much as I can!”

Silent and chilly killer intent clashed between them, proving that was no mere threat.

She had monitored the other for ten days in case she did something, but now that Machina was targeting Mutsuki (or so Ange thought), she knew exactly what to do as a guardian angel.

“I don’t care if you’re some high level FeTUS member! How much can a mere human do without a Springloaded!?”

Ange charged in to take the first strike.

“Haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

She instantly filled the gap and swung her large sword.

No normal person could have reacted to her speed, but Miss E did one quick thing in response: she tapped her toes on the circle drawn on the floor.

“The Springloaded...”

In that instant...

“...!?”

“...are nothing more than tools given the power to move. That is, that have been ‘loaded with a spring’.”

Ange’s charge was forcibly stopped.

The concrete floor suddenly swelled up as if creating a wall to protect the circle’s master.

“So if we give them the power to move, any tool can become a Springloaded.”

“Gh!”

Ange could easily slice apart the twenty centimeter thick concrete wall, but she still had to stop her charge.

And in the instant she killed her momentum, the bisected wall lowered back into the floor.

This time, it became a stepping stone for its master.

“ — — — — — ! ”

A slender arm gently touched the border between Ange’s shoulder and arm.

That was all it took to seal the movements of the most powerful guardian angel. Her divine sword’s size meant centrifugal force was necessary to wield it, so she could not swing it with that point restrained.

Even with power that exceeded human knowledge, she could not escape the laws of physics while in this world.

“Corona!!”

Even so, the angel continued her attack. Blue flames burst from her back to form wings and assaulted Machina from point-blank range.

However...

“ ... ”

“Heat radiating fibers!?”

At some point, the golden circle had moved from the floor to the air to protect the Witch.

The glowing runes distorted the path of the blue flames, diverting them in a harmless direction. Plus, the angel was unguarded with her focus turned toward her own back.

“Khah!”

One leg was taken out with a heel and she was brought to the ground much like a judo throw.

The throw was powerful enough to crack the rubber tiles of the floor and the smash the concrete beneath. Even Ange was left feeling dizzy.

Mutsuki had known how powerful his angel bodyguard was, so he had been worried that Machina would be injured and was left dumbfounded by this complete reversal of his expectations.

Meanwhile...

“Tools only demonstrate their true ability when utilized by those with intelligence. That is...”

Machina brought her fingers to the partition next to the bed. The magic circle moved there and audibly transformed the metal pipes and curtain.

“The Springloaded only demonstrate their true power when used by the humans who hold the Fruit of Knowledge.”

A total of three pipes came to life – the two that had acted as legs and the one to support the curtain. The two fused together in an L-shape and the final one gained a long, narrow point on the end.

After the curtain rolled up and connected to both ends of the curving pipes, the final one was nocked as an arrow.

“You should not assume that those who use a tool are weaker than the tool.”

“Gh...”

When Ange finally recovered from her rattled brain, Machina was pointing the tip of her giant bow and arrow at the angel’s throat.

The battle was over. Mutsuki had not even had time to rush in and stop them. In only about five seconds, the most powerful guardian angel had been soundly beaten.

“As I assume you can now see, FeTUS has an extreme advantage against angels in combat.”

The girl saw the defeat on the angel’s face and pulled back her weapon without finishing her off.

She summoned the golden magic circle again and returned the broken floor and partition to normal. She brought the bent metal and torn fabric back together and they returned to normal as if by magic.

Mutsuki had seen the powers of an angel like Ange and a demon like Lucia, but he was amazed that a fellow human could do something like that. Ange’s mind seemed to have gone similarly blank after her overwhelming loss.

“And now I will tell you what I initially wished to discuss here.”

Machina faced them after returning everything to normal.

“There is currently some unrest within FeTUS’s command structure, so Fujita-kun is being targeted by one of the FeTUS Witches.”

“— — — —”

“She is Miss C... aka Black Cat. She is more powerful than me.”

Her plain voice was no different from normal. Her tone was neither heated nor icy.

But Mutsuki could no longer think it sounded like a machine.

“She is extremely dangerous. She will use any means necessary, she does not care about any secondary damage she might cause, and she enjoys combat. She will likely attempt to kill her target’s bodyguard...which means you, Jiyuuni Ange. You cannot fight her off, so I recommend you flee.”

“Flee!? Like hell I’ll do that! I would never-...”

“ ...”

“ ...”

Ange snapped back, but she could say nothing in response to Machina’s silent look. She was not stupid enough to deny she had just suffered a definitive loss.

“If you hear the sound of a bell, escape immediately.”

That was all Machina had to say, so she turned her back.

“Wh-why did...you tell us that?”

The boy’s trembling voice pursued her as she began to leave the room.

She looked back from the doorway and glanced at Ange.

“We cannot get along. FeTUS is incompatible with angels and demons. But as a personal opinion, I feel no reason to take a hostile stance against you.”

She then looked directly at Mutsuki.

“I am not your enemy.”

Then she left.

Left behind, Mutsuki was confident of something from the expressionless expression he had seen on her face.

She could do it.

She could get along with the others.

However...

“That...damn human...!”

Ange returned her beloved sword to its pendant form and her voice trembled in humiliation.

It looked like it was still going to take some time on this end.

Chapter 3: Poolside Taboo

Angels were weak against humans, humans against demons, and demons against angels.

That three-way deadlock seemed to create an extremely decisive gap between them.

A swing of Prominence sliced a screeching black amoeba in two. A bloody smell was scattered around even as the blue flames coming from the sword burnt it down to ashes.

It was a type of demon servant known as a Succubus and Mutsuki had seen them before.

They were muddy black liquid creatures that could appear from even the smallest gap. Mutsuki himself had no way of fighting them, but he did not fear them. Demons were weak against angels, so they could not even get close while Ange was protecting him.

“Let’s go.”

After blowing away the scorched remains of the Succubus with the blue wings growing from her back, the girl returned her sword to its pendant form and began walking like nothing had happened.

Mutsuki quickly followed. It was not even eight in the morning and they were on their way to school.

“Th-thanks, Ange. Like always.”

“It’s my job.”

Not only did she show no hint of joy at her victory, but she gave an indifferent response and put on a lopsided frown.

Mutsuki sighed as he caught up with her fairly fast pace.

She still seemed to be in a bad mood.

“Looks like the Succubi are attacking on their own, but were you okay, Mutsuki-kun?”

“Yeah, I’m fine.”

“Really? You aren’t hurt anywhere? Let me see, let me see.”

“I’m not hurt. ...And quit pulling off my clothes.”

It was before morning homeroom and Lucia was sitting on his lap again.

This happened every morning and it could be a bit of a problem, so Mutsuki looked back toward Ange in hope of some help.

She was resting her head on her hand and sullenly staring out the window.

Three days had passed since Machina had beaten her so soundly. Ever since, she had been apathetic to almost everything except her bodyguard job. She would not glare at him even when he was getting along with a demon like Lucia. The defeat must have really hurt her pride.

“Sorry about that. I want to do something about it, but demons generally only act out of their own self-interest. The Succubi have no intelligence and they only listen to what their master says.”

Lucia gave an exaggerated shrug while sitting on the edge of the desk.

Mutsuki did not know how much he could trust the demon boy, but this was how he explained it:

The demons other than him had been quiet for the past month because they feared Mutsuki’s angel bodyguard, but they were growing more and more restless and less and less able to resist interfering with Mutsuki. That had grown especially true in the past three days due to FeTUS’s actions. (Which according to Machina was the incident concerning Black Cat.)

The Succubi had been staying away before, but now they were attacking much more often. That was not much of a problem since Ange could slaughter them instantly, but this confirmed what Micha had said about

dangerous elements existing in both FeTUS and the demons. He trembled with his newfound awareness that he was a target.

But at the same time...

“Mutsuki-kun? Muutsuukii-kun.”

“Hm? Oh, sorry.”

He looked up as Lucia waved a hand in front of his face.

“Are you tired? ...Maybe it’s because of us demons.”

“N-no, I just zoned out for a second there. I’m not tired.”

In truth, one of the reasons for his mental weariness really was the sudden increase in demon attacks, but he shook his head to deny it.

The boy frowned in anguish, but his friendly smile returned when Mutsuki smiled. It was a lovely smile that made Mutsuki grin all the more.

Meanwhile...

“...”

“Oh, Ibekusa-san.”

As always, Ibekusa Machina arrived a few minutes before homeroom.

Three days had passed, but the Black Cat she had warned them about had yet to show up and Machina herself had not contacted them again since.

She had gone back to being a normal classmate. She was her usual quiet self.

“Good morning.”

“...Good morning.”

She had gone back to being a classmate who would coolly reply when he greeted her.

Once the teacher arrived, Lucia returned to his own seat.

With Serpent’s Eye Holder Fujita Mutsuki at the center, FeTUS Witches Ibekusa Machina sat to the left, High Level Demon Satowa Lucia sat to the back, and Strongest Modern Angel Jiyuuni Ange sat diagonally back.

It had been almost two weeks since that arrangement had been established.

All four were getting along just fine as members of the class. Ange could be irritable, but she was not a bad girl. Both Machina and Lucia had blended into the school nearly perfectly.

(At the very least, all of us are fine.)

Afterschool, Mutsuki sat alone in the empty classroom lit by the setting sun.

No one else was there. Sakae and his other friends had club activities and committee meetings, Machina had quickly left school, and Lucia had vanished at some point too.

Ange was at the pool. She was so bad at swimming that she was receiving a special afterschool lesson from the PE teacher and the swim team.

Mutsuki could not leave without her, so he had to kill some time at school.

His current situation naturally came to mind.

“...”

When he sorted through his thoughts, it was a simple matter.

He had the power of the Serpent’s Eye and both FeTUS and the demons were after it. Both groups were gradually taking more drastic measures.

Also, Lucia and Machina were opposed to those violent methods.

(Even Micha-san said I could get along with those two.)

He had reached the same conclusion over the past two weeks living surrounded by angels, a demon, and humans.

(It can be hard to tell what Lucia-kun is thinking at times, but I know I can with Ibekusa-san. After all...)

He was confident he could be friends with her.

(She told me about that Black Cat person.)

At that point...

“...?”

He heard the clear sound of a bell.

The tone passed pleasantly through his ears and cut off his thoughts.

“Wah!!”

“Fweh!? What, what!?”

He had thought he was alone, but someone was standing behind him and he nearly fell from his seat.

The other person also cried out in surprise and opened their eyes wide.

“...K-Kurikara-san? You really scared me.”

“No, you scared me. Why did you suddenly shout like that?”

His usually noisy classmate Kurikara Saya had appeared silently.

“What’s going on? You don’t often stick around afterschool.”

She was friends with everyone in the class and knew a lot about them all. She tilted her head as she asked her question. She also tilted her entire body, which was childish and cute.

“I’m waiting for Ange. This is the day for those who can’t swim to stay behind, remember?”

“Oh, yeah.”

A charming smile covered her face.

“That was really surprising. Ange-chan is so athletic, but she can’t seem to make any progress when it comes to swimming.”

“Ah ha ha. That’s right. You’re always sticking with her during swimming class, aren’t you? Sorry she’s so much trouble.”

“Think nothing of it.”

She sat on a nearby desk to continue their chat.

“What about you, Kurikara-san? Don’t you have to get to your club activities?”

“I’m about to. I was hungry after class, so I stopped by the school store and they had a whollllle bunch of discount pudding. I ended up eating too much. Eh heh heh.”

“Try not to eat so many snacks.”

“Mhh. Don’t say that.”

Mutsuki did not have many female friends because he was fairly shy at the core, but he could hold a conversation with Kurikara who got along with all of their classmates.

But now that he thought about it, this was his first time alone with her.

She had a plump feminine build and a smile that suited her bright personality.

In the reddish light of the setting sun, she looked somehow mature.

“Are you okay like this?”

“Eh?”

“Are you okay being away from Ange-chan?”

She almost seemed like another person entirely.

“...Okay? Why wouldn’t I be?”

“Well, the two of you are always together, so I thought maybe there was a reason why you couldn’t be apart.”

“...”

She was still smiling, but she stared directly at him with a somehow sharp look in her eyes.

There was indeed a reason why they could not be apart. Ange was his bodyguard, so she was normally with him at all times. However, no one else should have known about that.

“Not really. W-we’re relatives, so we just happen to be together a lot.”

He stumbled over his words a little. The class had found out he and Ange were living together, so they had explained it by saying they were relatives.

“Hmm,” she said while staring at him with a knowing look. “Relatives, you say?”

A somehow depthless giggle escaped her throat.

He usually got along with her better than any other girl in the school – even Ange – but for some reason he felt a chill run down his spine.

“By the way.”

It may have been the reddish sunlight, but her usual friendly expression had transformed into an oddly bewitching smile as she glanced over to the seat behind the boy.

“You get along well with Satowa-kun, don’t you?”

“Well, yes, I suppose I do.”

“Well enough that he would come for you if you called for him?”

“N-not that well.”

“I see, I see.”

She giggled again with a somehow probing look on her face. Only then did he realize that she no longer had the bright eyes of his classmate.

Her eyes were angled sharply upwards like those of a wild animal eyeing its prey.

The twilight of late spring entered the classroom.

As that setting sunlight washed over him, a warm sweat began pouring down his back.



“Hey, is anyone still in here?”

A sudden voice broke the thread of tension.

Katsue-sensei, their homeroom teacher, poked her head in from the hallway. She frowned suspiciously when she noticed a boy and a girl alone together.

“I’m about to lock up, so head on home.”

“Oh. Okayyy!”

In that instant, Saya returned to being her usual eternal optimist self. She turned around with a bright expression on her face and ran off.

“Bye, Fujita-kun. See you tomorrow ♪”

“S-see you.”

His strength left him and his chair creaked below him. The teacher was still looking his way, so he gathered his things to leave.

At that point, he heard the quiet sound of a bell once more.

Saya left the classroom without looking back.

Mutsuki could not remain in the school building. He had a feeling that being alone was a bad idea. That bad feeling led him to the pool so he could wait for Ange to finish up.

The swimming lesson was being led by volunteers from the swim team. Nearly thirty students from Megutono Academy’s elementary, middle, and high schools who had trouble swimming were doing their best with a kickboard in one hand.

Incidentally, anyone could choose to join in even if they did not have any real trouble with swimming.

“Ahhh! Mutsuki-kun♥”

As he peered in through the fence, Ange’s was not the first familiar face he spotted. Or rather, that he was spotted by.

“Lucia-kun.”

Mutsuki was surprised to have his name called so loudly and the demon boy in swim trunks immediately ran over like a puppy. He had no trouble with swimming. In fact, he had broken the school’s records for the crawl and the butterfly. He was apparently just having fun.

“What is it? Are you here to swim? ...Or did you come to see me? ♪”

He brought his face close to the fence. He had his usual bewitching attraction that affected both sexes equally, so he gathered gazes from the pool behind him. Mutsuki shook his head with a bitter smile as if embarrassed to be taking all of the boy’s friendliness for himself.

The pool was packed full of people, but he quickly found who he was looking for. He could see a drowning redhead in the practice course for the (mainly elementary school) students who could not swim 25m with a kickboard.

Lucia pouted his lips in displeasure.

“It’s gonna take a while still for that angel. Wait there. I’ll head out to meet you♥”

He could leave at any time since he was taking part voluntarily, so he ran toward the exit for this higher priority. He passed through the

disinfectant tub and the simple shower and then entered the locker room.

Mutsuki made his way to the locker room from the outside. He could not bear the looks of the people who were angry that Lucia had left.

Plus, there was something he wanted to discuss with the demon boy.

Megutono Academy's pool had surprisingly luxurious facilities. It had a normal pool and one with a shallow end of the elementary school, so that alone meant the surrounding facilities had to cost twice as much as well.

But the boys changed in the classroom for swimming classes, so one had to join the swim team to take advantage of it all.

These extra lessons were considered part of the swim team's activities, so the facilities had been opened for everyone.

Mutsuki entered the boy's locker room which was well drained and ventilated, so it barely smelled mildewy at all. No one else was there at the moment, so it was just him and Lucia.

"Pfahh~~"

Lucia happily let warm water wash over his face in the shower space.

There was an accordion curtain installed, but the boy did not bother closing it.

"..."

The boy in only swim trunks was surrounded by a thin layer of steam and Mutsuki's eyes were naturally drawn to the slight flushing of his white skin.

It may have been due to his youthful skin, but he had no real flesh from his small collarbone to his navel and yet he seemed somehow round.

He was skinny but not quite enough to see his ribs and his small butt stuck out below. His thighs had no fat on them either.

He had none of the feminine roundness of Micha or Machina, but his small body was somehow enchanting and tickled at the male psyche. The way he washed his blond hair was oddly sexual and Mutsuki's heart began to race as he watched it.

And...

"Eh heh heh♥"

"..."

The bewitching boy suddenly turned toward him with a melting look of happiness on his face.

It was a dangerously cute smile that seemed to stab into Mutsuki's heart. The expression could capture the heart of both boys and girls. Mutsuki saw it on a daily basis, but his heart still skipped a beat and he looked away.

"I'm glad ♪"

"Eh?"

"That you aren't afraid of me anymore. You used to be so on edge when I would get close, right? But now you act normal even when we're alone."

Mutsuki realized the boy was right. They had been classmates for two weeks now, but this was the first time they had been alone together. It felt like Lucia had made sure only to stick around him when Ange could see.

Was that not to scare him?

“...Um.”

Mutsuki raised his head and looked the boy directly in the eye.

He had been thinking about this for a month now.

His first impression of Lucia had been too frightening. Lucia was clearly the one who had dragged Mutsuki into his current abnormal life and he had heard a lot about how frightening the demons were from Micha and Ange.

But he had held a certain thought in his heart ever since seeing the boy's smile for the first time.

“I have a question.”

“Yeah?”

Was it possible this boy was the farthest of anyone from being his enemy?

“Demons...can't get along with angels, can they?”

He tried asking and Lucia must have been able to tell he was not joking.

“That's right.”

The demon boy continued smiling and did not hesitate to answer.

“The relationship between angels and demons isn’t simply divided between good and evil as humans like to interpret it, but our very existences are eternally at odds. There’s no way we can get along.”

“...Really? There isn’t even a slight possibility?”

“Nope.”

There was no hesitation at all in his voice.

This was unfortunate, but Mutsuki had honestly expected it. After all, Machina had told him pretty much the same thing.

“Then...what about you?”

“?”

“I’m asking your personal opinion, not your view as a demon. Can’t you get along with the angels...with Ange?”

He placed his hopes on that question and took a step forward.

Ibekusa Machina had said she would not oppose the angels on a personal level.

That was good enough for now, so he hoped he could get a similar promise here.

Lucia blinked his eyes from the other boy’s overwhelmingly earnest plea, but he seemed to have caught on. He swept back the bangs that were hanging down from the running shower water.

“Not a chance. I hate angels.”

He coldly turned the other way, so Mutsuki frowned.

“They’re violent and don’t have a lick of tact. They call themselves bodyguards, but that’s just an excuse to drive away whoever they don’t like. Isn’t that Ange angel nothing but trouble for you too, Mutsuki-kun?”

“Th-that isn’t-...”

“But.”

Ange was nearly family to Mutsuki and he just about jumped in to say she had her good side too, but the demon sidestepped him with a mischievous smile.

He grabbed Mutsuki’s blue striped tie and pulled to bring the boy’s face down toward him. Some shower droplets bounced from Lucia’s face and onto Mutsuki’s cheeks.

The demon boy who had captured the hearts of boys and girls throughout the school looked up at him with truly bewitching eyes.

“If you tell me to, I’ll stop.”

He whispered from lips so lovely that Mutsuki wanted to abandon reason and suck at them.

“I’ll do anything you tell me. Anything.”

“—”

The demon’s sweet whispering voice seemed to freeze his heart. He felt completely glued to the spot as if he had been paralyzed.

No. It was him himself that could not take his eyes off of Lucia.

The demon boy brought a finger to the boy’s unguarded lips.

“Give me any command and I’ll obey. It’s all up to you.”

He brought his face close while tracing his finger around the boy’s lips.

“Ever since I was bound by Avalon, I have been your eternal slave.”

His lips were two millimeters away, but he stopped and narrowed his eyes in a smile.

“Uuh...”

Mutsuki trembled as he felt the same sweet breath of another boy he had felt when his first kiss had been stolen.

He could not help but recall how soft that fruit was.

That boy’s aura transformed any disgust toward homosexuality into mere guilt. He had a strange charm similar to Micha’s. It was forceful and yet it made Mutsuki do whatever he was told.

Indeed, Mutsuki felt no displeasure from facing the boy so close.

“Then...”

The eyes peering into his from point-blank range had endlessly deep green irises that seemed to suck him in.

“Get along with everyone.”

“Okay♥”

Lucia readily nodded and Mutsuki recalled what the boy had said that morning: demons generally only act out of their own self-interest.

“Oh, b-but...not like this.”

However, he lowered his head as far as his tie would allow.

“This isn’t about you being a slave or me ordering you. We’re, um, all the same. I just want you to, um, uh...”

“?”

Lucia’s quizzical tilt of the head was incredibly cute. Mutsuki had started speaking before organizing his thoughts, so it came out awkwardly.

“...b-be everyone’s friend.”

But he still got it out without averting his gaze.

Lucia widened his eyes and looked a little confused. He lowered his head as if trying to figure out what to do.

Once he looked up again, his bewitching smile had been replaced by a childish one.

“...Eh heh heh ♪”

“Fwah!”

The boy tugged on Mutsuki’s tie. They had already been close, so he was easily pulled forward and dragged into the shower space while still wearing his uniform. Lucia wrapped his hands around Mutsuki’s back and placed his small forehead on Mutsuki’s collarbone.

The demon boy rubbed his cheek against his friend’s chest like a baby and gently stretched his back to bring his lips to the side of Mutsuki’s face.

“I love that about you.”

“Eh? U-um...”

“Hey.”

The whisper tickled Mutsuki’s earlobe, but he was not allowed to escape.

“If we’re all the same...♥”

Closing the accordion curtain’s magnetic latch and wrapping up the rope used as a handle created a simple private area within.

Mutsuki just accepted that his clothes were going to get wet and sat on the shower floor. Lucia sat on his lap such that Mutsuki embraced the demon boy’s slender body from behind.

“Um, are we really doing this?”

“Of. Course. Or what? Are you not going to treat me the same as that angel?”

When the demon put it like that, he had no choice but to go along with it.

“If we’re the same, then do to me what you did to her♥ ...Or will you go even further and do what you did with Ibekusa Machina?”

“~~”

Mutsuki had nothing to say when the boy used his own words against him.

That was a reference to the day he had first had sex with Machina two weeks before. He had also ended up in a heavy petting session with Ange. He had stripped her nearly naked and caressed her breasts and butt until she pissed herself.

He had no idea how Lucia knew about that, but the demon was telling him to do the same here.

He could not say no. He decided this was better than treating him “the same” as with Machina, so he began caressing his body which was even smaller than Ange’s.

“Nn...Ha ha♥”

The hands on the boy’s belly slowly began to move and Lucia narrowed his eyes ticklishly.

“Your hands...are so warm. And so wonderfully gentle.”

Lucia acted like a spoiled little brother wanting attention from his big brother. Or like a teenage girl receiving an embrace from her crush. His innocent expression seemed to melt.

(Wow...)

Mutsuki felt his heart pounding at this expression he would never see from mature Machina or dignified Ange.

He could hardly believe this was a boy. In fact, it was so cute the distinction between sexes stopped mattering to him. Even a normal person like Mutsuki felt a strange arousal from caressing this body.

(This body is so delicate. It’s a little bony...but also squishy.)

He was easily captured by a dangerously enticing homosexual attraction and his hands moved from the boy's belly to his chest, armpits, and thighs.

"Ah...ahh."

His smooth skin was still wet from the shower, so it was amusingly slippery.

His height was similar to Ange's and they were similarly slender, but the feel of his skin was quite different. Ange had the springy skin of a Caucasian while Lucia had the more elastic skin found in the black and Asian races.

His body was slender but not quite enough to see his bones and Mutsuki found himself gathering strength in his hands at how raw it felt.

"Ahn!"

His fingers dug into the soft chest that lacked the fat of a girl's.

"S-sorry. Did that hurt?"

"No, I'm fine."

Mutsuki panicked when Lucia wrinkled his brow, but...

"If you're the one doing it...then I like being hurt."

Lucia looked back over his shoulder and laughed with a bittersweet, indulgent smile.

Even his behavior was cute. The boy was a genius at working his way into people's hearts in everything he did.

Mutsuki did not know if it came naturally or if it was all carefully calculated, but either way...

(I need to be gentler.)

Mutsuki had already fallen for his tricks.

He gently traced a line from the boy's slender shoulders to his chest that almost seemed to be budding ever so slightly, to the smooth indentation leading to his navel, and to his lower stomach.

"Hyah... M-Mutsuki-kun? The way you're touching me...it's..."

"You don't like it?"

"It isn't that. I-it tickles."

Mutsuki switched from a light, stroking touch to something closer to a massage. Heat filled his caress. Not only did he increase his strength, he traced a finger down the demon boy's side, starting from the armpit, and rubbed his palms up and down while just barely touching him.

"Nn... Nnh... Ahhn."

After priming the boy's nerves, he unexpectedly grabbed the flesh of his chest.

He had learned this massage technique from Micha. His surprisingly skillful finger technique caused Lucia to blush all the way out the ears.

(Satowa Lucia-kun. ...He really is a boy.)

Mutsuki reviewed the situation here. Even if he looked almost exactly like a girl, the person writhing in his hands was definitely a boy.

But Mutsuki no longer even viewed that as a taboo.

(I want to see him in even more pleasure.)

“Hyahahn.”

He plucked out the small beads somewhat buried in Lucia’s areola.

He skillfully used his thumbs to roll around those stiff and raised points. Lucia must have been extremely sensitive because his sparkling white shoulders jerked to either side.

(What in the world am I doing? This is a boy.)

A part of him did think that, but...

“Nhah... Y-yes... Fwah ha...♥ You’re...so good at this...”

“R-right.”

The rational part of his mind could not withstand those sweet moans that seemed to pour honey directly into his brain. Even though Mutsuki was the one doing this, the demon boy may have truly been the one in control.

With each caress, he felt like more impure energy was invading his mind.

“Ah.”

At some point the object that had grown hard in his pants touched Lucia’s butt through both the pants and swimsuit.

Mutsuki quickly pulled his hips back, but...

“Heh heh ♪”

Lucia laughed quietly and stuck his butt out as much as Mutsuki had pulled away.

Without actually pressing down on it, he traced his butt in a figure 8 over the fabric of the pants. The sensual roundness beyond the swimsuit moved provocatively up and down the surface of Mutsuki's erection.

"..."

Completely at the demon boy's mercy, Mutsuki pressed against his butt just as he was being invited to do.

(Ahhhh.... It's so soft. More...more...)

He was briefly entranced by the demon boy's flesh that seemed to envelop his protruding rod when he pressed against it.

He lost himself in thrusting his hips like an elementary school boy that had just discovered how good toying with his erection felt. The fact that this was another boy no longer bothered him. In fact, Lucia had less flesh than a girl, which supplied more pressure and thus more pleasure.

"Nnah... W-wow. Mutsuki-kun, you're so big...and throbbing...ahn."

Lucia could feel his beloved boy's breaths on his shoulder and the tempo of his own breathing grew as Mutsuki's breaths grew more animalistic.

"Am I...making you feel good...?♥"

His eyebrows drooped from uncontained glee and he turned to face the boy right next to him.

Their gazes met.

"...Nh."

As if it were perfectly natural, their lips met.

All of Mutsuki's previous homosexual kisses had been "stolen", but this one was "accepted".

"Nhah, ahhn. Mutsuki-kun, Mutsuki-kuuun...♥"

All of his guilty thoughts were sent into Lucia's mouth and erased by the demon boy's intoxicated and nasal voice. Mutsuki grew dizzy from the perverse pleasure and deepened their kiss as Lucia wanted.

He extended his tongue and stuck it inside a mouth that felt like melting chocolate.

The demon boy's mouth had plenty of saliva and had a horribly lewd flavor. Mutsuki lost himself in it and almost seemed to be devouring the boy's mouth.

Then Lucia stuck out his own tongue.

"Mfh...khn."

Mutsuki could not help but let out a voice.

The joint of Lucia's jaw was soft and he could extend his tongue quite a ways. The saliva-covered tongue moved skillfully in every direction. The boy was simply a good kisser.

His saliva had the seductive aroma of an aphrodisiac and his rough tongue applied it directly to Mutsuki's taste buds.

(I-I think I'm a lost cause...)

After experiencing this pleasure, Mutsuki felt he really would turn gay. He would be unable to love anyone but this boy named Lucia. The kiss was filled with that danger.

He knew he should not be doing this and that he needed to stop, but his tongue actively wrapped itself around the boy's. An obscene wet sound escaped from within their bodies.

But one thing preserved the last thread of rational thought in his mind.

"Nmh...Hh, kph, nkh..."

Partway through, Lucia let out a sweet nasal voice as if to say he had been worn down.

While enjoying the kiss, the demon boy's face had grown flushed.

(Oh... That's right.)

Mutsuki was not the only one growing aroused from the kiss.

Once he realized that obvious fact, he brought his fingers to the boy's small nipples.

"Hyan...! Hyah, M-Mutsuki...-kun. That's...that's amazing!"

The adorable pink at the very front of his smoothly swollen chest was entirely engorged. The protrusions at the center were twice their original size.

Now that they were easier to toy with, Mutsuki traced his fingers in a round curve and pinched the pleasantly elastic areolae.

"Ee...kh. Khyah. I...I can't..."

As Mutsuki stroked and rubbed the obscene protrusions, Lucia's moans rose an octave.

His arousal seemed to have crossed a line. He rubbed his twitching thighs together impatiently, ended the kiss, and arched his spine back.

“Hkee...ee...ee...”

His blond hair struck his face and the strong scent of a boy’s sweat scattered.

“Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeen!”

An immodest scream echoed through the shower space and the locker room as a whole.

Mutsuki looked up in shock and immediately removed his hands from the boy’s sexual protrusions. Lucia’s back remained motionlessly stiff for a while and then all strength left him.

“Nhah...♥ Pant...♥ Pant...♥”

He let out breaths of ecstasy and leaned his entire weight on Mutsuki.

His consciousness seemed to leave him for a few minutes and, all the while, he could only manage the primitive twitching movements of a slug when it was touched.

Once he finally returned from his state of ecstasy, he gave an embarrassed-sounding laugh.

“Eh heh heh. ...Honestly, you’re too rough♥”

“Eh? Um... Sorry.”

“Just my chest was enough to make me cum like a girl.”

Lucia twisted his hips to check on the contents of his swimsuit and then looked up at Mutsuki half in delight and half in embarrassment.

Mutsuki was unfamiliar with the concept of “cumming like a girl” aka a dry orgasm, so he was a little confused.

However, when Lucia brought his lips in close again, he felt perfectly comfortable licking at them.

“Nhah... ♪ What a strong smell. It’s almost enough to make me cum♥”

After getting wet in the shower, the moisture had vaporized and filled Mutsuki’s pants with a horribly damp smell.

Lucia happily brought his face in close to the object rising toward the ceiling which he had removed from Mutsuki’s boxers.

(M-maybe we shouldn’t be doing this between guys.)

In a way, this was a bigger deal than losing his virginity. Now that he calmed down a little, he began to have doubts, but he could not stop Lucia once the demon boy grabbed the erect object with his springy hands.

(But...we did do this once before.)

Even if it had been against his will, he had been milked by Lucia’s lips once already.

(And it is Lucia-kun.)

That thought erased all sense of the taboo.

“Ahh... I love you, Mutsuki-kun♥”

With that sweet whisper, Lucia wrapped his saliva-covered tongue around the “gun barrel”.

Mutsuki was at the boy's mercy. He only leaned back against the wall, stretched his legs, and let out a short groan as he indulged in the small round face of another boy.

Lucia relaxed his cheeks in delight, rubbed the base of the shaft a few times, and finally widened his flexible jaw to swallow the head.

"Nkh...ahhn."

He was the one who cried out in delight when he gave a love bite to the hot shaft.

He noisily sucked at the crown and traced his soft tongue along the bottom of the swollen head. Plenty of saliva dripped down.

He held the base in his fingers and looked up with the gaze of an obedient dog.

"Your dick is delicious, Mutsuki-kun... Eh heh. Ever since I sucked it that first time, I've been thinking back on it and masturbating. But, but..."

He sniffed at the sweaty sexual scent of a young boy.

"Mutsuki-kun... Does my mouth feel good?"

"...Yes."

When Mutsuki saw the indulgent look in the boy's eyes, he did not hesitate to nod.

This was not flattery. He felt bad making the comparison, but this boy seemed more skilled than Machina or even Micha.

(He takes it in to the base...and completely envelops it. ...Ah, ah, his tongue is hitting all my weak points...)

Perhaps because he too was a boy, Lucia knew all of Mutsuki's weak points. Simply being enveloped by the boy's incredibly soft mouth was almost enough to reach climax. Lucia's tongue crawled stickily across the sensitive groove at the bottom of the head and his soft lips endlessly stroked up and down the engorged shaft.

"Eh heh heh. I'm glad. If you're ever feeling horny, you can use me. My mouth is yours alone."

Mutsuki had said he only had to be a friend, but Lucia smiled with the masochistic look of a slave in his eyes as he lovingly caressed each bulging vein.

Simply taking the penis into his mouth had clearly obscenely reignited his body. As he took the head deep into his narrow throat, his small butt lifted from the floor and wiggled back and forth.

"Nn, Lucia-kun. Wait."

"Fweh? ...Ahn."

Mutsuki had been further seduced by the boy's apparent attempt to remove his swimsuit without using his hands.

Mutsuki reached for the slender butt contained in the elastic black material.

"Ahh...ahn♥ Ah, nn, M-Mutsuki-kun. ...Ahhh, no...not the butt..."

As the soft, elastic butt tried to escape his hand and he tried to capture it, his touch grew more indecent than intended. The intoxicated tone in Lucia's voice grew further.

His fingers naturally moved to the center of the boy's round flesh. He was drawn by that deep indentation. He felt no disgust for that place after trying it with Micha and Machina already. He could feel the heat of the valley through the thin swimsuit.

"Nkh...nfhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhn."

At just a light touch to the wrinkled indentation, Lucia tensed his hips, spat out the erection, and let out a cry.

"Pwah...No, noooooooooo... Not...not the butt!"

With tears and drool covering his face, his cheek bumped into the flesh pillar covered in plenty of saliva.

"Oh? You're weak there?"

"Y-yes... So...don't touch me too much..."

However...

"Nooooooooo! You meanieeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!"

When Mutsuki pushed his finger in to the first joint, the boy's back tensed as much as during his previous orgasm. He bent back violently enough for even his flat chest to jiggle a little.

"Ah, ah, nooooo. My butt, my butt...♥ Don't...don't touch it like that...don't rub it... Hyah, not the edge. Not the eeeedge♥"

He was indeed quite sensitive there. As he cried out, his usual confidence had entirely vanished.

The tip of Mutsuki's middle finger seemed to have turned him into a small child. Delighted to have revealed this rare side of the boy, Mutsuki wiggled his finger even more. He tugged on the flesh on either side,

pulled at the tensed wrinkles, and sent his finger inside through the swimsuit.

“No, no. Not the butt! Just thinking about you is enough to make it melt...and turn into a pussy just for you!”

“Good. If you’re weak there, then I’ll make sure you feel even better.”

“Nooo. You have to be next. You have to cum next. I need to make you feel good too.”

Having his anus fingered had brought the demon boy to tears, but he still managed to bring the flesh rod back into his mouth.

“Ahhh...”

Like a young child who did not know how to use a straw, his cheeks sucked in as he sucked at the urethra and moved his entire head back and forth to stroke the shaft with his lips.

Before, he had seemed to be enjoying the act of service, but now his blowjob was entirely meant to draw out Mutsuki’s cum. Mutsuki had yet to climax and he felt something like a chill in his balls.

“I think...I’m about to cum. Lucia-kun...ah!”

“Ee! Fwahn... Not so roughhhhhh!”

Mutsuki’s finger tensed and drove deep inside Lucia’s anus.

The shock was enough for Lucia’s hips to writhe in every direction with his dark navy swim trunks still on. He seemed to be searching for any kind of stimulation for the “front” that had yet to be touched.

“Ahhh, dig in♥ More, more, Mutsuki-kuuun! Dig into my ass! Stir me all up insiiiiiiide♥♥♥”

The pleasure from his anus must have begun another “girl’s climax” because his slender body twisted obscenely with his nipples fully erect.

“Nyaaaah! I love...I love it in the butt. I love being teased in the butt♥”

“Lucia-kun... I’m about to cum too...”

“Nhaaah♥ Ahh, yes, yes♥ Cum...cum a whole bunch♥ In my mouth! Spray all your sex milk in my mouth♥”

What sex he was no longer mattered. In fact, this carnal homosexual love wrapped Mutsuki’s lower body in a tingling guilty pleasure that he could easily grow addicted to.

“Ah, ah...! I’m cumming!”

A fiery ball of pleasure raced up his urethra and he could not help but thrust his hips forward.

The tip of the massive flesh entered Lucia’s throat. The demon boy briefly moaned in agony but then gave a happy snort. Since Mutsuki was doing it, even pain was transformed into pleasure.

“...Ah!”

As Mutsuki felt Lucia’s springy butt squeezing down on his finger, a tremendous torrent of fluids poured into the boy’s mouth as he gasped for breath.



“Nkh...hh...hnhhhh...♥♥♥”

The quantity, smell, and stickiness of the fluid were just about enough to make the demon boy choke as it was sprayed into his throat, but that finally brought him to a boy's orgasm.

His slender hips twitched bewitchingly. A small bulge in his swimsuit pulsed and finally a milky liquid dripped down his thighs.

“Pant, pant, pant...”

As the repeating waves of pleasure washed over him and his breaths seemed heated even inside the stuffy shower stall, Mutsuki looked down with empty eyes.

He saw a boy keeping the corners of his mouth shut in a desperate attempt to avoid spilling any of the milky fluid being released deep in his throat.

When he saw that, Mutsuki realized he had done something awful.

However, he felt no regret for the abnormal homosexual act itself.

“Nfhh~♥ It felt so good I thought I was going to die~”

“Y-yeah. ...But we might have been a little loud.”

“Hahh... I think I've fallen for you even more, Mutsuki-kun. You have a surprisingly S side to you. I'm a bit of an M myself, but I think you just made me a full-blown masochist ♪”

“And I'm sorry. I got carried away. ...Also, not so loud.”

Lucia seemed to have gone completely limp, so Mutsuki supported him while worried about the noise outside of the shower stall.

The swimming lessons had apparently ended, so quite a few people had entered the locker room. They had shut the accordion curtain, but it was still only a curtain. The sound would have easily escaped. And Mutsuki had no idea what misunderstandings people would make about two guys in the same shower. Not that they would be misunderstandings in this case.

They stayed entirely still until everyone had left.

They enjoyed the afterglow while also enjoying their time together in the enclosed space. Lucia leaned against Mutsuki with his cheeks entirely relaxed.

“ ... ”

As for Mutsuki...

(I did it...with a guy...)

That bothered him a little. It bothered him even more that it had been far from an unpleasant experience.

He also recalled what Micha had said.

“Gather heaven, earth, and hell, and you will have everything.”

Yes.

Everything in the world was gathered in a single school...in a single classroom.

And with Fujita Mutsuki at the center.

(In that case...)

(This is my job.)

Chapter 4: Tactics x Strategy

“Are you insane!?”

“Not at all.”

As expected, Ange was mad, but Mutsuki did not care. He focused on his work.

“You...! Hey, Micha! You talk some sense into him!”

“Hmm, is it really that big a deal? Mutsuki-kun has made up his mind. As guardian angels, it’s our job to fulfill our bodyguard duties while also respecting his decisions as much as we can.”

“Gh...”

“Or, Ange, are you not confident you can protect him?”

“O-of course I am!”

Micha was good. Her thorough knowledge of Ange’s personality let her completely cut off any argument.

Mutsuki returned to cleaning up the house he had been living in for two weeks now.

And he was doing so in order to leave it.

“Just to be clear, I intend to keep this place on hand as an emergency hideout, so we’ll only take the important stuff with us. We can just buy all the daily necessities again.”

“Okay.”

“Eh heh heh heh heh. And that means I’ve gotta buy a whollllllle bunch more beer tomorrow♥”

“Do you really have to fill the entire fridge with alcohol this time?”

“Of course I have to.”

Micha puffed her chest out proudly and returned to her alcohol as the boy continued cleaning as usual.

It seemed the drinks were the only thing she was interested in taking with her. She showed no sign of touching anything else in the house.

As she had said, they planned to return here if they ever had to. They were leaving the power and water services active and the large furniture was staying. Not all that much preparation was needed because not even Mutsuki had all that many belongings.

However, that did not mean he could make the move entirely empty-handed. He was cleaning up the messy kitchen and sorting through some of the smaller items.

“Um, we can take this...and this...”

He was packing some kitchen items and other miscellaneous items in a cardboard box to carry with him. Then came his personal belongings. For him, that meant his clothes, laptop, school supplies, and...

“What’s this?”

“Ah, wait. Be careful with that.”

Ange snatched up an object wrapped in bubble wrap in the corner of his cardboard box.

She ignored the boy’s protests and unwrapped it. She knew little of the human world, but even she recognized the humanoid shape made from angular pieces of plastic.

“Is this what they call a plamodel?”

“Yes. Ah, ah! I said to be careful with it... Honestly.”

He somehow managed to get it back.

“Come to think of it, you had some of those displayed in your room.”

“Yeah. I like them.”

“...”

“What’s wrong with that!? Giant robots are the romance of men!”

Ange’s reactions were usually a little off, but the cold look in her eyes here was just like a normal girl. Mutsuki escaped that look and returned the model to the box.

“Are you all packed up?” he asked her.

“I am. ...And you were the one that said we’re moving, so you carry my things.”

She still seemed displeased, so she pouted her lips and shoved her own box into his arms. It had seemed light when she held it, but it was surprisingly heavy. He nearly fell forward when he took it.

He glanced inside and mostly found clothes and school supplies just like him, but...

"...Heh heh."

He laughed quietly at the fact that she really was the same as him.

He could see the face of the Lazy Bear body pillow he had given her as a present a while back.

"Fujita Mutsuki is returning to his previous home?"

"Yes. Miss E just contacted us with that information."

A giant white rabbit sat in a large dark space.

An equally giant pocket watch hung from its neck by a leather strap and FeTUS Witches Miss A sat in a corner of that watch that was untouched by the seconds hand.

"Would his previous home be the that apartment that they abandoned because it was destroyed in that Springloaded attack and because both Miss E and that demon named Lucia had discovered its location?"

"Yes."

Her eyes widened at the report from the gently smiling maid.

As the leader of FeTUS, a secret organization that mastered all of mankind's knowledge, she generally acted with the utmost dignity, but at the moment, she looked just like a confused five-year-old girl.

It took her ten whole seconds to regain her aged composure.

“I see. That was clever.”

She laughed quietly in her throat.

“With the three groups in a three-way deadlock, the angels protecting him are under a heavy burden. But by actually placing himself in an environment easily targeted by both us and the demons, he has created a situation where no one can lay a finger on him. He is a surprisingly calculating boy.”

“It seems he simply wishes to get along with those two.”

“Even if so, I am impressed he can take such bold action. If he had been born two hundred years earlier, he might have become a revolutionary.”

She closed her eyes in an expression filled with far too much hidden meaning and mixed emotion to be called a smile.

She also hid her twisted mouth behind her small fingers.

“Where is Black Cat?”

“She seems to have given up on approaching the Mutsuki boy inside the school because Miss E and the demon are there. However, we have confirmed that she has prepared a few Springloaded semiconductors, so she is undoubtedly planning to attack the boy. It would be fairly dangerous if she were to encounter him in his private life when only the angels are nearby.”

“I see... What a troublesome kitten.”

“One other thing.”

As Miss A shrugged, the maid straightened her back and raised a finger.

The effect was amplified by facing Miss A who was only 120 cm tall, but the maid was incredibly tall. She was easily over 180 cm, so even when she put on a soft smile...

“When the boy contacted Miss E, he used the phone number he gave to the school...in other words, a standard line. Even if the cellphone he used was prepared by the angels and cannot be traced, the conversation itself is almost guaranteed to have been intercepted. Miss C will know that he is moving.”

“Does she know where the apartment is?”

“No.”

Her voice had an odd intensity to it.

“But if she knows what store they will choose when buying supplies after their move, she will have an opportunity to lay a trap for them.”

Chapter 5: The One Who Attacks from Behind

“I’m going to ask you one more time.”

“What?”

“Are you insane!?”

“I already said no.”

They stepped off the bus.

The giant shopping mall SeeDWalk was located alongside the town’s biggest road. It was also a one minute walk from a bus stop, which one was one reason Mutsuki and the others often used it.

He and Ange entered that busy mall again today.

It was a sunny Saturday, making it perfect for shopping.

“I can only conclude you’re an idiot to go out of your way to live somewhere the enemy knows about. You’re putting yourself in danger, you know?”

“Sorry. I know it’s more work for you. But...”

He could not think of Ibekusa or Lucia as enemies.

He knew saying that would only anger her, so he dodged the issue.

“W-well, anyway, I’ve already made up my mind.”

“...If you’re that insistent, I guess I have to go along with it.”

“Let’s try to enjoy the move for now. You don’t hate shopping, right?”

“Hmph.”

“I’ll pour my heart and soul into dinner tonight. I’ll make us a feast.”

“...Please don’t. At least don’t act so excited about it.”

“?”

Her second sentence was muttered too quietly to hear, so he was left tilting his head.

“Hey, over here, over here!”

They met up with Micha in the motorcycle parking area.

All three of them were moving, so they were of course all going shopping. Mutsuki and Ange had taken the bus while Micha had taken her big motorcycle. The Latin beauty's outfit left her navel and cleavage fully exposed as she operated a motorcycle two sizes larger than all the others. She stood out in a variety of ways, so finding her had been easy.

"Okay, let's get going."

She took the lead without showing any concern for the gazes of the passersby.

Mutsuki followed, and...

"♪"

Despite seeming displeased, Ange's expression relaxed and she followed in the rear.

SeeDWalk was the largest shopping mall in the area.

Its grounds covered 1.8x3 kilometers, it had over 100 establishments that ranged from clothing stores to restaurants, and it brought in plenty of guests from other prefectures on the weekend.

"This place is as busy as ever. Why do humans gather in places like this?"

"The main reason is how convenient it is, but I'll admit there might be some group psychology at work making us want to go somewhere so lively."

"...Heh heh ♪"

She still had a twisted view of things, but a smile still reached the girl's face in the crowd.

Ange liked this mall. It was filled with too many stores to remember and countless people walked here and there. She seemed to enjoy it as much as the excitement in a multi-day festival. It was incredibly cute how her uncontained cheer found its way to her face.

“Where should we go?”

“We need to check out the electrical appliances first. While we can skip on a TV, a vacuum cleaner and washing machine are a must living with you, Micha-san. And we can have those delivered, so we won’t have to carry anything around with us.”

“Okay. ...Neh heh heh♥ Looks like I can finally go nuts again.”

Micha grinned and waved around a black credit card she pulled from somewhere. She had previously shown off that card which could produce as much money as necessary.

“...”

A warm sensation came over Mutsuki as he viewed his two excited roommates from behind.

He had already been away from his family for a month and it was thanks to living with those two that he could confidently say he was enjoying himself.

If Ange could always smile like she was now, he would have no complaints.

“Attention, shoppers.”

An announcement played from a nearby speaker.

“A taste-testing event for regional beers from all over the country is being held in the basement specialty section. Please feel free to take part.”

Micha completely ignored the next statement (“If you will be driving home, please refrain from attending the event.”) and turned toward the other two. Her red eyes were opened so wide it scared Mutsuki.

His month living with her told him it was no use telling her she had come on her motorcycle, so he raised three fingers.

“You will be going home on the bus with us. Do not ask for any more than they provide at the event. Only buy as much as will fit in the fridge.”

“Got it!”

She ran off in no time.

“~ ♪ ~ ♪ Hm? Where’d Micha go?”

Ange had been so entranced by the dondurma being mixed at a nearby ice cream shop that she had missed the exchange, so she was left tilting her head.

Mutsuki killed some time with the girl who held a five-scoop ice cream cone in both hands.

A mall was useful for times like this. SeeDWalk’s third floor was the amusement floor. With books, CDs, miscellany, and a movie theatre, there was a lot they could enjoy just by window shopping.

“I want to go the arcade.”

“The arcade?”

“Yeah. That’s what you call the place with all the games, right?”

She did not know much about the human world, so she apparently wanted to show off the words she had learned. She nearly dropped her ice cream when she stuck her chest out in pride.

After thinking about it for a moment, Mutsuki decided that was a decent idea.

They had been forced to wait for Micha in this mall once before and the two of them had killed time at the mall’s arcade which was known as Game Master City.

He had made her mad at the end, but they had enjoyed themselves up until then. He was confident he would not make that same mistake this time. They rode the escalator up and made their way to that corner of the third floor.

Even as large as SeeDWalk was, Game Master City took up a third of its third floor. It was the largest amusement park in the prefecture.

It included standard boxy arcade games, token games, crane games, ping-pong, billiards, karaoke, bowling, and a manga café. Part of the roof was used for tennis, basketball, volleyball, futsal, a golf driving range, and a batting center. One could even enjoy archery in the massive entertainment center.

“It’s pretty busy today.”

“It was a weekday last time we came. It’s always like this on Saturdays.”

“What’s that weird creature? A monster? Should I defeat it?”

“That’s a character suit. They’re just handing out balloons, so leave them alone.”

“Hmm... A character suit, huh? The human world is full of strange creatures.”

The ice cream would have gotten in the way, so they waited for her to finish before going inside.

The inside was full of people. The area near the entrance contained the prize games popular with more casual players, so there were a lot of couples and parents with their children.

“...”

Suddenly...

(I wonder what we look like to the other people around here.)

It started bothering him and his face grew warm.

(Ange may be short, but surely we don’t look like father and daughter. Brother and sister maybe? No...)

“Mutsuki?”

“Hawah!? W-what?”

He thought his heart would leap from his throat when she suddenly turned around. She was shorter than him, so hanging his head had made him look directly into her raised eyes.

“Why are you zoning out? ...So where is it?”

Luckily, the flashing lights of the games hid the red on his face and he smiled bitterly at the girl looking up at him with her usual lopsided frown.

“Sorry, I wasn’t listening. What is ‘it’?”

“You know what I mean. That motorcycle one we played last time.”

“Motorcycle one? ...Oh.”

He remembered. When they had come here before, they had played a motorcycle racing game at the very end. He was pretty good at the game and she was a complete novice, so he had beaten her very badly which had angered her.

“Show me where it is. You caught me off guard last time, but I don’t think I’ll lose this time.”

Ange crossed her arms and leaned her short body backwards.

It made her look cute rather than arrogant, so the boy smiled bitterly, nodded, and pointed to the line of racing games with his eyes.

“Okay! Let’s do this!”

“Wah, wah! Wait, Ange!”

She was so eager to play that she grabbed his sleeve and began walking quickly toward the game.

Mutsuki followed while nearly tripping as she tugged on him.

Having a girl drag him around by the arm was quite embarrassing. He tried to break free, but this was the most powerful angel. There was no way he could match her strength.

He started looking around, afraid someone was watching.

A complete stranger would not be too bad, but the problem was someone he knew.

After all, they had run into a classmate their last time here.

The light sound of a bell reached their ears even through the background noise of the park.

“I thought maybe I was being too hasty, but you actually showed up.”

Mutsuki stopped on reflex and looked back.

Ange noticed the added weight to the object she was dragging behind her, but they did not have time to grasp the situation.

“Kyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhh!!”

“!?”

The excited and cheerful background noise had been far from uniform, but the tone of all those voices changed at once.

They grew to screams.

The reason was obvious even from where Mutsuki and Ange were. One of the nearby crane games had begun to transform.

The exterior decorated with neon and colored tape began to bend and the scrap-like inner parts were shown off. After that, the transformation took an unexpected turn. The hanging crane became an arm, the neon lights became eyes, and it overall took on a humanoid shape.

It was essentially a supernatural phenomenon, so anyone would scream if they saw it. Mutsuki did not, but that was simply because he had seen it a few times already.

He had met things like this several times before.

They were the contraptions controlled by the humans of FeTUS. FeTUS Witches Miss E, aka Ibekusa Machina, had said they were tools loaded with a “spring” to power them.

“...”

Ange faced him and pointed to the machine person.

“...Character suit?”

“No! It’s a Springloaded!”

The crane was not the only one. A total of eight Springloaded rushed toward Mutsuki while sweeping aside the surrounding arcade equipment.

There was a fighting game, a shooter game, a horse-riding game, a roulette wheel, a token exchange machine, a bowling lane panel, and lastly one carrying twelve archery bows that fell from a hole in the ceiling.

“~~~ Outta the way! Mutsuki!”

The closest one, the crane game, reached its giant arm toward Mutsuki. Once Ange noticed the enemy attack, she rushed forward.

She pulled out Prominence and made a full swing toward the machine as it extended its arm. She hit the enemy, but it took a back step to reduce the force of the slash. It was knocked backwards but not sliced in two.

“Ah... A-Ange...”

He had known he was a target, but his legs were still about to give out because he had not expected for his life to be put in danger on such short notice.

His guardian angel stood in front of him and faced the eight Springloaded.

“Springloaded... Kh! I can't believe they would attack in a crowd like this.”

Mutsuki checked their surroundings. Fortunately, the other guests seemed to be fleeing in panic.

(Th-this is weird. It's not like normal.)

Mutsuki wrinkled his brow and looked to the eight machines that were undoubtedly targeting him.

He had run across Springloaded a few times before, but something about this did not seem right. All of the previous ones had made absolutely certain to avoid any damage to its surroundings. They had never made an attack that could hurt someone else like this.

“This is too forceful.Ah.”

Mutsuki and Ange exchanged a glance.

Ibekusa Machina had warned them about a dangerous FeTUS member who would use any means necessary and did not care about secondary damage.

“Heh heh heh.”

Another light ring of a bell sounded clearly through the screams and commotion.

A woman stood among the fleeing guests. They spotted her as soon as they started looking. Everyone else was panicked, but she alone had an icy smile on her lips and stood with her back perfectly straight and her hands clasped behind her.

“...Black Cat?”

“I’m honored you know my name.”

A solid, chilly aura surrounded the woman, like she was a steel sculpture.

When a trained soldier stood tall, it could coldly strain the surrounding atmosphere. This may have been the perfected form of that. Like a thread drawn taut, she perfectly maintained her upright stance with the solidity of metal. Her eyes had a cleverness to them that showed no emotion in a different way than Machina’s. She wore a skintight suit that covered her from neck to wrists, but its black color may have assisted the steel-like impression.

However, she was not a Springloaded. She was undoubtedly human. The slight opening at her chest revealed soft curves and the thighs exposed between her flared skirt and long boots contained feminine fat. Her knee-length hair was braided and it swayed behind her like a tail.

The lines of her cheeks were round and she had a somewhat childish face that stood at odds with her aura. She also wore a strangely fancy black helmet with cat ears attached.

Sharp glasses accentuated large feline eyes with raised corners.

Vertical pupils ran down the deep golden irises.

“Jiyuuni Ange. I had heard you have great power even for an angel, but...”

She spoke in a low voice that was enunciated as clearly as a bell.

“Battle preparations complete...positive.”

“Target of attack...Jiyuuni Ange...positive.”

Out of the eight Springloaded, the fighting game rushed forward.

This was what had seemed off to Mutsuki. All of the previous Springloaded had been tasked with “capturing” their target. These ones were here to “battle” and “attack”.

Just as it got close, it began stepping in place like a boxer.

The literal iron fist that flew toward Ange would have turned a normal person to mincemeat, but the angel blocked it with her giant sword and began her counterattack.

“Daaaaaaaaahhhh! Prominence – Loop!!!!!”

As the sword parried the fist, it split in two like a pair of scissors.

She had not had time to use it in her fight against Machina, but this weight adjustment allowed her to compensate for her own light weight. And this double-sword style was where Ange of the Double Flame truly shined.

“Haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh!!”

She danced within the reach of the enemy’s outstretched arm and built up centrifugal force to swing the two blades toward the enemy’s neck and legs.

The enemy used its incredible reaction speed to sway back, but prioritizing its upper body meant its lower body could not escape.

The lower blade dug in at what would have been a human's thigh and then sliced through the machine.

"All right!" cheered Mutsuki with a clenched fist, but...

"Damage...32%. Attack possible...positive."

"Kwaaah!"

This opponent really was a machine. The damage was light.

Its fist jabbed into her gut as if to say she had simply put herself in the perfect position. Ange took a back step at the last second to escape most of the shock, but it was still enough to knock her small body backwards.

"A-Ange! Are you okay!?"

"Kah...ah..."

Mutsuki ran over. Despite crashing through three slot machines, the girl did not seem injured, but she was grimacing.

In pure ability, Ange, the most powerful angel, was clearly winning, but she was poorly matched in a direct-fight against a machine with no sense of pain.

Angels were weak against human knowledge and that gap was grimly apparent here.

"Ange, let's run away."

"...Eh?"

He made his suggestion too quietly for Black Cat to hear.

“We should run away. We’re outnumbered here. And even Ibekusa-san said-...”

Ibekusa Machina had told them to run away and Mutsuki was inclined to agree given the situation.

But the determined girl’s eyebrows bristled.

“To hell with that! You’re telling *me* to run away!? You’re telling *me* to do what Ibekusa said!?”

“N-no. I’m not saying it because someone else said so.”

“Shut up, shut up, shut up! Just you watch! I’ll smash all eight of them to pieces!”

She got back up and it seemed to have only fired her up even more.

“She acts calm enough at school, but is she still just a kid?”

This was exactly what Black Cat wanted.

“*Hochmut kommt vor dem Fall*. ...Springloaded! All of you attack at once!”

“Positive.”

“Simulating combat situation...odds of victory...99.92%.”

Springloaded could consume other machines, so the fighting game absorbed some components from a nearby arcade game to repair its leg. Then, all eight machines moved forward and Ange faced them head-on with her two swords.

However, the attack came from a surprising direction.

A paper cup flew in from behind, hit her head, and dumped its contents on her face.

The golden-brown liquid gave off the unique scent of beer.

“Honestly, and when I was busy too. I’d only gotten to drink fifty-eight varieties so far.”

“Micha-san!”

Micha had appeared behind Mutsuki at some point.

“Cool your head, Ange! Your top priority is protecting Fujita Mutsuki-kun, not defeating the Springloaded!”

“...”

Ange was forced to restrain her killer intent when the older angel spoke harshly for once.

Her nose twitched a little in frustration, but the liquid dripping from her hair finally seemed to calm her down. She recombined her two blades into the single sword.

“Fine then. ...I’ll prioritize my mission and fall back.”

She returned the sword to its pendant form and grabbed Mutsuki’s hand.

“Target escaping. Beginning pursuit...positive.”

The eight Springloaded also began to move, but...

Micha stood in their way. Wings of red flame grew from her back, transformed into hands, and threw a nearby billiards table. The table knocked the fighting game onto its butt.

“Micha-san...”

“Go. I won’t last too long, but I’ll buy you what time I can.”

Micha winked at worried-looking Mutsuki while she emitted hellfire hot enough to melt the surface of the nearby arcade games.

“Let’s go, Mutsuki!”

“R-right.”

Ange pulled on his hand and started running. She took him out of the park and into a passageway created by lines of onlookers. They immediately jumped over the edge and into the open central area.

Mutsuki was seriously afraid at first, but Ange emitted her blue flames just before landing which created an updraft that let them gently land. They ignored the other guests who had no idea what was happening on the third floor and were dumbfounded by the boy and girl who had just jumped down two stories.

“Um, I know it was my suggestion, but should we really have run away!? If the Springloaded chase after us, the panic is only going to grow.”

“If you’re captured, the panic will encompass the entire world. And since the Springloaded are human weapons, they’ll keep the damage to other humans to a minimum. More importantly...”

After they ran out into the obviously packed parking lot, Ange came to a stop.

“I can’t exactly run away with you in tow...and the bus would be too slow.”

“Y-yeah. We could call a taxi, but we don’t have time.”

“That leaves only one option.”

She began running again. Due to her great strength, she was more carrying Mutsuki than pulling him and he had no choice but to go with her.

They made their way to the motorcycle parking area.

“I’ve thought of destroying this thing countless times before, but who would have thought it would finally come in handy?”

She ran over to Micha’s beloved off-road motorcycle.

“Eh? ...This?”

“Perfect, isn’t it? According to Micha, it gets good speed. Or do you want to steal another vehicle? You can’t start them without a key, right?”

As she spoke, Ange used the blue flames from her back to stroke the giant engine attached to the back wheel. This seemed to be how it worked when it belonged to an angel. The internal combustion engine roared to life.

“No, that’s not the point. We need a driver.”

“We have one.”

Ange climbed onto the engine that acted as a rear seat.

“...”

The boy's thoughts froze for almost three seconds. With a confused look, he brought his index finger to his chin and tilted his head.

"You're good with motorcycles, right?"

His thoughts froze for another three seconds.

He wished he could have stared for another five seconds, but he did not have time.

The outer wall of the SeeDWalk's third floor exploded and two Springloaded jumped out, presumably after escaping Micha. They both crushed a parked car when they landed and then consumed those machines to make the tires and engines parts of themselves.

"We don't have time! Let's go, Mutsuki!"

"I-I-I-I-I can't! I'm only good with them in games! In games!"

"Bwah!"

In the ruins of Game Master City on the third floor of SeeDWalk, Micha somehow managed to escape the veritable mountain of foam she was drowning in.

She looked around and her eyes met those of the security guard who had hesitantly arrived to check on the situation. The only remaining Springloaded was the fighting game one that she had somehow managed to defeat. The other seven had likely pursued Ange and Mutsuki.

"Cough, cough. Come on now! Don't just spray that sticky white stuff all over a lady. It's rude."

She had wanted to hold them here for a while longer, but they had gathered up the fire extinguishers and fire suppression system nozzles to bury her alive in the firefighting foam. She had failed to hold them here.

She pulled out her phone and called Ange.

“Hello!? Micha!? What is going on!? One, two...seven of the things are after us! You couldn’t take out at least three of them!?”

“Sorry, sorry. I’m not as young as I used to be. Are you okay?”

“We’re retreating on your motorcycle. They haven’t caught up yet, so we’re still okay. Other than Mutsuki’s tears, we haven’t received any damage.”

It seemed they were okay. She even heard a more distant voice shout, “I am not crying! The wind is drying out my eyes!”

“We can’t seem to lose them. If you’re fine, then come help us. ...Oh.”

A loud roar grew closer and some panic reached Ange’s voice.

“They’re catching up... I’m going to hang up! Come help us!”

“Ah, wait, Ange!”

Micha wanted to know where they were going or at least in which direction, but the girl hung up before she could ask.

She had no choice. Rather than pursue, she called a different number and jumped out the hole the Springloaded had made.

Meanwhile, Mutsuki was in the greatest danger of his life.

“Hey! Can’t you drive any faster!?”

“No, I can’t! You should really be praising me for not getting into an accident so far!”

As he turned the accelerator grip, he moved his hand as carefully as stroking a baby, but the engine was so incredibly powerful that the acceleration was still intense. The speedometer passed the 200 mark in only a few seconds.

He had somehow made it this far without falling over. Fortunately, the startup and gear changing was the same as in the game, so the real danger was taking turns. He had nearly fallen over at first, but Ange had used her marvelous reflexes to kick off the ground and correct their balance.

Humans were powerful when their life was at risk, so he had gotten the hang of it in about ten minutes. He had not had the guts to drive down normal roads, so he had moved from the main road to the highway. Despite being the weekend, there was fortunately not much traffic, but...

“Wah, wah, wah, wah, wah, wah!”

“Ahh! Watch out!”

“I’m sorry! But we’re going way too fast!”

Weaving between the other cars only moving at 100 kph was not easy. Shifting his weight even slightly pulled him to the side like the earth’s gravity had shifted and he would nearly pull the handlebars to the side with him. He was truly glad that the large back wheel provided some stability.

“...”

There was, in fact, a way to provide further acceleration, but he did not have the courage to try it.

“Here they come! Don’t swerve!”

After placing her phone in her pocket, Ange stood on top of the engine cover over the back wheel.

Despite their great speed, they had not been able to lose the Springloaded. The seven of them had all absorbed a car engine and had surrounded the motorcycle on either side as it traveled at over 200 kph.

The angel clicked her tongue, pulled an elastic band out instead of her phone, and tied back her red hair that was getting in the way as it danced in the blowing wind.

“Bring it! I’m not about to lose to some humans!”

She split her divine sword in two and pointed them to the left and right.

The first to attack were the crane game and the shooter game. The crane and shotgun barrel were sent toward them simultaneously.

Ange was already poorly matched against these enemies, but she also had unstable footing and the wind pressure of their speed got in her way. She frowned at her overwhelming disadvantage.

“Daaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh!”

Even with her narrow footing, she used her elasticity and centrifugal force the best she could and swept aside both attacks.

Just as the enemy was forced to flinch back, she leaped into the air and onto the shooter game. She stood on its shoulders, recombined her two

blades into the single giant blade, and used its weight to stab deep into it.

“Ggh...main frame...damaged.”

The machine soldier writhed with a great hole in its chest.

“Combat possible...negative. Prioritizing operation...”

“Tch!”

It slammed on its brakes.

Ange was about to be taken away from Mutsuki, so she made an immediate jump. She used her momentum to assist her powerful leap.

“Ryaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh!”

And she cut at the crane game driving alongside the motorcycle.

She swept aside the enemy’s extended arm in midair and used the force to launch herself upwards.

Just like with the horizontal bar in gymnastics, she twisted her straightened body to land on the motorcycle.

“Fwah!?”

But her position was a little off and she landed on the boy’s shoulders.

She was fairly light, so that alone would not have been an issue. However, the unexpected landing position surprised her, so her feet slipped and she fell into a sitting position.

“Ngaaahhh! Why youuuuuuu!”

“Wabh!? Ange!? I can’t see!”

She clung to the boy’s head to hold on.

However, the boy began to panic as she clung to his head with her thighs on his shoulders.

His face was sticking right up her skirt and he could not see the road ahead.



“This has nothing to do with your butt! ...Wah!?”

They did not have time to argue. A hole suddenly appeared in the road and he frantically swerved. They just about toppled over.

The hole had been created by an unpleasantly shiny projectile: a bowling ball.

“_____”

The other Springloaded had caught up. The bowling machine was firing its balls into the air like a cannon. They did not actually hit, but they created plenty of holes in the road up ahead.

“So they’ve switched over to long-range attacks. Mutsuki! Don’t let us fall over!”

“I-I’ll do my best.”

The token exchange machine opened its mouth(?) wide and fired countless tokens as bullets.

However, that was no reason to worry. The girl climbed back down onto the back wheel and brushed up her ponytail.

“Corona!!”

Her blue wings surrounded the two of them in a thin field of flames. The tokens were diverted off course by the change in air pressure made by the intense flames, and they were either swept upwards or created holes in the ground. And...

“Helio!!”

The blue flames produced glowing beads that assaulted the approaching Springloaded.

The balls of light only reached a few hundred degrees and could not pierce the metal bodies, but...

“Grl!? Gbhbbbhbhbhhh!!”

The token machine was an exception because it had opened its large mouth. The glowing heat bent its ejector and caused its bullets to tear through its own body.

Even if she was poorly matched, Ange had already begun adapting to her lack of footing and the intruding wind. Anyone with an understanding of combat would have trembled in fear at her combat instincts.

She had taken out two, which left five.

“Capture of...fleeing target...deemed difficult...positive.”

The archery machine drew its bowstrings.

Arrows fired from all twelve bows. The tips were dulled since they were made for a game, but they could still easily tear through the human body at that speed. But...

“It’s no use! Corona! ...!?”

The angel created another shield, but she had mistaken their target. The arrows flew low and were not aimed at her.

The shield of flames was concentrated around her and Mutsuki, so it was weaker elsewhere. The tips of the twelve arrows melted as they continued straight toward the motorcycle’s back wheel.

“Trying to take out our means of transportation? Don’t underestimate me!”

She immediately swung her divine sword and swept all twelve arrows out of the way, but...

“Wah, wah, wah, wah, wah! What, what, what!?”

One of them destroyed the support for the back wheel’s cover. Ange’s footing sank down and she had to quickly escape to the seat the boy was sitting on.

“What just happened? ...Wah!”

Mutsuki paled when he looked back. The cover frame’s position had lowered and the engine was scraping against the back wheel.

“Wait...is this thing broken!? Are we in trouble!?”

“Um, I think we’re fine. It only shifted position.”

If they continued like this, the frictional heat could destroy the engine, but Ange managed to pry it back up. Three of the four frame supports still existed, so it was fine once they were unbent, but...

“I can’t stand on this anymore. Mutsuki, scoot forward.”

“S-sure.”

He moved to the front of the seat and Ange stood on the back half.

Her butt was squishing against the back of his head, so he leaned forward too.

“Target speed lowered.”

“Operation completion possible...positive.”

Two Springloaded charged forward to take advantage of the lost speed caused by the back wheel’s damage. The roulette wheel used its entire disk-like body as a tire and the horse-shaped horse-riding game ran on its own as the only one not to absorb a car.

Ange desperately swung her two swords to fight back from her even more restricted footing.

Unlike the previous two, these two fortunately had no weapons. The horse-riding game did not even have arms and the girl had gotten the hang of fighting under these circumstances.

“Too slow!!”

She had no reason to fear these opponents. Her giant sword opened a hole in the roulette wheel’s guts...and the force of her attack sent her butt back into Mutsuki’s head.

“Gh...zh...”

The disk groaned in agony and Ange began to attack the horse-riding game.

“Operation...complete...positive.”

“Eh!?”

Only then did she catch on.

Something was spinning on the inside of the roulette wheel as it rotated at 250 kph. A red ball was rolling along the inside edge of the rotating disk.

As soon as it fell over into the proper orientation for a roulette wheel, the ball hopped out using the sword embedded in the middle. It followed the blade, the arm, and...

“Kfh...”

It collided with the girl’s slender stomach.

The tremendous blow to the solar plexus knocked the strongest angel out for a small fraction of a second. She was unable to support her small body and she pitched forward.

The next thing she knew, the gray road was right in front of her eyes.

She was falling. She was going to slam into that asphalt.

“~~~~~!?”

But it was not her adorable face that contacted that rough surface. It was her long hair, tied into a ponytail.

That red hair scattered about as it caught on small pebbles.

“Nn...gah!”

The very next moment, she had pulled herself back up onto the seat.

An arm around her stomach had supported her. She was briefly caught off guard and her heart skipped a beat.

“Watch out! If you fell off, you’d...um, what would happen? Well, you’d get hurt!”

After seeing that she had recovered, Mutsuki grabbed tightly onto the handlebar that had started rattling even though he had only let go for a few seconds with just one hand.

The girl was briefly left in a daze, but then...

"Not bad."

She pressed her forehead against his back.

"Let's try this again!"

"Please no..."

She heard a pathetic complaint, but she did not mind. She kicked at the face of the horse-riding game and then lopped its head right off.

She ended up leaning too far forward again, but she did not care.

"Fwaaaaah! ...Oh, honestly! I said watch out!"

After all, Mutsuki's arm would wrap around her if she was about to fall.

The boy pulled her close as if embracing her. She let him do as he wished, so they swapped out who was in front and who was in back and her butt landed on top of his lap.

This was the most stable position with only the one seat to work with. She did feel a little too close to him, though.

"..."

She said nothing as she stared at his face.

He had a look of extreme focus as he drove a motorcycle for the first time while being forced to handle an unruly girl. The hints of tears remaining in the corners of his eyes were a little pathetic, but he did not look too bad.

Mutsuki had noticed her gaze, but he did not have time to return the look. They were already moving at 280 kph. A slight lapse in attention and they would crash into the other cars that were essentially stationary obstacles at this point.

Meanwhile, the three remaining Springloaded had been unable to keep up since they had passed 250 kph. Due to the heavy arcade games loaded on, they had reached the limits of normal car engines.

Still sitting on the boy's lap, Ange realized they were pulling away from their pursuers and breathed a sigh of relief. But then...

"~~~~!?"

The look on her face changed when the destroyed roulette wheel and horse-riding game caught up with those other three.

"Um, Mutsuki?"

"Yes?"

"Umm, about that romance of men you mentioned."

"The giant robots?"

"..."

"——!?"

Mutsuki looked over his shoulder and noticed what has happening.

As the destroyed two caught up to the other three, their various parts intertwined, transformed, and became a single giant body. The cars that were slamming on their brakes also had pieces taken to create an even larger and more complete form.

“ ... ”

“Romance?”

“For today, I’ll find a new hobby.”

It was a giant measuring over twenty meters tall.

The upper body was humanoid, one hand held a crane, and the other held a roulette wheel.

It had four legs to support its incredible weight. It had the long, manly legs of a horse, wheels spun on its torso, and twelve arrows were drawn.

Ange looked back toward the dull sound of the arrows whizzing through the wind and her eyes opened wide.

“Stop, Mutsuki! No, wait, don’t stop!”

“Eh!? ...Fwah!”

Ange forcibly twisted the accelerator grip. The burden shifted to the back wheel, but Mutsuki somehow managed to keep the motorcycle from popping a wheelie.

A moment later, the barely passable road dropped by about a meter.

“Its size has only made it crazier!”

The twelve bows fired twelve bowling balls connected by wires.

Each ball was large enough to break a hole in the ground, so a horizontal line of them connected by wires was enough to split the road itself in two.

Shocked into a daze, the boy's face paled.

Even Ange looked troubled. She could fight back as long as the car chase continued, so destroying the road necessary for the chase felt like cheating.

They had miraculously avoided that one, but who could say about the next one. In fact, the enemy could probably take out one of the bridge's supports, causing it all to collapse.

"~~"

Ange wrinkled her brow and glanced up at Mutsuki.

"...? What is it?"

He was on the verge of tears again now that the enemy had shown off its overwhelming power, but he did not give up and continued operating the motorcycle. The close calls seemed to be helping him gradually grow accustomed to this insane race.

His tear ducts were still loose, but he may not have been that pathetic a guy.

The girl smiled, pulled out her phone, and placed it in his pocket.

"Afterwards, call Micha for help."

"Eh?"

"Make sure you escape. If you're captured, I'll have failed as a bodyguard."

"Ange!?"

With a body this big, normal damage was unlikely to have much effect. However, producing enough damage to destroy it in a single strike would be difficult.

(This might come down to a tie.)

The best she could do here was to draw their attention and buy enough time for their target to escape.

The Springloaded had learned just how much of a threat Jiyuuni Ange, strongest guardian angel, was, so they were forced to stop and face her even if it gave Mutsuki, their final objective, a chance to escape.

FeTUS would also want to avoid having their super-technology on public display for long. Once people gathered, this operation would be called off, so...

“I’ll take you on until then! Daaaaaaahhh!!”

She deflected the extended crane and dodged the wheel hammer that was swung down toward her.

It was quite fast for its size, but a natural fighter like Ange could easily follow its movements.

(Where’s Mutsuki? Did he get away?)

For a brief second, she shifted her attention toward the motorcycle.

“!?”

And that proved a fatal mistake.

She had been so focused on the attacks from above that she had not noticed one from below. Something grabbed at her leg.

“Kh...!”

If she had simply tripped, she could have easily recovered with her reflexes, but this grabbed at her leg and pulled her down.

It was an arm. A hand had grown from the concrete road and grabbed her ankle.

(A Springloaded? Oh, no!)

Ibekusa Machina’s face flashed through her mind. That girl had taught her this.

Three Springloaded had combined to create this giant, but it was probably only being controlled by one or two. The remaining one had shifted its spring to the road and turned the surface itself into a Springloaded.

Ange sliced through the concrete arm with her sword, but by that time...

“Anti-angel extermination simulation...complete.”

“Ahh...”

The giant wheel hammer was swung down.

It covered too much space, so she could not escape after falling onto her butt.

She was going to be crushed.

“Checkmate.”

“~~~~!”

“.....nge!!”

She heard the engine before the voice.

She looked up.

She should have been angry. She had told him to run away, to hide, and to call Micha, but he had ignored her instructions and made a U-turn right back into danger when protecting him was her responsibility.

However, she formed a smile instead of her usual lopsided frown.

Smoke rose from the motorcycles tires and he reached a hand toward her with tears in his eyes.

She would never have admitted it, but he seemed reliable for the second time that day.

Mutsuki leaned over so far his shoulder nearly scraped the road and he caught the girl.

Ange flipped up and over him to pull in the opposite direction. If she had not, he would have fallen over.

Smoke rose from the motorcycle as it slipped along, but its inertia pulled it just barely past the hammer's range. As soon as the blue sky came into view, she heard the Springloaded giant's hammer slam into the Springloaded road hard enough for the surface to cave in.

Thanks to the girl's support, the motorcycle wobbled but remained standing as it came to a stop.

The boy's mouth flapped wordlessly as he held Ange. He seemed to be trying to ask her if she was okay, but the words would not come out.

“Yes, I’m fine. I did panic a little there, though.”

“...” (Flapping mouth)

“Wipe away those tears.”

“...” (Nodding)

As she watched the boy wipe at his eyes, the bodyguard girl checked on their surroundings.

After the hit from its ally, the Springloaded in the road seemed unable to move. That meant escape was an option, but she was still afraid of those twelve bows.

Which meant...

“Hey, Mutsuki.”

She whispered into his ear.

After he heard her plan, he grew pale and shook his head, but...

“Beginning capture of Serpent’s Eye holder...positive.”

“We don’t have time to hesitate!”

The crane arm reached out to grab the stopped motorcycle.

“Do we have to?” he silently asked with his pathetic, teary look.

“Yes! We do!” she silently replied with her lopsided frown.

“Fine then!”

The boy spun the accelerator grip.

“The crane is too slow.”

“I’m never riding a motorcycle again.”

“Huh? But what about our rematch?”

“Not even at the arcade. I’m never riding one again.”

“So you’re going to quit while you’re ahead?”

“I’m not doing it! I really did cry!”

The two of them climbed off the motorcycle as the Springloaded crumbled behind them with a hole in its chest.

Ange was of course exhausted and Mutsuki’s legs were giving out due to fear, so they both crouched down for a short break.

“Is it...over?”

“Yes. It looks like they’ve stopped. We defeated all the Springloaded.”

Ange tapped the ground with her heel.

Mutsuki breathed a sigh of wholehearted relief, but...

“But only the Springloaded.”

The girl’s tone of voice dropped and he remembered that this was still only the opening skirmish.

They both stood back up and faced the pile of Springloaded wreckage when they heard the ringing of a bell.

“That was a wonderful battle.”

Black Cat gave a round of light applause and Ange drew her divine sword once more.

“But...*ein Unglück kommt selten allein.*”

The beauty in black clasped her hands behind her back, spread her feet to shoulder width, and tightly arched her back as if to say she was most comfortable like this. With her bulky helmet, she naturally ended up looking down on people. As she stuck out her skinny chin, her long braided hair swayed like a tail.

She was FeTUS Witches Miss C, aka Black Cat. According to Ibekusa Machina, she was one of the witches who were more powerful than any Springloaded.

“I should apologize, Jiyuuni Ange. I underestimated you.”

Her round feline eyes narrowed behind her glasses.

As the corners of her eyes narrowed, a horribly repulsive murkiness covered her golden eyes.

“To be honest, I was disappointed when you showed up at the mall. You had visited there before, so I had set up a Springloaded as a lookout and ended up sending eight of them after you.”

Her apparent intelligence and calm were only on the surface. This girl was dangerous. Mutsuki was unfamiliar with the world of killing, but even he could sense the threat in her eyes.

“According to our calculations, eight cutting-edge Springloaded is enough to defeat one hundred angels. However...”

Her eyes narrowed even further.

“You managed to defeat all of them and destroyed a total of seven.
...Heh heh heh.”

The next thing Mutsuki knew, an insane smile had appeared on her lips.

“It’s been a while...”

“——!?”

“...since I came across such a promising opponyent♡”

She unclasped the hands behind her.

The backs of her slender hands were hidden by tight gloves. On both hands, glittering metallic claws were attached to the base of the second, third, and fourth fingers.

“Shaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh!”

The bewitching cat appeared in front of the angel’s eyes too quickly for her to even be caught off guard. She had approached so quickly that she had seemed to disappear and reappear to Mutsuki.

“~~~~ Prominence – Loop!!”

Ange prepared her two swords. The cat instantly used the centrifugal force of a spin to attack the angel’s windpipe with her three claws. Ange pulled her body back and used a sword as a shield.

“Heh heh... Heh hee hee...hee hee hee!”

The spinning black object released a faint, crazed laugh as she sent out her other three claws.

The girl somehow managed to defend against this attack too, but the later attack had more centrifugal force behind it and it launched her backwards. She flew through the air, bounced a few times on the ground, and finally stopped after hitting Micha's motorcycle.

"Heh heh heh heh hee hee! What's wrong? You're slow, slow, slow! Nya ha ha!"

Black Cat's pretty face twisted into something as hideous as a deep sea fish and she crouched down. She stood on all fours with her arms and legs straight.

It was the pose of an animal ready to fight.

The vertical slits of her pupils tightened in even further. Her braided hair bounced on her round butt like a tail.

"Grrrrrrrrr!! Let me enjoy thiiiiiiiiisssssss!!"

She tore through the concrete ground as she raced forward.

"Ange!" shouted Mutsuki.

"..."

Ange had finally gotten back to her feet, but she did not have time to prepare her sword.

"Corona!!!"

"Nyah!?"

But she protected herself with the flames emitted from her back.

However, she was not targeting Black Cat. She sent them toward Micha's motorcycle.

“Vnyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

The gasoline ignited and exploded. The motorcycle’s parts scattered every which way and the hellfire scored a direct hit on Black Cat as she passed above it.

The sticky gasoline stuck to her and set her ablaze.

“ ... ”

Mutsuki frowned. Even if she was their enemy, he did not want to see someone on fire.

Ange, on the other hand, showed no mercy and immediately began her next action. The enemy was wide open, but instead of going for an attack, she put away her sword and ran toward Mutsuki.

She grabbed him in her arms and jumped from the edge of the road.

“Wah!? Eh? We’re running away?”

The boy’s eyes widened as the girl jumped from the elevated highway to a nearby building’s roof, to the building after that, and then to the roof of a house.

He agreed this enemy was too dangerous and he did not want to fight her if it could be avoided, but he had not expected this prideful girl to run away so easily.

Ange turned her usual sullen look his way.

“We’re not running away. We’re retreating. It’s a strategic retreat.”

“Oh... Yeah. That’s right.”

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

“Just to be clear, I haven’t accepted what Ibekusa said!”

“I know, I know.”

She seemed to be in a very bad mood, so he could not ask anything more. Her wrinkled brow twitched as she spoke.

“I don’t know how powerful she is, but I want to avoid facing her while holding someone as useless as you. Find somewhere to hide. Got it?”

She apparently did not like that she was doing exactly what Machina had suggested, but she had apparently prioritized making a rational response to the situation at hand.

Mutsuki was glad she had prioritized him (technically, her job) over her own reckless pride and he was glad she had at least kept Machina’s words somewhere in her heart. The corners of his eyes relaxed.

But...

“A game of tag!? You’re gonnya have to be faster than that!”

“!?”

At first, he did not know what had happened.

He sensed the unpleasant smokiness of burning gas and then Black Cat’s sick and distorted smile appeared before his eyes. She had caught up. All Mutsuki knew was that he had been torn from Ange’s hands.

“You’re kidding... She’s faster than me!?”

Not even Ange could react in time. Before she could put up her guard, a knee stabbed into her gut and she was sent flying into a neighboring building. She broke through the wall of wood and concrete.

Mutsuki gasped at the sudden turn of events. He tried to call for Ange, but the dry smoke reached his throat and he could only cough.

The flames had yet to vanish from Black Cat's hair and clothes. She had pursued them while still covered in burning gas.

She erased her insane smile and faced the dumbfounded boy.

"The Serpent's Eye holder....Adam. The final objective of FeTUS."

"...? Ad...am...?"

"Hmph. So the fun is already over."

He had previously heard both Machina and Ange mention the term "Adam".

He had been curious, but he had not been given the time to investigate it and then had completely forgotten. He was confused by its sudden reappearance here.

But before he could feel too puzzled, Black Cut stuck a sharp syringe in his neck and its contents quickly dragged his consciousness into the darkness.

For better or for worse, Ange had been knocked into an abandoned building.

Plywood covered the windows and it only contained two business desks and six run-down chairs. She could tell at a glance the place was not used.

(Gh... That girl really is strong.)

The damage to her kicked stomach was surprisingly great, so she could not stand up quite yet.

When Black Cat caught up, she ran over and placed her hand on a nearby desk.

Just as Miss E had done, the material transformed. With a smooth movement, it wrapped around the collapsed girl's wrists, forced her to her feet, and became a cross to hold the girl's small body.

She grimaced from both the pain and humiliation.

Black Cat placed Mutsuki's unconscious form in a nearby chair.

"Now, then. This is incredibly unfortunate, but even I am one of the FeTUS Witches. I am a servant to the realm of man, so I can't focus on my own entertainment forever. The games stop here."

She clasped her hands behind her back and stood tall, but some madness remained in her expression.

"Before I take you back to headquarters, I think I'll investigate your special traits."

"...Wah!"

Three silver lines raced audibly through the air while giving off a black glint. By the time Ange realized they were the girl's claws, her uniform's buttons had already been torn away. Her bisected red checkered tie fell away and the front of her clothing opened.

This revealed her delightfully slender white belly and the elastic sports bra that covered her small yet pretty bust.

Ange bit her lower lip because it hurt her pride that Black Cat had gone out of her way to avoid harming her skin.

“Hm.” Black Cat narrowed her eyes. “So this is the legendary armor used by the angels. That impregnable Suit is supposed to be harder, more elastic, and stickier than anything on earth.”

She pulled on the bra with the tip of just the claw growing from between her middle and ring finger.

Those claws had sliced right through the clothing, but it only stretched like rubber. Even after pulling, scraping, and twisting, the blade would not break through.

“But...”

After adequately checking how sturdy the material was, she hid her claws and reached her fingers toward the back and armpit visible through the gaps in Ange’s torn uniform.

She scooped up the sweat worked up from running around so much and pinched the bra.

“It is weak to sweat. A defective product, just as reported.”

That solid material easily tore and revealed its white contents.

The Suit’s material was weak to seawater...or more broadly, salt water. It used an absorbent on the inside, but if Ange worked up too much of a sweat for that to absorb or the liquid was splashed on her from the outside, it grew fragile. FeTUS was wholeheartedly researching the angels, so they apparently already knew about that weakness.

“Why you... Do you like stripping girls? Are you insane!?”

“Oh, I quite like it.”

Ange clenched her teeth in humiliation, but Black Cat toyed with the hole in the black material. The hole easily grew and finally a light pink point popped energetically out into view.

The surrounding breast was covered in the elastic material, so the strangled tip and areola were pushed perkily out. The nipple itself was childishly inverted, but Black Cat forcibly pried out the young point.

“You don’t like it?”

“~~~~~!!!???”

“I can violate others. I can violate their bodies, their dignity, their pride, and their lives.”

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

Based on the color, that tip had to be delicate, but Black Cat pinched it so hard it looked like it would tear off.

The girl felt like her skin was going to tear and she screamed loud enough for her voice to echo around the floor. The intense pain forced out even more sweat.

The fingers did not leave the protrusion until it grew erect enough to force off a pasty.

“I especially like tormenting a truly ruthless opponent. I love seeing their look of unbearable frustration and their look of unbearable hatred for me. I love seeing their face twisting in greater and greater agony. The prouder the opponent, the better. No matter how great the pain and

torment, they will never beg for forgiveness. Seeing them unable to hold back the tears and cries of pain as they desperately try to maintain their pride is the greatest pleasure imaginable.”

Black Cat happily narrowed her eyes as the prideful girl glared at her with hatred in her eyes and gasped for breath as the pain finally faded.

Black Cat gave the bewitching and insane smile of a female cat.

“Do you know what I mean?”

“...All I know is that you’re not just a pervert; you’re the most despicable kind of crazy.”

“I see. That’s too bad.”

This time, Black Cat removed just the center claw and reached out the other two.

“I sensed something similar inside you, so I thought you might feel some sympathy. But oh, well.”

She further balled up her clenched fist as if bringing her thumb and little finger closer together.

The metal claws followed that movement and curved like a scythe so their tips approached each other.

“This is part of my job. I mustn’t mix business with pleasure.”

They almost looked like electrodes.

“I will do my duty and gather some data for a new anti-angel weapon.”

White sparks passed between the two poles.

“...Wh-what?”

“This is known as the Kühler Kralle. You angels are weak to heat radiation, so this tool diffuses your body’s heat using the power of magnetism. But don’t worry. I don’t intend to kill you. I only want some data on the output level. However...”

Ange was still at a loss for words when Black Cat pressed the tool against her upper arm. Despite how easily she swung around her giant sword, that upper arm had a feminine softness to it and the tool almost lovingly stroked against it.

“When we tested this on a human, it was apparently painful enough to knock them out.”

The electrical current was released.

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

Another scream of pain reverberated through the building.

Even with just a single point of contact, the pulse instantly travelled across her skin and tormented the pain receptors across her entire body. Her slender form wriggled and arched its back so much the back of her head slammed into the metal cross behind her.

“...I see.”

“Kah...ah...”

By the time Black Cat removed it, all strength had left Ange’s legs and waist. She hung limply from just her bound arms.

The pain felt like having every inch of skin slapped at once. The damage was worst on the upper arm that received the direct hit, so she felt a throbbing sensation like the skin had actually been burned.

“Heh heh. I like the sound of that scream.”

Black Cat smiled in satisfaction, grabbed Ange’s ponytail, and forced her head up.

The angel was incredibly exhausted. She did not know how it worked, but that electric attack seemed to diffuse her body’s heat as well as cause pain. Angels were born from fire, so this robbed her of her energy. She could feel the weakness in the upper arm.

“That was some useful data. Now for the next test.”

“Uuh...uuh...”

This time, it was in the armpit. Before Ange had a chance to rest, the seed of intense pain was sent into a location closer to her body’s core, allowing it to spread to her entire body more easily.

However, no scream escaped her mouth this time.

In fact, she kept her dignified gaze on Black Cat’s icy smile even as the electricity surged into her.

The woman removed the electrodes with an impressed look.

“I’m surprised. No scream and we’re only on the second time. None of our specimens have managed that before. And I’ve never heard of any difference in the tactile nerves between angels and humans.”

The pain and diffused heat brought exhaustion. The angel’s breathing grew shallow, but she continued intimidating her opponent with her gaze.

As prideful as she was, simply having herself stripped bare and toyed with by the enemy was an unbearable humiliation. She would rather die than cry and scream to fulfill that enemy's sadism.

"Heh hee hee hee. Now that's what I like to see. But how long will you last? Nya ha ha."

A mixture of surprise, admiration, and pleasure filled the sick smile on Black Cat's face as she brought the tips of her claws to a more risqué location. This time, it was the pink object standing tall from the hole in the bra thanks to the previous pinching.

Ange's blood froze over as she wondered what would happen if the electric attack hit her in such a sensitive place, but she did not let it show on her face.

"~~~~!"

The white sparks were absorbed by the light pink skin of that enlarged protrusion and the pain felt like having her heart squeezed, but she did not let her voice escape.

She reflexively shook her chest to escape the shock, but the soft, undeveloped mounds only swayed back and forth without dislodging the demonic claws seeming to dig into one of them. Her sweat weakened the Suit, the hole in the bra grew, and the entire breast was exposed.

A clear wrinkle ran from Ange's brow to the tip of her nose. This one lasted a long time. Black Cat may have wanted to elicit a scream because she did not pull back the electrodes even after several seconds.

(I...won't...lose... I...absolutely...refuse...to...)

The pain had been focused in a single point when she had been pinched, but now she felt like her body was being burned from the inside. No matter how much she tried to endure it, it continued without end.

(I...can't...breathe...)

Faced with this unescapable agony, her mind grew hazy. Tears left her eyes, her mouth hung half open, and drool flowed out.

The pain and suffering was just like having her body roasted from within.

And...

(This happened...before...)

She could not remember who it was, but she did know she had not met that woman since being born as an angel.

She did not know what the woman looked like. The woman had always kept her back to Ange and when she had occasionally look her way...

"What are you looking at? It's creeping me out."

"What do you think you're doing out of your room?"

"Ahh, ahh. Life has been so boring since I had you. This is the worst."

She had a feeling that woman had said some awful things to her and had refused to look at her.

She remembered the woman being constantly worried about her makeup and rubbing white powder to a face much like Ange's own. Her lips had been red and those lips had always held a thin cigarette.

Yes, she had always been smoking.

And much like now, whenever something displeased her, she had pressed that burning tip against...

“Uuh...”

“Oh, dear. Did I overdo it?”

The source of the heated pain left and Ange’s vanishing consciousness returned.

What had happened? Her mind was a mess and she could not gather her thoughts. She felt like she had seen something in a dream, but she could not remember what. She briefly had trouble remembering who the girl in a helmet standing in front of her was.

But once she remembered that girl was an enemy, Ange worked at moving her limp hips. Her tear ducts had loosened and her eyes were a little wet, but her gaze had not lost its dignified look. Black Cat seemed relieved to see it.

“You don’t scream even as it knocks you out? Not bad, Jiyuuni Ange.”

Black Cat brought the claws to Ange’s throat.

“It makes me want to draw out the tears by force.”

Those claws had sliced through the concrete road like butter and now they traced along Ange’s windpipe.

“But it seems pain isn’t going to do the trick.”

When the angel still did not react, Black Cat smiled bitterly and snapped her fingers.

Mutsuki looked up from his chair.

“Come here, Fujita Mutsuki.”

“Yes, Miss C.”

The boy walked up next to the enemy like a machine.

Something was clearly off about him, so Ange’s eyebrows twitched. That roommate always had the eyes of a frightened puppy, but now they were horribly empty.

(Was he brainwashed?)

She could intuitively tell. She could not guess what method had been used, but FeTUS had enough technological power to place an angel like her in danger. Brainwashing would be simple for them.

The target she was meant to protect had been made the enemy’s puppet. Being restrained and unable to move was trouble enough, so Ange let out a small sigh.

Black Cat gave a provocative smile.

“Heh heh. Fujita Mutsuki, aka Adam. I had no real interest in him, but he’s actually pretty cute. Makes me want to tie a bell around his neck and raise him as my pet♡”

She pressed her body up against his motionless and expressionless body.

“Lick it.”

She held her hand up to his mouth.

The boy obediently nodded and traced his tongue along the back of her hand, between her fingers, across the tips of her fingers, and over all of the soft flesh he could reach.

The way he sniffed at the hint of sweat on her hand and thoroughly licked it all up was just like a curious puppy. Even the coldhearted cat relaxed the corners of her eyes a little.

(What is the point of this?)

Ange was confused as Black Cat glanced over at her.

“Good boy.”

She put away her claws and stroked his cheek with her fingertips.

She then tugged on his jaw.

“...Nn.”

“Wha-...!?”

As if showing off, she brought his half-opened lips into her mouth.

Ange watched in shock as the witch laughed deep in her throat and boldly wiggled her head to rub their lips together. She finally stuck out her saliva-covered tongue and slipped it inside his mouth while keeping her lips open so Ange could see it all.

Mutsuki naturally did not resist and even stuck out his own tongue.

Not only could Ange hear them trading saliva, she could hear their soft flesh pressing together, bending, wrapping around each other, and rubbing against each other. That was just how intense a kiss it was.

“Wait... Wh-wh-what the hell are you doing!?”

After far too long, Ange came back to her senses and shouted in anger.

Black Cat narrowed the corners of her eyes as if to say that was exactly the reaction she had wanted.

“...Nn...nmh...hnn...”

But as if she had lost interest in Ange, she exchanged a few more breaths with the boy and finally pulled back. Saliva formed a transparent bridge between them and she broke it with a sweet breath.

“You’re a pretty good kisser...for a kid.”

Her intelligent feline eyes were melting behind her glasses and she stroked his cheek even more intensely. The boy’s mind still did not seem to be functioning, but he did look a little happy.

“You...!”

Ange did not understand, but something did not sit right with her about this and she struggled against her bonds.

“So you’re at least close enough to feel jealous.”

Black Cat gave a pleased smile.

“Open the Serpent’s Eye.”

“!?”

That was a command to Mutsuki.

Before Ange could even gasp, the boy replied “Yes, Miss C” in the same tone as before. A strange change came over his right eye immediately afterwards.

The entire eyeball was dyed black as if by ink and became a uniform pitch-black sphere. In fact, the black pupil at the center was a lighter shade than the rest. It looked like a dully glowing black-lacquered jewel had been placed in his eye socket.

It almost looked like a reptile’s eye.

The Serpent’s Eye was the power of the Perfect Man and it could turn the female half of the world into his slaves.

Ange quickly looked away, but she did not fully avoid it. She groaned and felt like the core of her legs had fallen away. Her knees nearly gave out.

“The report said he didn’t know how to open it himself, but it seems he can already control it subconsciously. This only makes him more of a threat.”

Black Cat gave a thin smile and looked to Ange who was desperately trying to avoid his gaze.

“Wonderful. So this is the desire triggered by the Serpent’s Eye, the special trait of Adam’s manifestation.”

“Kh...aaahhh. Stop...Mutsuki! Wake up!”

This girl was as powerful as one hundred angels, but in just a few seconds, she lost all will to fight and was transformed into a frail little girl.

She had experienced this once before two weeks ago. The power of the Serpent's Eye was overwhelming.

She felt like a water balloon had burst deep inside her navel and like gravity was pulling its sticky contents down and quickly soaking the closed pathway there.

As her body softened like that, something long and serpentine raged inside her. Its fine scales scraped at her sensitive flesh, providing an almost painful throbbing.

(This feeling... Ahh... It's the same as before...hyahh!)

She pressed her thighs together in a vain attempt to endure it. Her hips trembled and she could not have remained standing without the support of the cross behind her.

She rubbed her legs together like she needed to use the bathroom. Her sweat-soaked spats tore, revealing her white thighs and her baby pink panties. As her body writhed, the adorable pink protrusions grew engorged at the tip of her breasts.

Black Cat narrowed her eyes at the unexpected extent of the girl's reaction.

"Good, Fujita Mutsuki. Now, face this way."

She adjusted her glasses and gave her command, so the boy did as he was told.

"...!?"

The distinction between enemy and ally was meaningless. As a woman, Black Cat let out the same sort of voice as Ange when she received this direct hit.

She quickly tensed her expression and the soft skin below her skintight black suit convulsed a little. Her reaction was not as extreme as the younger girl's, but...

"E-enough! Close the Eye, Fujita Mutsuki. Close the Serpent's Eye!"

"Yes, Miss C."

"I...see. Dr. Strangelove, you said these would cut off 88% of the Serpent's Eye's power, but they didn't do a damn thing. They're defective."

She wiped the sweat from her brow and removed the glasses that had apparently been modified in some way.

She then took a look at Mutsuki whose right eye had returned to normal.

"Or is what I felt really only 12%?"

Her shoulders shook.

She placed the glasses back on and faced Ange. The angel glared back at her with unhidden defiance in her eyes, but those eyes had lost all intensity.

It was obvious at a glance that being exposed to that gaze for just a few seconds had done more damage than the painful electricity that had brought her to the verge of death.

Black Cat smiled thinly.

"While I'm here, I might as well collect that sex cell sample that Miss E failed to get."

With Mutsuki and Ange still facing each other, Black Cat kneeled down.

She reached for the zipper of the standing boy's pants. She opened the pants and pulled the flaccid object from his boxers.

"..."

Ange quickly looked away. She had seen that before, but only when erect. She had never seen it in this state before.

While erect, it had been hard as steel and had not seemed like a part of someone's body, but when flaccid and covered by the foreskin, it really did seem like a part of the boy's body. She grew oddly embarrassed about seeing it and her entire head grew red.

Meanwhile, Black Cat brought her face in close to the flesh covered by the pouch-like foreskin.

"It doesn't look too impressive, but it has a nice animalistic scent."

"Uuh..."

She gently grabbed the tip.

She massaged it with quick snapping movements of her entire hand. The boy groaned quietly and quickly began to react. The balls tensed a little, the shaft grew stiff, and it started rising.

"So it does peel back... I see. It looks just as beastly as it smells."

As her fingers were holding the foreskin in place, the skin could not hold back the growing contents and the tense reddish tip pushed its way out.

The penis swelled out from the base to the tip and twitched in time to a manly throbbing. Black Cat was surprised by how much the head swelled out further than the rest.

“Uuh...”

Ange looked over for just an instant and immediately looked away again.

That brief glimpse of the boy’s organ was burned into her mind and the throbbing returned deep inside her crotch.

The serpent rampaging inside her body transformed into the shape of that obscene mushroom. The sensitive flesh deep inside her navel felt like it was on fire.

She wanted it to penetrate her. She wanted that thick head to stir up the seductively burning flesh inside her.

(Honestly... This power...is why I hate Mutsuki...!)

She was a virgin, but that power made her vagina alone crave a man. She did not know how much he was aware of it, but his was the cruelest of powers for a woman.

Ange had experienced it once two weeks before and it had been a true ordeal. Simply having her body touched had caused her to moan like a slut and finally climax.

The heat had continued inside her even afterwards.

She had feigned calm in front of him, but the heat had not cooled at first. Every night in bed, she had been overwhelmed by an urge to rub at an indecent location. Even when she had somehow managed to ignore it and go to sleep, her hips had writhed on their own as she slept. A few times, she had subconsciously pulled at her panties, wedged them inside her hidden slit, and woken to find she had wet herself. That was why she had wanted a private room even in the small house they had moved to.

Her lack of sleep and self-loathing had left her irritated throughout the following day. After about ten days of that, it had finally cooled down, but now...

“That was only 12%? It must be amazing at full power.”

Black Cat snapped her fingers and the bottom half of the metal cross behind Ange split into two parts. Shackles attached to her ankles just like her wrists and moved to either side.

It stopped when her legs were nicely spread.

“Kh...hh...”

Ange’s shoulders trembled as the cold air touched her heated inner thighs.

Her spats tore away from her right leg, fully exposing her pink panties which were soaking wet and plastered to their contents.

“That’s a lot of juices. Is this part of the Serpent’s Eye’s power? Or do you just get wet easily?”

“ ...”

Ange could only clench her teeth in frustration as the enemy mocked the fluids dripping down her spread thighs.

Black Cat was delighted to see the warrior’s spirit had not vanished from her eyes.

“How about I see just how effective it is?”

Her braided hair bounced behind her as she brought her face in toward the boy’s crotch.

Black Cat smoothly held out her head, parted her lips, and kissed the erection.

“Uuh...”

“Uuh...”

Even with his emotions erased, Mutsuki frowned at the seductive sensation. And while she watched, Ange groaned.

Black Cat’s round feline eyes grew damp as they viewed the head which was manlier than anyone would have expected of a boy who only looked like a child. She extended her saliva-covered tongue toward the shaft adorned with throbbing veins.

“Nkh...mfh...mnnh... The smell...really is amazing.”

She may not have been used to this because she had difficulty opening her mouth wide enough, but she eventually swallowed the rock-hard object. Her large helmet started swaying as she quickly moved her head forward and back.

The surface of her tongue was oddly rough as if it had countless tiny protrusions growing from it.

Her fragrant saliva surrounded the penis, allowing that rough sensation to rub more smoothly against it. Even with his mind put to sleep, Mutsuki’s shoulders trembled from the intense pleasure.

“Hh...uuh...”

The angel girl was also reacting to this intense blowjob.

“Heh heh♥ I’ve never seen such a suckable penis.”

The woman's tail-like braid shook behind her as she moved her lips up and down the shaft of the male organ and Ange had a feeling she glanced over at her.

"Uuhhh..."

While still pinned to the metal structure with her legs spread wide, the girl had been fully contaminated by the obscene atmosphere hanging in the air.

(I...I can't stand it anymore... I'm losing...my mind...)

In the days of agony after being exposed to the Serpent's Eye, she had been plagued by sexual dreams that had melted her body like ice cream, but now that same sensation rose inside her while awake.

When she looked up, she saw Black Cat pushing her head in toward Mutsuki's crotch and taking the full erection into her mouth.

(I wish I could... ~~!? N-no, no!)

She shook her head to erase the unthinkable desire filling her chest.

But no matter how hard she shook her ponytail, the second the urge cooled inside her, she would find her eyes pointing right back toward his crotch.

(It's so big... What would it feel like to hold that in your mouth? Would it feel filthy? No, it would probably be...amazingly...)

"...Npah."

Saliva had filled her mouth without her realizing it, so when she let out an especially rough breath, the drool spilled out.

Since she could not close her thighs to stimulate her crotch, it felt horribly lonely.

The unbearable irritation caused her hips to start twisting around. She even pressed her butt against the metal seat behind her in the hopes of even the slightest stimulation.

She drooled like a starving dog and indulged in obscene pleasure like a monkey in heat.

(Penis... Mutsuki's...Mutsuki's penis...)

Her young face was as heated as the most lustful woman's and her damp eyes stared at the boy's item.

"Nn..."

Fortunately, Black Cat did not notice.

"Heh heh...nnh...pwah... Nyah♥ Your pwenis ish...amashing...♥"

Black Cat had begun this in order to see what Ange did as she stole Mutsuki in front of her, but at some point she had completely lost herself in the act of fellatio.



She had narrowed her sweet mouth and stickily moved her slender jaw forward and back.

“Nyhh...mnh. Nnnh, nn...ahh♡”

Her slender waist wiggled as if she were being penetrated by something quite thick from behind.

“Nya ha...♡ Hahh, hh... O-oh, whoops.”

She realized she had lost herself in the very boy she was supposedly controlling.

“What a dangerous power. Controlling all women was no metaphor or exaggeration.”

She blushed and fixed her clothes that had shifted out of place even without anyone touching her.

Mutsuki was still sleeping with his eyes open, so he calmly stood there with his saliva-covered erection. Perhaps to hide her embarrassment, Black Cat looked over to Ange who had fallen into a daze.

“Fujita Mutsuki.”

“Yes, Miss C.”

“Show her some love.”

“Fwah...”

The metal structure supporting Ange’s body returned to its original desk form. Her hips were so weak that she nearly collapsed right there.

She somehow managed to cling to the desk and the boy leaned over her slender back.

“Wait... M-Mutsuki!?”

“...”

Her confused voice did not reach him. He simply followed his master’s orders and reached his hands around her small, childlike body.

The holes at the tips of her bra had widened far enough to reveal her budding, milk-colored mounds, but the material remained at the base. The elastic material dug into and pushed out her bust. Mutsuki grabbed those breasts and began fondling them.

“Heh heh... Your body is so wonderfully tender.”

“Nnahh... S-stop... Come back to your senses, Mutsuki!”

Ange raised a shrill angry shout as she was assaulted by the boy she was meant to protect, but her voice did not reach him.

His harassment was even crueler than anything Black Cat could do.

Fujita Mutsuki’s very presence was a potent poison to her at the moment. His rough kneading of her breasts was enough to leave her legs and hips too weak to stand without the desk.

(This is the attractive power of the Serpent’s Eye... No... It’s too...powerful.)

The Serpent’s Eye allowed one to rule over all women, but its power was more than simple hypnotism.

The women were made to adore its possessor, Fujita Mutsuki, on a genetic level. Even now, the girl’s skin cells had left her control as they

begged for his touch. She could not even work up the slight strength needed to throw off someone as weak as him.

(I need to do something...something...hyah!)

The boy's fingers pinched the tips that tended to swell out from her puffy areolae.

If she could break through the brainwashing, she could escape right away. She knew she had to break through that brainwashing, but she was overpowered by the fingers stroking up and down her weak points. She writhed with her hands planted firmly on the desk and her erect nipples throbbed painfully.

Mutsuki was far more talented as a violator than Black Cat.

"You're so cute, Ange."

He kissed the white nape of her neck and whispered in a voice that was empty yet not so cold it seemed emotionless.

He had been ordered to "show her some love". Sadistic Black Cat had likely meant it sarcastically, but Mutsumi seemed to have taken it at face value. He provided a thorough caress, as if she were his lover.

He softly stimulated the tips, fondled the full breasts, and at some point started digging his fingers into her defenseless little butt.

(H-his touch...is too lewd.)

Without even taking his power into account, his technique had been developed to satisfy an adult like Micha, so young Ange had no way of resisting.

"...Oh, right."

As Black Cat watched – or rather, was left behind by the two – she called out to Mutsuki.

“You can do whatever you want to her, but when you cum, do it somewhere other than her vagina. We need sex cells that haven’t been mixed with another life form.”

“Yes, Miss C.”

His fingers had started moving deep between her thighs, but they stopped on her butt.

The way Ange was standing emphasized her small, fleshy hipline. He placed his fingers on the crack visible through her panties and spread her butt.

“Ah! No!”

Even if it was through her panties, this exposed a spot even more inappropriate than her breasts. Her hips moved wildly to throw him off.

But the movement was weak. Her torn skirt fluttered and her ponytail slapped at him, but that was it. In fact, the action drew his attention to the adorable earlobe at the base of the hair brushed back on that side.

He placed his lower lip on it.

“Don’t worry... I’ll make sure you feel great.”

“Nkh... ahh....”

His warm breath reached her eardrum.

She briefly recalled him saving her on the motorcycle. She remembered his surprisingly strong hand, the slight smell of sweat, and the expression she had seen from so close.

She was already having trouble gathering any strength, but now it left her completely.

“Heeeeeen.”

He used that opening to search out her deepest place with his finger.

Her anus was clamped shut like an undeveloped bud, but he worked to loosen it with what almost seemed practiced ease.

(N-no... You’re kidding... He’s touching...my butthole...)

The panties in between were so thin that she could clearly feel even his fingerprint. As a place far more embarrassing than her breasts was exposed, the girl’s face crumbled almost to tears.

But the truly embarrassing part was not the touch itself.

(I-it’s opening up...)

Young Ange was exposed to the finger technique that had won over Micha the Angel, Machina the Human, and Lucia the Demon over the past few days.

An obscene flame seemed to be burning her anus. The outer edge of the hole grew stickily warm and the ring of flesh quickly loosened. The entire opening rose up and sucked at his finger through her panties.

“Stop...Mutsuki...no...”

The girl’s usually dignified eyes were now drooping helplessly as she tearfully pleaded to the boy.

Her smooth skin needed no makeup, her beautiful face was perfectly formed, and she looked incredibly strong-willed when she raised the

corners of her eyes, but when those deep blue eyes grew damp, they gave off a masochistically ephemeral seduction.

Even Black Cat was surprised to see it, but Mutsuki showed no mercy. He gently massaged the edges of her raised anal flesh and stuck his fingertip inside.

After a few minutes of his caress, the courageous angel girl was utterly defeated.

She could no longer stand, so she lay face down on the desk. This stuck her hips back and the boy's hand continued its assault there.

"It's not just your pussy. Your asshole is all wet too. These panties are ruined."

"Ee...heeeen..."

"It's getting softer and softer. Look how easy my finger goes in now."

As he persistently loosened her beautiful anus that was damp with anal juices, his other hand fondled her breasts and his tongue continued stimulating the nape of her neck, and her spine.

All Ange could do was wiggle her small butt a little, but not even she knew whether that was to escape the boy's grasp or to inform him of her pleasure.

(Did Micha...feel like this too?)

She recalled the image of him and their other roommate in their house's bath a few days before.

She had found it abnormal at the time. She had been angry at Mutsuki for perverting Micha, her trusted comrade and friend.

But now that the same thing was happening to her, she knew all too well why Micha had made those indecent moans of pleasure.

(My butt...my butt is spreading so much... Ahhhh, what is this feeling...?)

Her anal flesh had grown very accustomed to his finger. It was burning and desired more of his touch whenever his finger left even for a moment.

She hated Mutsuki for intentionally targeting other spots. When his hand would occasionally leave her butt, he would bring his feather-light touch to her back, her thighs, her knees, or her ankles. That touch felt great, which was exactly why her heated anus throbbed at being neglected.

(Mutsuki of all people...is...is...)

Ange hated humans in the first place, so Mutsuki was nothing more than the individual she was charged with protecting. He was stupid, pathetic, and perverted, so he was honestly the type she was not exactly fond of.

And yet she could not stop her anus from desiring him. She knew it was wrong, but it would open on its own and welcome his finger in to loosen the stickiness inside.

“ ...”

His caress was so thorough that Black Cat's cheeks were flushed as she watched.

“Nn... It looks like this part of you wants me to touch it.”

Finally, Mutsuki lowered his finger.

“Hyah... N-no, Mutsuki... Not...not there...”

“You’re dripping wet. Sorry. I shouldn’t have been so focused on your butt.”

He touched the mound deep below the lovely butt sticking out toward him.

Ange gasped in shock as he traced his fingers across that spot no one else had ever touched before.

Unbelievable heat had resided there ever since his gaze had hit her. The overflowing nectar had not just trailed down her thighs to her knees; it was even soaking into her socks.

“I’m going to take a look.”

He placed his finger on the panties blocking his view.

“...No, nooo. Don’t take them off... Don’t look!”

The girl naturally resisted, but her body was plastered to the desk like melted cheese and she could not move like she wanted to.

She accepted and indulged in his violating touch.

“Fwah... St-stop...”

Her panties were plastered to her with her own juices, but he rolled them up as he removed them.

The remains of her spats were still wrapped around her left leg, so he lifted her right leg and removed her last line of defense.

“~~”

The girl was too embarrassed to speak as her right knee was placed up on the desk.

Mutsuki peered at her defenseless flesh from behind with a satisfied look. She still wore her shoes and both her spats and rolled-up panties remained on her left thigh, but none of that hid her weak point at the center of her spread legs.

“Ha ha♥ This is my first time seeing yours, Ange.”

The young lips located below her snow white butt had yet to grow in their hair and had the color of pudding made from strawberry milk.

It looked like a child’s, but the inner flesh itself was soft and raising her leg caused the crevice to open in a diamond shape. The sticky folds of flesh were packed together inside. She had the same overall lighter coloration as Machina, but the red deep inside the slit stood out quite a bit.

“It’s so pretty...and really sexy.”

He kissed a point that had collected some juices and then brought his tongue to the enchanting lips.

“Uuh...kh... Not there...”

No matter how embarrassing it was, the girl let out a sweet voice.

The juices soaking her flesh were sourer than Micha’s. The flavor worked up a male’s offensive side, so the boy made a needle-like point with his tongue and poked at her.

(No... He’s seeing it all...and licking it all.)

Each time he parted the scarlet folds, the girl was overcome by two conflicting feelings and her face crumbled into sobs.

One of those feelings was embarrassment. That one she could understand.

The problem was the other one. With each forward and back motion of his tongue, she was filled with a horribly sweet sense of perversion.

It was a strange arousal that caused her anger toward him and the situation to fade. Each time he licked, devoured, or poked at her melting flesh, her young body and heart were further bound.

“N-no... Stop.”

“Are you sure? The gaps in the folds are getting hotter. Don’t you want me to tease you more?”

“Ah ah ahhn. No. Don’t stick your tongue in that deep!”

It was made all the worse by how cleverly his tongue moved.

He opened up each small flower petal, thoroughly sucked on them, licked at them, and tickled at them while moving so quickly she could barely believe it was a part of his body.

“Fwah...! Not..there! Ah, ah... It’s...it’s going to peel back...”

The tip of his tongue wrapped around her largish clitoris and peeled back its wrinkled crown.

Her eyes opened wide and her entire body bounced up from the desk. Her slender waist twisted and a wave ran through her delightfully raised breasts.

This was not surprising. That was an unbelievably sensitive spot that had barely ever been touched. Merely peeling back its hood made it sting and she had been brought to tears when she had once touched it out of curiosity.

When taking baths, the most she could manage was surrounding it in soap bubbles. And yet...

“Hyaaaahh! Ahhh...ahh...ahhhh!”

His tongue wrapped around the light pink bump like a snake crushing its prey’s bones.

“Nnahh, yahhhh, stop, no, it’s so rough!”

That small bead of pleasure nerves was too much stimulation for the girl.

But the boy...

“It’s all hard now... And your hole is twitching. Are you about to cum?”

“Nooooooooo!”

He sucked on it like he was trying to dissolve a piece of candy and quickly moved his tongue back and forth as if to press the rough surface against it.

“Nnaahh. Nooo, that’s...too...too good!”

The pleasure pierced her skin like a spear and stabbed into the base of the maiden’s bead, into her urethra, and into her vaginal flesh.

She had never felt anything like this. She had only ever experienced this flash of white in her mind in her dreams over the past ten days.

(No, I...I can't. I can't...)

Her red ponytail shook behind her, but the next thing she knew, her arms and legs were stretched out and her young butt was pressing up against his mouth. The small fleshy cheeks were squished by his cheeks and his nose dug into her enticing anus.

(~~~~ Ahhhh♡)

A sticky light of indecent pleasure washed over her entire slender body.

“Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

As her melting mind flashed in and out, more pleasure than she had ever felt before raced up to her brain.

She felt like the ground had fallen away below her and like she was both falling and flying. Her legs were shaking uncontrollably.

All the while, the boy continued licking her convulsing sweet bead. He was so persistent that the girl could only continue releasing embarrassing moans for a while afterwards.

Her softly melted vagina tightened and her sweet and sour nectar squirted into the boy's mouth. Her anus also squeezed on the tip of his nose.

“Fwah♡”

Another dam gave way.

A healthily clear yellow liquid sprayed out from just below the base of her clitoris.

The small urethra only looked like an indentation, but it opened wide and bulged out a little as it audibly released its contents onto the aluminum desk.

(Why...do I...always...?)

Even after Mutsuki removed his mouth in surprise, the warm liquid passing through her urethra brought more pleasure and the orgasm would not come to an end.

This was the second time he had made her cum.

And she now knew that the climaxes he brought her to were far deeper and longer than the ones she experienced in her dreams at night.

All strength left her. She could not even hope to stand and she nearly fell from the desk.

Even after he supported her and let her curl up on the floor, the waves of pleasure continued with no sign of stopping.

“Wait, Fujita Mutsuki.”

Mutsuki was stroking his curved cannon barrel in preparation to assault the defenseless girl’s nectar hole, but Black Cat stopped him.

“...?”

He looked back in confusion.

“Do not forget your orders,” she said with a frown.

Not long ago, she had told him to ejaculate outside of Ange’s vagina.

It was impossible for the perfectly brainwashed boy to forget his master's orders, but he had already pressed the tip against her vagina. Not only that...

"...Understood."

He agreed, but he looked somewhat displeased.

Black Cat sensed that something was not quite right here, so she narrowed her eyes suspiciously behind her glasses that could suppress the power of the Serpent's Eye.

(Huh?)

Ange's mind was still hazy and she felt like she was in one of her sexual dreams that had caused her to wet the bed so many times.

Her body felt like cream and she could not work up the willpower needed to get up. She simply lay on the floor without moving. Even when Mutsuki approached behind her and lifted her butt, she simply obeyed.

Even in her state, his merciless assault continued.

(Something's happening... Ah, no. Not there...)

While raising her hips, he placed his face in the center of her butt. Ange blankly realized he was going for her anus again and grimaced in embarrassment.

Instead of greeting her, he brought his nose close to her anus that was still somewhat loose from her orgasm and took a deep breath.

Then he kissed it and stuck in his soft tongue.

“...Ah...ahh...”

She twisted her slender waist on a conditioned reflex, but it only bent her cute navel a little and did not allow her to escape. Her butt did not move and her attempts to speak were colored by tones of enjoyment.

His thorough and skilled tongue service was directed at her anus this time.

(Why is...he so... No, no. It's too embarrassing.)



He pressed in on each of the gathered wrinkles and the tip curved back to catch on the sphincter like a fishing hook.

She had thought the same thing when he was doing it with his finger, but he was far too good at this. It was like he knew in advance what would bring the most pleasure.

As that pleasure weakened her body, she naturally lifted her sensitive butt.

(Isn't it dirty...? Oh, and...doesn't it smell?)

Her mind was still hazy from the previous climax.

She was embarrassed, but she could not help but accept him in.

"You're getting even more sensitive. Heh heh. Did cumming flip the switch for you?"

"Nnah...ah. ———!?"

She finally came back to her senses when a hand reached in from a different direction than Mutsuki and pinched one of her erect points.

"D-don't touch me!"

She brushed aside the slender fingers curiously tracing along her breasts.

Black Cat had crouched down to peer at her. Melting in front of Mutsuki was one thing, but she refused to do so in front of the enemy. She somehow managed to regain her senses. But...

"Ah... Wait...Mu...tsuki..."

She could not fight back.

He had stuck two fingers inside her softened anus. They groped at a point deeper than his tongue had reached.

“Mutsu-... You idiot... How long...are you going to...let her control...ahhhh!”

Even with her hated enemy right in front of her, the girl could not maintain her feelings of hatred.

“Heh heh. I don’t believe the desire triggered by the Serpent’s Eye loosens you up back there.”

“Ah...uuh...”

She was unbelievably frustrated, but there was nothing she could do.

That hole meant for excretion had fully become a point of pleasure. When the fingers moved skillfully inside, she could not suppress the sweet feeling that welled up inside her. Her eyes grew damp and held no intensity as she glared at Black Cat.

“How does it feel to have him investigate the smell and flavor of your anus, Jiyuuni Ange?”

“Stop... Don’t...touch me...”

“Interesting. The softer your asshole gets, the harder this becomes.”

This time, Black Cat’s fingers found a spot much more indecent than her breasts.

She had captured the clitoris that had grown entirely erect as it waited for stimulation. Ange bit her lower lip in frustration.

(Stop...that... Ah, no, if...if you touch the front...ahhhhh, my butt is opening. It's opening. What do I do? I can't close it...)

That was still the switch for her pleasure, so even that light touch caused strength to fill her vagina. That effort was transferred to her soft anal flesh which showed its clear response.

The wrinkles of her anus loosened all on their own as they surrounded his two fingers.

"Nn... I bet something even thicker would make you feel even better."

Mutsuki pulled out his fingers.

With that stimulation gone, her damp anus squeezed shut once but began twitching as her maiden's bead was rolled around. When the surrounding flesh occasionally swelled out, the pink contents came into view.

"This might hurt a little."

"Eh...? Ah, Mutsuki! What are you-...?"

The boy held onto her tense waist and parted her tattered miniskirt once more.

He pressed the hot tip against the two evenly round cheeks.

Ange trembled in fear. Until seeing what he had been doing with Micha, she had never known this hole could be a target of a caress, but her instincts told her what he was going to do now. But...

"No... You can't...ah!"

Her anal flesh was already more under his command than her own. The small wrinkles loosened on their own as his tip pressed in on them and

then they opened like a blooming flower. They welcomed what wanted in.

Something far thicker than two fingers began to enter her.

“Ah...ahhhh. No...!”

Her eyes opened wide.

Her modest excretory organ opened wide and she felt so much pressure she almost stopped breathing.

But the hole itself had been loosened by that crucial foreplay. It actually enjoyed the sensation of the penis as the boy forced their union deeper.

He had followed his orders by not putting it in her front hole, but Black Cat’s eyes widened when she saw the alternative method he chose.

“Wow... This hole feels great too... Are you okay, Ange?”

This was Mutsuki’s first time seeing a part of his body slipping inside of an anus as it spread out in all directions. He felt the simple pleasure, the sensation of dominating someone’s body, and the fulfillment of the curiosity that had started with Micha and the others. With those feelings brought together, his mouth hung open despite the empty look in his eyes.

As for Ange...

“Uuh... Nn~~~~~!”

Her scream only lasted a short time.

As soon as his cruelly swollen head passed through the narrow sphincter, her insides grew accustomed to him. Dampness seeped out from the flesh inside, adding lubrication.

(Ahh... What is this? What is this? ...My butt is so hot.)

To loosen up her lovely anal flesh, he slowly, slowly inserted the solid stake, and it filled the girl with a strange feeling.

She had received some extremely dangerous petting from him before, but she was still a virgin. She had seen his penis when he had done it with Ibekusa Machina, but this was of course her first time having it inside her.

On top of that, this was the wrong hole. Its presence and the great pressure should have only filled her with fear, revulsion, and pain. However...

(Why...? Ah, ah, it keeps opening wider...)

He mercilessly penetrated her further.

She suddenly recalled the time she had watched Ibekusa Machina losing her virginity.

Machina too had only been in pain for an instant.

“Ah...ahhhn...”

“Nn. Sounds like it’s started feeling good for you.”

He whispered cruelly into her ear, but she could only glare bitterly back.

However, that glare had no strength behind it when her lovely slanted eyes were filled with feminine moisture. As he stickily rubbed against her anal walls, somewhat seductive tones escaped her small, pointed nose.

(Ah, ahh... This isn't right. He's rubbing against the entrance. It's so hot and it stings...but it isn't bad. I want him to do it more.... Ah, nahh. Why? Why? What is wrong with me?)

The boy made sure her softening flesh grew accustomed to the hard sensation.

(My butt...feels so good♡)

His massive erection was finally entirely buried inside her.

“Mfh...nn♡”

The swollen head was buried deep inside her. With her butt filled with the hot male organ, Ange felt like her entire body was melting out of her young anus.

An intoxicated tone entered her moaning voice.

Her anus was still throbbing with pain, but Mutsuki's frightening skill had remade her body. Instead of just thrusting inside, he twisted clockwise or counterclockwise around the spread wrinkles. He located the points that still hurt a little and kindly polished them.

He thoroughly, thoroughly overwrote the pain with burning pleasure.

“Ahahn, ahn! No, not my butt... Ah, ahhn!”

She had a feeling using her butt for its intended purpose was going to bring her pleasure from now on, but she could not resist. She could only wander through the vortex of indecent pleasure and shake her shiny red ponytail around.

“Nn... You're all ready to go ♪”

Once he noticed the signs of pain had left the girl, Mutsuki began rough direct thrusts.

When entering, he pushed strongly in as if piercing her from different angles. When pulling out, he moved slowly, with the tip catching at her flesh and making it feel like she was pooping.

All pain had left the girl. In fact, her young body was damp with sweat and shining with a seductive scarlet sheen. She twisted her delightfully slender waist on her own.

Her milky skin was flushed pink and she received his rough rhythm as her long red hair dangled down.

“Looks like she’s already addicted. That was fast even with the Serpent’s Eye. What a lewd girl.”

Black Cat parted the hair hiding the girl’s face.

“Ah...ahh...”

The girl recalled her situation when the enemy looked her in the eye from so close.

But even raising the corners of her eyes was difficult now. As her anus widened to match his girth, each thrust filled her with such joy that she barely cared about anything else. She was so very, very happy that she found it hard to hate anyone.

“...Heh heh♥ What a cute girl.”

Ange was not the only one acting weird.

The most powerful angel who had not given in to even the greatest pain was now a slave to this anal pleasure. The abnormal atmosphere had infected Black Cat as well.

“How about this?”

“Ah, ah, ahh... D-don't...touch...me. Not there...”

Black Cat's fingers slid to the girl's hidden lips and found the slit between.

The young labia were so damp that her fingers slipped, but she somehow managed to spread them with the four fingers from her thumb to ring finger. Milky juices dripped down from the hexagonal opening.

She smiled bitterly at how warm the exposed vagina was. The red, heated folds were arranged so perfectly alongside each other that they were reminiscent of rose petals. No matter how much they loosened up, when she spread that young rose bud, it would return to normal and suck at her fingers.

“That feels good, doesn't it?”

Black Cat got up and leaned over the girl who was on all fours. She reached for the girl's breasts and crotch while pressing her lips to her earlobe.

“Sh-shut...up. It does not...ahhhhh!”

Ange harshly rejected the idea with her natural strong will, but it was a fragile thing supported only by her pride.

Her expression retained its nobility, but with each thrust into her anus, the seductive color in it grew. With each massage of her breasts or pinch of her clitoris, her body writhed madly, as irritating and frustrating as it was.

And then...

“...?”

The look on Black Cat’s face changed.

She was leaning over Ange, who was on all fours, so she naturally took a similar bestial pose, but Mutsuki had reached a hand toward the hips sticking back toward him.

The butt inside her skirt had a springy texture and felt plenty soft even through the soft leather. He strongly kneaded it to enjoy the sensation and gently stroked a more obscene location.

Black Cat was confused at first, but she was too engulfed in arousal to stop him. She went right back to teasing Ange.

And she did not realize that the supposedly brainwashed boy was clearly straying from her orders.

“Don’t lie, Ange. This feels good, doesn’t it?”

Even as Black Cat teased her, Mutsuki leaned forward to bring his mouth to the girl’s ear.

“Ange, the entrance to your butt has a habit of pushing out when you feel pleasure, so I can tell right away.”

“Uuh...”

Being teased by Black Cat was humiliating enough, but when it came from the boy she was meant to protect, it directly damaged her pride. She let out a frustrated snort.

But no matter what she thought, her flesh was already his slave. It wrapped around his penis to welcome it in.

Mutsuki held her slender waist as he said more.

“Hey...say it. Say this feels good.”

“What!?”

As he was being brainwashed, he did not hold back and made an obscene request.

“L-like hell I would do that!”

“Say it.”

“~~~”

To show he was serious, he subtly changed how he moved his hips.

If he could attack her in a way that brought the most pleasure, he could also intentionally not do so. He held back on the straight thrusts, pulled partway out, and thoroughly rubbed at that entrance.

(Ahh...uuh...h-honestly...)

She was still spread wide, but it did not feel like enough to her anus that had grown soft enough to pull out a bit when his thick head moved in and out.

He did not give in even as her entire butthole sucked at his penis.

(I-it’s still so hot...where it’s going inside...but he won’t...thrust it all the way in... What do I do? If he keeps teasing me like this, I’ll...)

“C’mon. If you say it, I’ll make you feel good again ♪”

He slowly, slowly rubbed against her inner flesh and occasionally roughly struck it with his shaft.

(I can't. No fair... Stupid Mutsuki... Stupid Mutsuki...!)

The boy's usual self came to mind. He was stupid, perverted, and pathetic. He had no redeeming factors beyond being nice.

That was who was forcibly violating her, and the fact brought new humiliation to her chest, but...

"Ah...ahhh."

Now that she knew how it felt, she could not satisfy the throbbing tickling at the center of her hips that demanded for the obscene pleasure only he could give her.

Sweet breaths escaped from between her clenched teeth, and finally...

"...es."

She raised her feminine hipline.

"Yes... Ahhn, yes. Yes, my butt...feels so good."

Her young bust bounced below her as she released embarrassingly sweet sobs.

She arched her back and raised her hips as if urging him to hurry up and move, so the boy skewered her with the symbol of his arousal once more. The sticky anal walls wrapped around him. The half-hearted movements meant to tease her had been torture for him too.

While providing a powerful massage to the aroused entrance, he shoved the cruel head deep inside her anus.

"Nnaaaahhn!"

The sensual mass reached just as deep...no, deeper than before, as it pierced her lovely butt.

The girl was being filled with guilty anal pleasure before ever having normal sex, so her frenzy was intense. An oppressive feeling filled her from her belly to her butthole, but it was quickly overwritten with pleasure.

“Amazing, Mutsuki! It’s too good... Ah, ah...so deep...so deep... My butt...it’s opening...so wide...”

He had only asked her for the first admission, but once she broke free of her rational mind, she began crying embarrassing and indecent things without even realizing it.

Mutsuki was filling her with thrust after thrust of vivid pleasure, just as she had wanted, so she could not help herself. The ferocious shaft moved in a terribly precise screw-like motion that twisted, scraped, and pulled at her melting anal flesh from every direction.

“...”

Black Cat watched it all play out in a daze.

She still had not realized that she was no longer in control of the situation.

The daze brought on by the hand on her butt would not let her realize it.

“Mutsuki... Stop...stop this.”

“Why? This hole is loving it so much.”

He pressed against her womb through the anal wall, found the perfect spot to bring sexual pleasure, and began whispering embarrassing things again.

“N-no. I do not...I do not love it.”

“Really? That’s odd. You mean you don’t love it when I do this?”

He gently pulled his hips back to move his penis in and out at the entrance.

The dreadfully swollen head scraped and pulled at the sphincter.

“Kyah♥ I-I doooooon’t♥ When you...rub at...the entrance...my butt...my butt gets all melted...and opens...on its own...”

“Hmm. Then what about this?”

This time, he thrust in as deep as he could.

The hair at the base rubbed against the entrance.

“Hyahhh! No...I don’t... When you...thrust it...thrust it inside...it doesn’t feel good...at all... Fwahhh! Don’t...don’t grope my butt like that♥”

As he thrust straight into her melting anus, her cries echoed through the entire abandoned building. Her beautiful, dignified eyes had an indecent film of moisture over them.

Meanwhile, Mutsuki remained composed as he made his attack on the girl. Even as he made that proud angel a slave to his anal sex, he shifted his focus elsewhere.

“——!?! What do you think you’re doing!?”

The fingers tracing along Black Cat’s butt finally slipped inside the soft leather.

His emotionless expression remained, so he was still brainwashed, but his master's command to stop did not reach him.

"Black Cat-san... Don't you want to feel good too?"

Below the soft leather material, he parted her mature butt and placed his hand at the very base. It was already quite damp.

"Ee..."

Not even Black Cat had noticed when arousal had filled that area and his fingertips began a piston-like motion. Goose bumps covered her skin and strength left her entire body.

"You...ahhh...st-stop. That's an order...Fujita Mutsuki..."

"You're a really sensitive here, aren't you? See? See?"

The sticky friction to the surface of those neatly closed lips caused Black Cat to wildly swing her braided hair around.

She could not escape. She could not move her body from its position leaning over Ange. She could only send wave-like contractions through her nectar-covered flesh to invite his fingers in deeper.

"Listen up, you two. Once you've had plenty of pleasure, we're all going to cum together."

He of course did not forget to provide a finishing blow for Ange's anus. He plunged his long penis in and out of her white peach-like butt with a wet sound.

"Uuh... I can't...stand it... Why Mutsuki...? Why does it have to be Mutsuki again...?"

"Damn...you. You dare...do this...to me...ahh."

The beautiful woman and beautiful girl had equally smooth and springy butts and the boy groped or penetrated both of them.

He was violating an anus filled with flesh. With each stroke, the anal walls would wrap complexly around the head, so he was approaching his limit too. With the bodily fluids rising from his testicles, his shaft had grown until he thought it would burst.

However, he did not rush and instead worked at the other two with skillful use of his hips and fingers.

The harsh thrusts of his penis into the anus elicited the cries of a slave from his cute roommate and the rubbing of the lovely pink flesh elicited the sweet cries of a kitten from his enemy.

“Ah... I-I can't...”

The first one to reach her limit was of course Ange. Strength filled her seductively wiggling shoulders and her limbs grew tense.

The straight thrusts into her anus caused her to raise her butt, forget what that hole was actually meant for, and tighten down on the obscene rod.

“Hh... Go ahead, Ange. I'll...I'll cum too.”

The urethra running down the center of the solid rod swelled out against the twitching inner flesh.

The head spread out painfully far and scraped against the surrounding flesh.

“Ahhhhh, Mutskukiiii. I can't... It's too thick...too thick... I'm going to break! Ahhh♡”

“Kh... Uuhhhh.”

As if the younger two's obscene pleasure had infected her, Black Cat started sensually wiggling her slender waist back and forth.

Her fingers were still sticking inside Ange's hidden garden and its melted folds of nectar squeezed tightly on her. Her body copied the reaction, so her own hidden place seemed to devour the boy's fingers as he moved them in and out.

The sweaty bodies of Ange and Black Cat both began moving their hips in a seductive, intoxicated way and a satisfied smile appeared on Mutsuki's supposedly unmoving face.

"I'm cumming..."

While continuing the sticky pistoning into both of them, he squeezed the final trigger.

"Nnaaaaahhhh♥"

Hot magma erupted from the thick fully-engorged tip.

"Hyahaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥"

Ange let out a cry of joy as the hot and thick juices flowed right into her anal walls.

Her consciousness was blown away by a whiteness on another level entirely from the one brought on by her clitoris. She felt like her entire being was being erased.

The flowing liquid was so thick and sticky it was almost solid, so it roughly pried open the tightened walls and flowed deeper and deeper inside. A dull rumbling as if from a landslide came from her lower stomach.

“Ahhhhhhh, ahhhhh, ahahhhhhhhhhhh~~~~!”

The eruption alone had brought her to climax, but the continuing waves of orgasm only grew deeper as the pleasurable liquid worked its way deeper.

“Uuh...uuh...”



Black Cat was quieter, but she too was enveloped by a perverse orgasm.

She had only managed to restrain her voice, so she was sticking her plump, mature butt out toward Mutsuki as she was swept away by indescribable waves of ecstasy.

“Ee...”

She must have inadvertently gathered some strength in her hand because her fingers wetly parted Ange’s hidden lips.

With an obscene sound, that untouched vagina squirted hot nectar.

The urethra a little above it swelled out and seemed to open up. Only a small amount of fragrant urine seeped out as she had already released some earlier.

(Ahhhhh♥ Mutsuki’s...Mutsuki’s semen is going further and further inside me...)

Her body was filled with his milk and she could feel its heat and sensation seeping into her. That caused her to tremble for a reason other than pleasure.

She was trembling at the premonition that rapidly rose within her.

(Even the deepest...depths of my body...)

She did not know if it was a tremor of fear or of anticipation, but she was certain that the premonition would come true.

(Even the deepest depths of my body...are going to fall in love with Mutsuki...♡♡♡)

After coming down off such a great wave, Mutsuki and Ange's bodies both seemed like empty, soulless shells. They were embracing each other and their shoulders rose and fell with the same rhythm.

"...I-I think I had a little too much fun there."

The first to come to her senses was Black Cut. She had gotten dragged into things and been guided to a light climax, so she quickly moved away from Mutsuki's hand.

She took a deep breath to calm herself and looked to the embracing boy and girl while blushing.

"I guess I'll take them away while they're docile. Both Adam and the girl with Adam's sperm inside."

She pulled on the red ponytail that had fallen limply to the floor.

The girl groaned a little, but she did not come to. Carrying her like this would be easy.

"...Stop."

But Mutsuki rejected the idea while embracing the small girl from behind.

Black Cat frowned. His brainwashing was still intact and he should have been unable to do anything she did not command him to do.

It should have been impossible for him to object to anything she did.

"Don't touch my Ange."

"——!?"

The woman instantly removed her hand and jumped back.

Something had stroked her neck. Something cold and sharp. Her animalistic reflexes had sensed danger and so she had escaped having her throat slit, but...

She checked her neck and found a shallow cut with blood seeping out.

“What...?”

She looked around. Ange’s sword was lying on the floor in pendant form and those two had not moved. She did not see anyone else either.

This was strange. She could guess that the boy’s brainwashing was being broken. She did not know why, but he had also ignored her command to stop and had violated her.

But he should have been no different from a normal human. He should not have been able to harm one of the FeTUS Witches.

“Kh...”

At the very least, she knew something was interfering with her mission. She ever so carefully approached the two of them again to carry them away.

“_____”

Once again, a sharp blade approached her neck, and this time she realized what it was.

It was her.

Her own arm had extended the claws that could slice through concrete and was targeting her own throat.

She herself was making sure she “did not touch Ange”.

“It was careless of you to stay near Mutsuki-kun for so long when you’re a woman.”

When she heard an arrogant voice, Black Cat jumped back again. She jumped back from Mutsuki, Ange, and the voice coming from the hole Ange had made.

A brown-skinned angel with some white powder remaining on her clothes stood there with her arms crossed.

“Surely you know that Adam’s power isn’t anything as cheap as the Serpent’s Eye. If he wanted to, he could rule over every woman with his very presence alone.”

“...!”

“You can’t control him anymore and you can’t touch Ange now that he’s commanded you not to. His power has been imprinted on your subconscious.”

Micha gave a cold, confident smile.

Black Cat was shaken, but she managed to straighten her back into her usual posture.

“H-hmph. I will admit that I miscalculated Adam’s power. But so what? I just have to call for backup. Or, Jiyuuni Micha, are you saying you can stop-...?”

“Negative.”

Her low, threatening growl was cut off by a composed voice in the opposite direction from Micha.

The door opened and Miss E, aka Ibekusa Machina, stepped in. Miss C was surprised by this supposed ally's appearance, but Micha's smile remained. She had apparently brought Machina here.

Machina's eyebrows briefly twitched when she saw Ange and Mutsuki lying on top of each other, but her usual expressionless look quickly returned.

"You ignored any damage to the locals, you destroyed a shop and the transportation network, you violated FeTUS's obligation to secrecy, and you put a powered individual in danger. Miss C, you went too far. An inquiry is set to be held, so FeTUS will not send any help until the investigation is complete."

"Wha-...?"

"Therefore."

Machina slowly closed her eyes.

"I will not assist you in what is about to occur."

A third individual appeared without speaking a word and Black Cat was too shaken to react in the slightest.

"Kah...!?"

The next thing she knew, a slender arm had grown from her gut.

She supposedly had her back to a wall, but a child's hand had stabbed through her slender back.

A boy stood in that impossible blind spot, as if he had slipped right through the wall.

"FeTUS Witches Miss C... You bitch."

No human could do that and he was not an angel that followed the human world's rules, so only one option remained.

The demon pulled back his hand which had intentionally missed her vitals. No hole remained in her gut. As if by magic, there was no wound in the side that his arm had punched through.

However, his hand was still buried in her back up to the wrist.

"Don't think you'll get a quick death after toying with my Mutsuki-kun like that."

"Ghah...agh! Ah...agah!"

He moved his hand back and forth inside her body.

His bare hand stirred up her organs and she coughed up something red despite the lack of any injury. Finally, she noticed Lucia standing right behind her with a coquettish smile on his face.

She swung her claws like crazy, trying to force him away, but no matter how much she sliced through the demon's skin, his sweet smile remained. The only change was the intensified snap of his wrist.

"Gh!"

Black Cat had an advantage against an angel, but she was helpless against a demon. Escaping was the most she could hope for. She used the sparks from her right hand's claws to blind the demon, escaped his grasp while endured the tearing of the organs he held in his hand, and made a run for it.

Miss E allowed her to leave through the door.

“You tell Miss A that you wasted our opportunity to retrieve Adam! Tell her you’ve hastened the time of conflict...and the extinction of mankind!”

She spat out something red as she shouted to her supposed ally and then ran off.

“Phew...”

Lucia, Machina, and Micha remained.

“Great work locating Black Cat for me, Machina-chan. In the human world, it’s best to leave things to the humans.”

“It was not a problem. In fact, I would like to apologize for all the trouble.”

“You did some great work too, Lucia-kun. That was a little rough, but I might have been in trouble if you hadn’t driven her off.”

“You don’t need to thank me. I was only protecting Mutsuki-kun because I wanted to.”

“Now, then.”

They approached Mutsuki and Ange. Mutsuki may have noticed what was going on around him because he continued holding onto Ange despite only being half conscious.

He still had a distant doll-like look in his eyes, but when Machina pulled a needle-like object from his neck, he went completely limp like the power had been switched off. Lucia quickly supported him.

“...Ahh.”

The unconscious girl gave a quiet groan as the hard object in her anus shifted position.

“This time, I think Ange put in the most work of anyone.”

Chapter 6: The Secret Ingredient is Love

“What happened to the mall?”

“FeTUS is cleaning up there, so it would be difficult for me to act.”

“I see.”

With a cellphone in hand, Micha boarded the elevator and hit the button for the top floor. A convenience store bag full of beer dangled from her elbow.

“They’re better at manipulating information than us, so you should probably just leave.”

“Yes, I already have.”

She was receiving a report on the cleanup of the mall and highway caught in the chaos.

“What about Black Cat?” she asked. “Do you know anything about her?”

“No. I thought I could manage given her injury, but she managed to escape my pursuit.”

“I see. ...Well, that doesn’t matter. We have some information at least.” Her tone of voice dropped. “She set up an accurate ambush, so she had to have had information on Mutsuki-kun and Ange. She almost certainly-...”

“Yes, I believe she has already contacted Fujita Mutsuki-kun in his personal life. ...She most likely has some connection to him at school.”

“Agreed. ...I just hope it isn’t one of his friends.”

“I will look into it immediately.”

“Please do.”

She let out a quiet sigh.

With a ding, the elevator door opened. The top floor of the high-rise apartment building was always exposed to powerful winds and it was chilly now that the sun had gone down.

“Micha. Try not to view this too optimistically. Now that FeTUS has become a threat, the higher ups are hinting that they might use Metatron if it comes to it.”

“...”

Micha narrowed her eyes in the cold wind.

She always acted the cheerful young woman around Mutsuki, so she would never have let him see this expression.

“By the way...how is Ange doing?”

Her conversational partner must have picked up on her mood because their tone of voice quickly changed.

It changed from a deep tone to a light one. The androgynous voice was an elegant boy’s soprano just as high as Micha’s alto which was a little deep for a woman.

“I haven’t seen my adorable little sister in a while. And I’d also like to meet the legendary Adam...Fujita Mutsuki-kun.”

“...”

Her expression was not noticeable over the phone, but Micha was clearly displeased.

“I’ll think about it. More importantly, continue your investigation of Black Cat.”

“Will do ♪”

Mutsuki had been attacked at the shopping mall, chased along the highway, and ultimately captured by Black Cat.

But what had happened after that? His memories of everything afterwards were gone. He could only scratch at his head in confusion.

By the time he had come to, Micha had already rescued him and he was on the way home in a taxi. Micha had smiled bitterly and avoided giving him a straight answer and Ange had only kicked him without saying a word, so he had never learned what had happened.

Regardless, they had managed to escape, so he decided to find satisfaction in that.

They had returned to their original apartment rather than the rundown house. They ended up moving that day, just as planned. They had no TV or anything like that since their shopping trip had been interrupted, but it at least had the bare minimum of furniture like tables and beds. The miscellaneous items they had arranged to have delivered had arrived, so they could spend a night there without issue.

They had no time to make dinner, so they ended up buying a few ready-made things at the supermarket.

“Okay, it’s all done.”

They had grilled chicken skewers, fried pork skewers, fried chicken, salad, gobo rolls, chicken stew, and the oden that Micha had bought.

They did not have a microwave, but they heated it all over the portable stove they had.

Ready-made dishes had become quite convenient. The supermarket had even sold cooked rice, so they could put together a decent meal even without a rice cooker.

They bought enough for five, divided each dish into five bowls, and prepared five pairs of chopsticks.

“Here, Ibekusa-san and Lucia-kun.”

“...” (Nod)

“Thanks. Wa ha♥ Mine’s the same as Mutsuki-kun’s!”

He handed two bowls to the other two sitting around the table. Machina and Lucia were sitting amiably next to each other.

He did not know exactly why, but they too had been in the taxi when he had woken. They had apparently helped rescue him from Black Cat.

Since they were there, he had invited them to dinner. That would also help build their friendship.

“Sorry it’s all ready-made.”

“Don’t be. I’m just glad I can eat dinner with you ♪”

“Not a problem.”

They both entered the angels’ residence without much issue.

Micha showed no real caution as she sat at the head of the table.

“You both helped us out today, so feel free to go nuts ♪”

In fact, she seemed in a good mood. She was already making up for the alcohol she had worked off in her battle against the Springloaded and her fire extinguisher shower.

Mutsuki breathed a sigh of relief that the two guests and Micha did not have a problem.

“Ange, it’s ready.”

Then he called to his other roommate who was leaning against the wall a short distance away.

“...”

She remained sullen and refused to leave the corner.

She was the greatest enemy to his plan to make friends out of all three classmates. She had decided Machina and Lucia were enemies, so she refused to approach them.

(What am I supposed to do about this?)

The boy let out a sigh, which was becoming a habit these days.

The past month had taught him all too well that she was not honest enough to simply be persuaded, but ignoring the problem would strain the atmosphere of the gathering.

He tried to think of some way to draw her over, but...

“Leave her alone, Mutsuki-kun.”

Lucia elbowed him.

“She probably doesn’t want to sit down. I bet it hurts if she does.”

“Eh?”

“Th-that is not why I’m over here, you idiot!”

Mutsuki did not understand, but Ange herself flared up.

“Oh? It isn’t? Well, I just assumed that was the case after taking that thick thing in there.”

“Uuh... It’s true it throbs when I sit down, but that’s not the point! I have no intention of getting along with a human and a demon!”

“I could turn your cushion into a Springloaded and transform it into a shape with negligible pressure on the center. Should I?”

“I don’t need your help! ...Kwah...”

Simply yelling caused her to grimace, go a little bowlegged, and rub at her hip. (Or was it her butt?)

“??”

Mutsuki had no idea what they were talking about and could not join in.

However, this ticked him off a little. Treating him that way was one thing, but he could not let her treat Lucia and Machina like that when they were trying to be nice.

“Ange.”

He approached.

“...Wh-what?”

“Come here.”

He forcibly tugged on her hand.

“Wait! ...Nnahn.”

She came with him surprisingly easily. And as soon as the force of the first step reached her hips, he thought he heard a somehow sweet moan.

He then forced her to sit on her cushion.

“Let’s eat together, okay?”

She seemed a little bit tearful, but he put on a powerful tone because did not want to lose this opportunity.

“Uuh~~”

Her eyebrows drooped weakly for once as she looked up at the boy. When her heels dug into her butt, she fidgeted restlessly and finally moved her legs out from under herself.

“F-fine...then.”

She nodded with flushed cheeks.

Mutsuki was glad. His smile returned, he removed his apron, and he took his seat next to her. She seemed uncomfortable and like she wanted to keep her distance, but she could not drag her butt away and ended up staying put.

“Now, then. That seems to have settled that.”

Micha took the initiative and clapped her hands.

Ange still did not look satisfied, but the rest of the students repeated after the woman.

“Let’s eat!”

“Let’s eat!”

“Oh, right.”

As they began eating their food, Mutsuki brought a fist to his palm.

The other four watched as he stood up and returned to the kitchen.

“I completely forget about this last dish.”

“What is it?”

“Our meal wasn’t the healthiest with only ready-made stuff.”

He lifted the lid of the pot on the stove, releasing a unique aroma that stimulated the hunger of anyone Japanese.

“So I made some miso soup.”

He prepared another five bowls and poured some in.

Machina was expressionless, Lucia’s eyes were sparkling, and Micha was grinning like usual.

Ange alone had gone pale.

“...You ‘made’ it?”

“Yeah ♪”

He carried the tray over and passed out the bowls.

“I even get to eat Mutsuki-kun’s cooking? Uuh~♥ I couldn’t be happier~♥”

“Fried tofu, seaweed, onion. Perfectly normal ingredients.”

“Beer and miso soup go surprisingly well together~”

“...”

Three of them accepted the bowls quite normally while Ange remained silent.

“Since everyone’s here, I worked extra hard on it. Now, dig in.”

“Ha ha ♪ Don’t mind if I do♥”

“Thank you.”

“Here goes.”

“...”

The five of them all took a sip.

“...”

“...”

“...”

“What do you think?”

“Gbhahh!”

Ange erupted at the full table.

“Wah wah wah. Ange, you got it on the other food.”

“Don’t blame me! ...Cough, cough! Pant, pant. Y-you really did work extra hard on this one, didn’t you?”

“Huh? You didn’t like this one either?”

“Of course not! You didn’t figure that out when I went ‘gbhahh’!?”

She grabbed a dishcloth and wiped off her mouth...as well as her tongue.

Worried about what the others thought, Mutsuki turned to them.

Micha was drinking it along with her beer like usual, but...

“...” (Wobble)

“Wah! Lucia-kun?”

“That was a close one... I nearly came.”

Lucia almost fell over, but he managed to grab the table and stay upright.

“Was it not any good? You don’t have to drink the rest.”

“N-no, it’s fine. I’ll eat or drink whatever you make for me. I’m a bit of an M.”

He gave a bittersweet smile while breathing heavily. His smile was covered in sweat and tears, so it contained a masochistic beauty that made it even more adorable than usual.

“...”

“Ibekusa?”

Machina seemed to have frozen in time with the bowl at her lips, so Ange peered worriedly over at her, forgetting about the whole enemies issue.

“...”

“You can cough it up if you want.”

“...”

Machina remained frozen for about half a minute.

Finally, she set down the half-emptied bowl with her usual expressionless look.

“Noh a prohleh.”

“Your tongue’s gone numb! Just cough it back up! It’s dangerous!”

“Huh? You too, Ibekusa-san? That’s strange.”

Since everyone but Micha was having trouble, the boy took a sip of his own cooking.

He could have sworn he had added some well-matched secret ingredients on top of the standard ingredients to flavor the dashi and miso.

“What the hell do you think you’re feeding us!? Are you trying to kill us!? Was this supposed to wipe out everyone targeting you and protecting you in one fell swoop!?”

“O-of course not. Hmm. How could this have happened? It’s full of nutrients.”

“I’m pretty sure that’s the reason right there!”

Ange shouted angrily at him while Machina and Lucia were still frozen from the shock of this new experience.

“...”

All the while, Micha watched over them all.

“Uuh... It’s sweet. This is miso soup, but it has a sweet aftertaste...”

“Are you okay, Ange?”

“Of course not! Honestly... The Springloaded and Black Cat were bad enough, but you’ve done the most damage today!”

“Th-that’s going too far.”

“No, it isn’t! Today alone, both my entrance and exit were-...gh! I-I can feel it...just by shouting.”

“Hm? Why are you holding your butt? Were you hurt?”

“Eeeee! Waaaaah! Don’t stare at my butt, you pervert!”

“I’m just worried you might be hurt. Where does it hurt? Your hips? Should I rub them?”

“Gyaaaaah! Don’t touch me! Don’t touch me! Don’t come up behind me, you butt devil!”

“C’mon. Being called that kind of hurts, so please stop. And that was a few days ago now.”

“It was today!”

“What?”

“What a pain. And she looked so happy after taking it up the ass too.”

“Satowaaaa! I-I-I did not look happy!”

“Yeah, you did. Hey, Ibekusa. Wasn’t this angel’s face practically melting when we rescued her?”

“I-Ibekusa! Tell him it wasn’t! It wasn’t, right!?”

“I do recall the look on your face when we pulled you away from Fujitakun, but I lack the lexical knowledge to determine whether ‘practically melting’ would be an appropriate description or not.”

“See! It wasn’t!”

“But I do recall you saying ‘don’t take it out’.”

“Gyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

“Ah ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! That settles it~ ♪”

“Hm? What in the world are you three talking about?”

“Heh heh♡”

Micha took another drink of her beer.

Afterword

Hello. It can't be helped, but since the story is set in summer, half of the sex scenes were in school swimsuits even though this is being released during the winter. This is Sakakikasa.

This is the second volume of Adolescent Adam, or Adolescent Adam 2: The One Who Attacks from Behind. Did you enjoy it? I finally introduced a villain-like enemy with Black Cat. Of course, based on what happened at the end, you can see she's another heroine.

On that note, Black Cat sure is cute. When I first conveyed my image for the character, I knew I was asking for a lot and even wondered how they were going to draw that, so the finished design was a pleasant surprise. I may have drawn out Amagoi-sensei's true abilities. I'm going to ask for a lot in the future too.

Now for the thanks. First, to my illustrator, Amagoi Yukino-sensei. Thank you again for the attractive illustrations. Also, to all of you who supported the first volume. I somehow managed to get a second volume out and I hope you keep supporting me.

Now, until we meet again in Volume 3.

