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挿絵：天海雪乃

あとみっく文庫

Adolescent Adam  
vol.4 - Fall of a Sanctuary

by Sakakikasa

[Novel Updates](#)

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# Colour illustrations





# Prologue

Kagari Enju had the misfortune of not being born into a loving family.

Her mother had not known which of the many men she had slept around with was the father and she had hated the daughter even before she was born.

Her mother had lacked the courage to leave her with an institution. In a way, that was only more bad luck. A child was less happy being raised by an irresponsible parent than being separated from their parent. From her earliest memories, Enju had been verbally and physically abused by her mother and even burned all over her body by cigarettes.

"I'm hungry."

That was the most common phrase she had uttered. Her mother would grow angry if she so much as spoke to her, but if she said that, her mother would give her some bread or a snack while yelling at her. She had only gotten one meager meal a day, but it was enough to survive.

However, her last moments had also come from those words.

Not long after turning four, her mother had been more irritated than usual when returning from work. Informing her mother of her empty stomach must have gotten on her nerves because she had suddenly slapped her.

Her mother had hit her plenty of times before, but this one had been especially strong and her feet had given out below her. When she had toppled backwards, the girl's head had struck the corner of the table.

After realizing her daughter had stopped moving, the mother had panicked, but only for a few minutes. After calling out to her a few times and realizing her breathing was shallow, the woman had gathered her bankbook and her favorite lipstick from the dresser and some expensive-looking clothes from the closet. She had done it so quickly she had almost looked gleeful.

When Enju had come to, the woman was no longer in the room.

The front door's lock had been broken and the malnourished girl had not been strong enough to open the rain shutter.

It had taken her a while to realize she was trapped inside. It had taken her much longer to realize her mother had abandoned her.

"I'm hungry..."

Before long, she had found herself unable to move or speak properly.

The long, long wait for death had taught the dying girl one thing: her mother had hated her.

"Everyone... I hate...everyone..."

# Chapter 1 - The Usual Scene

"Ange?"

"!"

Ange seemed to have been napping for once, so she opened her drowsy eyes.

"It's lunchtime. Aren't you going to eat?"

Mutsuki smiled bitterly at the girl's sleepy look and handed her today's lunchbox.

Only then did she realize their lunch break had started.

It was midsummer and they only had two days until summer break. Her window-side seat was not exactly comfortable with the sunlight falling directly on it, but it was cool enough even without the air conditioning because a typhoon was approaching.

With the sound of the rain and the chilly wind reaching her through the opened window, it was hardly surprising she had dozed off.

"You have some sleep in your eye."

Mutsuki chuckled and pulled out a handkerchief.

Without taking the handkerchief, Ange sullenly wiped her eye with the back of her hand and turned away with a lopsided frown on her face.

This was the usual for her, so he returned to his seat.

"Okay, time to eat, time to eat. We're in the middle of the period of growth that has to support our futures, so this is another way to enjoy our school life to its fullest."

His childhood friend Sakae walked over with a ton of bread in his arms.

"Let's push our desks together~ Outta the way, Sakae. Mutsuki-kun, over here, over here♪"

"Sure."

"Deh heh heh heh heh. Ange-chaaan. Let's eat together."

"Th-that's fine."

Lucia moved his desk behind Mutsuki and Saya moved over to Ange's desk.

"..."

As usual, Machina remained in the neighboring seat. On her own, she

pulled a water bottle and a single apple from her bag.

Mutsuki and Ange ate together, Lucia, Sakae, and Saya wanted to eat with them, and Machina sat nearby.

Recently, the six of them spent most of their lunch breaks together like this.

They all pulled out their lunches.

Saya's was quite girly, Sakae lined up the bread he had bought at the school store, Lucia had a lot of portable foods like dried meats and seeds, and Machina had her single apple.

Mutsuki and Ange's lunches were the same since they lived together.

"Once again, it at least looks normal enough."

Ange sighed when she opened the lunchbox she had been given.

It contained sakura denbu on rice, pickled cucumbers, rolled omelets, bacon soaked in chili oil, and spinach salad. The main dish was pork dumplings.

The sakura denbu was shaped like the Lazy Bear character the girl liked and the pork dumplings were star-shaped, so it had a real focus on presentation. It did indeed look like a delicious lunch.

"Okay, let's get started."

Mutsuki clapped his hands together.

On that signal, they all started eating. Machina was not even looking in their direction, but he had a feeling she brought the apple to her mouth after he clapped.

With six of them there, they naturally split between boys and girls.

Mutsuki, Sakae, and Lucia formed one group and Ange and Saya formed another. Machina did not speak with anyone.

The three boys discussed class, which girl (or boy) the most recent love letter Lucia had gotten was from, and generally wandered from topic to topic.

As for the two girls...

"Ange-chan, Ange-chan. I have some fried chicken today too."

"Again?"

"Say 'ah'."

"Saya, are you bringing this everyday just to feed it to me?"

"Of course not. It's just a coincidence. Or do you not want it?"

"I didn't say that."

"Say 'ahhh♡'."

Ange hesitated but gave in because she liked meat.

This classmate seemed to have gotten quite clingy lately. Ange had attacked her before after mistaking her for an enemy, so she had been worried about how to treat her afterwards. However, Saya did not seem to mind and did not seem to have realized who Ange really was. In the end, they were still just classmates.

Except that the girl was giving her a lot of heated looks that seemed to surpass the level of classmate.

"A-ahhh."

"Here you go. Heh heh heh~ You're so cute with your mouth open, Ange-chan."

"Am I?"

"Yeah. Oh, I just can't stand it!"

For some reason, Saya blushed and grinned.

Ange was a little worried the girl had indeed realized she was an angel, but there was nothing she could do if the girl did not bring it up first.

"Here. This one's ankake-style. Say 'ahhh'"

"Ahhh."

"Deh heh heh heh heh♡"



As a result, she could only do as the girl asked.

While the fried chicken flavor lingered in her mouth, she gulped down the spinach salad she did not like. She disguised the aftertaste with the rice and pickled vegetables before starting on the pork dumplings.

"..." (Munch munch)

She had a bad feeling about them, but they were normal pork

dumplings. After breathing a sigh of relief, she washed them down with a sip of tea and ate the spicy bacon she liked with some rice.

Finally, she took a bite of the rolled omelets.

"Gwoh!!"

She spat it back out.

The other five and everyone else in the class turned her way.

"Ahhh~ So it was these, not the dumplings~ Saya! Tea, tea, tea!"

"Here you go."

She chugged down the 500 mL bottle of tea.

The omelets had something sweet and yet bitter inside.

After clenching her teeth, she glared at the boy with tears in her eyes.

"Mutsuki!"

"U-um, to make sure you could stand the summer heat, I added in some garlic chives, grated ginger, garlic, and cacao beans that are full of polyphenols. You like cocoa, don't you?"

"Why would you put that in an omelet!?"

She shouted in anger.

Of the classmate's watching them, half were giving lukewarm looks and the other half had already cooled as if to say, "Oh, it's this again."

"But it's highly nutritious."

"It may be good for you physically, but it's bad for you mentally! Enough to stop my heart! Oh, honestly! How many times do I have to tell you not to add in your original dishes!?"

"S-sorry. And sorry to you too, Ibekusa-san."

"Not a problem."

The boy apologized to Ange whose anger was like a blazing fire and to Machina who was sitting in front of Ange and thus was hit in the back of the head when the angel girl spat out the food.

"Honestly."

Once she was done yelling, the girl returned to her seat.

And...

"How spoiled do you have to be to complain when someone makes food for you?"

"...What?"

She wrinkled her brow again when Lucia spoke up next to her.

The demon boy looked cute, but he could be truly malicious to people he did not like. And as an angel, Ange was his natural enemy.

"Beggars can't be choosers. Who does she think she is? Right, Mutsuki-kun?"

"I-I do the cooking because I like it."

Mutsuki quickly intervened when he saw the frightening look on the already short-tempered girl's face.

Lucia generally never did anything that would cause him trouble and Ange did not bite at the obvious provocation, so nothing came of it. They both returned to their lunches.

"Speaking of that, Mutsuki."

Noticing the tense atmosphere, Sakae immediately changed the subject.

“You’ve always loved cooking, haven’t you?”

“Yeah. I’ve been doing it since before elementary school, so it’s more of a habit than anything.” Mutsuki narrowed his eyes as he easily ate the highly nutritious omelets. “And Ange might complain, but she always eats everything but the one thing.”

The girl shoved the omelets to the side and gulped down the rest of the pork dumplings and rice. He laughed happily when he saw it.

“I do like making lunches for Ange.”

“Ha ha. You’re a total house-husband.”

His best friend Sakae laughed too, but Lucia gave a sullen look next to him.

The three boys naturally turned toward Ange.

When their eyes gathered on her, the girl blushed in surprise and faced the window with her usual lopsided frown.

Mutsuki, Lucia, and Sakae had all realized that was just how she hid her embarrassment, so they all burst out laughing.

Ange ignored them and turned her back on them.

“ .. ”

And that was why none of them noticed the hint of loneliness on her face.

“That was delicious!”

A woman loudly clapped her hands together and set down her chopsticks.

Mutsuki made a total of three lunches every day: one for himself, one for Ange, and one for their other roommate Micha.

Even though she lay around the apartment drinking all day, she had a lunch prepared neatly inside a lunchbox instead of stuffed inside some tupperware. She had already eaten it, but the sakura denbu on the rice had spelled out “No Alcohol”.

She laughed as she walked to the fridge.

She winked and said “sorry” to the sticky note that said “Only two beers a day!” in Mutsuki’s handwriting and pulled two cans out. Incidentally, there were already four empty cans in the trash from that morning alone.

She opened one with a nice “ksh” sound.

"..."

But before drinking any, she set them down on the table.

"What?"

She looked out the window toward the balcony.

This was the top floor of the apartment building and it was pouring rain thanks to the typhoon.

However, the sound of the rain had suddenly died down.

Four figures were visible out the window. Three were girls and one was a young man. They all had an otherworldly beauty as they smiled softly at her.

The falling raindrops veered unnaturally away from the balcony as if they disliked the people standing there.

"The preparations for the guiding chant are complete. The location of FeTUS headquarters has been confirmed. We are prepared to bring judgment."

"I see."

“Now we must only wait for Metatron.”

Micha’s expression stiffened when the young man – Rapha – said that.

She instantly forgot all about the intoxication brought on by the four beers.

“Please hurry this up, Micha. The higher ups seem irritated that the current situation is making the humans look better than us.”

“I am well aware.”

Her voice was rough. The young man quietly closed his eyes, said “please” once more, and then left. The three girls followed suit.

Micha sighed quietly as she watched them leave.

Her eyes stopped on the lunchbox she had just finished eating from.

That lunch had been filled with Fujita Mutsuki’s love.

“I wonder if this will be the least time he makes one of those for me,” she quietly pondered.

She reached for a nearby shelf instead of the beers she had set down. It contained a few drinks with higher alcohol content, like whisky and brandy.

It also contained a photo of Mutsuki, Ange, and Micha that they had taken a while back.

She closed her eyes when she saw the smiling boy in the photo. She carelessly grabbed a bottle of whisky and began drinking it straight from the bottle.

## Chapter 2 - Unending Rain

It was the end of the term, so the afternoon classes were shortened. By two, it was already time to leave.

"Fujita, do you have a moment?"

"What is it?"

Just as he was about to leave, his homeroom teacher called out to him.

Both Mutsuki and Ange turned around as they were leaving together. When she realized who it was, the look in Ange's eyes sharpened.

They both knew their homeroom teacher Katsue Subaru was actually Schwarze Katze, an agent of FeTUS which was opposed to the angels like Ange. It was only natural for her to grow tense.

Schwarze responded to the blatant hostility with a look of pure belligerence, but...

"There was simply a problem with your future plans form."

She shook her head to show she had no intention of fighting today.

Mutsuki trusted her and said “understood”, so Ange reluctantly ended her hostile glare.

And...

“I’m going on ahead.”

“Eh?”

She stomped off.

Mutsuki and Schwarze both watched in shock as she left.

The issue really was nothing much. He had failed to fill out part of the form based on their previous meeting about his future plans. Once they reached the counseling room, they were done in only ten seconds.

After that, their focus naturally turned to their previous surprise.

“I’m shocked Jiyuuni would leave you behind like that. Did you get into a fight?”

“No. Or rather, she always goes back with me even if we do.”

Ange had gone back home on her own.

A bitter look came over both of them as they sat across the desk from each other.

Fujita Mutsuki possessed the Serpent's Eye and Ange had been sent as his bodyguard. She had always been with him for the two months since she had appeared.

She had stayed by his side day in and day out, even when they got into fights and no matter how awkward it was.

And today she knew a member of an organization after the Serpent's Eye had contacted him, yet she left him behind.

She almost seemed to have abandoned her duties as bodyguard.

"Ange has been acting weird lately. She zones out a lot and sometimes looks really lonely."

"Hm. ...Maybe there's something to this."

Schwarze was mostly just confused that she had suddenly been handed the perfect opportunity to abduct him.

"Jiyuuni is a lot like me. She finds purpose in the duties given to her and pours her entire life into that. I find it hard to believe she would abandon those duties like this."

"I know."

Mutsuki felt "her entire life" was going a bit far, but he knew better than anyone how diligent she was after being protected by her for the past two months.

The teacher spoke to her confused student.

"Then again, it is possible she found something else to live for, like I did."

Her tone dropped and she gave him a damp look.

These were not the eyes of a teacher. They were the eyes of a woman and they sent his heart racing.

"We're all alone nyow♡"

After making sure no one else was watching, she hopped onto the desk with inhuman speed.

As her eyes moved right in front of him, the slightly unnatural coloration of the irises revealed them to be contact lenses.

"Ah, wait... Sensei, stop."

"Stop? But you haven't shown me any love since that time. Are you the

type that doesn't feed his pet kitty?"

She licked his mouth.

Mutsuki could act confidently when it came to Black Cat, but he was hopelessly weak when it came to Katsue-sensei. The obedient student simply let his teacher suck at his lips.

Ange leaving had not been completely irresponsible.

She already knew Schwarze would not abduct Mutsuki or do anything else he would not like.

She had attempted to abduct him before, but when she failed, he had fucked her for a full night. She now adored him to the point of abandoning the duty she had previously seen as her meaning in life. Even if she did abduct him, she would likely return him if he so much as kissed her.

"S-something else to live for? But Ange doesn't have any hobbies outside of fighting."

Mutsuki smiled bitterly as he freed his lips.

Schwarze was entirely intoxicated now and she shrugged in displeasure.

"It doesn't have to be a hobby. Maybe it's a guy."

"A guy? But there aren't any guys around her.."

The boy gasped at his own words.

He could think of one man near her: Rapha.

She viewed that angel like an older brother and Mutsuki did not like being around him.

"..."

An unpleasant feeling squeezed at his chest and he could find nothing more to say.

With their business complete, he bowed and left the counseling room.

He made his way to the main entrance and found that Ange really had left. She was nowhere to be seen and her shoes were gone. He had been hoping she was waiting for him, so he sighed.

The faces of Ange and Rapha spiraled around and around in his mind.

(It doesn't matter to me if she likes Rapha-san.)

He shook his head.

Machina, Micha, Schwarze, and even Lucia.

Whether angel, FeTUS, or demon, he had a variety of relationships with people who had reason to target him and he had even slept with them, but he had no such experience with Ange (as far as he remembered).

So in his mind, they were only friends. There should not have been any problem if she had feelings for someone else.

But even that reasoning failed to suppress the feelings roiling in his chest.

"I need to get home."

He sighed again and changed into his outdoor shoes.

And...

"Huh?"

He filled with a different sort of anger when he looked to the umbrella stand.

An unfamiliar umbrella with a broken frame was sitting in his spot.

“Oh, honestly.”

He could have used his cellphone to call for someone to get him, but he could not bear to do that when it might be Ange who came.

He gave up on the stolen umbrella issue and decided to run home.

He realized it must have been the night that the typhoon was supposed to arrive. The rain and wind were so strong he thought he would be blown away.

He began cursing the school’s location atop a hill as he held his bag over his head and ran down the slope while making sure not to slip.

The waterproof bag worked as an umbrella, but it was almost meaningless in this heavy rain and he was quickly soaked from head to toe.

“Ha ha...”

He gave up on avoiding the rain and stopped running.

That was when he remembered that rain and heartbreak always went together in old dramas and manga. It always started raining right when the protagonist’s heart was broken.

He felt like he was in one of those scenes.

"..."

He realized the feelings in his heart concerning Ange and Rapha were an awful lot like what they called heartbreak.

"Fujita-kun?"

He heard a voice so quiet the rain almost drowned it out. He blinked his eyes to get the water out of them and turned toward the voice.

He saw Machina looking puzzled with an umbrella in hand.

"Are you sure this is where you want to go?"

"Yeah. Thanks, Ibekusa-san."

He was soaking wet, but he had moved under her umbrella until finding a place to get out the rain.

It was a run-down little house that Mutsuki and his roommates had used as a hideout before. They had since moved back to the apartment, but the gas and water were still on and the roof did not leak.

"Ah ha ha. Thanks for taking me here. You got pretty wet too, didn't you?"

He had spent a few days here, so he stepped inside like it was home.

Even after moving, the bare minimum like towels was still there. He grabbed two, kept one for himself, and handed the other to Machina.

She had stepped into the living room too and she took the towel, but she used it to help dry off Mutsuki who had gotten far wetter than her.

He smiled bitterly as the girl patted at his neck and upper arms.

Sharing an umbrella on the way here had made him blush, so he was glad the stuffy warmth after being so wet gave him an excuse for his red face.

"...Ah."

A sudden thought occurred to him, so he searched through his breast pocket.

The handkerchief, home key, and cellphone inside were all a little wet, but that did not really matter.

It was when he pulled out his student handbook that he frowned.

The rainwater had soaked the inside, including the photo booth stickers on the inside of the waterproof cover.

"Ahh, now I've done it."

He sighed.

He was not the type to throw out any photos he had taken, so he still had all of the ones he had taken with friends since elementary school. When they came out especially well or were with an especially good friend, he would carry it around inside his student handbook.

The ones with his sisters and with Sakae or his other friends since elementary school were starting to come off.

As was the one with Ange.

In it, he looked nervous and her eyes were sparkling at getting her first picture taken.

Most anyone who saw it would assume they were a couple.

Mutsuki frowned.

"Did something happen with Jiyuuni-san?"

Machina peered at the handbook while holding both soaked towels.

"N-no. Nothing happened."

He tried to get by with a bitter smile, but he was clearly shaken by the photo with Ange. Machina also would have noticed that his bodyguard was unnaturally absent today.

His smile froze over before he could say anything else.

"..."

Machina frowned as she looked at the boy and girl smiling on the photo.

The rain grew even stronger and sounded so loud Mutsuki thought the raindrops would break the window.

This drove the two of them even quieter. Mutsuki fell silent and Machina was her usual silent self. The silence was far more unpleasant than the rain was loud.

Machina was the first to move.

"Fujita-kun."

She lifted his head and stole his lips.

The poorly ventilated living room was horribly stuffy and filled the scent of damp tatami mats.

The two intertwined bodies only increased the humidity. Seemingly driven onward by the unpleasant heat, the young boy and girl pressed their lips, skin, and entire bodies together.

They were both soaked with sweat and what remained of the rain, so they had difficulty removing their clothes. Before removing their necktie or ribbon, Mutsuki pulled out his fully erect item. He slid her striped panties aside and lowered his hips.

Lips sought lips and penis sought vagina. It was incredibly selfish sex. It could hardly be called "making love". It was sexual intercourse void of all enjoyment or happiness.

That said, it was not a pointless endeavor. Machina's body was the ideal. Her breasts were too large to fit in his hands and her waist was notably slender below them. Her body tickled at his male desires whenever he saw it.

Some slight sweat seeped from her fine skin. The unique sweet and sour scent of a girl rose from her and the boy naturally lost himself in the intercourse.

"Kh..."

Finally, he indulged in the kind pleasure by releasing his magma inside her magnificent tightness. The flow was weak, but he still pumped a large quantity of sticky fluid inside of her.

"Pant...pant...pant..."

The boy trembled as the pleasure of ejaculation slowly spread through his body.

A somewhat dark feeling had led to this sex, but his body was honest. Once he released what needed releasing, he felt emotionally refreshed. The two of them kissed while lying in the missionary position.

"Sorry, Ibekusa-san."

She had offered her body to him when he was feeling down. He felt a mixture of gratefulness and guilt, so he could not look her in the eye.

Half to distract her and half to indulge in her, he embraced her warm and nice-smelling body.

She said nothing and simply accepted him while rubbing his head.

(Ibekusa-san...)

The awful feelings in his heart were clearing up.

He had confirmed once more that Ibekusa Machina loved him.

He had been interested in her since spring. At the time, he had simply thought of her as a vaguely mysterious person, but that had changed to definite love.

He was relieved and he had reconfirmed even his own feelings, but a different worry welled up inside him.

He loved her and she would comfort him so kindly, and yet his thoughts were still focused on Ange.

He hated himself for that.

"Sorry," he repeated quietly. "Sorry."

That was all he could say. No other words would leave his mouth.

As the boy made sure not to let her see his face even though they were close enough to rub their cheeks together, the girl remained as expressionless as always.

She never let any expression show.

"Please don't apologize."

She simply rubbed his head.

"This is what I want. I am doing this because I want to."

Even if he could not read her emotions, Mutsuki alone could tell whether she meant that or was simply comforting him.

And the fact that she really meant it made it all the more painful.

"But that's not why I'm doing it. I just wanted someone to comfort me."

He felt pathetic even as he said it, but he forced out the words as if confessing his sins.

"I just wanted someone to comfort me because I was in pain. I used you like you were a tool."

"That's fine," calmly replied the girl. "If that is what you need, I am fine being a tool."

"Eh?"

Mutsuki looked up with a slight dampness in his eyes.

"I have always existed for your sake. So..."

She closed her eyes.

"I am fine being a tool. No, I want to be a tool."

This girl had few expressions and had trouble speaking, so she expressed her emotions in the best way she knew how.

She begged him to kiss her.

"As long as you are the one that owns me."

"Nn..."

He did as she asked.

She had said it before, but he still did not know what she meant when she said she existed for his sake.

The rain showed no sign of letting up.

The two of them gave into that fact by forgetting about the time and trying out a variety of positions.

They moved from missionary to facing each other in a sitting position so they could kiss more easily. Then they changed to the cowgirl position. The tatami mats had soaked up their sweat, so faint human outlines could be seen there.

After they finished the third time, Machina's strength gave out and they shifted to doggy style so he could do all the work.

Mutsuki rubbed all over her slender body while stickily rubbing their connected lower bodies together.

"Nn. Have your tits gotten bigger again, Ibekusa-san?"

"Kh... Only because you grope them so much."

"Heh heh. I can't help it. I like them way too much."

He scooped up the weighty mounds from behind.

More than just being large, her bust accentuated her slender waist and was one of the leading factors behind her intense sex appeal. She was on all fours, so gravity pulled them down and even the smallest movement caused them to bounce around quite dynamically and seductively.

This was a huge gap from her usual self that drew so little attention to herself that she seemed invisible. Any boy would have lost himself in her body.

"...Ah, hh, hh."

His erection had grown a little soft after cumming thrice, but it grew as hard as steel again once he felt the softness of her breasts.

She grabbed at the tatami mats with both hands and her slender yet curvy body writhed boldly around. Her nectar-soaked sexual flesh also squeezed in on him.



"And they've gotten really sensitive."

He persistently teased her while toying with the lovely pink nipples.

"N-negative. The nerve coefficient has not changed...I think."

She sullenly bit her lower lip.

However, her heated face quickly melted. With each rhythmical stroke of the penis, she could not help but lift her butt. Her protests lost to the sensation and she stuttered a little.

"Heh heh. Sorry, sorry."

He pinched and tugged on the erect nipples, stretching her entire bust into a cone shape.

"It's true it hasn't changed. You were always really sensitive."

"Th-that isn't what I-...ah."

He let go of her breasts and reached for a different pair of mounds.

"Your butt is really sensitive too, isn't it?"

"N-no. That's...too indecent...nnkh."

Her butt had less flesh than her breasts, but his fingers still sank into it. He used the sweat and rainwater like lotion and roughly rubbed at her flesh.

She shook her slender shoulders and squirmed.

That proved her sensual mood had risen another level. Her lovely spine trembled as if from a chill and it arched backwards.

"Ah...nhh..."

Her intellectual face melted and she let him do as he wished.

Her slender spine bent, her short and curly hair shook out of place, and all strength left her.

"...♪"

Since she could not see him, he let himself put on a mischievous smile.

He moved both his thumbs toward the center of the two mounds he held, but the girl was too lost in the massage to notice.

A sudden shock sank deep into the central valley.

The lovely flower bud at the deepest part was squeezed tight, forming deep wrinkles, but the two of them were still connected and the hot head of his penis was poking at her womb. She could not stop the sexual pleasure from accelerating and melting even her anus.

She had not realized it yet, but the sexuality welling up from her butt

was all focusing in on the center of her anus.

"Ahh..."

He spread her butt to either side.

The deep red tightness loosened out in an ellipse and the lighter flesh inside came into view. Only when the outside air reached that flesh did the girl realize what was going on, but...

"And you're especially sensitive here♪"

"Nnaaaahhh."

Mutsuki remained on the attack and stuck his long middle finger into the clean indentation.

"S-stop... That's...embarrassing...ahhhh."

The girl sounded almost panicked as the finger suddenly entered her up to the second joint.

But he had already massaged that area without her noticing, so it had become a true erogenous zone and obeyed the boy more than her. That bewitching flower blossomed and accepted the finger inside.

"Ah, it's so warm and sticky inside. Your butt is so lewd, Ibekusa-san."

While the rosebud-like exterior was perfectly clean, the interior was as sticky as the inside of a carnivorous plant.

It was dark and wet and the flexible sphincter gently bit down on his finger as he touched it.

"F-Fujita...-kun. Nn, nfh...hhh."

He bent his finger like a claw to dig into that embarrassing hole and Machina had to quickly cover her mouth with the back of her hand.

She held in the sexual moans that threatened to escape her lips as he rubbed at every inch of her anal erogenous zone.

"You're really reacting now. I bet I can make you cum just like this."

Even so, Mutsuki resumed moving his hips.

Her vaginal folds had been loosened up by their previous positions and they wrapped tightly around his penis. When he felt that melting sensation, he pounded into her at high speed.

"U-uuhh. No. Not from...not from my butt..."

The girl shook her head at her embarrassment from the anal pleasure.

"But it feels good, doesn't it? Your entire body is telling me so."

Mutsuki was certain of that when he felt her sexual slit sucking at his penis.

Their sex organs were a perfect match, so they rubbed at just the right spots even when doing it from behind.

"Khh, ah, ahh, a-amazing..."

Even after cumming so many times, his rod was still as hard as steel and it dug into every part of her vagina with its youthfully swollen head.

He pounded that weapon inside her like a passionate piston. As Machina's hips grew heavy from an intense sense of intoxication, she nodded her head as if giving up.

"Does it feel good?"

Mutsuki continued rubbing her sticky anus in time with his thrusting hips.

"Yes... Ah, ahhh. But...but it's so embarrassing."

Under such perverted conditions, it was hardly surprising her anus had transformed into an erogenous zone. Both her holes twitched and she wiggled her lower body to indulge in their connection.

"F-Fujita...-kun. Ahh, I'm...I'm..."

"Are you about to cum? I can tell. You're squeezing me almost painfully tight."

Waves ran through her vaginal walls in every direction. His penis tingled from the tight sensation and the boy thrust all the harder to stimulate that hidden tunnel.

"Kh, ah, ahhnn... A-amazing..."

With the throbbing of her gently teased anus, the rhythmical shocks to her nectar-covered flesh, and the pleasure piercing the butt he held in his hands, Machina twisted her waist and finally arrived at orgasm.

"Ahhhhhn... I'm...I'm cumming..."

Her body convulsed enough for her bouncing breasts to strike her stomach and collarbones.

"Kh..."

Mutsuki had cum thrice already, so he managed to distance his thoughts from his lower body and avoided the approaching ejaculation. Instead, he kept his rock-hard spear inside her and enjoyed her climax.

"Akh...ahhn...ahhhhh, ahhhhhh!"

She twisted and writhed as if to wring out her entire body.

She had gained a habit of reaching orgasm while receiving Mutsuki's sperm, so her womb probably was not satisfied with this. The shallower ecstasy seemed to continue longer than usual.

Mutsuki enjoyed the unique arousal of stopping at the edge of ejaculation and watching this beloved girl's obscene dance. He grinned as he enjoyed the sadistic luxury.

He could feel the sphincter swelling in response to her pleasure as it sucked at his middle finger.

Continuing any further would have been rough on Machina, so he pulled out.

He girl lay limply on her side and gasped for breath.

They had not fully stripped, so her breasts were sticking out of her uniform, her panties were hanging on her left thigh, and her skirt was pushed up enough to reveal her butt. The state of partial undress only emphasized those seductive areas all the more.

After holding back on cumming, the boy was filled with animalistic desire, so he gulped and resumed his caress while waiting for her breathing to calm down.

"Ahh..."

He moved behind her as she lay on her side and once more touched the sticky back gate that had held his interested for a while now.

She looked embarrassed, but she must have been aware it had been remade into an erogenous zone. She gave up and did not try to stop him.

She pulled her knees up and held them in her arms. This naturally opened the flesh of her butt, revealing the deep red indentation to the boy.

He could see her anus, so her eyes narrowed in embarrassment.

"Fujita-kun... You really...like that place...don't you?"

"Eh? Um, yes. It turns me on."

Having her ask about his fetish was embarrassing for him and reminded him what he was doing, so he pulled his finger back.

The girl hesitated for a moment, but...

"Then..."

She rolled onto her stomach and lifted her butt up.

"...Eh?"

Her butt was relatively small, but her slender waist emphasized her plump and round hips. The boy was confused when she held them up toward him.

After a moment, he caught on, but that realization also confused him.

The beautiful anus being offered up to him was swollen after climaxing with a finger inside it, so it looked like it could take something far thicker than a finger.

"A-are you sure?"

"Yes. I want you to own all of me."

Machina lowered her eyebrows in embarrassment, but she dug her fingers into her butt to show him the shameless valley in the center.

He could sense a will inside her that overpowered the embarrassment.

"Th-then..."

He did not know what was driving her to do this, but he did know that Ibekusa Machina was tempting him with such an obscene pose. There was no way he could resist, so he moved in close.

After the thorough massage, that bewitching anus's wrinkles had changed shape to form a sticky ring of flesh. The surrounding skin had been loosened up and the sphincter had lifted up, revealing some of the internal flesh.

"I've never done this before, so I might go in too strong. Tell me if it hurts."

"Not a problem."

The girl looked unsure how to respond when he said he had never done this before.

While Mutsuki did not remember it, he did have experience with this hole.

He had once violated Jiyuuni Ange like this when under Schwarze's control.

"..."

The reminder of those two and of the previous photograph led Machina to wrinkle her brow and stick her butt out further, urging him to hurry.

Meanwhile, Mutsuki began to blush as the surprise wore off.

He had only meant it as childish teasing to trouble the girl he liked, but

now she was tempting him in an unimaginably sexual way. It aroused him to the point that he felt dizzy.

He brought his face in close to the stuffy scent of the sweat and various fluids rubbed together in the center of her butt. When his heavy breathing touched it, the donut-shaped ring of flesh opened with a string of anal fluid stretching across.

Peeking inside her body like this filled the boy with an instinctual desire for dominance.

"Here I go."

He straightened up with a sadistic look in his eyes that one normally did not see in him.

He grabbed the girl's hips again and spread her plump heart-shaped mountains.

"Hkh..."

The valley bottom had grown quite sensitive, so she twisted her body just from the hot penis head touching it. Her bust moved about while squished against the tatami mats.

But Mutsuki did not hold back. He rubbed the tip against the sphincter with the gentleness of a kiss so she could grow accustomed to its heat and hardness.

The bewitching anal kiss gradually grew deeper and the anus quickly relaxed because Mutsuki had already taught it how to soften.

“Uuh...ah, ah, ahhh.”

The sensation of the boy slowly sank deeper inside her.

The corners of Machina’s eyes were flushed and she almost seemed to be dreaming as she accepted her second deflowering.

Embarrassment, pain, and ecstasy could all be seen on her face.

“Ah, ah. It’s going in, it’s going in. Wow, Ibekusa-san. It just keeps going in.”

“Nn...yes. H-how does it...feel?”

She looked on the verge of letting drool drip from her lips, but she must have been worried about what he thought since this was the first time with that hole.

“Nn... The entrance is a little hard and really tight, but the inside is really sticky and it moves different from the front.”

While the vagina had layers created by the folds of flesh, this hole was smooth. It felt like being squeezed with soft rice cakes.

The entire head was buried inside her.

"Are you okay, Ibekusa-san? Does it hurt?"

Next, he would be penetrating the fiercely tight sphincter with the much harder shaft, so he calmed his urge to hurry and made sure she was okay.

"Nn...N-not a...problem."

Small tremors ran through her breasts and butt like water shaking in an earthquake and she shook her head, tossing her curly hair around.

"What about...you? D-does it...feel good?"

"Yeah. Really good."

"I'm glad. Then..."

Even as she breathed heavily, the look on her face was one of satisfaction.

"I feel good too...♡"

She lifted her hips to further offer her spread anus to its invader.

She was undoubtedly feeling pain as the hard object widened that forbidden caliber. Mutsuki could tell just by looking at her.

But with the telepathic sense they seemed to gain when having sex, he understood she enjoyed that pain, so he did not hesitate to bury himself to the base.

"Ah, ahh...ahhhn."

Machina's beautiful anus twitched from pain and she sensually wiggled her butt.

The sharp pain of the spreading sphincter and the dull pain of the penis digging into her insides both provided a masochistic arousal.

The hidden garden to the front was beginning to produce plenty of nectar. The three servings of semen pumped inside were driven out and dripped down her thighs to the tatami mats.

"Ibekusa-san, does the pain feel good?"

"Nn, n-no. Don't say that."

She narrowed her eyes in embarrassment.

That was the look of ecstasy he was used to seeing on her face.

"It's not that it...feels good. It makes me...happy. Because you...you..."

The words spilled from her mouth.

She may have been trying to say "because you own me". As her sadistic owner made her his tool, the girl began to awaken to a perverted masochism.

"Ahh, what do I do? ...I'm going to...go crazy..."

She twisted her body with enough force for her wet and thus heavy skirt to flip up.

She pressed her small butt against his hips.

The scorching heat parting her sphincter was covered in a strange emotion that transformed into joy.

That emotion was further covered in embarrassment that transformed into an entrancing intoxication. Ruled by that joy and intoxication, she could only become a slave to this anal pleasure no matter how much it hurt.

"Kh...ah, my butt, my butt...♡"

Each time he dug through the depths of her anus, hot juices dripped out.

"Heh heh. You're so cute, Ibekusa-san."

Mutsuki was drunk on an arousal that went beyond the simple pleasure.

Not only was he having sex with the classmate he had been interested in since spring, but he was even penetrating her anus. He was overcome by a sense of domination as he pleased even the most embarrassing part of that usually nonchalant girl's body.

"Nn... You're really sucking at me. You've got such a lewd ass."

"That's...ah, ahh, don't rub like that...It's not fair"

When he looked down, he saw her heart-shaped butt and the deep red flesh squeezing down on the penis piercing the very center.

When he pulled his hips back, that flesh would loosen and some of the pink flesh would be pulled back with his penis.

Her indecently softened anus only aroused him further.

"You're so sexy. And really cute."

And the more aroused it made him, the more he wanted to love her.

She had remade her sexual tendencies for him.

She almost seemed to have been born to be owned by the boy named Fujita Mutsuki.

"Nn..."

He bent down over her back and kissed her ear. She realized what he wanted and turned her head.

Their lips naturally met. No matter how much they rubbed their sticky lower halves together, they could forget all about the pleasure and give themselves over to mutual bliss.

"Ah...I'm about to...cum..."

"Ah...♡ G-go ahead. Cum as much as you want, Fujita-kun."

Mutsuki had held back last time, so he reached his limit first. They exchanged breaths while kissing and a tremor ran through him.

That tremor shook her anus, so she whispered back to hide the sweet moan that escaped her lips.

She said "as much as you want", but it was obvious she yearned for his cum. Once the boy began moving even more, she lifted her butt again to press it up against him.

"Nn...♡ Nn...♡"

She bent her back so far that the midpoint between her butt and back sank down. She arched her entire body until the breasts shaking below her reached the tatami mats.

She was taking up a position that allowed her throbbing anus to more easily swallow up the contents of the penis penetrating it.

“Ah, kh...uuh...”

For better or for worse, Mutsuki did not notice and began thrusting in as far as he could, forgetting this was her first time.

“Ah, nnnn♡ Nhhhhh♡”

A sticky sound rang out as his penis pumped in and out of her heart-shaped roundness.

The intense pleasurable friction to her anal flesh elicited hopelessly bewitching moans from Machina. The taciturn girl’s voice echoed even in the small living room.

“I’m cumming... I’m going to cum inside you, Ibekusa-san.”

“Nn, nn.”

Her butt felt too hot to respond properly, so she simply nodded her head like a doll.

When he pulled his penis back, clear anal juices erupted out from the gaps in the wrinkles that were pulled back with the penis.

At the same time, the boy reached his limit. He reversed the motion of his hips and parted her butt as he pushed forward again.

“Ah...♡”

He had made sure the thick flesh of her butt would not get in the way, so his flesh cannon dug in until even his pubic hair almost entered her anus. Machina could not help but give a shrill cry.

A moment later, his thick seed was spewed out into her sticky insides.

The tight sphincter squeezed at the base, narrowing the urethra, so it took longer than usual to ejaculate it all.

Instead of a forceful release over a short period of time, it took its time to flow out. He had an odd feeling he had felt this sensation before and his entire body trembled from the pleasure of anal ejaculation.

“Ah...♡ Ah...!”

Machina seemed unsure how to react to the warm sensation travelling in the wrong direction for that place.

After a quick moment of concern, her expression bent in a truly

obscene way.

“Nnah...♡ Ah, ahh♡”

All on its own, her body filled with pleasure as Fujita Mutsuki's climax juices filled her as proof that she had satisfied her owner.

All on its own.

“Ahhhhh...!”

Her body filled with an ecstasy unrelated to the pleasure.

The girl could not fight the nearly instinctual joy she felt at receiving his semen. And after that stormy washed her away...

“Ah, ah, ahhhn. Inside...my butt...”

Her obscene anus once more brought her to orgasm.

Her penetrated sphincter, her hot cum-soaked inner flesh, and her penis-filled insides all nearly melted as pleasure washed over them.

The pleasure spread to the neighboring vagina and everything from her womb to the hidden tunnel tightened as if she had just been having sex there. The love juices produced as he had so persistently rubbed at her anus were forced out of her vagina and splattered onto the tatami mats.

“Ahhhh♡”

First her heart, then her anus, and finally her womb had cum. Experiencing this triple orgasm chain-reaction left Machina lying limp on the floor.

“Ibekusa-san.”

Even after the girl partially passed out, Mutsuki continued his caress.

He had already cum four times, but his erection showed no sign of going away and he pierced her tingling anus once more.

Machina was so soaked in pleasure that she no longer seemed even uncomfortable. Her mind was hazy, but she still managed to respond with a sweet breath from her nose.

“You aren’t a tool. But...”

“Uuh...”

“You do belong to me and only me.”

## Chapter 3 - Arrival of Darkness

"Oh, come oooon."

"!?"

The rain and their breaths had been the only sounds in the house, but a third voice made a sudden appearance.

Mutsuki quickly lifted his hips in shock. His erect penis slipped out and Machina collapsed limply to the floor.

The voice had come from the kitchen next to the living room.

"You're taking too long! I was going to wait until you were done, but how long are you going to keep at it?"

Lucia stood there with his hands on his hips. His uniform was mysteriously dry and he was puffing out his cheeks.

"L-Lucia-kun? Where did you...no, how long have you been there?"

This was far from the first time the demon boy had made a sudden appearance, so Mutsuki ignored that and instead worried about how long he had been watching.

“What do you want?”

As limp as she was, Machina still managed to glare at the boy who had interrupted her alone-time with Mutsuki.

Lucia must not have liked the look in her eyes because his eyebrows twitched.

And in that instant...

“—————!”

The girl’s half-removed shirt grew black, like someone had spilled ink on it. It seemed to wriggle around on its own and it moved her hands behind her back to pin her to the floor.

The black stain was actually a Succubus, a demonic creature. It seemed to be formed from the rainwater soaking her clothing.

Angels like Ange could easily burn them away with the divine light of their flames, but...

“Kh!”

A human like Machina was helpless. The fluid creature immediately solidified and transformed a mere shirt into a straightjacket with metal fibers inside. She could not move no matter how much she struggled.

Angels had an advantage against demons, demons had an advantage against humans, and humans had an advantage against angels. That three-way balance held those three forces in check around Mutsuki.

“W-wait, Lucia-kun. Stop that.”

Seeing the girl he had just been making love to being treated so violently, Mutsuki spoke up while fixing his own clothes.

“Hmph.”

Lucia looked away.

“Waah!?”

The attack reached Mutsuki as well.

The next thing he knew, the rainwater in his own shirt had transformed into the black stain of a Succubus and he was pulled back against the wall.

Machina was restrained by her shirt, skirt, and black socks, so she could only squirm like an inchworm and Mutsuki was pinned to the wall by his contaminated shirt.

After quickly placing the two of them in his grasp, Lucia approached with a lopsided frown instead of his usual grin.

"There was an umbrella in the umbrella stand and you weren't at school, so I was worried you were all wet and went to find you. ...But when I do finally find you, you're having fun with Ibekusa. And this whoooooole time, too."

Lucia kneeled down next to Mutsuki, unzipped Mutsuki's pants, and pulled out the erection that had yet to fade.

"And yet you barely show me any love at all."

Lucia bitterly grabbed the object sticking out at a right angle and rubbed it a little below the head.

"Um..."

The fact that it felt good only confused Mutsuki.

(Is he...jealous?)

He looked down at Lucia's upturned glance and had a feeling it was more sulking than criticizing.

The demon boy brought his nose to what he held.

"It smells like Ibekusa. I don't like that."

He puffed out his cheeks again.

Machina's eyebrows twitched at having the boy indirectly smell her butt.

Mutsuki did not know what to do and he was still confused.

"Ahh."

The demon boy showed no mercy against that indecisiveness. He stuck out his wet, coquettish tongue and rubbed it along the head of the penis.

After a short delay, Mutsuki's hips gave a jerk at the pleasure that was quite different from that of Machina's anus.

"Wait...Lucia-kun, what are you-...?"

"I'm getting off Ibekusa's juices. ...I can't believe you, Ibekusa. You must have a really naughty ass. There's way too much love juices and anal juices on here. And it looks like it sucked out every last drop of Mutsuki-kun's cum."

"~~~"

He was mostly just making it up, but the accused girl still blushed.

She seemed to have given up on escaping the Succubus and she glared back at him.

“Satowa Lucia. I am aware that you have had, um...carnal contact with Fujita-kun and that he has not rejected that.”

“ .. ”

This time, Mutsuki was left at a loss for words. Even if it was entirely his own doing, he was shocked to find that the girl he liked knew about his willing acts of homosexuality.

“But I can deduce that Fujita-kun is rejecting your advances here. If you stoop to nonconsensual acts of obscenity, your position will-...”

“Oh, shut up already.”

Lucia quickly shot down the girl’s roundabout way of telling him to stop.

“You really think this is nonconsensual? Hey, Mutsuki-kun. You love it when I suck your dick, don’t you?”

“Fwaaaah! Wait, wait! Ahhhh!”

The next lick kept Mutsuki from lecturing the boy.

“Eh heh heh♥ It’s finally starting to smell like you.”

The tongue crawling along his penis filled Mutsuki with a sexual mood and the remnants of the semen welled out from within. Only then did Lucia's usual bewitching smile return.

"You love it here, don't you? Can Ibekusa lick like this?"

"Nnah, ah, ah."

With the smile's return, the movements of his tongue shifted from "jealousy" to his usual "attack".

While either tensing or softening his tongue, he sucked at the head and took his time to lick around the outer edges.

The tip of Mutsuki's penis felt like it was on fire. So much blood had gathered that he thought it would explode. The head had swollen up just like a ball of fire about to burst.

"Neh heh heh heh heh♥ Naughty juices are dripping from your pee hole♥"

Eyes filled with a devilishly bewitching light peeked out from the gaps in Lucia's frayed bangs as he lovingly licked along every contour of the mushroom shape.

Seeing such a childlike face sucking a penis with a look of pure carnality was so indecent that Mutsuki forgot all about the issue of his gender. The boy produced an erotic sex appeal that one would never see in pure Machina and that sex appeal seemed to steal Mutsuki's soul and set his

blood boiling.

“S-stop that...ah.”

Mutsuki was unable to crumble to the ground while pinned to the wall by his clothes, so his legs only trembled a little.

He looked up and his eyes met Machina’s. She too had grown still as if admitting defeat to the intense aura of lewdness coming from Lucia.

The homosexual desire assaulting his penis grew so great that he knew he should not be feeling it. It also scared him how the abnormal situation – being seduced by a boy in front of the girl he liked – only seemed to be increasing his arousal.

The tongue licked up the shaft and tickled at the hole at the tip.

“Ee...ah...n-not there...ah.”

“No closing your legs.”

Mutsuki had started rubbing his thighs together, but the demon boy would not allow him to protect that precious location. He lowered his tongue and placed the balls entirely inside his small mouth.

He rolled them around with his tongue, providing a ticklish pleasure different from that of the nerve-filled head. Strength left Mutsuki’s entire lower half.

Then the tongue reached for a location even more inappropriate than the balls.

"Nn, nnnhh..."

It moved back from the dividing line between inner thighs and penis, and...

"~~~~~! Hh...!"

The tongue reached his anus and stickily forced its way inside.

"~♪ Now this part only tastes like you♥"

Lucia narrowed his eyes happily and bent his tongue onto the inner side of the sphincter. A surge of electricity seemed to run through the inside of Mutsuki's penis.

"Well, Mutsuki-kun? Did Ibekusa do this for you?"

The demon boy stroked the penis with an empty hand while confidently whispering more to Machina than to Mutsuki.

The girl bit her lip in frustration.

Mutsuki's shoulders were rising and falling as he tried to catch his

breath. She knew better than anyone that she had never gotten this much of a reaction out of him with her oral caresses.

"Ah..."

Mutsuki's hips gave out below him. The Succubus pinning his shirt to the wall wriggled down, leaving the boy sitting on the floor.

"C-c'mon... Stop this, Lucia-kun. I...I..."

The far too clever oral caress and the hand continuing to comfort his rod had left Mutsuki near his limit. As proof, he was moaning with drool dripping from the corner of his mouth.

Lucia put on a devilish smile and gave Machina a provocative look.

"C'mon, Mutsuki-kun... Do me too♥♥"

Lucia rotated his body around the penis in his grasp to straddle Mutsuki's stomach.

It was a variation of the sixty-nine position. His butt, which was even smaller than Machina's, appeared right in front of Mutsuki's face.

"Ahh..."

Lucia removed his belt and pulled down his pants, so the soft white

mounds of flesh and seductively colored valley filled Mutsuki's field of vision.

"C'mon, lick it. Make me feel good too♥♥"

Lucia shook his hips back and forth to get Mutsuki to act.

Mutsuki shuddered. He gasped at the almost painfully carnal feeling that felt like a cold tongue licking at his heart.

As cute as the butt was, there were still marshmallow-like balls between the spread legs, so this was unmistakably a boy's butt. And yet...

(Th-there's got to be something wrong with me.)

He was right in front of the girl he liked and yet he was finding himself attracted to the seduction of another boy.

Lucia lowered his head and swallowed the penis he held there. Mutsuki was amazed it could fit in such a small mouth. It reached all the way to the throat and the entire mouth squeezed in on it.

"Ahhhhhhh!"

Once the true blowjob began, Mutsuki's entire body jerked around. He was being hit by the pleasure of sex and of a tongue at the same time.

The boy's wet and glittering blond hair was tossed around as he moved his head up and down. Lowering his upper body had also lifted his hips up.

His seductive little butt was now even further centered in Mutsuki's vision.

"Ah..."

As his mind melted with pleasure, Mutsuki found himself entranced by the scene before his eyes and he briefly forgot all about Machina.

Ruled by the other boy's devilish homosexuality, he reached his tongue for the warm valley, toward the space between the springy flesh, and to the flower bud there.

"Hyaaahn♥ Fwa, ah, ahhhh♥ Nhhh♥"

"Ah...ah, Lucia-kun, you're so...cute."

He quickly remembered Machina was there, but now that he had placed his mouth on it, he could not escape the seductive homosexuality.

He licked up the sweaty scent soaking into that valley and stuck his tongue in the wrinkled indentation that had opened slightly. He copied Lucia's previous actions by screwing the tip of his tongue along the inside of the sphincter and both kissing and sucking at the entire flower bud.

The surrounding wrinkles of flesh loosened up and revealed the pink inner flesh faster than Machina's had. He was drawn to that carnally wet color, so he moved his tongue all the more.

"Nn, hhh♥ Ahnnnhnn♥ ~~~~~♥♥"

Lucia was now in the weaker position. He moaned and squirmed with the erection still in his mouth as Mutsuki's tongue moved back and forth along his anal flesh.

"~~"

Setting aside the fact that this was two boys, Machina clearly looked displeased as she watched Mutsuki so entranced with someone other than her.

She blushed when she suddenly realized this was the second penis she had ever seen.

"Nn, ahh♥ Ahhh, Mutsuki-kun♥ No, my butt. My butt's going to me!!!!♥"

After successfully monopolizing Mutsuki's attention, Lucia quickly forgot about the third party watching and lost himself in the loving intercourse with this beloved boy.

Mutsuki had nowhere to escape with the wall behind him, so Lucia rubbed his butt against the boy's face and provided oral pleasure in return. His long tongue moved obscenely around, his lips tightened, and

his cheeks sucked in to constantly caress the cannon as a flexible pleasure device.

“Hhh, kh, hhhh...hh.”

The intense service naturally strengthened Mutsuki's love for the demon boy while skipping straight past the taboo of homosexuality.

This was only possible for another boy, so no girl or woman could copy it. Not Machina, not Micha, and not Schwarze.

(Lucia-kun's so cute. Oh, he likes it when I lick his asshole.)

The presence of the girl he liked faded from Mutsuki's mind as he focused entirely on this immoral anal attack. He stuck his tongue in and out of that obscenely red indentation.

“Heh heh heh♥ That's too rough, Mutsuki-kun. My butt's really gonna melt.”

Lucia kept his fingers wrapped around the erection as he turned around once more. He brought his face in toward Mutsuki who was so aroused he looked like he was on drugs.

“You're even harder than normal. Did licking my butt get you horny?”

A face more adorable than any girl's smiled in a provocative way.

"I'm pretty excited too♥ I feel like my head is melting from sucking a dick as hard as yours. Even my butt is soaking wet."

He adjusted the position of his hips and guided the erection in his hands to his anus.

"Hey, how about this? Use my ass-pussy like I'm a girl."

"Eh? Um..."

The valley soaked with his own saliva surrounded the head of Mutsuki's penis. The entrance had been loosened from the tongue penetration and Mutsuki realized what Lucia wanted when he felt that entrance against his tip.

"It's my first time, but don't worry. I've masturbated a whole, whole bunch to loosen it up for you. I widened it a bunch with my fingers so it could be your personal fuck-hole."

The hole widened like it was melting and sucked at the penis as if telling him to hurry up.

This would be sex with a boy. They had done a few of sexual acts together already, but this was a line they had yet to cross. Mutsuki tensed up as an immoral curiosity and a renewed sense of taboo welled up inside him simultaneously.

It had a lot to do with the fact that Lucia was wearing his uniform today. It was the same boys uniform that Mutsuki wore, so even if his face was

cuter than any girl's, he was still noticeably a boy.

And most of all...

"..."

He was worried about how Machina was awkwardly averting her gaze in the corner of his vision.

(I'm the worst.)

Even ignoring the sex difference, he was doing this in front of the person he had just been making love to. The entire situation had to be painful for her.

But despite his self-loathing, Mutsuki's object stood impressively tall and pressed against the sticky red flower bud.

"Ahn...♥"

"Ahh..."

Even as he hesitated, it slipped inside the melted anus.

"Ah♥ Ah♥ There it is...♥ My...my but...melted so much...it slipped onto your dick...on its own. Ahhhn, your dick is too hard♥"

Once the sphincter spread to half the width of the head, Lucia's hips gave out as drool dripped from his mouth, so the speed of their union grew.

Mutsuki had not had much trouble with Machina, but he was even more smoothly welcomed in by this virgin anus that had been widened just for him.

"Ah, ah. It's so sticky inside you, Lucia-kun."

"Nhh. That's because it started producing more juices as you teased it♥ My asshole melts right away to become your personal onahole♥"

The tip finally passed through and the hard shaft would have to go through next, but Lucia was already gasping for breath.

"Hyaaah♥ Ahe ahahhh♥ Your dick...your dick is filling me up♥"

His adorable face was covered in tears and drool and he was already starting to tremble from crazed convulsions.

Mutsuki could tell he was still an anal virgin despite being so used to anal pleasure.

The ring at the entrance easily allowed the foreign object inside, but the inner flesh beyond the reach of a finger moved about as if in extreme confusion.

“Lucia-kun...”

Mutsuki felt his heart warming as he realized the boy had given him his first time, even if a little forcefully.

The joy in the demon boy’s heart that they were united made him seem just as adorable as Machina had earlier.

(Sorry, Ibekusa-san.)

For the moment, he wanted to prioritize Lucia, so he followed his heart and thrust his hips upwards.

“...♥♥♥ Fwaaaahn, it’s so thick♥ And so deep♥ Hyaaah! The edge♥  
The edge of my butt is throbbing♥”

The hips dropped down and the penis rose up to meet them. They increased the pace of their union and the springy mounds reached Mutsuki’s hips in no time.

“Ahhh♥ Ahhhhh♥”



Lucia's cheeks were so slack he looked only half conscious and a sigh of ecstasy escaped on his breath.

His butt had less fat than a girl's, but that made it more elastic. That butt was currently rubbing in a circle along Mutsuki's hips. The penis being penetrated by a thicker penis on the other side had swollen and its dark red tip was poking out from the foreskin.

"M-Muchuki-kun...how do you like my ass-pussy?"

"Its softness...is squeezing down on me...and it feels great."

"Ha ha♥ I'm glad...♥"

Lucia's eyes narrowed in ecstasy as if to say pleasuring the boy with his anus made him happier than the physical pleasure or arousal.

The white object swaying in front of him must have also reached a state of ecstasy because it began squirting precum. His hips were trembling without ever settling down, so the fluid scattered everywhere.

"Y-yesss♥ Filthy juices are coming from my dick♥ Ahhhhn♥ Your dick...your dick is reverberating in my dick♥♥♥"

They had not been connected long, but he seemed to have reached a dry orgasm as a conditioned reflex to the manly penis. He stared blankly up at the ceiling.

He had cut in between lovers, seduced one of them, and stolen him, but the instant he was anally penetrated, he lost his control over the situation.

"..."

Meanwhile, Mutsuki seemed almost calm as he watched over the writhing boy.

Unlike Machina's flesh-filled anus, Lucia's felt like amorphous jelly. The

warmth seemed to be licking across his entire penis and it reminded him of Lucia's skillful blowjobs.

But the more the pleasure grew, the more a strange emotion rose within him. And that emotion cut off the pleasure needed to bring him to ejaculation.

He remembered this same thing happening when doing it with Machina, Micha, and Schwarze all at once.

He had felt like he could pleasure them for as long as he wanted and he had indeed left all three limp from pleasure.

The ability to satisfy everyone began to feel perfectly normal.

Yes.

(Lucia-kun is mine too.)

"...?"

Lucia was too far gone to notice, so Machina's eyes widened instead.

Mutsuki freely swung his arms to throw off the black slime still stuck to him.

The Succubus that had fused with his clothing had suddenly gone limp,

so he was freed from the wall.

The boy did not seem to care much.

“Lucia-kun, you liked it here, didn't you?”

“Eh? Ah...ahn.”

Now that he could move his hand, he placed it on the base of the penis that felt like burning magma.

“Ah, wait. Not there♥ The balls...the balls will only make my cum thicker♥”

The hairless balls had already tightened together.

Mutsuki gently massaged that pump that was preparing for ejaculation. The wrinkled skin loosened and the forcibly relaxed testicles lowered.

“Heh heh. You're so cute, Lucia-kun. I'll make you cum where it feels best.”

Mutsuki no longer felt any taboo toward homosexuality as he gladly teased Lucia's male side. He also moved his hips around to mix up the boy's insides from below.

“Hh, hnn♥ More? It already feels so good, but you’re going to make it feel even better?”

Lucia was completely at the boy’s mercy and he could only indulge in the ecstasy.

With the boys uniform, the penis, and the approaching ejaculation, this was clearly a boy that Mutsuki was having sex with.

And yet that now only provided him with a perverted form of arousal.

“I never thought the Serpent’s Eye could do this...”

Machina was still shocked that Mutsuki had defeated a demon that humans supposedly had no means of fighting.

“Has he taken control of his foundation? Of Satowa Lucia’s chakra? Is this also part of Adam’s-...”

“Ibekusa-san.”

Mutsuki smiled over at the girl who was thinking aloud to herself.

Sensing something depthless in that smile, she quickly looked away, but the boy did not mind and embraced Lucia’s body.

He laid the demon boy down while still connected and reached a hand

to the restrained girl.

"..."

With just a gentle touch, the black liquid surrounding her body burst.

The Succubus had not died. The black stain covering her shirt was still wriggling around, but it had lost the will to restrain the girl.

It obeyed Mutsuki's command to leave over Lucia's command to restrain her.

Surprised and a little afraid, Machina frowned.

"Come here."

But that did not last long. When he beckoned her over, she quickly regained the expression of an obedient possession and had no choice but to approach.

As he brought tears to Lucia's eyes with his erection, he wrapped his arms around Machina's waist.

"Nn...n"

He began a gentle caress of her skin. Her stained shirt fell away and the ribbon around her neck stuck to her breasts.

Watching Mutsuki's passionate relations with Lucia had left her more sensitive than ever before.

Her body and heart bent to Mutsuki's will. He only had to look at her and she would realize what he wanted and do so without even being told.

"Ah...ahh."

Lucia was lying on his back, so she circled toward his head and pulled his slender legs back.

The barely-conscious demon boy realized that he was being held in place with his legs spread in a V-shape. He frowned.

"M-Mutsuki-kun... This is embarrassing."

"Is it? But this part of you seems to like it."

Mutsuki grabbed the object swinging unguarded at the base of the boy's legs.

"It's like a big clitoris. ...Ha ha. Your asshole reacts when I tease it. Your insides are giving me a sticky kiss."

"Ah♥ Nnnn♥ No...it's as sensitive...as a clit...so don't rub it so roughly♥"

Of course, he continued stirring up their point of connection all the while.

The boy's soft anus had almost entirely transformed from an excretory organ to an obscene sex toy, but it was still his first time and the penis dug almost painfully into the entrance.

The way the wriggling internal walls sucked at the penis felt great, but it was almost too tight, which worked up a masculine aggression.

"Take this and this and this."

"Nhan♥ Ah, ahee, ahehn♥ Don't...fuck my ass so hard... I can feel it in my dick...it's filling my dick♥ I'm...going to cum soon. My penis milk is going to squirt out♥"

Lucia could barely breathe as he was harshly skewered.

"Oh, you're going to cum already?"

"Yes, yes. I'm gonna cum. My dick...my dick's gonna explode♥"

"Heh heh. Not yet it's not♪"

As the demon boy uttered masochistic moans at the anal pleasure, Mutsuki gave a sadistic smile and tightly grasped the base of the small flesh tool that was bouncing around.

"You're not allowed to cum until I do. Let's cum together, okay?"

"Eh...? B-but...I'm...I'm already..."

"If you don't want to wait, that's fine. I'll pull out, though."

He pulled his hips back and placed the broad swollen head against the ring-like entrance.

"Kh... M-meanie♥♥ Y-you know I'm already an anal masochist. You know I can't say no to your dick♥♥"

As Mutsuki stimulated the sphincter from within, Lucia tearfully and obediently nodded his head.

Mutsuki gave an approving smile and resumed calmly thrusting his hips. He had little experience with anal sex, but it was easy to pump in and out when his partner's legs were spread wide.

Instead of wildly pounding into him, he moved more smoothly using the sticky intestinal fluids.

"~~♥♥♥♥ That's...ahhhn, not that♥♥ It feels like I'm pooping... My dick...my dick is throbbing. The cum's gonna shoot out♥♥"

"Oh? So should I stop?"

“Noo. Don’t stop. You’re the one...that made my butt like this♥ You gave me this lewd ass♥ So you can’t stop now♥”

When Mutsuki pulled his hips back, Lucia used what limited movement he had to raise his butt up after him. Even the pink anal flesh stuck to the erection and poked a bit out of the darker colored wrinkles to pursue him.

“Heh heh. What a naughty ass. Look at this, Ibekusa-san.”

Machina had been an anal virgin too, but Lucia’s flesh had grown accustomed to the penis much faster. Mutsuki grinned and showed the girl assisting him.

Machina had been blushing and staring blankly at the obscenely rhythmic movements of Mutsuki’s lower body, but she looked up in surprise when he spoke to her.

She followed his instructions by getting down on all fours and peering at the point of connection dripping with intestinal juices below the marshmallow-like balls.

“Ah, wah.”

She had of course not seen it when she was on the receiving end, so this was her first time seeing anal sex. Even without anything to compare it to, she could tell how “naughty” this was at a glance. The hole resembled the lovely bud of a Japanese morning glory and pink petals were poking out as the familiar object penetrated it. However, it did not

look painful and the bud itself was twitching joyfully.

“Let’s see. Is your weak point here?”

The boy softly manipulated his giant penis.

“Ahhhhh♥ Y-yes♥ There♥”

The tip had a habit of swelling out even more than a normal person’s and it had likely reached the most pleasurable spot. Lucia’s voice rose an octave.

“Oh♥ Oh♥ Oh♥ Oh♥ Ohhhhh, th-that’s amazing♥ I...I can feel it poking at my dick♥♥♥ I’m gonna die♥ It feel so good I’m gonna die♥♥♥”

“Heh heh. Yeah, you really reacted even when it was just my finger.”

The thickly swollen head caught at the anal G-spot that was Lucia’s prostate and seductively stirred it up.

“I’m cumming, I’m cumming♥ Don’t poke so hard at the back of my dick♥ The milk...the milk’ll squirt out♥”

Each thrust seemed to push at his seminal glands. The demon boy’s marshmallow balls were tensing up as he continually reached dry orgasm.

"Ahh~♡"

Lucia's arousal as he enjoyed the thick penis seemed to be contagious. As Machina was leaning over him on all fours, she began fidgeting her butt that had been remade into an erogenous zone earlier.

While Mutsuki had given himself over to arousal with her, he was clearly much more composed this time. She was certain that had to provide far more masochistic pleasure to his partner.

The girl let out a heated and envious sigh as she imagined just how much pleasure Lucia was feeling.

"Fujita...-kun...nnn."

When he felt the sweet sigh on his lower stomach, Mutsuki realized what she wanted and reached a hand to her cheek.

He lifted her head and their lips met.

"Nkh...ahh. Fujita-kun...Fujita...-kun..."

"Ah... Your mouth tastes so good, Ibekusa-san."

They used their built up saliva to rub their tongues together.

That alone was enough to satisfy Machina and the ends of her

eyebrows drooped sweetly, but...

"Khh...♥ Ahn♥ Nnnn♥ That's...Mutsuki-kun's scent."

Lucia lifted his body and found a butt right in front of his face.

Machina was nearly sitting on her legs, so her heels dug into and spread her butt, allowing the white fluid to leak out of the beautiful anus in the center.

That boy was such a slave to Mutsuki that he could not help but lift his upper body to begin licking it up.

"Uhh, wh-what are you...ahhh♥"

Machina had been turned into a container to lick Mutsuki's cum out of, but she could not fight it given the situation.

A sweet throbbing had filled her recently-penetrated anus as she watched Mutsuki and Lucia's passionate sex.

"Nn, nnn..."

And Mutsuki did not stop kissing her. Her spine tensed as soft tongues dug into both her entrance and her exit. Her bust bounced below her.

Mutsuki smiled bitterly at the complicated triangle they formed and he

sped up the piston of his hips.

“Ee♥ Nnhhh♥ Ah, m-my butt...is melting♥”

“Hh...uuhh, ahh. My butt is...m-melting...♥”

As he scraped at the prostate, Lucia moaned with a blank look of pleasure while nearly disobeying his instructions by ejaculating. He also passed on the pleasure to the feminine anus wet with Mutsuki's juices.

“Ah♥ Uuh♥ Uuhhhn♥ I-I can't♥ Anal...anal feels too good. I'm...I'm going to...♥♥♥”

“Nn...nnn...”

The boy and girl receiving Mutsuki's attack cried out at almost the same moment. The boy on his back and the girl leaning over him began convulsing simultaneously.

Their waists were equally thin and their shoulders equally slender, but the girl's writhing was more dynamic thanks to the fleshy bouncing of her bust. On the other hand, the boy was more honest about the pleasure, so his small butt wiggled even more greedily than before.

“Okay, you two... I-I'm going to cum too, so cum with me.”

“Ha ha♪”

"~~♡"

Their reactions were different, but neither of them seemed to fully feel their pleasure until Mutsuki was satisfied.

"C-cum♡ Cum inside m♡ Fill my ass with your cum♡ Make me into your personal onahole♡ Pump me full♡♡♡"

Lucia's deeply flushed face melted and his anus seemed to suck at the penis both inside and out.

As if enjoying his aroused breaths, Machina's expressionless face crumbled into something just as sexual as the demon's. The exceptionally beautiful curves of her body wiggled while making sure she never left the lips pressed against her.

Mutsuki gently bit his lip as his penis was tightly squeezed and he joined the two lovely bodies dancing up and down.

"I'm cumming... Khhh!"

It was the fifth time that day, but he still released enough magma to satisfy the demon's greedily wriggling insides.



"Ah...♥ Ahhhhh...♥♥♥♥"

The hot sticky liquid spread the squeezed internal pathway. Lucia's eyes widened at the sensation that could never be felt during masturbation.

The swollen sphincter had pasted itself to the shaft, so all of Mutsuki's seed continued deep into the boy's guts.

"Nhaaahhhhhh♥ Hwah♥ Nn, nkheee♥ What?♥ What is this?♥ Kh,

oh♥ Ohhhhh♥♥♥♥

The pleasure melting Lucia's body from the inside of his hips transformed into a sharp surge of electricity and the boy's slender body jerked about.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥"

He had been ordered to cum at the same time, so now that he was allowed to, the penis that had been squirting precum swelled up especially large.

As if to emulate the beloved boy inside him, milky liquid erupted from it with tremendous force. The ejaculation was so powerful that the small penis bounced around. More than just his stomach, it got on his throat, his chin, and even Machina's thighs.

"...Hh..."

Lucia had removed his tongue from her lovely anus because he was too busy with the wildness of his lower body, but Machina's body continued trembling with almost no change.

She looked intoxicated with her cheeks so flushed and she responded in kind as Mutsuki's kiss strengthened due to the pleasure of ejaculation.

"Fujita-kun...nn...ah♥"

That kiss was enough for her white flesh to tremble all the more.

The orgasm that shook the ribbon around her neck was graceful compared to Lucia's crazed writhing, but hot juices sprayed from her barely-touched lower lips to demonstrate the great joy within them.

They collided with and were deflected by Lucia's fluids that had reached her thighs, but they finally mixed together.

The rain had only grown worse and the typhoon was reaching its peak.

But the three inside did not notice. The pounding of the rain on the roof was drowned out by the sticky sounds coming from their bodies. Their sweat and other bodily fluids had created a steam that clouded up the windows, preventing them from seeing what was going on outside.

And most of all, they were only focused on each other.

"Ahn♥ Ahahn♥ Mutsuki-kun, Mutsuki-kun...♥"

"...Hh, hh...nn, nnn."

Mutsuki had his legs extended along the tatami mats and the other two were leaning up against him.

They clung to the boy from either side and rubbed lovingly up against him. Lucia's hips had entirely given out, so he leaned his entire weight on Mutsuki and asked to be held and kissed. Machina remained in a bit of a

daze as she narrowed her eyes and rubbed her cheek against his shoulder.

Mutsuki gave them both sweet kisses and rubbed their hair.

"Both of you are mine."

"Yeah. I'll always be yours, Mutsuki-kun♥"

"You are my only owner, Fujita-kun."

"Heh heh."

Fujita Mutsuki gave an arrogant laugh no one would have expected of him.

Lightning flashed outside the window and the rumble of thunder mixed into the sounds of the storm shaking the outside world.

## Chapter 4 - End of the Balance

"I'm hungry."

Ange quietly complained while sitting on the couch with her arms around her knees.

She checked the clock and found it was already seven at night. According to the Jiyuuni timetable, it should have been dinnertime already.

She was still hungry because the boy in charge of preparing that dinner had yet to return.

"Where did that idiot get off to? He's late."

It had been five hours since she had left him at school shortly after two, yet he still had not returned. She rested her chin on the Lazy Bear cushion in her arms and puffed her cheeks out.

Micha chuckled as she stared at the rain pouring down out the window.

"If you're worried, you shouldn't have left him in the first place."

Micha sat down next to her.

“Just because you were removed from bodyguard duty doesn’t mean you can’t accompany him.”

The woman stroked the girl’s red hair.

Ange put on a lopsided frown and did not reply.

He had not been told, but the alert level for Serpent’s Eye Possessor Fujita Mutsuki had been lowered.

He no longer required a 24/7 bodyguard and simply had to be monitored. As long as the angels knew what he was doing, he was permitted as much freedom as he wanted.

One could say Mutsuki’s work at making friends with Machina of FeTUS and Lucia of the demons had paid off.

Of course, this had only been decided among the angels and the enemy organizations had not been informed.

That meant Ange was no longer tasked with accompanying him at all times. She had also been given another special mission.

At the moment, she was not Mutsuki’s bodyguard, so she had not been abandoning her duty when she left him at school.

“If the observation team hasn’t said anything, he must be playing with his friends. If you’re that hungry, why not get some take-out?”

The girl ignored the suggestion with a sulking look, so the older angel narrowed her eyes and laughed.

Then she looked outside again.

“But this rain worries me. Did Mutsuki-kun take an umbrella with him today?”

“He had one this morning.”

“Hmm, so he wouldn’t be taking shelter from the rain. I wonder why he’s so late.”

Micha tilted her head.

Ange also looked out the window while pouting her lips.

She saw the sky dumping down even more rain than earlier in the day.

“Knowing that idiot, his umbrella might have broken in the wind.”

She got up from the couch.

“Take-out would have a hard getting to us in this rain. I’ll go find Stupid Mutsuki, so you stay here, Micha.”

She walked quickly to the front door.

Ange had her back turned, but Micha caught a glimpse of her face from side. It was as red as her hair, so Micha burst out laughing.

"You need to be more honest. Just admit you want to eat Mutsuki-kun's cooking."

"...! Th-that is not-..."

Ange turned back with her face an even brighter red.

However, her outburst of anger came to an abrupt end as she shut her mouth like normal.

"Once Metatron begins, I'll have to say goodbye to him anyway."

"..."

"If I'll never have another chance, it would be a shame to miss even that idiot's bizarre creations."

She left.

Micha's face stiffened as she watched her leave.

The usual enjoyment of teasing that younger angel was nowhere to be

seen.

Ange left the apartment with her own umbrella and a spare one for him.

It was past seven. With some help from the thick clouds, it was already quite dark out.

It was a fairly windless typhoon, but they seemed to be near the center. The rain grew nearly horizontal, so she would be quickly soaked even with the umbrella.

After making sure no one was watching, she produced wings of blue flame from her back.

She wrapped her body in the two thousand degree flames. A layer of air formed that deflected all of the raindrops that approached her. Even if one did get close, it would be vaporized before it reached her.

(I guess I didn't need two umbrellas after all.)

She laughed to herself.

An umbrella was relatively useless in this weather, so they would need to use her wings to remain dry on the way back. In that case...

" .. "

The two of them would only need the one umbrella.

" ~ ~ "

She shook her head and her face grew oddly warm.

(He can just get soaked on the way back.)

That would be more enjoyable. He was sure to tear up as the rain drenched him despite the umbrella, so she could laugh at him before having no choice but to let him inside her wings.

And then...

"Heh heh."

Her expression relaxed as she imagined it and she followed the path back to school.

"C'mon, move in closer, Ibekusa. I'm getting soaked over here."

She suddenly heard a familiar voice in the rain.

" .. "

Her small smile froze over when she saw the three people walking toward her.

"You can make a new umbrella with your Springloaded, can't you? So let Mutsuki-kun and me have this one while you head home with that."

"Negative. Using Springloaded for personal matters is frowned upon."

"Calm down, you two."

Lucia had not had one, so the three of them were making their way to the apartment under a single umbrella.

Mutsuki was in the middle, Machina was on the right, and Lucia was on the left.

The rain was blowing nearly horizontally, so all three of them were soaked. The umbrella was essentially meaningless, so they were really just using the shared umbrella to flirt.

Lucia complained, Machina calmly parried, and Mutsuki settled things.

Mutsuki had enjoyed their earlier raw intercourse, but he enjoyed this too. He could not stop smiling.

"..."

When she ran across them and saw the boy's smile, Ange quietly closed her eyes.

"Ange?"

He tilted his head when he saw her near the park right next to the apartment.

"What is it? I was just on my way ba-...oh."

He noticed the two umbrellas she held and guessed what she was doing.

He tried to move close, but...

"FeTUS Witches Miss E...Ibekusa Machina."

She spoke and his feet came to a stop when he saw the look on her face.

She always looked irritable and she would sometimes smile or look surprised, but he had never seen this look over the past two months.

It reminded him of the lonely look of a lost child.

"I owe you one for warning me in advance of Black Cat's attack."

"Ange...?"

"I will repay you for that now."

Mutsuki frowned, but Ange paid him no heed and closed her umbrella.

"FeTUS stands in opposition to heaven's command concerning Adam. It has been determined you are in violation of Deadly Sin #32. The angels will now use Metatron to exterminate your sanctuary...FeTUS Headquarters."

"!"

The girl spoke plainly and Machina also gave a look unusual for her: surprise.

Even Lucia's expression changed. Mutsuki alone could not follow what was being said.

"Metatron will be activated within thirty minutes of the present time."

However, he could tell Ange was declaring war on FeTUS.

"Our target is your headquarters and any resistance would be futile. If

you wish to live, then run away.”

The angel turned her back and Mutsuki prepared to call out to stop her.

“Now, now, Ange. You know you can’t give advance warning of divine punishment.”

But another familiar voice spoke first. The boy gasped as four angels landed between him and Ange.

Three were red-winged female angels he had never seen before, but his eyes naturally focused on the angelic young man he did recognize.

“What is going on, Rapha-san? ...What is this...Metatron?”

A tremor filled the boy’s voice because he could tell this was serious. Rapha only gave his usual gentle and somewhat cold smile and did not answer.

“—————!”

A moment later, Machina turned around and ran toward the school.

The balance between humans and angels had been desperately held together before, but Mutsuki could clearly sense that it had fallen apart.

“Ange?”

“ .. ”

She did not respond.

She let go of the umbrella she had brought. Before the handle could even clatter to the ground, the five angels took flight.

At the very last moment, he felt like he saw her blue eyes looking back at him over her shoulder.

Utterly dumbfounded, he turned to Lucia for help.

“What was that? What is going on?”

Even Lucia’s behavior told him something was wrong. Normally, he would have smoothed things over with some kind of joke about them being alone together, but his expression remained tense.

“They’re using Metatron on a single human organization? The angels must really feel cornered.”

“What is that? What is Metatron?”

The demon boy was the only one he could rely on, so he grabbed his shoulders and shook him. He dropped the umbrella, so the pouring rain pelted their heads.

Lucia looked up and seemed unsure what to say for a while.

“Simply put, it’s a gigantic bomb the angels use.”

“A bomb...? H-how big?”

“I don’t know. It varies from case to case.”

He brushed up the wet bangs plastered to his forehead.

“It was used to destroy the Tower of Babel and to wipe out Sodom and Gomorrah. It also sunk the island of Atlantis and the continent known as Mu. Including Agneya and the Arrows of Indra, about 90% of the world’s phenomena that symbolize god’s wrath were caused by Metatron.”

“You’re kidding...”

On the upper end, it could sink a continent. That was an unimaginable scale.

The humans of FeTUS would certainly have the upper hand in a direct battle with angels, but what if a great calamity was used before the battle even began?

Angels, demons, and humans. Three organizations held each other in check around Fujita Mutsuki.

The stalemate had been growing more stable, but now it had utterly collapsed.

## Chapter 5 - Clash of Heaven, Earth, and Hell

FeTUS headquarters, a facility containing modern man's greatest technology, was located two thousand meters below Megutono Academy's hill.

It was defended by the Witches, heirs of all the knowledge passed down through the centuries.

Currently, Miss A, C, D, and E were gathered there.

After returning to the headquarters, Machina, aka Miss E, succinctly passed on her information while running to the core room located at the deepest part of FeTUS headquarters.

It was a large hall-like space filled with darkness. It was too large to see the walls or ceiling.

She could just barely see the giant rabbit doll sitting in the center.

A young girl sat on the large clock it held. Standing next to it was Miss C, aka Schwarze, aka Katsue Subaru, and Miss D, the school's PE teacher named Daima Makoto.

"Miss E, is what you said true? The fairy tales about Metatron were true?"

Miss C walked impatiently over.

Machina silently nodded and looked to the girl sitting on the large clock.

The adorable girl appeared to be about six and her long blonde hair was tied to the left and right.

She wore an elegant deep red dress and a hat sat on her head. She looked like a perfectly normal little girl with somewhat classical tastes. However...

"This information comes from Jiyuuni Ange. Given her personality, the odds of it being a bluff are low. I believe Metatron will target this place within twenty-six minutes."

Machina and the other two looked up to the little girl for instructions.

"So we are not permitted to defy heaven, are we?"

The girl, FeTUS Witches Miss A, sighed with the exhaustion of six hundred years filling her young face.

"We must use our full power. Use all FeTUS equipment. Prepare all Springloaded for activation. We will utilize all of the knowledge available to us to defend this place from the coming judgment."

"Positive."

“Positive.”

“Positive.”

The three witches received their command and turned around.

Their student uniform or teacher’s suit transformed into a black liquid and changed form. Miss C’s removed all waste to allow for easier movement. Miss D’s became a stylish apron and frilly dress made from the mysterious black substance.

Machina’s resembled Schwarze’s as it became a skintight suit with even less waste in its design. It fully covered her from the tips of her toes to her shoulders and its provocative design revealed the ample curves of her body, including her slender legs, her plump butt, and her large breasts that jutted out in an egg shape. However, it was also specialized for functionality.

Each of their outfits was made of an ultra-light material with the greatest heat resistance and shock absorption capabilities mankind could create.

They allowed the FeTUS Witches to make the most of their combat abilities.

They left the dimly-lit hall and entered a hallway with red, blue, and green tiles covering the floor. It continued beyond the horizon and the walls were lined with countless doors.

As soon as they left, the door vanished into the darkness behind them.

"I will take the vanguard. You two protect this place."

Machina made her calm suggestion and both Miss C and D nodded.

A single panel on the floor floated up to carry the girl to the school two thousand meters above.

On the first floor of the clock tower in the center of Megutono Academy, nineteen minutes remained until divine punishment would arrive according to Jiyuuni Ange's announcement.

That ultimate angelic weapon had destroyed many arrogant people during the history of mankind.

It was the destroying fire of Metatron.

The only records of its use were mere legends, so modern man had no way of knowing what exactly it was. They only knew it was probably something like a bomb with incredible heat.

"Phew..."

Machina took a deep breath as she waited for that attack to arrive.

FeTUS had long searched for a countermeasure against the angels, so they did have means of opposing even that legendary ultimate weapon.

Seventy-eight layers of insulating devices were set up from here to the headquarters two thousand meters below and they could endure any explosion on the surface, even one from a hydrogen bomb that split the island nation in two.

Angels were meant to protect humans, so they would not make such an indiscriminate attack.

If they were going to do this...

"Oh?"

After a slight sound, the top of the clock tower was vaporized.

Machina stood in the center of the first floor, but she had a clear view of the sky now that over half the tower was gone. Falling raindrops and the unpleasant odor of melting bricks surrounded her.

"So you are here to greet us? Why thank you."

She had heard this male voice earlier.

She looked into the sky and saw the young man angel that Fujita Mutsuki had called Rapha as well as three female angels descending with cruel smiles on their lips.

This was it. The ultimate weapon would be detonated belowground, not on the surface. And a unit of angels would attack to carry it down there.

So if they could be kept out, their divine punishment would end in failure. This was the one method left to the humans of FeTUS who were puny beings when compared to angels and demons.

"...?"

But something was odd. The girl frowned at this attack unit of only four.

She had thought at least one hundred of them would be coming. More importantly, she did not see the strongest angel who she had assumed would be at the center of the attack.

She did not see Jiyuuni Ange.

"Do you think you can break through here with only that many?"

Machina raised her hand.

A golden circle appeared in the palm. She was preparing the anti-angel tool that had instantly neutralized Ange, the most powerful angel, before.

Rapha blinked in surprise as the girl quietly showed unrestrained hostility.

"Of course not. It is true I have been tasked with enacting the main plan, but I have no power to fight. Neither do these three."

He gave a servile smile and the three female angels giggled.

"We angels are pacifists, so we have few combat units. We are nothing like you savage humans that are constantly inventing and using new tools of bloodshed."

He looked up into the sky where thick clouds spiraled.

"I am judgment's guide. And these three are the holy chant unit who blow the war trumpets of god's voice. We merely guide the judgement. And the judgement..."

"...!?"

Machina gasped as she too looked up.

"...is carried by Metatron alone."

The three female angels released joyful vibrations from their throats. The entire area shook with an odd sound that was not quite laughter and not quite a shrill cry.

Their chant surrounded the location requiring judgement so that none might interfere.

The sound of rain had vanished.

A hole opened in the thick clouds covering the sky, like a film of oil being repelled.

The rain stopped and the reddish purple sky of a midsummer evening came into view.

A faint glow was visible in the center, like a twinkling star.

"Meta...tron..."

Machina's voice trembled as it slowly descended toward the annihilated clock tower.

She had not even tried to imagine what this legendary weapon looked like, but she had never thought it would be such a small and faint light.

She briefly wondered if they were going to detonate it on the surface, but that question vanished once she realized the glow was somehow familiar.

Her surprise became a tremor when she saw what had descended right next to Rapha.

"Vv...vv..."

Light surged out and a loathsome voice seemed to shake the depths of the earth.

The three angels sang even louder to drown out that bestial voice. That was likely their sole purpose. They were only meant to make this violent "judgment" appear graceful.

Metatron writhed about as if suffering from the very light it emitted.

It was clearly a living creature. Its long fur...no, red hair scattered about.

Rapha smiled coldly.

"Allow me introduce you. This is our sword and flame that shall pass judgment upon you."

"Vrr...grr...!"

"This is Metatron Ange."

"Vroooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

"Kh!"

As soon as the light noticed Machina, it rushed at her like a violent carnivore.

The girl frantically jumped back and opened an anti-angel magic circle in midair. But...

"Agh!"

That heat-resistant tool could cut off flames of several thousand degrees, but the angel of light easily broke through it, grabbed Machina's throat, and slammed her to the ground.

The ground dented inward in a crater. As she was strangled, Machina looked up at the light sitting on top of her.

It was indeed a familiar form. She knew that red hair, that elegant face, and that short stature.

"Jiyuuni...-san."

"Vv...vvvv... Hu...man...human...!"

The main differences were the wings on her back, which were transforming into the bright flash of a detonating bomb, and her clear blue eyes, which had been burned gold.

It was all to transform her into that flame of destruction.

"Everyone... I hate everyone."

Her elegant face now resembled a violent beast and was tense with rage.

"Burn, humaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaans!!"

"Ange does!? Ange...has the bomb?"

The rainclouds covering the city had been blown away, so the rain had suddenly stopped even in the park where Mutsuki had been left.

Mutsuki demanded an answer given the emergency and Lucia reluctantly opened his mouth.

"No, she doesn't have it. She is it. Angels are created when a holy flame gives physical form to a human soul. Metatron is when that inward-burning matter is released outward, creating a flame that burns the candle of their life away."

"But...then if it explodes, Ange will...?"

"She will be annihilated. Both her body and soul will be blown away."

"But! But..."

Wasn't that self-destruction? Wasn't that suicide? The boy could barely think.

He looked up into the oddly clear sky and then looked back to Lucia while on the verge of tears.

"That's awful. What do the angels think Ange is?"

"She agreed to this."

A sudden third voice reached them.

"The Astral Cross can only manifest if she wishes for it herself. It can't be forced onto her. Ange became a bomb because she wants to be one."

"Micha-san..."

"Or to be more accurate, she originally became an angel in order to pass judgment on mankind like this."

He turned toward that familiar alto voice and found his brown-skinned roommate standing there.

"The Fruit of Knowledge at her core is scarred from the hatred toward

the human race that did not love her. She became an angel to take revenge on mankind like this, to hold the ultimate destruction inside and become Metatron.”

Mutsuki was dumbfounded by the horribly cold and calm tone of the woman’s voice.

“I thought her desire to become Metatron might have gone away since she’d started to get along with you lately, but it looks like that didn’t change anything after all.”

“...Ange.”

His memories of Ange flashed through his dizzy mind.

She had known nothing of the human world, but she had hated humans from the moment he met her.

She had fallen in love with a stuffed animal the instant she saw it and had gotten worked up over an arcade game. When he had gotten to know her, she had been a perfectly normal girl, but she had looked for purpose in her work to a baffling extent.

She was Ange of the Double Flame. She was Ange of the Two Flames.

“I have to go save her.”

As his surprise waned and he realized sitting here in shock would only

allow precious time to pass, a certain desire welled up inside him. He bit his lower lip.

"I have to go save Ange! This is wrong! I have to stop that explosion!"

He pleaded with Lucia and Micha and then took off running. He did not know where FeTUS was being targeted, but the clouds had cleared up in a giant circle. His instincts told him it was at the center of that, so he started running from the park.

Lucia frantically tried to stop him.

"W-wait, Mutsuki-kun. What do you even think you can do?"

"Convince her to stop. She became a bomb because she wanted to, right? Then I might be able to get her to stop this suicidal nonsense if I speak with her."

"It's no use. Once an angel becomes Metatron, they are the same as a ball of fire. Their Fruit of Knowledge is not functioning properly, so even if they're conscious, they're no different from an animal. She won't understand you."

"But...but I might be able to do something. If Ange dies, I'll..."

Mutsuki's voice quavered from the anxiety and fear that his precious friend might blow herself up at any time. Especially when the blast would include Machina and Katsue-sensei, who were precious to him even if they were enemies.

“Please let me go, Lucia-kun. I can’t leave Ange alone.”

The fear shook not just his voice but the very core of his body. He was unable to throw off the hand holding him.

“I’ll say this as many times as it takes: you’re up against a bomb here. If you’re caught in the blast, you’ll die.”

“I understand that.”

Mutsuki clenched his teeth.

He was of course afraid. On a few occasions over the past two months, he had been placed in danger and had felt only a step away from death, but he knew perfectly well that this was the greatest danger he had faced.

But abandoning that precious girl who was walking toward death at this very moment simply was not an option.

“ .. ”

Lucia sighed.

A number of changes came over his adorable face. The expressions passed by too quickly to identify, but he finally gave Mutsuki a sulking look for caring this much for Ange.

"Fine then."

Then his usual cheerful smile returned.

"I'll help you. I'm sure to come in handy and I can even be your shield if it comes to that."

"Eh? B-but then you might die too..."

"If you died, my life would have no meaning."

He sounded nonchalant and wrapped his hand around Mutsuki's elbow.

"Ah..."

Mutsuki bent his shoulders because he felt like he had gone too far.

However, he did not have time to hesitate. He thanked Lucia, wrapped his arm around Lucia's, and started toward the center of the cleared clouds.

But then a red blazing flame tore apart their clasped arms.

There was no heat, but Mutsuki was tossed to the ground by an intense gust of wind. He looked up and saw a pillar of flame rising next to the spot he had been standing in.

“Gwaaaah!”

Lucia had pushed him away.

“Lucia-kun!? ...! Micha-san! What are you doing, Micha-san!? Stop!”

The flames attempting to crush the boy were the wings growing from Micha’s back as she stood in the park.

That angelic flame would not harm Mutsuki, but it could be fatal to a demon like Lucia. Mutsuki paled and ran over to her.

The woman lacked her usual kind smile.

“Now that Metatron is in use, I will return to my original duties. As there is a risk of this city being wiped out, I will take the Serpent’s Eye holder, Fujita Mutsuki, to heaven for protection.”

“Micha-san! Stop this, Micha-san! Lucia-kun will die!”

“With FeTUS’s destruction, we no longer need the demons who held them in check. That demon boy has no more value.”

With words colder than he ever would have imagined from her, the flames raged.

Over the past two months, he had seen her fight only twice. However, she had acted calmly then and had placed escaping danger as her top priority.

This was different. She was clearly attacking an enemy. She was directing killer intent toward Lucia.

“Stop, Micha-san! Stop!”

Mutsuki grabbed at her to stop her, but the flames passed through his body without feeling even slightly warm. Micha did not even flinch.

“Kh...kh...!”

After the surface of his body turned to charcoal, Lucia stopped fighting the pillar of fire pressing down on him.

His body melted into a thick black liquid. Dread filled Mutsuki for a moment, but that liquid mixed with the rainwater on the ground, escaped in all four directions, and reformed into Lucia a short distance away.

He spat out the ashes in his mouth with the same cold smile he had used when facing Ange.

“So you’ve finally shown your true self, ‘Micha-san’. ...No, I think it’s about time we heard your real name and not just the nickname.”

“Eh?”

Nickname. Mutsuki had a very bad feeling about what that meant and he took a few steps back from the woman he was grabbing at.

“I’ve heard the stories of the old strongest angel who slaughtered more demons than any other in history and went by the alternate name of Michael up in heaven.”

“Those are old stories.”

“I thought it was odd that only two angels were sent to protect Adam, who could become a great turning point in history. But if one was the current strongest and the other was the old strongest, it makes more sense.”

After seeing that Mutsuki had moved out of the way, Lucia pulled out his beloved scythe.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhdah!!”

He covered a distance of several dozen meters in an instant and swung the thick and sharp blade.

Not even Ange might have been able to dodge the speed of the attack

that Micha received head-on.

No, the angel of unknown name who went by the nickname of Micha.

"I'm not as young as I used to be."

She caught the tip of the blade between her index and middle fingers.



"I don't have even 2% of the power I used to. At my prime, I would have

vaporized you in a single second.”

Their power was perfectly matched. She had used just two fingers to stop the demonic attack that had just as much force behind it as a swing of Ange’s sword.

“Gh~~!”

She pulled him in and swept her wings at him. Lucia somehow managed to lean back out of the way, but just a graze from the flames was enough to turn his body to charcoal.

“Allow me to correct you on one thing.”

Even if her red flame wings were lower temperature than Ange’s blue ones, the concentration of their blaze was far greater. A single touch was enough for the heat to penetrate deep into Lucia’s body.

“Ange was never chosen to be Fujita Mutsuki’s bodyguard. After all, it would be a problem if the angel meant to become Metatron grew attached to the human world.”

Lucia grimaced as he regenerated his burned skin and Mutsuki trembled at the strength of this angel who seemed cruelly different from the woman he had known for the past two months.

“I’m not as young as I used to be, so I personally decided to have her tag along to help me. In other words...”

The angel going by the name Micha brushed back her blonde hair like always.

“Originally, I was meant to protect Mutsuki-kun on my own.”

But the cold smile on her lips was very different from normal.

“I can deal with FeTUS, the demons, and any other irregularity on my own.”

“Kah...!”

In the remains of Megutono Academy’s clock tower, Ange suddenly released Machina and left the gaping bowl-shaped hole in the grass.

“Oh? You aren’t going to finish her off?”

Machina was not moving, but she was clearly still alive. Ange supposedly had nothing but hatred for humans, so Rapha tilted his head at this sudden act of mercy.

Ange ignored him and made her way to the center of the clock tower.

“Jiyuuni-san...wait.”

The angel had become a ball of fire hot enough to melt the earth, so simply leaning down on Machina had done quite a lot of damage. Machina could not get up, but she called out in a scratchy voice.

Ange did not respond.

"Oh, dear. Leaving a witch like this is certainly a problem, but if Ange doesn't want us to, I suppose we can't do it eith-...oh?"

Rapha frowned as he watched on and he suddenly looked up into the sky.

The clouds had regained their strength after having a hole torn into them and the rain was starting to fall once more.

All the moisture on the ground had been vaporized when Ange had appeared as a ball of fire, but the rain wet it once more.

"Perfect."

A smile appeared on his beautiful face and he pulled a green ball from his pocket.

He flicked it over into the crater Machina lay in.

"What...?"

Machina had finally managed to sit up and she looked down at what had fallen onto her stomach.

Just as she noticed it was something wrapped in a basil leaf, a dark red substance like a stickier blood oozed from the gaps in the leaf. The look on her face changed when she saw it.

It absorbed the rainwater and grew.

"A Succubus! Ahhh..."

"We sealed this one and returned it to a fetal state. But given moisture, it will regenerate and grow without end."

By the time she thought about throwing it off of her, it was too late. The demon burst out of the herb and clung to the surface of Machina's skintight suit.

It seemed the angels had been working on countermeasures for the humans of FeTUS they generally had so much trouble with. The unclean creature being used by one of heaven's messengers mercilessly assaulted the girl.

"That is not a violent Succubus. It is a parasitic demon known as an Incubus and it is harmless. It merely incapacitates its host."

"A parasitic...demon?"

“Although it does use a somewhat vulgar method.”

The young man chuckled as he accompanied Ange to the center of the tower.

“Vvv...”

The golden wings bursting from the girl’s back formed a sphere that enveloped the two of them.

That sphere would not allow anyone but Rapha, her guide, to approach. The raindrops were vaporized and even the ground they stood on melted like chocolate.

“You three keep an eye on that witch.”

After that instruction to the other three angels, Rapha and Metatron sank down into the earth.

“Wait... Jiyuuni...abh!”

No one really needed to keep an eye on Machina because she could not move.

The demon known as an Incubus continued to grow and wrapped around her body. It seemed to be made of the same substance as the Succubi that Lucia used, so she had no way of fighting it. It wrapped

around her wrists and ankles, preventing her from moving.

“Kh...uuhhhh!”

A skinny tentacle extended toward her ear.

She felt a slug-like sensation slip inside the ear. Before the fear of having it stab into her brain, the biological sense of disgust gave her goose bumps.

It fortunately did not seem to want to kill its prey, so it stopped partway in. And...

“There is no need to struggle.”

“...!?”

It touched her eardrum and produced a characteristic vibration.

It was a voice. The creature looked like slime, but it spoke to her using language.

FeTUS was researching demons as well, but they had never come across a type like this before. It was still amorphous, without a physical body to contain the ego as with Satowa Lucia, yet it was intelligent.

“What I will provide you is not fear. ...I only need one thing from you.”

The voice gradually changed. The deep voice gradually rose in pitch until it reached a boyish level. It was an obedient voice with modest modulations of pitch. She recognized this voice.

"You only need to obey me and become my slave, Ibekusa Machina."

(Fujita-kun... Oh, no.)

It was Mutsuki's voice.

What did that mean? Machina's sharp mind quickly caught on and she struggled to break free, but her damaged body was too weak.

"Don't struggle."

"Hyah~~!"

Both ears had a tentacle inside now and they stickily tickled the inside of the ear and the earlobe simultaneously.

She trembled as the tentacles licked her sensitive ears.

This demon knew her ears were sensitive and it knew just how to touch the most sensitive parts.

"I will satisfy you. I will give you more pleasure than the human body

can bear. There is nothing to worry about. I simply wish to live with you.”

“Uuh...uuh...”

She knew what kind of demon this was.

A demon’s greatest strength was its ability to evolve. The rewriting of biological information that would take a normal creature millions of years could be accomplished in a single second. That power came from the Fruit of Life.

They could appear anywhere as long as they had the moisture that was the source of life. The high-level demons like Lucia could use their infinitely reproducing cells to negate most any damage.

Among those, the Incubus seemed to have evolved as a parasite.

It specialized in making its chosen host “want to live with it”.

“Ahhh...”

It gained even more strength and the tentacles that had wrapped around her ankles now reached for her thighs.

She cried out as she felt the ticklish sensation even through her skintight suit. Her visible bodylines wiggled seductively.

The ticklish touch was just perfect for cleverly drawing out a girl's sexual pleasure. As those tentacles continually rubbed at her, her entire body grew hot against her will.

This creature violated its host until they consented to living with it.

It had copied Fujita Mutsuki's voice because she found it more pleasant than any other. It searched out the most sensitive parts of her body and it searched out just how to touch her to provide the greatest pleasure.

Mankind still had no means of opposing demons, so the girl paled at the hopeless situation she was left in.

And all the while, the black slime was accurately searching out her erogenous zones.

"How long do you think she'll last? The average for humans – women in particular – is twelve minutes."

The three angels that had seen Ange and Rapha off smiled cruelly as they watched the poor sacrifice.

"They had the gall to defy heaven, so I hope she lasts at least fifteen... no, twenty minutes."

"Either way, she doesn't have more than thirty minutes of life left. No woman has ever been raped by an Incubus for more than half an hour without being made its slave."

"So in half an hour.."

"Yes."

"Loving this demon will be the only thing on her mind."

## Chapter 6 - Fall of a Sanctuary

1673 layers of special armor.

200 five-layer anti-intruder Springloaded.

8902 seventy-three-layer annihilation KK railguns.

Even if every nation on earth brought out their full military power, FeTUS's defenses could protect them for more than three months, but they were breached in a mere eighteen minutes when faced with heaven's judgment.

"Scramble, scramble. An intruder has entered HQ."

"Order 6621 received. Exterminating."

"Fully expanding anti-angel tools. Entering solenoid space. Activating KW."

The greatest weapons mankind had to offer were loaded with more than eight hundred thousand rounds of ammunition and equipped with weapons that could theoretically neutralize five thousand combat angels. But...

"Kh...g-gahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!"

They were easily blown away by the golden flames fired from that red-haired

judgment.

The tools created by human civilization melted away.

She finally reached the lowest level. Tiles of various colors paved a hallway-like space.

“You really had a lot waiting for us. I must take my hat off to you humans who ate the Fruit of Knowledge.”

Rapha remained by Ange’s side while showing no fear of the resisting weapons.

He shrugged at the countless doors lining either wall of this space.

“Vrr...rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!!”

Even a cheap but effective smokescreen had no effect on the girl who had become a ball of fire. With a deep growl, golden flames burst from her back and swept across the doors, walls, floor, and everything else.

It did not matter which one was the right door. She intended to burn down the entire space.

“Jiyuuni Ange. I had suspected she wasn’t your average angel, but I didn’t expect this.”

“Poor thing...”

Two people appeared down the narrow hallway.

“I hate to lose an enjoyable opponent, but we can’t let her any closer to the Holy Grail.”

The one in black with a black cat hat was Miss C. The large woman in an apron dress was Miss D.

They were two of the Witches who had greater power than any of FeTUS’s defenses, weapons, or Springloaded.

“It’s time you died!! Shaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh!!”

Schwarze hissed like a wildcat and leaped forward.

“Vohhhhhh!!”

Ange twisted her expression and bared her white canine teeth like a beast. She growled like a wolf that had been grown up in a solitary environment of constant danger.

Just before Black Cat’s claws reached her face, further light entered her hate-filled golden eyes.

“What!?”

That was all it took to divert the fist approaching her face.

The heat coming from the girl created intense air pressure that acted as a shield.

“Tch! So she gets a power up when she’s pissed. Talk about convenient.”

Schwarze’s punch had been sent in the wrong direction, leaving her open to attack. Ange grabbed her throat and slammed her into the melting wall to the side.

“Ghah!”

The woman was helplessly buried in the metal wall that had grown as soft as clay.

To resist the angel’s flames, her armor was made to remove the heat from anything it touched, so the wall stopped melting and the metal regained its hardness with her embedded inside it.

She nearly got a concussion when her entire body slammed into that steel panel.

“You are...a lot like...me...”

“Kh...”

“Ohhhhhhhh!”

Ange continued to squeeze her hand around that slender neck.

“Let go of her!!”

But she had two opponents. The maid charged in from a step behind to attack the girl who was left wide open while attacking Schwarze.

“I don’t want to lay a hand on a student, but...sorry!”

She raised her fist.

It only remained a “woman’s fist” for a moment. Her entire arm swelled out and grew as thick as a log.

The fist was now far larger than Ange’s head and it slammed against that red-haired head.

This blow used brute force to make short work of the air pressure shield. The girl’s own feet sank down into the floor that had begun to melt from the golden flames.

“Ohhhhh....”

Miss D did not hesitate to attack again.

Her entire body swelled out like her right arm had. She had been slender at around two meters tall, but her entire body swelled out to give her a height of over three meters. She transformed into a muscular monster.

“Vvvvvrrrrrrrrrrrrrrvvrrrrraaaaaaaaahhhhhh!!!!”

The giant used her great weight and arm strength to throw a punch.

The wind pressure alone blew off the surrounding doors as a rush of simple yet horribly cruel punches assaulted the girl less than half her height.

While holding Miss C, Ange could only defenselessly take the blows.

“Gnh...”

But...

“Gaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh!!”

“Eh!? Wahhh!”

Even after taking several punches that rivalled getting hit by a large truck, Ange made a counterattack as if the punches meant nothing.

She used the hand not holding Schwarze to reach for the giant who looked ten

times her size.

She could not reach the woman's neck, but she pushed on her stomach to slam her into the opposite wall. Her giant body was also embedded in the melted wall.

"Vgh...! Ohhhhhh!!"

"Ee...gh...kwaaaah!"

"Gaaaaaaaah!"

Once she pushed back, Ange's repelling air pressure shield could be used to attack. The two Witches were squeezed between the intense wind pressure and the metal walls.

"Once Metatron has activated, resistance is futile. I can't believe you would oppose Ange now that she is heaven's judgment."

Rapha shut his eyes sadly as he watched on.

As he had said, Ange was entirely unscathed. Her body was still wrapped in a dazzling divine light and she easily pushed back the two who bore mankind's greatest wisdom.

"Gh...dammit... Miss D...are you okay?"

“Kah...gh. I-I won't die...with this body.”

The two Witches raised their heads as all of their bones audibly creaked.

They both knew they were not going to win like this. Miss C was their fastest and she had been captured. Miss D had their greatest strength and her rush had done no damage. Jiyuuni Ange had the attack power needed to break into their headquarters in eighteen minutes, but she also had extraordinary defenses.

She was no longer a living being. She was a weapon.

They both knew they could not win like this.

“I guess...we have to do it!”

“Yes...!”

They confirmed that they were going to turn themselves into weapons too.

Miss C withdrew her claws and Miss D returned her swollen body to its two meter size. Miss C grabbed her cat hat and Miss D grabbed her maid headdress.

That was the Y Device. In exchange for the threat of death, that ultimate attack circuit could transform them into living weapons. This did not look like a threat they could face otherwise.

Neither one hesitated. Protecting this place was the ultimate task of every

FeTUS member, so they were willing to lose their life to that end.

“Let’s go!”

“Let’s go!”

“Wait.”

“Vv...”

“!?”

“!?”

A door suddenly appeared down the hallway in which the angel and the Witches were fighting.

It was a generic and old-fashioned wooden door. Shortly after it contacted Ange’s glow, the wood passed its autoignition temperature and turned to ash.

The rest of the hallway did not lie beyond it. The space that had been there before had been cut off.

“You broke into the headquarters far faster than expected. Miss E, D, and C, have all effectively lost. Well done, Maiden of Destruction. Well done, Red

Queen.”

A room filled with darkness appeared.

“But I cannot allow you to advance any further or to harm my precious daughters.”

The room contained a giant rabbit.

“ ... ”

Ange’s behavior changed when she saw the girl elegantly sipping at a teacup while sitting atop the large clock inside.

She retracted the golden flames pinning the two Witches and had them wrap around herself.

Finally freed from the air pressure, Miss C and Miss D fell to the floor. They gasped for breath as they looked to Ange and the center of FeTUS inside the newly-appeared room.

That angel had suddenly raised her defenses despite only thinking of attack when faced with the two Witches.

FeTUS’s leader seemed to have her defenses entirely lowered despite the mindless living weapon before her.

“Thus.”

The girl made sure to gracefully set down her teacup before standing up.

“I am Miss A, leader of the FeTUS Witches.”

“ ... ”

“I, Alice Arc, shall be your opponent.”

“Vaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh!!”

As soon as she saw her, the ultimate angelic weapon attacked with the intensity of her roar.

She was ruled by her primitive intellect and her wild instincts.

It was kill or be killed. The girl before her now was not just an “obstacle” like the previous walls, machines, and Witches.

This was her archenemy who might just be able to take her life.

She passed through the location of the destroyed door and charged forward with all her might.

But her way was blocked by a golden magic circle just like the one Machina had used.

She had broken the previous one with a single hand, but this one did not break even after a full-body tackle.

And...

“I had wondered what the legendary Metatron was, but I did not expect a life form itself to be the weapon.”

“Gbh!? Gyaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh!!”

Purple lightning burst from the circle and pierced the girl’s body. It did not leave a wound, but the bright electricity wrapped around the girl’s glow, blasted it backwards, and elicited a scream from Ange.

That purple electricity consumed angel fire.

But the girl’s fighting spirit had not dulled, so she struggled inside the magic circle of golden thread. The girl named Alice sadly lowered her eyes.

“Poor girl.”

She then gave a look of scorn to the young man who stepped inside the room.

“Oh...?”

After a glance toward Ange's suffering, Rapha looked around the room.

There were no lights inside, but Ange's glow was enough of a light source to see every nook and cranny.

They were underground, yet the hall was larger than a soccer field.

The stone floor was decorated with the patterns of fifty-three playing cards. The only items inside were the giant rabbit and the large clock. There was nothing else.

However, the rabbit and clock were not what drew the eye.

It was the walls. Rapha widened his eyes as he looked around at all four walls.

"So this is the core of what you humans have developed to prevent a Paradise Lost. This is your sanctuary."

The walls were covered in thick acrylic, so the hall was surrounded by a tank filled with an unnaturally clear liquid that was not water.

There were no fish swimming and no coral swaying inside.

There were human bodies.

They seemed to be soaked in preservative formaldehyde, but they were not

whole bodies. Women's bodies from the stomach down to the thighs were lined up at even intervals.

Rapha's eyes shined brightly at the grotesque scene and someone answered him.

"Precisely. Producing the Holy Grail is the one way of saving our civilization from our rivals in heaven. This is mankind's final fortress."

"Although the research data has already been removed, so maybe we shouldn't be calling it our sanctuary anymore."

It was the two Witches from before. Black Cat stuck her claws below the young man's throat.

If he moved, she would kill him, but the man's smile remained.

"Well, that just means we need to dispose of what was removed while we're at it."

"Gh...vhhhh...!!"

Struck by lightning and unable to pass the magic circle, Ange stopped struggling.

But she had not given up. The sun-like glow in her angled eyes grew brighter to indicate her unwavering hatred for all mankind.

Her silver wings pendant floated up.

“Her divine sword is manifesting itself! Be careful, Miss A!!”

“Prominence.”

Miss C shouted a warning just as the girl grabbed the pendant and it transformed into a black sword taller than she was.

However...

“Nova.”

The sword only retained its form for an instant.

Flames surged down the center and became the golden flames of Metatron. The heat was so great that the black sword burst and flames spewed from the hilt to create a sword of fire itself.

Not even her weapon could withstand the intensity of the angel of death’s flames.

“Zwaaaaaaaaahhhhh!!”

“—————!”

Miss A, the greatest mind in the world, abandoned her position of absolute

advantage and jumped back based on instinct, not logic.

That ended up saving her life. The flame sword sliced apart the inviolable magic circle so easily it might as well have been made of styrofoam.

“Miss A!”

The maid screamed and the girl looked at her left hand with a bitter smile.

Her palm was burned black. Not only had the anti-angel magic circle been sliced apart, but the residual heat had surpassed the heat-reducing circuit.

“So a being who cast aside the Fruit of Knowledge will still use a tool that symbolizes knowledge?”

Miss Alice Arc licked her blackened wound like a tomboy treating a scrape.

“Heh heh. I feel like all my six hundred odd years of supplying witches with knowledge have been denied.”

“Vv...vvv...! Humans...destroy...!”

“And you have nearly forgotten how to speak.”

The girl brushed up her blonde hair with a bitter smile on her lips.

“O’clock: activate. Apply maximum interference to Jiyuuni Ange’s composition

time.”

With that order, red light filled the eyes of the giant stuffed rabbit that had been just been sitting there before.

A mysterious phenomenon occurred inside the large clock it held. The seconds hand had been accurately keeping the time, but it began to shake as if its axis had shifted.

The seconds hand shifted out of place. First one second, then two.

“Here I go.”

“Destroy...!!”

With no other apparent change, Miss Arc ran straight toward Ange.

She had no new weapon outside of the magic circle in her hands.

“———”

“Shaaaaaaahh~~~!”

She suddenly slammed on the brakes and stopped her charge. A moment later, Ange swung her large sword through where she thought that great enemy would be.

“!?”

Ange was shocked that her slash had been so easily dodged. She was wide open, so another golden circle captured her. Purple lightning pierced the red-haired girl once more.

“Gh...! Gbh...! Corona!!”

The golden wings on her back attempted to resist, but by then a solenoid had already snuck up behind her. The spiraling fabric wrapped around the flames and sent them up toward the ceiling like a tornado, keeping them away from the angel's enemy.

She instead forcibly swung her Prominence Nova to break free of the magic circle.

“Too slow.”

Miss A outdid her. Without letting go of the magic circle pressed toward the girl's face, she made a quick leap to dodge the sword. All the while, she continued firing purple electricity into the angel's glowing body.

Even Rapha's usual cold smile vanished as he watched.

The purple electric current was a special electromagnetic wave called a Kühler Welle and it had been used in all of the defenses thus far. It robbed anything it touched of heat and was thus the most effective weapon against angels who were made of fire. Intensity aside, it was not strange for Ange to be taking damage.

The unusual part was how easily it was hitting her.

Ange had angelic battle senses and the speed and power of Metatron, yet she was losing in combat.

“To prepare for this day, I spent three hundred years training myself until I could defeat a ball of fire great enough to obliterate this planet.”

As Ange struggled, Miss Arc dodged each and every attack while remaining on the offensive.



“Every possible disaster an angel could bring was part of my calculations from the beginning.”

A hint of hesitation appeared on her young face. She felt some pity toward her enemy who had chosen to fight even if it meant turning herself into a bomb.

But emotions and actions were separate. She made her move to reap that girl’s life with a machine-like lack of hesitation.

“I will slowly wear away your life before you reach Judgment.”

“Gh...! Gwah!!”

“Farewell, pitiable girl born to a cursed destiny.”

“Hahhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

“What an energetic boy. I can see why Ange had so much trouble.”

The raindrops that had resumed falling on the park were blown away as two people clashed.

Lucia repeatedly swung his scythe with great weight as well as speed. Ange could have matched him, but Micha could not keep up with his speed and was

forced to fight a defensive battle.

But that was all. All he could do was keep her from moving.

“Heh heh heh♪”

“Dammit!”

Lucia could not get a decisive blow in on his defensive opponent. Plus...

“Gwah!”

“Lucia-kun!”

The holy flame Micha used for defense also acted as the most destructive counterattack against a demon like Lucia.

Demons could not defeat angels. Even without Ange as his opponent, that rule of compatibility still applied.

The flame wings brushed against him and he was burnt black and blown away. He could regenerate right away, but the exhaustion was building up and his shoulders were rising and falling as he gasped for breath.

“Lucia-kun... Micha-san! Stop this, Micha-san!”

Mutsuki ran over to him and tearfully pleaded with Micha.

He knew they were enemies as an angel and a demon, but he loved them both and had done his best to keep this day from coming.

He had thought of that woman as an older sister, a mother, and a lover, but he did not even know her real name and she seemed unmoved by his desperate plea.

She slowly approached to reach attack range.

“What a pain. The old lady’s trying to look cool.”

Despite his casual insult, Lucia had taken a lot of damage and he could only stand while using his scythe for support.

“Are you okay?”

Mutsuki lent him his shoulder when he noticed the demon boy’s knees about to give out. The demon boy seemed delighted even now and winked at him.

“I guess I can’t overpower her. Honestly, the elderly should stick to drinking tea on the porch.”

He brought his face to Mutsuki’s ear.

“So let’s cheat a little. ...Open, Eye of the Serpent! Reveal the symbol of your dominance and pass judgment on this foolish woman who dares oppose you!”

“Kh!”

On the demon’s command, an itching throb raced through Mutsuki’s right eye for the first time in a while.

But he quickly realized this was the ideal method of escaping this situation, so he turned his right eye toward Micha.

The Serpent’s Eye ruled over all women. As a woman, Micha could be neutralized if he used this. And they would not even need to harm her.

However...

“Ah!? H-huh?”

The throbbing left him. He could not see his own eye, but Lucia stared at it in shock.

Micha alone laughed.

As soon as the Serpent’s Eye had activated, it had vanished again and did not seem to have robbed her of her ability to fight. Lucia’s smile stiffened.

“Looks like the composite seal I spent two months constructing is working.”

“Did you rewrite the mutual link seal for heaven’s exclusive use? You’re

thorough, I'll give you that."

"It wasn't easy. It took a lot of work every night after Mutsuki-kun fell asleep. And every time I messed with it, the Serpent's Eye would affect me, so I was stuck being horny 24/7. I couldn't even calm down or get to sleep. I would have gone crazy if I hadn't had alcohol to distract my mind at least."

Micha sounded indifferent and narrowed her eyes as she laughed.

"Monopolizing a powered individual is a violation of the Demon-Angel Détente, isn't it?"

"This is the ultimate power. Even if it's against the rules, any warrior would want to make it hers. Don't let Ange know, though. She can be hard-headed, so she'd probably get mad."

"Tch..."

Only the angels had the authority to interfere with the Serpent's Eye now. Their final hope had been sealed off, so Lucia clicked his tongue.

Mutsuki did not know what had been done to him, but...

"Then, Micha-san. When you...did it with me...?"

Something bothered him about it, so he asked an awkward question.

She had slept with him countless times. She was the one he had kissed and had sex with more than anyone else. She had left her indelible mark on at least three parts of his body.

Even if she had just been having fun, he had thought she was showing concern in her own way. He had thought there was love there.

But based on what he had just heard...

Micha maintained her graceful smile.

“Make no mistake, Mutsuki-kun. I really do love you. But...”

“———”

“Adults have multiple reasons for everything they do.”

Mutsuki’s face twisted.

Over the past two months, he had thought of her as an older sister, a mother, and a lover, but these words may as well have been a betrayal.

“...I’ll kill you.”

Lucia reacted to the boy’s expression by showing anger for the first time and attacking the woman.

Micha easily sidestepped the blow and shot him down with fire. The boy kept up his attack while continually regenerating.

Which one had the upper hand seemed to switch back and forth, but only Lucia was approaching his limit the entire time.

Mutsuki could do nothing but watch in a daze.

“That’s twenty-six minutes.”

“She’s lasting surprisingly long.”

“But she seems to be near her limit. She’s beginning to accept that she’s fated to become the Incubus’s slave.”

The three angels laughed mockingly.

The slime creature had absorbed the unlimited supply of pouring rain, so now it sat on the ground like a great tree.

The captured girl dangled within the fluid like a piece of art.

Her limbs were fixed in the most defenseless position: arms pulled up and legs spread. She was leaning forward, so her back naturally stretched out and placed a heavy burden on her body. However, several tentacles of black flesh wrapped

around her stomach and neck to support her weight.

The prey was devoured with as little a burden on her body as when lying in bed.

“You understand, don’t you? Your body already wants to be mine, Ibekusa Machina.”

“Hh...hh...”

The demon entered both ears and licked stickily at her earlobes as it produced a voice directly on her eardrums.

The hideous ticklishness brought tears to her eyes, but the most frustrating part was the truth of those words.

“Kh...hh...hh...”

The tentacles of black flesh rubbed at her earlobes, her armpits, and her neck. Over her suit, they rubbed at her waist, inner thighs, hips, knees, calves, and ankles.

The tentacles were modeled after those of an octopus. They were sticky and soft and they were covered in suckers, so they produced a lot of friction.

They were licking all across her body. Her porcelain white skin was covered in goose bumps. The ticklish sensation boiled up almost to the level of pain and continually raced across her skin as a shudder.

“Your nipples have been erect for a while now. You want me to touch them, don’t you? Hm?”

Her twin breasts created seductive bulges in her black bodysuit and the tips poked out so much that even the bulging areolae could be made out through the skintight suit.

The one stroke of luck was that this demon was specialized in seduction and thus had no attack power. And since it was made of water, it could not pass through the waterproof material and thus the tentacles had yet to enter the suit. They only licked at her skin through the suit.

Then again, that was torment in its own way.

“Kh...”

Machina clenched her teeth.

This Incubus was a parasite that targeted females with the ability to conceive. It ensnared its host with pleasure and used her to raise its own child.

And this highly-evolved demon had put together a method of making Ibekusa Machina in particular its host.

“Now, drink more of my juices. This flavor should also be tailored to your liking.”

It spoke in Mutsuki's voice, the wavelength that led her to let her guard down more than any other.

"Agh...st-stop..."

A narrow thread-like tentacle forced its way between her slack lips.

Her teeth relaxed in surprise, so it slipped past them, wrapped around her tongue, and swelled out to become an octopus tentacle, complete with suckers.

The tip split into two or three to cover every inch of her tongue with suckers.

"Ngh...uuuh, bh."

The girl shook her head in displeasure.

"Do you not like my kiss? But isn't this just how you like it?"

The demon continued licking stickily across her tongue as if trying to pull it out.

It was true the somewhat itchy and somewhat ticklish sensation seductively provoked the erogenous zone of her mouth. Mutsuki was the only one she had allowed in her mouth, but her mind was shaken by the intensity she would never receive from his gentle kisses.

But more importantly...

“Abh...n, ngh, hh...”

Each of the bumps and suckers stimulating her tongue squirted out a yogurt-like semisolid extract.

It wrapped around her tongue and spread throughout her mouth.

(There it is... I-I can't let myself swallow it.)

She tightened her throat in refusal to swallow.

The demon did not reject that. It did not force a tentacle down her throat to wash it down her esophagus.

It was confident that any woman was bound to swallow it.

(Uuh...gh. It's sweet, ahh, it's so sweet.)

“Heh heh heh. Well? Tasty, isn't it? You can't help but love it, can you?”

The carnivorous plant known as an Incubus used this as the bait to ensnare the insect named Machina.

It was made to provide the sweetest possible signals from a human woman's taste buds, and Machina's in particular. It seemed to violate her sense of taste just by enveloping her tongue. The sensation of “delicious” raced so sharply into her mind it gave her a headache.

“How about you swallow it? It tastes like sweet honey on your tongue, so it has to be pure bliss passing down your throat, doesn’t it?”

(N-no...)

Machina somehow managed to shake her head.

However, this nectar was made so every last one of her genes would deem it “delicious”.

Her body desired it more than a glass of water after walking three days and three nights through the desert with nothing to eat or drink. Her mind rejected it, but her instincts set her throat in motion.

She swallowed the sticky demonic extract. It truly was pure bliss passing down her throat, it slowly arrived in her stomach, and...

“Bh... Nn, nnnnnn!”

It passed through her digestive organs with incredible speed.

As soon as it dissolved into her blood, her mind was shattered. Her blood vessels carried the extract to her head and her brain began pumping out endorphins.

(Here it...comes... Here it comes...!)

It was an orgasm that skipped straight past the process of pleasure. Her vision grew white and her bound limbs writhed about.

“Did you cum? Heh heh heh. Feel free to drink some more.”

“G-gh...gulp...gulp, gulp.”

Her blank mind could not restrain her instincts. She swallowed more and more of the yogurt-like liquid in her mouth.

That alone sent waves of delight through her tongue, throat, and esophagus. Her nipples stood tall through the skintight suit, she could not focus her mind, and she begun rubbing her throbbing inner thighs together without noticing.

“Good girl. This is what turns you into a horny slut. Before long, your horny body will throb and yearn for this so badly your mind will be unable to fight it.”

The demon continued squirting the extract onto her tongue. It had only had her in its grasp for thirty minutes, but it had already evolved its own bodily fluid into the ultimate aphrodisiac for Machina.

Machina belonged to FeTUS, but her body was human and she was far too helpless in the face of a creature with superhuman knowledge.

“Mfh... Nh, nhn, nhn.”

“My juices are delicious, aren’t they?”

“Pfes...yes...”

The joy rushing back from her climax was filling even the marrow of her bones.

When the suckers began producing less of the extract, she started sucking at the tentacle. She forgot everything and became something like a baby clinging to its mother. Nevertheless, her hips wiggled impatiently as the tentacles licked across her lower stomach in an obscenely sensual way.

“Look at her suck at that thing so selfishly. I wish I could show that Adam boy this.”

The angels laughed mockingly as they watched.

(Uuh... Fuji...ta...-kun...)

The tentacles covered her eardrums, but these angels were chanters and their laughter slipped past the demon.

She felt ashamed, but at the same time, the reminder of the Adam boy – that is, Mutsuki – brought her back to her senses.

With her sense of taste conquered, her tongue had started caressing the octopus tentacle as if returning a kiss. That fluid that would violate her mind more than any drug was still filling her mouth, but she resisted the desire to swallow it and spat it from the corner of her mouth.

“Oh? Even after swallowing the saliva I made just for you, you’re still preserving your chastity for another man?”

The demon spoke in a frighteningly sweet and kind voice that wore down her defenses.

“Out of the seventy thousand female humans my 135 generations of ancestors have used to reproduce, this is a first. Heh heh heh heh.”

At the same time, the tentacles rubbing at the surface of her body slipped inside her clothing. They entered through the sleeveless shoulder and licked across her armpit as they moved further in.

“I really don’t like this as it feels like rape. I have no interest in tormenting sluts. I simply want a womb-carrier to receive my seed with the ultimate joy.”

“Y-you’re going to rape me even more? ...Fwah!”

The tentacles used their unique flexibility to invade the gap between her skintight suit and her skin. They quickly spiraled around to wrap around her lovely bowl-shaped breasts.

“Such wonderful breasts. There is a nice firmness inside the softness. ...Hm? I sense a powerful resiliency deep inside. Heh heh heh. These breasts must have received a lot of love.”

“Ah...ah...nn.”

The tentacles created waves under her suit as they kneaded the youthfully perky mounds. The demonic creature had already realized that her bust was sensitive.

The tentacles dug in to send the sensation deep inside her. An erogenous zone even more sensitive than her vagina was hidden deep below the thick fat of her breasts. That was what it thoroughly kneaded.

“Stop...ahh...stop...it...”

And it was not just the breasts. Tentacles moved down from her armpits, along her sides, to her back and spine, to her flat stomach, and to every other part of her body. Their sticky suckers stimulated her all over.

The usually stoic girl could not help but utter some complaints.

And that was proof of just how much that stimulation was rubbing at her sexuality.

The tentacles were touching her breasts, yet she felt like they were tormenting her womb. The narcotic fluid had already violated her body, so she felt an intense longing deep inside her stomach.

“There’s no need to hold back. C’mon, I bet you’d like it here best.”

The tentacles wrapped around those mounds finally reached the tip.

Their tips split apart, but they created more than just three branches like the

one on her tongue. They branched out ten or twenty times and those thin threads wriggled around intensely. The tentacles now looked something like sea anemones.

(Ah...no. Not...not there...)

All of that enveloped the nipples that swelled out from the hemispheres.

The slender tentacles rubbed against that boiled egg-like resiliency.

(Ah, hh, hh... It's reverberating through me...)

Those light pink tips were directly linked to the erogenous zone deep inside her breasts. She forcefully shook her head at the sensation of her bust heating up from the roots.

Her messy hair shook back and forth in protest, but her womb throbbed and caused her hips to wiggle in desire.

With those bewitching buds in its grasp, the sea anemones squeezed down on the areolae and pinched the nipples.

“Ah, ah, ahhhhh!”

The parts that had broken down to a thread-like width entered the extremely narrow milk ducts at the tip of the nipple.

(It can't be, ah, inside. They're going...inside...)

They entered deep within those milk ducts that had of course never been stimulated by Mutsuki.

She had never thought about this inside area or even that there were holes there at all, so when they were forced open, it came with fear and pain.

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

But even greater was an unbelievable sensation. The demon's refusal to bring any displeasure to its host truly frightened her now.

Every time the tentacles moved inside her nipples, a sharp electrical current rushed out. That was not surprising, but that current felt horribly sticky.

"Ahh, ahhh."

The sexual threads inside wriggled around as if to pinch at the contents.

The shock was like an extremely concentrated version of what she felt when the fat of her breasts was squeezed from outside. Not even she could believe how sweet her moaning voice sounded.

"Ho ho? Now these are the tits of a slut. I didn't have to mess with them long before you revealed your true colors."

“Wh-what are you...ahh, ah, ah.”

“Heh heh heh. Act tough if you like, but it isn’t very convincing when you start moaning and drooling all over yourself.”

The demon did not seem to care about the mental displeasure brought by its mocking. However, the stimulation from her milk ducts felt like a seductive fire running through her and she had her hands full simply keeping herself from passing out. She could not hide her obscenely heated expression or damp eyes.

“I bet you could cum from your tits alone. Very well. I will give you everything you desire. Climax as much as you like in this pleasure that no human can ever provide.”

The demon raped the inside of her sensitive nipples, but it remained gentle enough to prevent any pain.

If the caress Mutsuki would give her breasts could be likened to a gentle stroke along her outer pussy lips, then this was like hard sex that filled every contour of her vagina until it began to melt.

Tears spilled from her eyes as she tried to fight the humiliation, but as time passed, the look in those eyes grew sweeter and more lustful.

The body tightly contained in her black suit wiggled seductively.

“You keep saying you don’t like it, but your hips tell a different story. I’ll show you some love down there once you cum from your tits, so there’s no need to shake your ass so sluttily.”

“Uh, uuhhh...”

It did not help that the demonic fluid had already loosened the door to orgasm.

(Fujita...-kun.)

The surge of pleasure was great. The pulse did not pass through the cushioning of her rational mind and instead transformed into a desire to reach climax.

(I'm...sorry.)

In the final moment, she felt an especially large tear fall from the corner of her eye.

“Hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! ~~~~~♡”

She lightly bit the tentacle wrapped around her tongue and gave herself over to the crucible of pleasure she had been trying to force down this entire time.

Her mind was dyed white. Her body gave up all resistance against the pleasure and the melting joy shook her entire body like an earthquake.

“Khah...ah, ahyah...”

Saliva mixed with the demonic fluid dripped from her mouth as the ecstasy

intoxicated her.

The conquered nipples at the tips of her bust squeezed their milk ducts shut as if to bite down on the tentacles inside.

She felt pathetic and frustrated that she had reacted in a way she never had for Mutsuki.

But...

“Now you are my slave and my wife.”

“...Ah♡”

She no longer had the willpower needed to fight those words.

“Heh heh heh. ...Look at that face. She’s completely fallen.”

“Forty-one minutes. Isn’t that a record for a human? She really put up a fight. But...”

“There’s no escape now.”

As the intruders rubbed at the insides, the nipples had grown red and swollen to clearly show off this pitiful disgrace.

But Machina no longer showed any sign of anguish.

The fine tentacles wrapped around the nipples were providing a gentle massage on the outside. That allowed the ones violating the milk ducts to pump stickily in and out without producing any pain.

(Ahhh... I-if it does...that...)

The girl had already fallen for the Incubus's ability to ensnare its host.

Her mind was fuzzy and she could not focus her thoughts. She felt like her very being were melting as she became a part of that amorphous slime.

She could not remember anything. She had a feeling being raped like this had been painful, but she could not seem to remember why.

She had felt guilt when thinking about someone, but she did not know who that was.

“You can feel it, can't you? Now, Machina, stick out your tongue. I have more juices just for you.”

“Nn...nnnn.”

She only knew the voice clinging to her eardrums was horribly pleasant.

That voice that resembled someone was so very pleasant.

She stuck out her tongue as told. A tentacle slipped into her mouth, split apart again and again like a sea anemone, and licked across each tooth, her gums, the inside of her cheeks, and the entire surface and underside of her tongue.

The girl felt like she was floating as she wrapped her extended tongue around the base of the tentacle as if returning the favor.

“Here it comes.”

“Mfh...mfhhn...”

The tentacle once more spewed out that nectar that had been evolved just for her and that made her genes its slave.

“Nfh...♡ Nn, nn.”

As it flowed thickly into her mouth, she happily breathed from her nose, rolled it around on her tongue, and finally swallowed it.

Her body had already been heated by the pleasure in her nipples, but now a shallow sense of orgasm filled her from her blood vessels. Her slender waist hopped rhythmically in time with the movements of her throat.

“Delicious, isn't it?”

“Yes...”

The oddly raw-smelling nectar intoxicated the girl more than any alcoholic drink.

The demon had refined and brewed this sexual fluid just for her, so of course her human mind had no way of fighting it.

“You are truly mine now, Machina. But I want more than just a horny slut. I will remake you into a receptacle for my seed.”

The tentacle raping her mouth with such obscene sounds pulled away.

The incomplete injection of the demonic drug allowed a slight glimmer of reason to return to the girl’s obscenely damp eyes.

As the fluid dripped from the tip, it recombined into a single octopus-like tentacle. Then it moved to the girl’s lower stomach which it had intentionally avoided until now.

“Eek!”

Her body was lifted up with the limbs still bound. She floated up into the air while supported by the slime and she was tilted forward with her legs spread. The breasts hang heavily down with the sea anemones still attached.

Her spread legs caused the skintight suit to dig into her crotch. The material was part plastic and part fabric, so it was both somewhat rough and somewhat

resilient. A great number of suckers sucked at her crotch through that material.

“S-stop... Don’t touch...me...”

The sensation to this new location produced a weak voice of protest.

“What are you talking about? I can feel the heat even through your clothes.”

Frustratingly, Machina knew better than anyone how that inappropriate location was emitting enough nectar to look like she had wet herself. Warm liquid was dripping down her inner thighs, her knees, and even her calves.

With a unique and obscene waving motion, the Incubus pressed at and massaged the upside-down m-shape of her mons pubis that showed through the suit.

“Just listen to that obscenely wet sound when I touch it. It might be waterproof, but that isn’t enough to hide the throbbing wetness of it all, you slut.”

“Ah, ahh...no...”

Machina had barely been teased by kind Mutsuki, so toying with her throbbing hidden flesh was quite effective.

Each time the tentacles pushed at her flesh or wriggled against it, pleasure so great it brought a chill soaked deep into her vagina.

“No? Heh heh heh. You’ve already returned to your senses? What an adorable girl. I’m liking you more and more.”

The demon turned over its stroking tentacles for further sexual torment.

The kneading had caused the sexual flower petals to open up below her suit. The technology behind the suit’s design allowed the diamond shape of swollen flesh to show through with almost cruel clarity.

The suckers on the back of the tentacles began a wave-like motion.

“Ahhhhh... Ah, ah~~~~♡”

Machina was swallowed up by a series of light climaxes.

Not only did the friction rub at her, but the small suckers attached themselves to the hot and melting garden inside those lips of flesh.

They sucked and let go and then sucked again. She had never felt this before. It was like having countless mouths performing cunnilingus by sweetly pecking at every part of her secret garden. The tone of her moaning rose higher and higher.

The throbbing diamond shape spread wider and the surface alone grew hotter.

“Kh...mh...”

“Heh heh heh. Well? You can’t stand it, can you? But it isn’t enough, is it?”

After sucking out my juices, your slutty womb won't rest until it's been impregnated, so the entrance alone won't be nearly enough."

"~~~"

Machina clenched her teeth and fought the longing of her throbbing lower stomach that brought tears to her eyes.

This was indeed a kind of sexual pleasure she had never felt before and she had trouble hiding the frustration.

The tentacles were only attacking the surface, so there was little stimulation for her throbbing womb or the pathway leading there. The wave-like groping from before had provided some stimulation there, but the sucker attack alone was not enough.

"You want it, don't you? Your pussy has been opening all on its own to beg for it."

Her horny pussy lips had spread wide enough to see the hole deep inside. She had not needed to be told and her eyebrows twisted in self-loathing.

The demon decided it was about time and targeted her right thigh instead.

"Now, it is time to choose, Machina."

The waterproof skintight suit had been unable to protect her upper body because the chest and shoulders were open, but it had not allowed the tentacles

into her lower body.

However, there was a seam at the thigh for putting it on or taking it off. It was zipped closed on the inside to preserve the waterproofing, so nothing should have been able to slip in from the outside. But...

“Unzip this. Then I will give you what your throbbing pussy desires most.”

“Eh...?”

The sucker-covered tentacle crawled along the seam.

Unzipping that would leave her suit defenseless at the point closest to her secret lips. It would mean accepting the demon into her body.

“N-no. I don't...want it.”

She shook her head. But...

“Liar.”

“Ah~~!”

The tentacles attacking everywhere but her secret lips were as active as ever. They wrapped around her entire body and tightly squeezed her slender frame.

Her breasts were squeezed too tightly to see the white skin at the base. The

sea anemones sucked at and penetrated the nipples and the vibration in her milk ducts send surges of pleasure sharply up her spine.

She could not stop her hips from wiggling and tentacles approached her butt that already glowed with the slime's moisture. They transformed into starfish-like palms and squeezed at the cheeks on either side.

After what Mutsuki had done earlier, her anus reacted on its own and a sweet throbbing filled it. The demon noticed and began stickily sucking at it until the ring of the sphincter was visible in the skintight material.

As for her mouth...

“Nn, nn...ahhbh.”

Another sticky tentacle squirted a yogurt-like fluid inside.

She closed her mouth to avoid it, but the raw smell of the sticky facial was sexual enough to melt her brain.

“Ahh...ah...nmh...”

The Incubus had not ordered her to, but her tongue had been trained well enough to lick the extract from her pink lips.

After the first lick, she could not stop. Her small tongue moved in every direction to lick the substance from her face. When the tentacle came in for a kiss, she allowed it inside her mouth and returned the caress with her tongue.

(N-no. I can't do this. At this rate...)

Her rational mind had returned, but it faded in the face of this demonic drug.

As pleasure danced in her breasts, she was overwhelmed by the masochistic intoxication that Mutsuki had made sure she felt when someone toyed with her anus.

Her mind melted and she could not fight it any longer.

“Now, let me inside, Machina.”

“ ... ”

“Truly become my slave and my wife.”

“ ... ~ ~ ... ”

A glowing golden thread appeared along the zipper the tentacle had indicated.

It audibly unzipped and a seam of a few centimeters opened.

“Ah...ah...ah...ah, ah, ah...!”

Definite “flesh” with amazing flexibility and resiliency invaded the girl’s

innermost territory.

As promised, it crawled up her white thigh while making no detours and chose to attack her vagina with its sticky suckers first. As soon as it noticed the heat that seemed impossible for human skin, it confidently parted the folds and pushed its way deep inside.

“Ah...ahhh! ~~~~~♡”

“Heh heh. All I did was stick the tip in and you came? What an impatient whore.”

When the long-awaited sensation arrived, only the tip had to push in for Machina to twist her lovely slender waist and send her hips on a lewd dance.

The demon flesh used its flexibility to widen the labyrinthine crucible of folds.

“Hm? There’s another male’s cum inside here. Not that it matters. Your body will soon be made to only ovulate for my seed.”

After relaxing the complicated vaginal pathway, it applied pressure from within that not even a fully erect penis could hope to match.

“Ah, ahhh... St-stop. That’s...that’s amazing.”

Mutsuki was the only member of the opposite sex who had been welcomed inside there before and the inner walls were stretched by a thickness much like his. As the manly hardness rubbed against her, sweet juices oozed from the inner

flesh.

“How about that? Can’t stand it, can you? ...Heh heh. I bet you’re sensitive here.”

“Ahhhh♡”

The Incubus was excellent at searching out her weak points and it began rubbing against the band of bumps on the navel-side of her vagina.

Commonly known as the G-spot, that was a girl’s greatest weak point. Mutsuki’s penis was a perfect match, so the head would fit perfectly in place to rub against it during sex.

She could not stand how the suckers attached to that spot and repeatedly pecked at it. She moaned in pleasure with a feverishly empty look in her eyes.

The narrow tip finally reached the deepest point.

“It seems your body is already preparing itself for conception. Your womb has lowered quite a bit and your cervix has loosened.”

The demon continued its invasion while confidently pointing out Machina’s horny reactions.

The tip transformed into a sea anemone as it approached the center of the hard donut shape.

“Nn... Nhaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!”

The same narrow threads of flesh that had entered her milk ducts easily invaded that hole as well.

Invading the womb may have been a normal part of sex for an Incubus, but it was not a sensation a human was meant to experience. The girl screamed for a bit at the feeling of having her entire stomach violated.

But the demon showed no mercy. As the layer of flesh squeezed down on it, it used its unique obscene waves of motion to stroke along that region meant for a baby.

“Kh, hn, nn. ...Th-this is...ahhhh♡”

An almost pained confusion filled Machina as she experienced this new sort of pleasure.

When the tentacle touched the inside of her womb, she felt like it had captured her entire being.

Submission and slavery. Feelings she could not fight continued welling up inside her.

“Heh heh. Yes, a woman must be tamed through the womb.”

“Nn, ahh...ahhh...”

Thanks to the intensity of the womb rape, her vaginal flesh rapidly grew obedient and accepted the kneading of the tentacle. The flesh even sucked lovingly at the tentacle and squirted out hot and sticky nectar.

“Oh, look at that. You’re about to ovulate. That means you’re accepting me as the master who is meant to impregnate you.”

The slender tentacle stroked provocatively along the inner walls of her baby garden.

“~~~~~”

This was different from the pleasure surging through her nerves as her vagina was toyed with. It was an irresistible intoxication, as if her very soul was being sucked on.

The reaction spread to the rest of her and horribly sweet breaths escaped from her beautiful nose.

“If I give you one last dose of my juices here, you will become a true slut that can think of nothing but receiving my seed and bearing my child.”

“Eh...? Ah, n-no...”

Her mouth and her body gave the exact opposite response to the idea of bearing the demon’s child.

Her mouth rejected it. She did not want to bear a demon’s child and she could

not let her body be used for that.

But her body – her womb and vagina – tightened seductively down on the tentacle inside them as if asking to be impregnated.

“No need to be shy. Everything down here is telling me you want it.”

“No... Ahh, ah, ah... Don't shake me up inside.”

“Say it. Say you want my juices. Say you want to become my true slave and become a slut that does nothing but bear my children forevermore.”

The entire tentacle made a waving motion starting from the suckers attached tightly to her G-spot.

Her own reaction had narrowed her vagina, so the movement stirred up the flesh all the more intensely.

She thought everything around her hips was going to melt and she arched her back. Her breasts bounce with the sea anemone tentacles still attached.

(N-no. No. Ah...)

Frustratingly, she was trapped by the spirit of servitude emanating from her womb, so the demon's every word stabbed deep into her heart.

She began to think that bearing this demon's child might not be so bad after

all. And the rational mind needed to shake her out of this abnormal state was melting away from the pleasure of the intense vaginal attack.

This decision was far greater than the one to open the zipper earlier. She wanted to reject it, but she was trapped by a sense of submission and pleasure that far exceeded that desire.

“...Hh...hh...”

“How about it? Hm?”

The Incubus dug into her nipples, licked at her anal flesh, and soaked her vagina with its demonic fluids.

And most importantly, she was controlled by the womb that was about to accept the demon.

“~”

Her hips pulled back with the tentacle still penetrating them. Her upper body leaned further forward, putting her in something like a crawling position.

It was the pose that animals instinctually took when mating.

“I...want it.”

Her tearful voice was weak, but the words clearly left her mouth.

“Heh heh heh.”

The tentacle began spewing its fluids across her womb.

This demonic drug had been developed exclusively for Ibekusa Machina, so its delectable flavor seemed to melt her mind and it led her straight to orgasm when it reached her blood vessels.

(Ah...kh... No, in m-my stomach...it's so sweet...)

Even when it struck her womb, she could tell it contained the flavor, wavelength, and molecular structure that brought her more joy than any other. When it flowed down her fallopian tubes, she could taste it as if she had a tongue growing inside her womb.

“Ah...aheh, ah♡”

The sweet flavor in the genes provided a new level of depth to the womb rape that had already ensnared her. Her usually expressionless face melted in utter bliss, like a young child who had just eaten a superb shortcake.

“Now you are truly mine, Ibekusa Machina.”



The wave she felt at the end of the tentacle produced a tightening and wriggling of her womb, but she could tell the far-too-delicious demonic extract had set the ovulation process in motion. The demon's mocking laughter rang in her eardrums.

Machina said nothing and simply looked happy as her skewered body occasionally shook.

The angels watched in a daze as the sexual atmosphere enveloped them as well.

The girl was slowly swallowed up by the giant mass of black flesh.

## Chapter 7 - Mutsuki and Ange

“Zh! Gh! Gaaaaahhhhhhh!!”

In FeTUS’s deepest laboratory which was known as the Sanctuary, Metatron Ange, the lightning of god, continued fighting Alice Arc, mankind’s greatest mind.

Ange had shattered the tanks in the walls and vaporized the liquid within, but she had not managed to land a lethal blow on Miss A.

Nor had she been able to avoid her opponent’s attacks.

The purple lightning magic circle continued to ensnare her and its sparks built up the damage inside her.

“Kgah...khah...pant, pant.”

No matter where she dodged, it stuck with her like a remora. And no matter how much she attacked, her opponent dodged it all with willow-like movements. Even Ange had to fall to her knees eventually.

“Finally worn out? A normal angel would have been incapacitated by the KW in five seconds, but you kept taking it for twenty minutes. You’re pretty tough.”

Miss A stood before the girl as the lightning continued to torment her.

Ange fiercely narrowed her golden eyes, but even the most hateful glare could not keep the attacks from hitting her.

Like a leaf avoiding a great blaze, the young girl who looked like she would break from a single strike moved back as much as her opponent approached and approached as much as her opponent moved back.

Black Cat was more nimble than Ange, yet not even she would have been able to pull this off. With all rational thought gone from her mind, Ange still wondered if this meant the girl had greater speed than Black Cat.

“Foresight?” muttered Rapha.

Alice grinned as if to say, “So you’ve figured it out?”

“Precisely. I have always enjoyed chess, so I am good at reading people’s actions in advance.”

She continued attacking Ange all the while.

“I have borrowed three seconds of this girl’s future.”

She looked to the rabbit sitting in the center of the room. It held a clock with its second hand shifted three seconds off.

Rapha was not the only one to gasp at this ability to predict the future. Miss C and Miss D did as well.

“All creatures seem to act based on their own will, but those actions are always taken in accordance to their situation, mental state, and the other internal and external pressures that make up their environment. The will is but one of the factors making up one’s environment.”

“If you can calculate out all of those factors, you can calculate out what action your target will take next. Miss A can see what Jiyuuni-san will do next.”

Alice smiled a little.

“All strategies, all weapons, and all science can be traced back to humans.”

She lifted her right leg.

“Gaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh!”

Ange swung her sword toward that right leg only after the attack had already been dodged.

The girl was confused when her strike cut through empty air and the innocent-looking younger girl gave a smile much too vicious for her age.

It was a witch’s smile.

“My friend Miss Y constructed this ultimate strategy against intelligent life forms. This is the Grand Guignol de Iris!”

“Kh...kwaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh!”

“Jiyuuni Ange. You are now my puppet.”

After missing, the girl continued swinging her blade as she jumped toward the ceiling.

The wildly swinging sword could not be dodged even if it could be predicted, so Alice temporarily pulled back her purple lightning and moved back.

Except...

“...Vh!?”

“And farewell, red queen.”

She had predicted where Ange would flee and let her go there. A trap had been laid on the ceiling.

As soon as Ange set foot there, a giant magic circle glowed from the entire broad surface of the ceiling.

“Checkmate.”

“Pgyaaahhhhhh!!”

She had suffered so much from the purple lightning of the small magic circles, but this one was the size of the entire ceiling.

The girl was helplessly engulfed by a sea of lightning.

The pain was so great that Ange dropped her divine sword and writhed in midair. Even so, the lightning stickily tangled around her skin and refused to let go.

The flames bursting from her entire body dissipated and the flames making up her body as an angel began to collapse.

“Ah...ahhh...”

Amid the pain and suffering of her physical body’s annihilation, Ange tried desperately to reach a hand toward Miss A. Even on the verge of death, she acted like a wolf trying to tear out her enemy’s windpipe.

Even her own death could not stop her resentment. Feeling pity, Miss Alice Arc gently closed her eyes. Having lost a formidable rival, Miss C bit her lower lip with a complicated look. Unable to bear seeing a young girl suffering so thoroughly, Miss D looked away.

But...

“Once.” Rapha did not seem concerned. “God sent this world a box filled with disaster. A woman named Pandora opened that box, but because she quickly closed the lid, mankind was spared the final disaster.”

He turned from Ange to Miss A.

She was the one he gave the pitying look.

“That remaining disaster was foresight. Because mankind was spared that, they remained ignorant of the disasters the future held and would thus not fall into despair. That allowed them to live with hope.”

“ ... ”

“Acquiring that by your own hand is most impressive. I admire the resolve it must have taken to throw out that unstable hope in order to advance your own goal.”

He gave another small smile. It was a cold, unemotional smile with no hint of evil to be found.

“My actual job was to search out any research materials on the Holy Grail and destroy them, but I’d rather not see my cute little sister suffer any longer. I suppose I can have Micha deal with that when she shows up later.”

He shrugged and shook his head at that major job.

“Ange.”

“Vv...”

“We’ve lost. We have to settle for simply destroying this place.”

He spoke in the kind voice of a big brother.

Miss A’s eyes widened, although Miss C and Miss D still did not understand.

“Vaaaaaaaaaaaah!”

As the purple lightning clung to and squeezed her body, the girl’s clothing vanished.

That meant both her uniform and the special angelic heat-resistant material known as a Suit.

The nude girl brushed off the purple lightning clinging to her and gently landed on the ceiling. That sight caused not Miss A and the other two Witches to pale.

“Joule heating?”

“Not good! She’s gonna blow!”

How she had broken through the purple lightning was simple. Her burned clothing had turned to plasma, which had strengthened its electrical resistance and cut off the magnetic lines.

The problem was why the clothing had burned.

An angel's flame was a light meant to destroy its enemies. That was why it did not harm an ally like Rapha no matter how hot it burned and why it did not burn her own clothing.

But now it was indiscriminately burning everything around her. It had returned to the Joule heating of a normal flame, which meant...

"V...vvv... Mom..."

The floor, the ceiling, and even Rapha were overwhelmed by the great heat as Ange's expression grew distorted with rage.

"I hate you...! I hate mom...! I hate everyone...!"

She was just like a crying child.

The girl had transformed from an angel of heaven's laws and into a destructive fireball.

She had become Metatron.

"Kh...! Stop her! Stop her this instant!"

Black Cat threatened Rapha with her claws against his throat. In her haste, the

sharp tips sliced a few centimeters into the man's throat.

But the young man's smile remained even as his throat was cut and blisters covered his skin because he was receiving Ange's heat without a protective device like the Witches had.

"That is impossible. Once Metatron has activated, it cannot be stopped. At this point, we can only wait for the collapse. Not even god can stop it."

"You'll die too!"

"So what? I had no intention of returning after leading my little sister to her death."

He almost looked delighted as he narrowed his eyes toward his sister.

"More importantly, look. Metatron uses her own resentment as fuel, so if the legends are true, she will burn through her hatred and release all of her nightmares in the final moment."

"Ah...ah..."

He did not hesitate to point to the girl even as his fingertip burned.

"Even after receiving new life as an angel, the suffering of her past life continued to burn her body, but she has finally been released from it."

Ange's physical body returned to a mere shine and the boundary between the light and her body vanished.

The hatred left her face and her expression became the peaceful and somewhat lonely one of a girl of four.

"...Mutsuki."

"Ah...gh!"

As he was continually burnt and regenerated in a battle of endurance, Lucia's strength finally reached its limit.

The unilaterally defeated boy collapsed limply to the ground.

"It's over then."

Once the opposing force of will had been worn down, Micha produced especially large wings of flame and approached the boy.

She brought the two wings together in the form of a giant fist.

"S-stop!"

When he realized she planned to finish him off, Mutsuki lay on top of Lucia's

unconscious form.

“Out of the way, Mutsuki-kun. I need to fry that demon, so you’ll get burned if you’re touching him.”

“No! No... Stop this, Micha-san!”

“Don’t make this difficult!”

“Wah!”

Even if she did not burn him with her flames, Mutsuki could not stand up to an angel. She pulled him to his feet with her outstanding strength and tossed him aside. He rolled through the mud on the ground.

He felt pain, frustration, and self-hatred as a liquid other than rainwater dripped from the corners of his eyes.

“Why?” His low voice trembled. “Why!? Didn’t you say before that we could get along with Lucia-kun and Ibekusa-san!? Didn’t you say we didn’t have to fight them!? Was that a lie!?”

“...”

Micha ignored him and focused on Lucia.

“How can you hurt Lucia-kun!? How can you fight Ibekusa-san and the

others!?”

She raised her flame hammer.

“How could you not stop Ange when you knew!?”

“———!”

She stopped before completing the action.

Unable to remain as stoic as Machina, she wrinkled her brow and glared back at Mutsuki.

“Not stop her?”

“Eh?”

“I wanted to do something, you know!?”

This was his second time seeing that look on her face.

“The only way to stop Metatron was to have Ange throw out her resentment of humans. But nothing I said was enough to convince her after that awful death. That’s why I brought her as your...as Adam’s bodyguard.”

It was the resentful look of a loving older sister who had lost her little sister.

“I thought she might change her mind if she learned of the human world. I thought she might change if she made some friends. And even if none of that worked, I thought she could be forcibly changed with the Serpent’s Eye’s power to rule over all women.”

Mutsuki’s eyes widened.

Could he have saved Ange if he had used that power inside him?

“ ... ”

Micha must have realized she had said too much because she swallowed any further words and returned her focus to Lucia.

Dumbfounded, Mutsuki watched the scene in a daze.

And he recalled that he had the Serpent’s Eye.

He recalled that he had the power to rule over half the world.

“Eh...?”

The angel once said to be the strongest of them all – commonly known as Michael – felt confusion for the first time in a long while. She had encountered a

phenomenon she had never before seen in her long history.

She had struck Lucia with her full-power flames, yet the demon's body would not burn in the slightest. Even if he could regenerate, he should have run out of the strength needed to do so. Plus, that was only after he had been turned to ash. It was impossible for her to not even scorch him as she was now.

Angels had an absolute advantage over demons, so there simply could not be a demon that was immune to the divine light of her flames.

“Stop, Micha-san.”

Those words told her the answer.

“Lucia-kun isn't an enemy.”

“It can't be...”

She looked back and her eyes met those of Mutsuki who had stood up.

He stared straight at her with his usual clear and adorable left eye.

And with his darkened left eye.

“You removed the seal? You broke through my power...and did it on your own?”

While the Serpent's Eye was Mutsuki's, he had never used its power on his own.

As a mere human, he should not have been able to control the ultimate power that was the Serpent's Eye.

“Looks like the battle's over♪”

Lucia opened his eyes while a pillar of fire pressed down on him yet he showed no sign of igniting.

Micha was confused, but her veteran instincts quickly caught on.

The demon had not been the one to negate her flames.

It was Mutsuki. The Adam boy had told her he was not an enemy, so the holy fire of her body could not view the demon as an enemy. That was why the flames would not reach him.

She was Michael, the most powerful angel, yet as a woman, she was already ruled by the Serpent's Eye.

And at the same time, Lucia got up.

“Ha ha♥ My female side is getting all excited. It takes a lot of work to do it on my own, so changing sex due to an outside force is a weird feeling.”

A change came over his body.

His white skin became a similar brown to Micha's, his shoulders and hips gained a bit more roundness, and his body grew curvier.

He now had a girl's boy.

"But this is amazing. This is a female body...it's made to be Mutsuki-kun's slave. I can feel the power welling up without end. Ha ha ha. I'm about to cum just standing here♥♥"

Micha gasped again when she saw Lucia's genderbent form.

"Don't tell me..."

But before she could say anything, the boy's...no, the girl's fist sank into her belly. The single attack knocked Micha out and she collapsed on the spot.

"Lucia-kun, are you okay?"

Mutsuki ran over and Lucia tried to greet him with a smile, but...

"Wah! W-wait. Don't look at me with that eye when I'm a girl... My hips are going to give out."

Lucia's knees nearly collapsed.

“Oh, sorry. Um, wait just a second.”

Mutsuki quickly blinked his eye.

He did not know exactly how to close the Serpent’s Eye that had opened on its own, but when he willed it to “Close!” it returned to being his normal right eye.

At the same time, Lucia’s brown-dyed skin returned to being white and a slight change came over his body’s frame. He seemed to have regained his boy’s body.

Mutsuki was curious about that girl’s body he had seen before, but he turned toward the school since he had something else to do first.

No one stood in his way any longer, so he gave a large nod and the two of them started running hand-in-hand.

“Wait. Hold on.”

Mutsuki came to a stop.

He turned back toward Micha’s collapsed form. She had taken a blow to the stomach, but she seemed to still be conscious. He heard a groan from her.

He hesitated a moment, but then picked up the umbrella that had fallen nearby.

“Please head back home.”

He handed it to her.

“I’ll be back with Ange.”

“ ... ”

Micha said nothing, but he turned his back on her and ran off with Lucia.

“Wait for me, Ibekusa-san...and Ange!”

“ — — ”

“What is it?”

Machina felt like she had awoken from a dream. Her mind floated up from the mud.

(Fujita-kun’s voice.)

She thought she had heard a voice similar to yet distinct from the one seductively whispering by vibrating her eardrums.

That voice lessened the excessive endorphins pumped into her brain by the

demon's bodily fluids.

She had been in a state of ecstasy much like constant orgasm, but it faded away.

The demon drug had only kept her from descending from that ecstasy, so she had already been empty on a physical level. Her thoughts rapidly cooled.

The voice that might have been a hallucination had much greater value than the pleasure that had surpassed human knowledge.

She was happier to have heard his voice.

(He said to wait for him.)

Then she had to wait.

"!? W-wait! I won't let you go anywhere."

"I have to. Fujita-kun is coming."

After returning to her senses, the girl tried to get up from the black fleshy mass she had sunk into.

Her movements were restricted by the tentacles wrapped around her, so she had to remove them first.

She created a gold circle in her palm and pasted the ether vibration she had copied.

Immediately...

“Hee!?! Th-that’s Master Lilith’s-...”

The lower demon known as an Incubus had no choice but to obey the instructions to release the girl’s restraints.

This was Mutsuki’s wavelength that had so easily removed the Succubus earlier. She had created the exact same wavelength that was thought to have interfered with Lucia’s chakra.

It was a power unknown to mankind, but it had not been difficult to simply copy and paste it. This had brought an upper demon in line, so a lower demon did not stand a chance.

“Nn...”

Machina’s body trembled as the tentacles pulled out from her nipples, vagina, and womb.

“Wh-why? Why do you have her-...?”

She also pulled out the tentacles attached to her eardrums that created the vibrations of that confused voice. They tickled as they left her ears.

“Gbh...gzh...curse you...no female can endure my juices...without becoming my

slave...!”

The demon twisted around while speaking with a gradually more difficult to hear voice, but it could not disobey the magic circle modeled on the Adam boy and it could not attack Machina.

“It was indeed a dreadful power.”

The girl gently wiped her mouth. The yogurt-like extract stuck to it smelled so tasty she briefly hesitated to throw it away.

That delectable demon drug had melted her mind. She had had no way of fighting it. If it had continued flowing into her stomach without end, she would still be in the demon’s grasp.

The demon’s mistake had been attacking her womb.

That had brought calm to everything but her drug-addled brain. It had let her hear Mutsuki’s voice and fight back in her moment of clarity.

The demon itself had said a woman must be tamed through the womb and that was true.

But a lower demon had lacked the power needed to steal a womb already tamed by Fujita Mutsuki.

“Goodbye.”

Humans had no means of opposing demons, but FeTUS had plenty of ways to eliminate them if they did not struggle. They were nothing more than creatures with superior evolution.

“Gah!”

A ball of light appeared out of nowhere and enveloped the demon.

Its body was immediately and entirely vaporized.

No matter how evolved they were, no living creature could survive being trapped in a sphere with a central temperature of over five hundred thousand degrees. A new crater appeared next to the one Ange had made and not a drop of the black liquid remained.

Machina sighed quietly after confirming that.

“She escaped the Incubus!?”

“Impossible. She’s just a human...”

She had forgotten about the three angels, so she looked up when she heard their voices.

“Ibekusa-san!”

As he flew through the sky in Lucia's arms, Mutsuki was dumbfounded by the view of the school with the usual clock tower missing.

Still, he saw Machina wrapping golden threads around the three angels he had seen before, so he knew this had to be where Ange and Rapha had gone.

"FeTUS HQ is below the school... Ange is here, right?"

"Positive."

There was a bottomless hole in the floor where the tower had been.

The edges of the hole were melted like hot water dripped onto a sheet of ice. Ange was the only angel he knew who could provide that kind of heat.

He was about to turn to Lucia and say they had to head down there, but...

"...Ibekusa-san, did something happen?"

He noticed Machina was acting odd.

Her unfamiliar and sexy outfit was one thing, but she also had flushed cheeks and damp eyes. Almost as if...

"It's nothing."

The girl gave a quick reply and looked the other way.

“...”

The boy more or less understood what he had to do.

“Ah...”

He embraced her oddly warm body in the rain.

She seemed a little surprised, but no words were necessary.

Lucia pouted his lips in displeasure as he watched Mutsuki's powerful embrace.

Machina finally relaxed her body and entrusted all of herself to him.

“Fully deploy heat-resistant fibers...negative. Physical interference in phase space impossible.”

“Expanding 36 layers of KW...no effect.”

Ange had become an embodiment of judgement, so she was now a sun-like ball of light that burned away all that approached.

The top and bottom of the room were melting in a round shape. The acrylic glass of the surrounding water tanks was melting and the formaldehyde vaporized in less than ten seconds.

The angel named Rapha had already passed out and collapsed onto the floor. That only left the three Witches equipped with heat-resistant circuits and the rabbit decoration.

They had brought out all of their anti-angel equipment to protect their headquarters, but it had been ineffective and the equipment itself soon melted.

“This is a problem.”

Miss A sat on the large clock she loved so much. The cup she had set down there earlier had already burned into white sand.

“What do we do? What are we supposed to do!? Miss A, can’t you do something!?”

Schwarze shouted at her because her heat-resistant circuits could no longer fight the heat. Even breathing had grown difficult and just speaking left her out of breath.

“Hm,” said Miss Alice. “Where is the data on our Holy Grail research?”

She turned toward sweaty Miss D for that question.

“I-it is being transferred to the headquarters in another country. But I believe only about half has been sent so far.”

“I see. That isn’t good. If this place is lost, it will set our research back by ten years.”

“How can you be so calm!?! We need to do something about her! If this fire is directed outward, this country will only have Hokkaido and Okinawa left!”

Black Cat raised her voice and Miss Arc’s lips loosened a little.

“You’re so kind, Miss C. You always were. You’ll get as cruel as can be for your duty, but you always did hate harming unrelated people.”

She stood up and waved both hands.

Golden threads shot from her tiny fingertips. They intertwined into thick threads and wrapped around the bomb of light that Ange had become.

“An angel’s flame is matter, not plasma. When it explodes, it should take 1/1000 of a second to convert the holy flame of her body into fire. If this heat distorting fiber is directed vertically when that happens, the acceleration of energy might be directed up into the sky as a capillary action.”

“So the heat would escape into space?”

“If it goes well, the residual heat would only vaporize this hill or this city.”

“B-but then...”

By applying a trick at the instant of detonation, they could minimize the damage, but the person who applied the trick would have to be there at the instant of detonation.

“It has to be me. The only way to predict the right 1/1000 of a second is to use the Grand Guignol system.”

“But, Miss A! Then you’ll-....!”

Their heat-resistant circuits were useless already, so a human Witch would be instantly turned to ash once Metatron exploded.

But the girl insisted.

“I will simply be visiting some old friends.”

The smile on her innocent face seemed to say she did not mind.

“Heh heh. But Miss Y won’t be too happy to see me if I don’t have any chocolate for her as a souvenir.”

It was an aged and horribly tired smile that looked out of place on her young face.

She almost seemed to be looking forward to the afterlife.

“You two escape. If you’re lucky, you can survive.”

“But...”

“Once you get outside, leave this hill as quickly as possible. I expect the angels will have evacuated him, but make sure to protect the Adam boy. Mankind’s future and everything we must overcome rest on that boy’s shoulders.”

Miss C wrinkled her brow and looked like she had something to say and Miss D’s face stiffened as the young girl gave them both kind, motherly instructions.

“And...Miss E.”

She was kindly yet coolly looking to the future as she gave these instructions.

“You can give up on the data if you must. And don’t forget to get Machina out of here.”

“...”

“As long as we have the Adam boy and Machina, we have the bare minimum needed to continue the plan.”

“...Understood.”

“Go.”

As Ange’s light gradually grew, Alice spread her arms and prepared for the instant of judgment.

The other two Witches were polar opposites.

Miss D’s expression froze over like a noh mask and she started to leave the room as instructed.

Conversely, Miss C stayed put. She wrinkled her brow and looked on the verge of tears as she refused to take her eyes off of Miss A.

“You go too, Miss C. It’s dangerous here.”

“But...but...”

“Schwarze. Do not trouble me here.”

How was she to convince this reluctant kitten to leave her mother in such a short time? Alice truly was troubled.

She decided to have loyal Miss D carry Miss C out, so she looked over to stop the maid.

And then her expression froze in surprise for the first time that day.

“Wow, look at all that light... I-is that Ange!?”

“Damn, that’s hot! That’s definitely angel light. So this is Metatron... Hot, hot, hot!”

“Stay back. The heat is being bent with a spatial fissure, but photons this powerful are enough to burn away a normal human on their own.”

Machina, a demon, and the Adam boy who should never have been here rushed into the room.

Miss D, Miss C, and even Miss A were dumbfounded.

That boy was the core of FeTUS’s plan and mankind’s history would end if anything happened to him, but he had rushed up to a bomb that was about to detonate.

The boy did not seem to care as he bowed toward Black Cat and ran toward the light.

“Ange! Can you hear me, Ange!? You’re in there, right!?”

He yelled.

Machina’s heat-erasing magic circle was managing for now, but the room’s

temperature was already high enough to boil all the moisture in a living creature's body. Lucia was weak to angelic power, so he was suffering just being in the room.

Even so, Mutsuki approached the source of the heat.

“N-not good! Miss C! Miss D! Send all your KWs to the boy!”

The loss of the Adam boy was the greater threat than the destruction of 80% of the country. Miss A abandoned her heat distorting fibers and sent a new circle Mutsuki's way.

The four magic circles from the four Witches bent the light ahead of him.

That slight path led to a human figure at the source of the light.

“Ange...”

The familiar redheaded girl stood there with her eyes closed and the peaceful look of a baby on her face, as if she had forgotten everything.

“Wake up...Ange. Let's head home.”

Mutsuki reached out his hand.

“Ahhhh!”

But even with the magic circles, the tip of his middle finger sizzled and burned black.

Next, the burns spread across both arms and his skin grew bright red. He grimaced from a pain much like sticking his hand in a fire.

“Oh, honestly~!”

Lucia was having trouble just being here, but he supported Mutsuki by placing his hands on the boy’s back and sending his cells into him.

The demonic life force caused the boy’s hands to regenerate with new cells.

“Kh...gh...Wake up, Ange. C’mon, Ange...”

He could regenerate without end thanks to Lucia’s power, but the wounds burned as soon as they healed.

He clenched his teeth at the infinite pain of his skin repeatedly healing and burning and he took one step and then another toward the girl.

He placed his hand on her peacefully sleeping cheek.

“You brought Fujita here...? What are you thinking, Miss E!?”

As she watched the boy’s hand burning, Schwarze shouted angrily at Machina for foolishly guiding the Adam boy to the bomb.

Machina replied as calmly as ever.

“We now know Metatron is a living creature...namely, Jiyuuni Ange. In that case, I determined the best countermeasure is the one Fujita-kun suggested: convincing her to stop.”

“Are you saying he’ll use the power of Adam to have her obey because she’s a girl?”

“That is a very poor bet, Miss E. She is closer to being fire itself than a girl...no, than a living creature. Will Adam’s power really get through to her?”

Even Miss A grimaced.

But Machina...

“Not a problem.”

“Ange.”



He nearly passed out from the pain of his sizzling hands, but Mutsuki's tone of voice remained gentle.

"I'm not asking you to like people, I don't know what happened to you in the past, and you can hate me if you want."

"..."

"But don't do it this way. Don't sacrifice yourself."

The light only grew stronger.

"No matter how much you hate us..."

It was too great for the Witches to restrain and it enveloped the boy.

"I still love you, Ange."

Mutsuki and Ange vanished within the great light.

Machina watched it all with a complicated look on her face.

"This is not a problem."

The light grew even further, and finally...

“Jiyuuni Ange has...”

It filled the entire room.

“...been a girl when it comes to Fujita-kun for quite some time.”

“Pwaaah~”

Lucia, the one who had actually put in the most effort, fell onto his butt.

The four Witches also lowered their arms. Miss C and Miss D’s eyes were wide with shock and Miss A’s cheeks loosened into a bitter smile.

Machina still had a complicated and somewhat displeased look.

Then the light concentrated back on the center of the room and something appeared within it.

“ ... ”

“ ..... ”

Mutsuki held the almost frailly slender body of a limp redheaded girl.

After rubbing his cheek against hers a few times, he pulled his face back.

Ange maintained the innocent look of a four year old for a while, but she finally put on the usual lopsided frown.

“Welcome back, Ange.”

“I’m hungry.”

## Chapter 8 - Song of Songs

FeTUS headquarters had been partially destroyed along with the clock tower, Ange and Rapha had used up all their power, and the other three were useless.

With no one left to fight, the battle between heaven and earth had to be put on hold.

On the terms that discussions would be held at a later date, the angels and Mutsuki were released and Lucia had vanished at some point. Mutsuki left with Ange and Rapha during the calm eye of the typhoon.

Rapha had been badly burned by Ange's flames, so the other three angels took him away. He would need serious healing up in heaven.

Ange was not injured herself, but she seemed very tired and she fell asleep on the way. They made it back to the apartment before long.

Micha had been left in the park, but she was back at the apartment as if nothing had happened.

“Well then.”

“Yes?”

“I'm definitely getting a pay cut after putting you in danger and losing to a

demon of all things. That new motorcycle I've been wanting is looking a long way off now."

"Ah...ah ha ha."

"This calls for a drink! Bring out the beer!"

"That has nothing to do with this."

"Boo."

When he scolded her, Micha puffed out her cheeks and obediently sipped at a cola through a straw.

She was acting like the events in the park had never happened and Mutsuki tried to act normal as best he could.

A lot about all that still bothered him, but this young woman had been an enigma from the beginning.

At the very least, she was still kind to him and Ange. That told him he should still trust her.

"Phew..."

It was almost nighttime, so she had prepared dinner for them all. The table was covered in burgers and fries from a nearby fast food restaurant.

After eating enough to fill her stomach, she sighed.

“I spent two months on that seal and you broke it through willpower alone.”

“Ah.”

She muttered a complaint and leaned up against his back.

Her breasts pressed down on his shoulders, she wrapped her arms around his neck, and she peered into his right eye.

“I was pretty confident I’d made you mine too.”

“S-sorry.”

He felt weird apologizing for that, but after being taught for over two months that he was no match for her, it left him flustered.

“I guess that just means you made me into your sex slave and I didn’t get anything out of it. Ahh, ahh. How is that fair?”

“Wait. I wouldn’t say slave...”

“Hm? But it’s true isn’t it. You made me cum so many times.”

He wished she would not say anything so embarrassing, so he blushed and hung his head.

His pure reaction cheered her up, so she smiled a little and moved away.

“I’m hungry.”

At the same time, Ange walked in after waking up.

“Are you feeling okay, Ange?”

“I’m fine. I can eat this, right?”

She sat down in the reclining chair and reached for some nearby fast food fries.

She looked a little sleepy, but she seemed healthy enough. The upper arms and thighs sticking out from the shirt she wore had a decent complexion. And she had not been injured in the first place.

Her golden eyes had returned to being blue, so she was her usual self.

And the exhaustion was unlikely to be a problem.

“That greasy stuff isn’t good for you. Let me make you some porridge.”

“I’m hungry because you took too long to make dinner. I’m eating this.”

He tried to help out, but she ignored his offer and started chowing down.

“C’mon, you’re going to give yourself a stomachache.”

“Shut up. I’ll be just fi-...gh. Ow, ow, ow, ow!”

“Didn’t I tell you? Are you okay?”

“My head...my head hurts.”

“That’s because you drank that shake so fast.”

He rubbed her back, although he had no idea if that would help with an ice cream headache.

Micha’s expression relaxed into a smile when she saw those two completely back to normal just three hours after that commotion.

“Since Ange is up now, I have to go give a report.”

She got up.

“Should I go with you?” asked Ange with a puzzled look, but the young woman calmly shook her head.

“Leave all this annoying stuff to the adults. Seeing Rapha now would be awkward, wouldn’t it?”

Frustrated at being so blatantly treated like a child, the girl wrinkled her brow.

However, Micha was right, so she could not argue the point. Rapha was the only one she had badly injured and she had abandoned her duty partway through, so it would be difficult to meet him now.

Micha laughed and nonchalantly swiped a beer from the fridge.

“Nothing else really matters right now, so just think about yourself.”

“Uuh...”

“Will you leave Metatron’s power as is or will you seal it away? I’ll leave that decision with you.”

Micha left.

A nice amount of steam was rising from the pot on the stove. Mutsuki removed the lid, dropped an egg inside, stirred it a few times, and shut off the gas once it was about half cooked.

“Okay, this is your dinner, Ange.”

He and Micha had just eaten the fast food since there was no time, but he had made sure to make some porridge for Ange since she was still weak.

“This is porridge? I’ve never seen it before.”

“Really? I guess it’s my first time making it since coming here. It’s for when you’re sick, but it’s actually pretty good.”

He moved it to a bowl and carried it to her.

And Ange’s face stiffened as soon as she looked in the bowl.

“Um, wh-what is this? Is it full of nutrients?”

“Well, of course it is. You’re exhausted, aren’t you? I went all out making this.”

“Uuh... I know what happens when you go all out making something.”

The phrase “full of nutrients” filled her with dread and a sour look appeared on her face.

She scooped up a spoonful and tried it.

“~~” (Munch munch)

“How is it?”

“Why does everything you make taste a little vinegary!?”

Unsurprisingly, she was angry.

Mutsuki started apologizing on reflex, but he also smiled bitterly.

He finally felt like the usual Ange was back.

As always, she slowly but surely ate the food despite her complaints.

He loved that side of her like she was family. So...

“Hey, Ange.”

“What?”

“About what Micha-san said before...”

He gave her a serious look and she stopped moving the spoon in her hand.

Metatron’s power had calmed down for the time being, but they had no idea what would happen with that power to destroy all things, including Ange herself.

Micha had said it was possible to seal it. So...

“Do you really hate humans, Ange?”

He got straight to the point.

“I do.”

She did not hesitate to answer.

He held his tongue and did not ask why.

He had heard a vague description of why from Micha before. She had an unhappy past, so the hatred welled up within her no matter what she herself wanted.

Metatron was the power of hatred toward humans.

The boy frowned and lowered his head while wondering if she truly could not abandon that once and for all.

“ ... ”

The girl stole a glance at that expression.

She gave a lopsided frown at the obvious sadness there.

“B-but. Even if I do hate humans...”

She sounded a little nervous.

“I, um, owe Saya for the fried chicken she gave me. Oh, and, um, Ibekusa. I still haven’t settled things with her. I don’t want to just blow her up with Metatron. I hate humans, but I have my pride.”

“Eh...?”

“So, um...”

Her voice grew quiet and she had difficulty saying this, but she still said it clearly.

“We can seal it.”

“Really!?”

Mutsuki leaned toward her.

She leaned back in shock and nearly dropped her bowl of porridge as she nodded several times.

“Thank goodness.”

Mutsuki seemed truly relieved and his face almost seemed to melt into a

beaming smile.

“...”

Ange's expression started loosening up as well, but...

“So how do we seal it?”

“Uuh...”

Her expression immediately tensed up again.

After taking a shower to wash up, Mutsuki entered her room.

This was Ange's room. He lived with her, but he rarely went in here. His heart was racing a little.

It was decorated in a very girly fashion. The bed and curtains were a light pink and green. She had few possessions since they moved a lot, but there were stuffed animals lined up on the dresser.

Ange only wore a sports bra and spats. That was her Suit. It had been vaporized, but the ultimate angelic material had regenerated in the short time since.

Without putting on any clothes, she sat on a corner of the bed with her knees raised in front of her. Her arms were wrapped around the Lazy Bear body pillow Mutsuki had won her at the crane game before and she used it to hide her blushing face.

Mutsuki's face was burning too.

With her permission, he sat next to her on the bed.

If Ange had simply been half-naked, he could have kept his cool. Her shoulders and midriff were exposed, but the bra covered a lot of skin and he was used to seeing the spats.

“ ... ”

But he could not avoid tensing up when he thought about what they were about to do. He sighed deeply.

He would use the Serpent's Eye's power to control all women to interfere with Ange's body.

The Serpent's Eye was powerful enough to distort the ownership of a soul. It would influence a woman no matter the situation.

Unless Mutsuki allowed it, she would be unable to choose suicide or self-destruction.

She would never be able to become Metatron again.

The question was how to use the Serpent's Eye to interfere with her. Mutsuki was still unable to use that unknown power.

He could only think of one way.

As they took turns bathing, they had both built up their resolve, but...

"Th-this is just some work we have to get done. Um, I'm not a child that's afraid of this kind of thing."

"Right."

"I don't like you, but it's the only way to seal Metatron. So I'll put up with it. I don't like you, though."

"Right."

Ange's voice was noticeably tense with nerves and Mutsuki only answered "right".

They were both avoiding the word that had been circling through their minds for a while now: sex.

"Um, y-you're used to this kind of thing, right?"

"Right."

“So, um, I’ll let you take the lead. I...w-well, if you’re used to it, that should be fine. Um, I’m perfectly fine with whatever you might do to me.”

“...Right.”

“Ah.”

Ange finally stopped talking when he hugged her.

Mutsuki was hardly a big guy, but even he could easily hold Ange’s less than 140 cm body in his arms.

He sat cross-legged on the bed and held her on top of one leg.

She had fallen silent as soon as he held her close and she was tense to the point of trembling.

He gently rubbed her back.

She only wore her underwear and spats, so he could naturally touch a wide range of smooth bare skin.

While Ange had completely frozen up, Mutsuki was assertive.

If he did not do this, she could be manipulated by the angels again and turned into a bomb meant to attack humans. He was willing to do anything to prevent that.

(I'm going to do it with Ange.)

That thought only made him more nervous.

He had recently been in a physical relationship with Machina, Schwarze and today even Lucia, but he still had monogamous values. He could not have sex out of a sense of duty.

So if he did have to penetrate her, he did not want to just stick his penis in her and call it a day. He wanted to make this a nice memory, especially for Ange.

He did his best to put his heart into the thorough caress he gave her.

“Before...”

He opened his mouth.

“Yes?”

“Before when you were injured, I rubbed medicine onto you.”

“Th-that was an awful memory.”

“Ah ha ha. Maybe it was for you. But...”

His fingertips moved along the nape of her neck.

“Ever since then, I’ve thought your skin is so pretty.”

“Nhh...”

It must have tickled because the girl wrinkled her brow.

Each of her little reactions was cute.

“And your hair is pretty too. ...Wow, it’s so smooth. It’s even better than I imagined.”

He had been touching her back then on the pretext of healing her skin, so he had been unable to touch her red hair, but he ran his fingers through it now.

He had never really thought about it, but the carmine red hair was as smooth as silk.

Micha, Machina, and Lucia had curly hair and Black Cat’s had been braided, so this was his first time touching such straight hair.

His heart pounded at the sensation of his fingers sliding from the roots to the tips of the hair.

“It smells so nice...nn.”

He narrowed his eyes at the scent wafting from her hair and kissed the top of her head.

Mixed in with the sweet scent of her hair was the sweet and sour scent coming from her healthy scalp. That was something an adult like Micha had not had.

She had strong sweat.

Simply put, it was a child’s scent.

“Ah...”

As Mutsuki lost himself in stroking her hair and kissing the top of her head, Ange’s behavior gradually changed.

The confusion left her vivid blue eyes and a blank dampness filled them.

Her frozen spine also relaxed.

She relaxed like a puppy being groomed and she leaned against Mutsuki.

“Ange, do you like having your head rubbed?”

“Eh...?”

He asked about what he sensed from the way she clung to him.

She seemed to hesitate for a bit and her eyes darted about with a film of tears over them.

“I-I don’t know. No one’s ever done it before.”

Her voice was scratchy.

No one had ever rubbed her head before. Mutsuki knew about the misfortune in her past that not even she knew about, so that was hard for him to hear.

But he could tell from her body’s reaction that she liked this.

The way she rubbed her face against his chest and looked up at him told him she viewed it positively.

“Then I’ll do it a little longer.”

“Ah...o-okay.”

He rubbed not just her hair but her smooth cheeks, earlobes, and nape of the neck.

Each time, she gained the unfocused expression of a sleepy four-year-old.

The room's...no, their atmosphere was changing. They were making skin contact out of obligation and they were engaging in foreplay out of necessity all as preparation to have sex.

As proof, proud Ange did not grow angry no matter where he touched her: forehead, eyes, or even lips.

(Ange's mouth is so soft.)

He tickled her light pink lower lip.

Those lips had a habit of closing up in a mountain shape, but now that the tension had relaxed, they had a fruity complexion and feel.

Simply put, they looked tasty.

(I wonder if she'd get mad if I kissed her.)

He was dying to do it, so he held her cheeks between his hands and slowly brought his face in close.

She had agreed to have sex in order to seal Metatron, but he had not asked about this.

"...? Nn..."

She noticed him moving his face in close, but she did not try to escape.

Her damp eyes waited for him to approach.

“Ahh...”

“~”

He placed his lips over her smooth and pleasantly pliant ones.

This was his first time kissing her, but more than arousal or fulfilment, Mutsuki felt anxiety over whether or not he should have done that.

But that question...

“Nn...a minty smell? Ange, did you brush your teeth?”

...was immediately answered.

“O-of course I did. We’re, um, going to have sex, right?”

“...Yeah.”

That meant she had intended to allow him her lips from the beginning.

“Ange.”

“Ah.”

He more forcefully scooped up her entire mouth this time.

He sucked on the top and bottom pink lips as if he was providing an intense massage.

“Ahn, ahn, h-hey, wait.”

He stuck his tongue on the line between top and bottom and rubbed it back and forth.

The breaths mixed with Ange’s complaints were surprisingly mature sounding and had a strong floral sweetness.

They led him to move his tongue tip more and more boldly.

“Ahh... Wait, be gentler. This is my first ti-...nnnn.”

She raised her eyebrows in anger, but Mutsuki did not stop. His tongue sank into her mouth through the opened gap and he licked through the inside which was soaked with sweet and sour juice.

The contents of her lips were just as sweet as he had imagined and he was moved that she would allow him to kiss her even if it was unnecessary and unrelated to sealing Metatron. He felt the rational side of his mind losing control.

He licked across each of her smooth, cavity-less, and ideal teeth and across her gums. He scooped up all of her saliva along the way.

“Ahn, ah, nn, nkh.”

She had no experience at all with this, so she had trouble breathing at first. She was at the mercy of the boy's tongue, her small nose twitched, and breathing was the most she could manage.

But she gradually got used to it and her breathing calmed.

“Nn...nph, kfhh...”

Her entire body went limp. She leaned against his chest as if clinging to him and let him do as he wished with her mouth.

Mutsuki was a skilled kisser after being trained by Micha and Lucia, but more than that, he tended to be very thorough.

He sucked and rubbed all across her gums and he checked the exact shape of her teeth.

“Mhh...hh. Mutsuki...fwaahhh.”

Now that his partner had given in, he moved on to her tongue.

He roughly rubbed the top of their tongues together. After enough time that

their taste buds could taste nothing other than each other, he moved to the underside. He poked and tickled at the sensitive flesh and its visible blood vessels.

He finally tightly wrapped his tongue around hers like a snake constricting its prey.

“Kh...ahh.”

Ange had already seemed intoxicated, but now her eyes were so damp she seemed to be crying.

“Nn... Ange, stick out your tongue.”

“Ahn...o-okay.”

When he stickily rubbed their tongues together, she obediently did the same.

“Swallow...my saliva.”

“Nn...ah, gh, gulp, gulp.”

She sucked at his tongue and swallowed the saliva like a nursing baby.

“...Ah♡”

It was such an intense kiss that her breaths were already tinged with pleasure.

“Hahhh...”

The girl broke free of the kiss with a loud wet sound.

She seemed to have gone entirely limp. She leaned weakly against him and curled up in his lap.

“Pant...pant... Stupid Mutsuki”

“Ah...ah ha ha ha . Sorry. I got carried away.”

Ange’s face was so red she seemed to have a fever and she was trying to raise her eyebrows in anger.

The boy smiled at the mismatch of her dignified eyebrows and her seductively damp eyes and he brought a hand back to her hair to put her back in a good mood.

He gently rubbed her head.

“Nn...h-honestly.”

She tried to hide it, but she closed her eyes as if she liked it.

(Ange might be a lot like sensei.)

He remembered Miss C, aka Katsue-sensei.

He had already noticed they both had strong senses of duty and were dedicated to their work, but they also both seemed to be the type to grow dependent on their partner at times like this.

“...Mutsuki.”

This time, she lifted her slender chin and pressed her lips against his.

It was the same as a gentle kiss between lovers after a long time apart.

“Hee.”

He moved his fingertips from her hair to her back and stroked downwards along her spine.

The lengthy and passionate kiss had apparently made her entire body sensitive. The girl arched her back and her slender waist twisted left and right to escape as his fingers continued down.

“...Ange.”

He had gone for her back on a mischievous whim, but he thoroughly enjoyed her reaction.

He stopped his hand just above her pelvis, tilted his head, and asked her if he could continue.

Ange got down from his lap and lay down as if wrapping herself in the sheets. She must have known what he meant because her eyebrows bent for a complicated expression.

She finally nodded.

“Ahhhn.”

Her butt stuck out a fair bit from her slender waist, but she was a small girl and he could easily squeeze both cheeks with one hand.

He rubbed his hand all over the butt so tightly contained in her small spats.

“Nhah...ah, hyah, nnah...your hand is so...dirty...”

Ange protested in a quiet and strained voice.

Regardless, Mutsuki continued digging his fingers into a sensation more supple than soft.

He had rubbed all over her body when applying the oil before, but he had missed out on these more indecent places. He persistently massaged it as if to make up for that.

“Wah, ah, Ange. Your clothes.”

As he massaged her spats, they suddenly came apart like clay. His fingers broke right through.

“Eh...? Oh, it only just regenerated, so it might be weaker than normal.”

Her spats and bra were made of a special material known as a Suit. It was as thin as a film but harder than steel. And even if it was destroyed and turned to dust like today, it would return to normal before long. However, when it was touched by sweat and similar substances, it became quite brittle.

That was especially bad today. The sweat on Mutsuki's hand was enough for it to break more easily than a thin layer of rubber.

“Can I take it off you?”

He pulled at it from the butt side of the hole.

After removing her spats and bra, Ange only wore a small pair of silk panties.

She lay on her side and pulled over her body pillow to help cope with her anxiety toward the coming sex.

Mutsuki gulped when he saw her.

Her height and each of her individual parts were small, so she looked like a little girl at first glance. She had a childlike face and she was holding what could be seen as a childish stuffed animal.

But the feminine presence he could smell on her stimulated the young boy's lust.

The red hair wrapped around her naked body contrasted the snow white skin visible through the gaps. She was short, but her proportions were not those of a child. Starting from the gentle indentation of her stomach, soft and curving lines continued up toward her chest and down toward her hips.

She had slender thighs, breasts that stood out given how skinny she was, and a butt that continued the smooth line of her hips.

Her eyebrows normally rose with an indomitable warrior-like dignity, but now they were lowered in worry. The tense redness of her face was erotic.

The boy had also stripped down to only his boxers and his heart pounded at her raw semi-lolita charm as he slowly leaned over her.

"You're so pretty, Ange."

"Wh-where did that come from?"

As she faced to the side, he lay next to her and moved in close to her back.

She grew even tenser and squeezed her body pillow.

“You don’t need to flatter me. I know I look like a little kid.”

She sulkily pouted her lips.

“I’m not like Ibekusa.”

“Huh?”

Mutsuki tilted his head as he tried to figure out why she would mention Machina here.

She squeezed the body pillow in her arms...as if to hide her chest.

“You seemed so happy fondling her boobs before. You said they were big.”

“What? ...Oh.”

He suddenly recalled that Ange had been watching when he had first done it with Machina.

“That wasn’t it! I-I wasn’t happy because they were big. Well, big is fine, but I was glad because they were Ibeku-...”

“...”

“Sorry.”

He had a feeling she was being unreasonable, but he stopped because he sensed that anything he said would only upset her.

Ange made a sullen triangle out of her mouth.

Mutsuki smiled bitterly at how difficult this girl was to deal with.

“Anyway.”

He embraced her from behind.

“Your body is really pretty too.”

“Ah...”

It was just a hug, but after the kiss had increased her sensitivity, it was like a sweet caress to Ange's weak body.

All the tension immediately left her. And...

“Hyah... Oh, that's...”

A manly hardness had bumped into her butt through his boxers and her panties.

Ange panicked as this obvious symbol of lust pressed against her.

“Y-you pervert”

Her eyebrows immediately rose, but Mutsuki smiled because the rapid changes between panicked and angry expressions were cute.

“Sorry, sorry. I forgot you hated dirty things.”

“Of course I hate this kind of...um...um...”

“Heh heh. Sorry. But...”

He blew onto her earlobe, sending a shudder down her spine.

“I’m going to turn you into a really dirty girl today.”

“Ah...”

He once more stickily licked at her lips with his tongue tip.

Ange briefly tensed up and dug her fingernails into the body pillow, but she already knew the taste of a kiss and soon opened her mouth.

He was only licking around the outside of her mouth, but she stuck her own tongue out.

“Nn, hh... Shtupid...stupid Muchuki...”

As he rubbed her tongue that had fully become an erogenous zone, sweet moans escaped her nose.

(She’s moaning so sexily. Ah ha ha. But I doubt she’s noticed.)

“...? Why are you smiling?”

“No reason.”

He chose not to explain his bitter smile and took advantage of her lowered guard to pass his hand below her arm and between her and the bear pillow.

He grabbed the soft, smallish mound there.

“Ahhhn!”

Ange gave a faint shrill cry.

She seemed to be quite sensitive there. He gently pressed down on and massaged it to search out the ideal level of strength.

“Nn, Ange, your heart is pounding.”

The somewhat restless beat of her heart reached him from beneath the soft sensation.

The girl looked a little frustrated that he had seen through her impatience, and finally...

“S-so is yours.”

“Ah ha ha. You noticed? It’s been pounding the whole time.”

“...I see.”

Her back was pressed against the boy’s chest through her silky red hair and she could feel a pulse beating just as fast as her own. Her cheeks softened as if to say it was not a bad feeling.

Now that she had relaxed, Mutsuki began rolling around her sensitive breast once more.

He used enough strength to squish it and used his palm to provide a ticklish vibration to the areola at the tip.

“Ah, wait, Mutsuki... Ee, heeyahn... Ah, hyahh.”

Just as he had thought, her breasts were just as sensitive as Machina’s

especially sensitive ones. Ange could not stop moaning.

Perhaps because they were always contained in the tight sports bra, the nipples at the tip had a habit of sinking down into the soft mounds.

(Come to think of it, they were like this last time I saw them too.)

He remembered when she had been violated before his eyes after being attacked by a Springloaded a while back.

She had had inverted nipples back then too.

“Eek!”

He squeezed the entire areola and massaged it as if lifting it up.

“Nn, nn.” The girl’s voice intermittently escaped her throat. “Ahn.”

Her voice grew especially loud as the buried point popped out.

“Ha ha. Your nipples are as cute as ever.”

Back when the Springloaded had had its way with her, he had not had a chance to touch her nipples. He had been dying to toy with them ever since then.

He held the nipple between his middle and ring fingers and kneaded the soft

flesh.

“Wait, hey, not there... Ah, ah, ahhhh.”

The gentle touch of a warm hand was sensual on an entirely different level from the cold machine’s touch.

But she must have been frustrated with how readily she reacted to the practiced caress. Her mouth flapped open and closed. She wanted to complain, but all she could do was moan.

The nipple grew intensely erect and the pink tip was so tight that not a single wrinkle could be seen.

“Uuh...stupid...ah. Nn, nnn.”

Ange started hating herself for all the pleasure she felt, but she grew obedient when he licked at her mouth to comfort her. Even as she complained, she stuck out her tongue to return his deep kiss.

“Ange, you love kissing, don’t you?”

“Ahn...Eh? No, I don’t...”

“Heh heh. Your body says otherwise. Look, look.”

When she let her guard down, he moved his other hand in on the other side

and grabbed both breasts now.

His hands were far from large, but they easily contained the entirety of the pure white milky flesh. He thoroughly rolled them around.

“I am not a dirty girl...ahn, ahhn.”

Her voice sounded both troubled and horny.

Her entire body seemed to be an erogenous zone.

And her heart was as sensitive as it was prideful. As he groped her body as he pleased, she glared at him with her eyebrows raised angrily, but it did not last long. As an obscene surge of electricity came from her chest, her sharp eyes grew damp and she stuck out her tongue to beg him to kiss her some more.

“See? You are a dirty girl.”

“Sh-shut up. It’s your fault. I just caught your perversion is all.”

“Sure, sure. But however it happened, you’re still a dirty girl now, Ange.”

Once he had attacked her chest until she could stand it no longer, he began moving his hands elsewhere to search out more erogenous zones.

The base of the mounds, the lines of her ribs, her side, and her hot and steamy armpits.

The armpits seemed especially embarrassing because she shook her head and long red hair.

Even so, her look of protest grew weak after a single kiss.

“I’ll be touching you down here too.”

“Ah...ah, nn.”

She put up no resistance when he reached for her most private spot.

He touched the hidden hill that gently lifted her panties between her legs.

After groping her body so much while she wore just the panties, the silk fabric pulled up in a V-shape even more indecent than a bikini bottom. It was enough to see the shape of the young lips below.

He grabbed that fabric that had grown nearly skin-colored and let his fingers sink in.

“You’re already soaking wet.”

“Sh-shut up.”

Ange ended their kiss and looked away in embarrassment.

Mutsuki used his empty hand to pinch at her aroused nipples and roll her soft bust around. He had expected her to be wet, but the amount of nectar still surprised him.

Her crevice was even more childlike than Machina's and it was so soft that it spread to either side when he pressed his fingers down.

"It's so hot too. ...It's still a little tense, but..."

Mutsuki massaged the young mound as if he were petting a well-behaved puppy as a reward.

"Nnah. It is not hot... Ah, ah, stop that."

"The more I touch it, the softer it gets. Can you tell? Your entrance is saying it wants me inside it."

"~"

Deep inside the shell-shaped mound, her shameful palace was putting up a resistance because it was still quite young, but she could tell it was melting with each stroke.

Her flesh was transforming into the ideal form for sex.

“W-wait just a second.”

Ange finally began to struggle.

He had once massaged her entire body in the name of applying medicine. He had also violated her rear hole when controlled by Black Cat (although he did not remember it). But this was the first time he had directly attacked her crotch.

“Eh? What is it?”

“We’re just sealing Metatron, remember? Stop, um, spending so much time on this weird stuff. Let’s just get to the sex and get it over with.”

Mutsuki was confused by this sudden statement, so she flared up with anger and swept his hand off of her most indecent spot.

She had melted from a mere hug and kiss, she had been at his mercy during this intense foreplay, and her mouth filled with drool in its desire for another kiss. She was embarrassed by that side of herself and that seemed to have set fire to her great pride.

“I understand a married man and a woman doing this kind of lovey-dovey thing, but this is just a sealing ceremony. You just have to stick that in here and get it done with.”

Ange blushed and puffed out her cheeks. She sat up and turned her back on him.

Mutsuki was a little confused, but he soon regained his smile.

“But you want to do this kind of lovey-dovey thing.”

He pressed up against her back again.

“It’s true we aren’t married.”

“...?”

“But I love you, Ange.”

“What!?”

“What?”

Ange’s head spun around so fast that her red hair slapped against the boy’s elbow a moment later.

“I love you. So instead of just some ceremony, I want to make this as nice a memory as possible.”

“You...eh? You...love me?”

“I do. Huh? Did I forget to mention that?”

“Ehhhh!?! Um, wait, you’re kidding. Um, you’re kidding.”

“?”

Mutsuki tilted his head as Ange started panicking.

“Wait, why would you say that now? ...You were too shy to tell Ibekusa, but you did it so smoothly with me...”

Her red face rapidly switched back and forth between flustered and angry.

“I-it kind of pisses me off it was so easy with me. But you love me... Um...”

“Ange? What is it?”

“Why would you say that now, you stupid idiot!?”

“Gyah!”

He was worried about her flustered behavior, but then she elbowed him in the gut.

Even if it was out of embarrassment, she was the strongest angel, so her elbow had enough force to send the contents flying out. The boy began choking.

“Ah, sorry. I went too far.”

“Cough, cough. Y-yeah. I’m fine. Don’t worry.”

“Oh, that’s good to-... I was not worried, you moron!”

Just as she started rubbing his back, she yelled in anger again.

This angel had always been quick to anger, but she was especially unstable today. The boy could only tilt his head in confusion.

But he did know not to argue with her when she puffed out her cheeks.

“Fine, fine.”

“...Wah!”

He lowered his boxers.

“I wish we could’ve done that longer, but let’s get to the main attraction.”

He pulled out a horn-like point of flesh that almost seemed to be threatening the young girl.

She had touched or been touched by it a few times, but she was far from used to it. The anger vanished from her mind and she averted her gaze.

She turned her back again and occasionally glanced over her shoulder at the penis.

The intensity of the erection seemed to be inviting her to have sex with it. As she looked at it, she gained a troubled but not dissatisfied look.

“Ange?”

“Y-yes, I know.”

She hesitated for a moment, but finally gave her usual lopsided frown and glared at the boy.

“You love me?”

“Yes?”

“Okay. Then...”

She made up her mind and rolled down her panties to remove that last remaining piece of clothing.

“Let’s have sex.”

“L-listen. This is only to seal my power and it doesn’t mean I’ve fallen in love

with you.”

“I understand.”

They had both removed their underwear and were now nude.

She lay on her side and buried her face in the body pillow she had let go of earlier.

He had seen her half-naked before, but (as far as he could remember) this was his first time seeing her most precious place. He knew it was in poor taste, but he had her give him a good look.

He had expected her pubic hair to be a beautiful red, but not a single hair had grown in yet so the color was a mystery. From the base of her thighs to the center of her crotch was a smooth young pussy. Machina's had been the most childlike of the three he had seen before, but Ange's was even younger than that.

Even Machina's had been quite tight, so he was a little worried about sticking his penis in here.

But when he took a closer look, he saw an engorged redness within the loosened crevice that spread open slightly. It was a very soft-looking color.

That made the boy think it might work, but he was still worried it would hurt her.

And all the while, he was staring intently at that embarrassing part of her body.

“ ... ”

But Ange did not complain.

She was peeking out from behind the pillow to look at Mutsuki's penis. It raised its head almost all the way up to his navel and that head was spread wide like a mushroom.

Her eyes grew damp and she occasionally let out damp sighs with her face buried in the stuffed animal pillow.

For this girl, that shape was linked to several obscene memories

She had first seen it when it had taken Ibekusa Machina's virginity. As she had watched on, she had grown horny and gladly run her tongue along that mushroom shape.

She had next seen it when Schwarze had attacked. She had been taught its exact hardness, heat, and shape when it passed through her sphincter and into her anus. Even now, her anus throbbed as it vividly recalled that experience.

And over the past few days, she had thought about its oral and anal flavor again and again. In this very bed, she had toyed with her own embarrassing places.

“...Ahh.”

Today, that shape would finally be planted in her most precious place. What would happen to her then? A sweet fear shook her chest.

“Here I go.”

Mutsuki felt it was his duty to take the lead, so he approached the girl while propping himself up with his arms.

Facing each other would have been too embarrassing, but she was afraid to have him do it from behind. Having the girl lie on her side was unusual, but in a way, it was a very Ange-like way of forming their union.

She held her knees while lying on her side and he lifted up the leg on top.

“Uuh...”

Her forcibly revealed crotch felt both the chill of the air and the heat from the boy.

Mutsuki took a deep breath as he leaned over her. He was trying to make this easier for her, but his exposed erection had swollen threateningly large. Once he searched out her hidden opening, she wrinkled her brow from the instant of unease that finally reached her.

“I’m going to put it in.”

“Okay... Ahhhh.”

The boy breathed heavily from the blissful arousal he felt when invading the female body with his penis. On the other hand, the girl cried out weakly.

The well-massaged flesh opening had loosened up, but the flesh inside was still innocently tight. Even with all the lubricant stickily covering the red and heated flesh, the spear of flesh still had trouble entering.

“Ahhhhh.”

“Damn, you’re tight... Are you okay, Ange? Does it hurt?”

The boy stopped his hips when he found her so tight it hurt the head of his penis.

Not only was her vagina young, but even the entrance was closed up enough to tell she was a virgin. He was worried he would damage her sensitive flesh if he kept going.

But the girl answered while digging her fingernails into the body pillow almost hard enough to break it.

“I-I’m fine. Just...keep going.”

The side of her face rubbing against the sheets was red.

“Ibekusa had no trouble doing it, so I can too.”

“Eh? Oh...sure.”

Mutsuki tilted his head as he tried to figure out why she would bring up Machina here.

But mentioning that name ended up helping. Just a few hours before, he had taken Machina and Lucia’s anal virginities.

Even if those had been the rear holes and this was the front hole, he had still conquered those tight holes.

He recalled how he had done that.

“Ah, hh, hh, hhhhh...”

Without rushing or pulling out, he rubbed their sensitive flesh together to let the entrance of her tightly-closed path familiarize itself with the heat of his penis.

There was still a lot of pain in Ange’s voice, but the amount of moisture in her secret garden gradually grew.

Mutsuki was not used to loosening up a vagina this tight, but with how extremely sensitive hers was, it did not take much effort.

The folds of flesh had been hesitant at first, but they soon learned the sensation of a hot male and relaxed. As the tension weakened and the amount of lubricant grew, their union deepened on its own.

Their lower bodies very, very slowly approached each other.

“Ahh...ahhh. Your insides...are sticking to me, Ange.”

The one problem was how his erection grew even larger from the pleasant feeling crawling around the head.

Ange's vagina was a new type of carnal garden different from Micha's, Machina's, and Schwarze's.

Micha's and Machina's had been like a series of flesh rings that rolled his penis around with the layers of folds. Schwarze's had gone on the attack by clawing at his penis with the thick flesh and small bumps. Ange's was the midpoint between them.

The flesh had irregular uneven patches and they licked at his penis from the front. It felt like having his penis tickled by the tiny tongues of several little girls at once.

(Every girl is different.)

Just as there were individual differences between penises, every girl was unique. Oddly impressed by that, Mutsuki placed her leg on his shoulder and deepened his penetration.

“Hh...khhhh, hhhhh.”

The skillful movements of his hips allowed him to penetrate her even as the head rubbed against every nook and cranny of her vaginal flesh, but the girl clenched her teeth and endured the unfamiliar sensation of having someone else inside her body.

“Kh...hh...”

The boy was too lost in the perfection of her vagina to notice, but the thick head tore through the thin membrane protecting her unexplored holy ground.

The girl sighed at the slight pain and the sensation of becoming an adult.

Sweat covered her slender naked body and her scattered red hair clung to her.



The boy stuck his fingers in that disheveled hair and enjoyed its honey-like smoothness while peering into her beautiful face.

“Ange, does it still hurt?”

He had not noticed when he broke through her hymen, but he had noticed the pained look on her face.

He looked down to the base of her spread thighs and saw his manly cannon halfway buried at the base of her swollen clitoris.

Ange responded to his concern.

“...Mutsuki.”

For the first time, she looked up at the boy who had become her partner in this unforgettable experience.

Various emotions appeared and disappeared in her deep blue eyes.

Mutsuki did know what she was thinking. No man could know what filled a woman's heart in this moment.

But he did know one thing.

“Uuh~~”

When you got down to it, Ange was Ange.

“Yes, it hurts.”

She gave another upset groan and arched her eyebrows in anger just like always.

“Uuh... Wh-why did Ibekusa look like she felt so good her first time? Ahh, I can feel it just by talking.”

As usual, she complained like a puppy.

That meant she had at least calmed down enough to be herself. The pain was not unbearably bad and she did not feel like her body was going to split in two.

And...

“But you’re starting to relax down here.”

“What...? D-don’t be ridicu-...”

He began to move back and forth to loosen up the hole.

“Ah, ahn, ahnn...ah.”

As he moved further and further, he started stimulating her entire vagina.

Before long, a sticky extract started clinging to his thick rod.

Her lubricant was proof her body had grown accustomed to the penis.

It was proof that their sex organs had grown accustomed to each other.

“It should start feeling good soon.”

He continued rubbing their lower bodies together and bent his body to bring their faces in close.

The girl was holding the body pillow in a gentler fashion now and she pressed her face against it.

“A-all it does is hurt,” she said in embarrassment.

Mutsuki smiled because his experience living with her for the past two months told him something here.

“Here goes.”

“Ahn, h-hey. Not so sudd-...ahhhahn.”

He started thrusting a little roughly like he did with Micha.

Ange's voice released the same sort of nasal voice that she had blown into his mouth while they were kissing earlier.

After living with her for two months, he knew the look on her face when she was lying.

"Is it already starting to feel good, Ange?"

"Wha-...? O-of course not. It just hurts."

She had trouble speaking and her eyebrows arched upwards.

But as the swollen head of his penis moved through her vagina, her eyes could not hide the same hint of sweetness they had shown during the foreplay.

She had no pubic hair to hide her clitoris as it stood erect and throbbing. It seemed unable to endure the surging heat filling it from within.

(Does she like it when it hurts?)

She was definitely in pain. Her insides had yet to grow fully accustomed to his penis and they only hesitantly tightened and relaxed around him.

But as he gently stroked that undeveloped flesh...

“Ah, ah, ahhn. Hey, I told you...not so sudd-...ahhhhhhhhn!”

Even after that intense shock, the voice escaping her mouth was not pained.

Confident that she was feeling pleasure, Mutsuki felt a throbbing in his chest.

(Is Ange actually an extremely dirty girl?)

Machina, Schwarze, and even Micha had not reacted like this.

The range of sensations people thought of as pleasure seemed to vary a lot from person to person. He recalled that she had also gone entirely limp from the weak stimulus of a kiss earlier.

That dignified angel had been so intent on rejecting any contact with others, but once someone did contact her, she proved incredibly weak to it.

“♪”

Enjoying himself even more, Mutsuki put his body weight into his hips.

Ange’s small body had the internal structure of a child, so the head of his penis felt rough resistance when he was still not fully buried inside her.

“Huh? I’m at the end already? How are you feeling, Ange?”

He rubbed the tip against the cervix he had unexpectedly reached.

“Ahh, fwahh... I-I feel so full.”

As he repeatedly pounded his penis against her tight vaginal flesh, her usually harsh features melted seductively.

Having her womb shaken brought ecstasy.

“Heh heh. Ange, you hate it when people say dirty things, but you love having those dirty things done to you.”

He could feel her hot juices coating his tightly-wrapped penis, so he could not help but laugh.

This girl had unconditionally hated the indecent power of the Serpent’s Eye and she had been angry about Mutsuki and Micha’s physical relationship. She hated all dirty jokes, so it was amusing to find she was even more lustful than the average person.

“Wh-what are you talking about!? I do not like-...!”

Prideful Ange of course grew angry, but Mutsuki stuck his hand in between the pillow and her skin.

“Hh, hhhn♡ Wait, ahhh, wait!”

He dug his fingers into her breasts and pushed the protruding nipples back inside the areolae. Ange’s entire body seemed to convulse.

Her usually dignified voice melted to a hopelessly seductive tone which made the boy's penis even harder.

“Then I'll just have to teach you to love it. Turn this way.”

She had looked away to preserve her pride, but he had had enough of that. He grabbed her sideways-facing body and turned her toward him.

They were now in the missionary position. His curving erection rotated ninety degrees inside her and roughly tore at the vaginal layers within, so Ange could not resist.

Before she could hide behind the pillow again, he leaned forward and pressed their chests together.

His chest was far from manly, but it could at least squish her soft bust.

“A-ahn. Stop. Don't look at my face...”

“Why not?”

“It's embarrassing. Uuh... I can't stop the tears.”

“It isn't embarrassing. You look really cute.”

Ange wanted to turn to the side again, but with his face so close, she could not

hide her expression.

He parted the red hair scattered across her face.

Either due to the pleasure or her mood, a wavering film of tears had formed on her angled eyes. He found it cute how the red lips that usually closed in a lopsided frown hung open to allow out her moans.

He wanted to stick out his tongue, so he did so.

“Ah, wait...no...mhh.”

She had already gained a habit of reflexively returning the kiss as soon as she felt his tongue. She shook her head yet still opened her lips.

He stuck his tongue into that garden of sweet saliva and scooped up the soft and sticky sensation.

“No, don’t kiss me. I feel funny when you kiss me.”

With her double eyelids wet with tears, Ange released breaths that inspired masculine lust.

With their entire bodies pressed together, the union of their hips deepened.

His tip had already reached the deepest part, so it lifted up her cervix.

“Kwaaaaah. Nooo. My stomach. My stomach is so tight. It’s so tight.”

Surprisingly, Ange’s skinny body conformed to the shock. She arched her spine as if performing a bridge and raised her hips while they writhed seductively in the air.

(Ange... Ange looks like she’s about to cum.)

As the girl lifted her cute pubis a little below her navel, Mutsuki felt his arousal rise to its peak.

That domineering girl was drowning in the ecstasy of their union. He thought that fact alone would make his balls burst.

As he pushed her womb up to further deepen that union, he felt amazing accomplishment when the base of his penis reached her entrance. The sense of unity was far greater with a passageway so narrow.

He began moving his hips more roughly. His erection slid forcefully in and out.

“Ahn. Wait, wait, wait.”

He had finally reached her inborn sexuality which was even greater than the average person’s, so the girl’s entire body writhed about with her hair scattering everywhere around her.

“Does it still hurt?”

Mutsuki brushed her hair aside and brought his mouth to her earlobe.

“O-of course...it hurts...ah.”

“Really? Are you sure it doesn’t actually feel good?”

“Don’t be...ridiculous. This could never...feel good...ah♡ Ah, ah, yes, there♡”

Her modest breasts shook and she seemed to be accepting the penis with her entire body, but Ange still looked frustrated.

That stubborn angel never changed, so the boy smiled bitterly.

“I love that part of you, Ange,” he whispered in her ear.

Even though they were rubbing their hips together, the girl’s face twisted tearfully as if those words had had the greatest impact.

“Don’t...say things like that...right now...”

“But it’s the truth. I love you, Ange.”

“...Stupid Mutsuki.”

With her body pillow gone, she naturally wrapped her arms around his neck.

Despite everything she said, the domineering angel's body was obedient. Her vaginal flesh tightened around his penis as if to match the embrace of her lithe arms.

The sense of unity between them was approaching its peak. Sweat dripped from Mutsuki and he embraced her slender body.

"Ahhn. There, ahh, yes, there!"

The girl's voice grew even higher pitched from the perfect unity she felt through her vaginal flesh.

"Does it feel good?"

"~~... Ah, ah."

Mutsuki entered the last spurt by grabbing her slender waist and adding a rotating motion with his own hips as he pressed his hard gun barrel against her cervix.

Ange's womb had fully become an erogenous zone at this point, so nodding her head was the best response she could muster.

"It doesn't hurt anymore?"

"It hurts a little. But...I like how it hurts."

“Ha ha. That’s good.”

“D-don’t get the wrong idea. I’m not a dirty girl. This is...this is your fault for touching me where it feels so good.”

Even now, she refused to back down, but that was just who she was.

“It feels good for me too,” he said. “I’m about to cum. I’m going to cum now, Ange. Ange...”

His love for her amplified the pleasure he felt from the continuous wave-like motions of her vaginal flesh.

The urge to ejaculate was several times greater than normal and it felt like pleasurable fingernails were scratching at his urethra.

“Ahhhhhhn. Ah, nn, nn. You’re rubbing...everywhere inside me♡”

As his flesh cannon shifted to an even higher angle, her young flesh helped increase the pleasure by sucking at him so softly he never would have expected it from a girl’s first time.

She felt pleasure easily, she enjoyed pain, and her entire vagina tried to milk the penis when she sensed it was about to cum.

With the sole exception of her personality, Ange’s body was perfectly made for sex.

“Ah, ah, ah~~ Ahhhh~~”

Her pink lips hung open, her adorable tongue dangled out, and moans of ecstasy flowed out.

They were dull moans as if a kitten not yet ready to go into heat had been forcibly brought to arousal. The boy found it adorable, so he used his full body weight to push his penis inside.

“Ahn, yahhn. Stupid, stupid, stupid. If you...if you go that deep, my womb will open up. My womb’s entrance...will be forced into your shape.”

“But I’m about to cum. I want to make sure my sperm gets as deep inside you as possible.”

“Stu...pid. You’re still going too far. You’re turning me into too dirty a girl.”

She had trouble speaking as she berated him, but she still lifted her hips to accept his thick penis inside.

He pressed the head of his penis against her somewhat curved cervix to push through to the other side.

Every part of a girl’s body was made to be soft, so even that somewhat hard cartilage-like spot was no match for his forceful masculine hardness.

The lid meant to protect her baby garden opened inwards.

“Nfwaaaaaaaaaaaaahhh...”

The prideful girl had been restraining her voice so far, but now she released a truly sweet cry as her entire body convulsed.

“Huh? Are you cumming, Ange?”

“Shut...shuh uh...ah...♡ Ahh~♡ Ah~♡”

She remained prideful even now, but not even she could keep up the act.

Her face grew even more indecently slack than anyone Mutsuki had slept with and she sobbed as she drowned in sexual pleasure.

Her small toes curled up on her feet as she locked her leg around his waist. She also gathered strength in the arms around his neck to embrace him with her entire body.

She may have wanted to press her vagina against his penis as hard as she could, but she also may have just wanted to embrace him on an instinctual level.

“Eh...?”

Ange showed another sign she was sinking into deep pleasure.

“Ah, wah...”

Something warm reached his lower stomach. He looked down and saw a warm golden liquid forming a pool on the sheets.

“Ahh...♡ Ah, ahh♡ I did it again. Mutsuki made me cum...and I peed again...♡”

She spoke in a slurred voice and had shamed herself, yet Ange's beautiful face relaxed as if satisfied.

“Kh...”

Mutsuki had never expected to see that look on such a prideful angel's face. As she wet herself and clung to him, he tightly embraced her below him.

The trembling pulsation of her vagina reached his penis and he could feel her neighboring urethra swelling as it expelled the urine.

They breathed in unison and the head of his penis pressed against the opened entrance to her womb.

That head spewed a great quantity of its extract into her young womb.

“Kwah...ah, hh, ahhhhh...♡”

The lid to her most precious place had been pried open and a sticky dampness had been pumped inside the narrow pathway.

Ange could not speak properly as he ejaculated so forcefully it could be heard

inside her lower stomach.

“Hkh, hhh...”

Meanwhile, Mutsuki was confused by the fact that he was ejaculating longer than he ever had before.

The selfishness inside him had wanted to use this opportunity to make Ange his. He wanted to fill up her womb and bind her with more pleasure than anyone else could give her.

His pump worked overtime as it filled up her baby room with a milky liquid.

“Hyah...I-I can't take anymore. My stomach's...already full♡”

Ange's face was still fully melted as she sobbed.

The pleasure of sex existed to ensure a man passed on his seed, so the pleasure of having her womb filled was too much for her pride to fight.

“...♡ ...♡”

By the time his semen ran out, she had passed out.

“I'm...so full...♡”

She had the satisfied expression of a little girl who had fallen asleep after

eating her fill of a sweet cake.

Mutsuki had known her for over two months, but he realized this was his first time seeing a look of satisfaction on her face.

He pulled back his hips.

When he pulled his half-flaccid penis from her garden, the hole shrank down again almost immediately. The milky liquid it forced out reached his penis.

The girl lay on her back with her limbs lying limply next to her and all of her muscles twitching, especially in her lower body. A white liquid dripped from the one hole and a clear golden liquid dropped from the one above it. The sight nearly got Mutsuki hard again.

“ ... ”

At the same time, he felt a fierce sense of accomplishment.

(With this...)

He almost felt more satisfied about conquering her than sealing Metatron.

(Ange is mine.)

“Stop that.”

“Ow.”

Mutsuki felt a kick.

Ange had apparently woken up and she was looking up at him with her eyebrows arched upwards. Her thighs were still trembling, but she did not hesitate to kick him.

“That hurt, Ange,” he said while scratching where she had hit him.

“I sensed something wicked inside you. And if I was wrong, then that was for getting carried away.”

She puffed out her cheeks and got up.

She then noticed their sweat and the yellow stain on the wrinkled bed sheets.

“~”

The sheets were already stained and aromatically damp and the girl looked about to cry at what she had done.

“Oh, you don’t need to worry about the pee. Girls do that sometimes.”

She kicked him again.

“Sorry,” he apologized.

“I-I’m going to go take a shower. I’ll take care of the sheets later.”

“Okay. Oh, but what about the seal?”

“It’s already done.”

She left the room, leaving Mutsuki all alone.

As a testament to angelic leg strength, it still hurt where she had kicked him.

However, that pain had gotten rid of something that had started to grow inside him.

It had gotten rid of that horribly dark feeling that he always felt when having sex.

“ ... ”

He was kind of glad for that, so his cheeks relaxed at the pain in his head.

Ange had already removed her clothing, but before entering the shower, she

sighed deeply in front of the sink mirror.

(Stupid Mutsuki.)

She reached toward her lower stomach that was still throbbing like there was a beating heart there.

She focused on the warmth of another that had settled in there.

(Stupid me.)

She sighed again.

She was certain this had sealed Metatron.

Mutsuki possessed Adam's cells, so when he slept with a woman who he had chosen as a "mate", her libido would grow dramatically. That was what had powered up Ange and Machina a few times. At the same time, it left her unable to use Metatron as it was based in her destrudo. That meant Metatron had been sealed.

But...

"You didn't have to go that far. Stupid, stupid, stupid, stupid."

She pulled wildly at her red hair.

There had been no reason to lose herself in lust like that. It was possible nothing more than petting would have had the desired effect. She could not forgive herself for getting carried away and indulging herself.

(It's all Mutsuki's fault! He's the one that touched me, and licked me, and kissed me...)

She shoved all the responsibility onto him.

(He kissed me...)

She remembered something she had not wanted to remember. She wrinkled her brow over the complex feeling inside her and she touched her lips which still seemed to taste like him.

(He said he loves me.)

She formed a lopsided frown.

She was afraid of what look she would see in the mirror if she had not forced that harsh expression.

"B-but I definitely don't love him. In fact, I hate him."

She tried her best to keep her voice calm.

(That's right. I hate stupid Mutsuki. He's just pathetic.)

She recalled when they had first met. She had saved him from the demons, but he had mistaken her angel's fire for a real fire and panicked.

He was so pathetic she wanted to laugh scornfully just remembering it.

(Although it is true he saved me a few times...)

But that view of him had been overturned quite a while ago.

She thought back to when he had worked so hard save her during that life-or-death motorcycle chase.

And today, he had approached despite the horrible burns to his body just because he had not wanted her to die.

(Um...oh, right. I hate that he's such a pervert. There's no overturning that one.)

She remembered another negative side of him. She desperately focused on that to drive out the memories where he seemed so cool.

That pure girl had looked down on him for unchastely sleeping with Micha and Machina. She hated perverted guys.

And on the very day they had met, he had seen her bare skin in this very changing room.

“Ange.”

“Eh? ...Waaaahh!”

The door opened suddenly, just like that day, and Mutsuki stepped in like it was normal.

He was not wearing any clothes, but he held the sheets which just barely hid his nudity.

“I decided to bring these in. I’ll be using the washing machine.”

He used his housework skills to begin washing the yellow-stained sheets.

“Wait, you idiot! At least put some clothes on first!”

“Hm? ...Oh, sorry. But...”

He grinned as if to say he had nothing to be embarrassed about despite having nothing more with which to hide his nudity.

“I figured I could take a bath with you while I was at it.”

“Wha-...?”

The girl hated perverted things, yet his perverted body part grew erect as he gave her a perverted smile.

“D-don’t be ridiculous!”

Her cheeks grew bright red and she shouted angrily at him.

“Why would I take a bath with you!? We already sealed Metatron, so we don’t need to do any of that d-dirty stuff. And put that away! Stop making me look at it and stop making it so big. Take that thing and...and...”

“...Give it to me. Hurry.”

“Give you what, Ange?”

An obscenely wet sound reverberated around them in the bath.

The boy sat cross-legged on the bath mat and Ange was curled up on his lap almost like a pet cat.

Her red hair was nice and shiny after a shampooing and it waved behind her a bit like a wagging tail.

That was hardly surprising since Mutsuki had been indecently rubbing all over her raised butt for a while now. The somewhat thin yet tasty-looking flesh had

been conquered by his fingers down to the bottom of the valley and the engorged crevice produced nothing but the aforementioned indecently wet sound.

“Ahn, come...on. Come on already.”

She was too embarrassed to say what it was she wanted, but the throbbing of her vagina had grown unbearable as he toyed with it.

And the object she wanted was pressing against her curled-up waist near the navel.

Tears of longing formed her eyes and her well-formed butt wiggled back and forth as she straddled his thigh.

“Heh heh. I know, I know. Sorry for teasing you.”

“Ahh.”

He continued skillfully fingering her young pink flesh as he spoke in an oddly kind tone and brought his other hand to her chin.

She realized what he was asking for, so she straightened her bent back, which naturally brought their faces together.

“~♪ You’re just like a puppy, Ange. You’re cautious at first, but once I start petting you, you relax.”

“What are you talking about? You’re so stu-...ahn.”

He no longer hesitated to suck at her lips.

They pressed their lips together as if to see how soft they were, moved briefly apart, and this time added their tongues. Their breathing was perfectly synchronized, as if they had been married for years.

(If either of us is like a dog...it’s you.)

Ange’s mind grew blank as he licked all through her mouth with the enthusiasm of a puppy but never so much that she had trouble breathing.

The boy had been oddly energetic since they had finished their first time. It may have started when she had kicked him. He had barged into the bath with her and he had attacked her.

“W-waih. Fhat’s too huch hongue.”

“You don’t like it?”

“Ahn, ahh...nn, hh.”

As they exchanged saliva, he continued tugging at her small breasts and kneading her butt while toying with the central valley.

The kissing increased her sensitivity, so even more heat filled her fingered

crevice.

He had pumped her full of two more loads since they had entered the bathroom, so her vagina was filled with the milky liquid. He rubbed at the new sticky nectar she produced and each movement of his fingers brought embarrassingly and seductively sticky noises.

“Can you not stand it anymore?”

He knew the answer, yet asked anyway.

Her mental guard had lowered after he violated her oral erogenous zone, so she nodded.

“Then let’s get started.”

The boy embraced her slender body while smiling as if to say he loved how they were playing with each other’s bared skin.

Ange was at his mercy. She placed her hands on the mat and she only realized what this pose meant when he circled behind her.

“Eh? From behind?”

“Yeah. You don’t want it?”

“I didn’t say that...”

She was anxious because it was her first time in this position, but still supported her body with her arms and legs for a crawling pose.

The boy grabbed her adorable butt as he stared at her back that glistened brightly like it had pure white wings dissolved inside.

He buried the head of his penis inside the layers of salmon pink flesh.

“Nn, nn, nhhhhhhh...”

“It’s going in a lot easier now.”

The many layers of sensitive flesh had learned how to widen to exactly his caliber and they wrapped around his penis perfectly. Her vagina had seemed made for pleasing a man in the first place, so Mutsuki sighed deeply at this additional sweetness.

But while he looked satisfied...

“Ah, ahhh. ...No, not this pose... Ahhh, no.”

Ange’s young face burned red, she dug her nails into the edge of the mat, and she cried out even louder than before.

He had only stuck the tip inside, but the throbbing in her sweet flesh had already spread to her womb.

She could not hold her small butt still. She nearly undid their union, so Mutsuki quickly grabbed at her hips.

“Wh-what is it, Ange?”

“Ahh, ahhh. This pose...not this pose. It’s going to drive me crazy.”

Her breasts jiggled as they hung down from her chest. Her entire body was twitching in response to his raging erection. Her shoulder blades were visible in her back as she arched it.

Mutsuki was a little confused, but he concluded she really liked doing it from behind and sent his erection deeper into the bottom of her trembling butt’s valley.

(Ahhn, ahn, ahhhn. Mutsuki’s...Mutsuki’s really is amazing.)

The curved blade thrust inside her sensitive flesh while turned 180 degrees from before. The fresh sensation of their union filled Ange with a tingling feeling.

But more than that, this pose revealed the hidden side of her sexuality. As the flesh rod slid inside and rubbed roughly against her vaginal flesh, her pleasure was already reaching its peak.

(It’s just like before... It’s just like when he...did me in the butt...♡)

Getting down on all fours brought back an obscene and somewhat traumatic

memory.

Mutsuki did not remember it, but he had once violated her in this pose before. The Serpent's Eye had made her horny and he had penetrated her ass.

She had been conquered by his impressive manhood and she had wandered through a sea of blinding pleasure.

That sweet memory had been burned into every pore of her skin and every cell in her body and it all came rushing back when she took this bestial pose.

(No, no, no. It feels even better than back then. I'm even more sensitive now.)

Ange herself had given that embarrassing memory even more power over her.

Mutsuki groping her entire body when applying the oil and him penetrating her ass were two separate sexual events, but she had thought about them both every night while rubbing the most indecent parts of her body.

"Ange, you hate it when people say dirty things, but you love having those dirty things done to you."

Frustratingly, what he had said earlier was even truer than he knew.

"Ahh... Ahh, no. That's too good. That's amazing."

When she got down on all fours and offered her butt up to Mutsuki, her body

seemed to awaken to all that masturbatory pleasure.

All shame vanished from her mind and she cried out sweetly.

“You’re horny, aren’t you? Don’t worry. I’ll make sure you feel even better.”

Even if he did not know the details of the situation, he noticed her intense perversion and intensified the movements of his hips by a few levels.

He thrust his hips like a rapid-fire gun and tore at a vagina that had only recently lost its virginity. As he rubbed at the shallow area like that, he sent his erection deep inside her without warning.

“Ahhhhhhhh~♥ Y-yes. Yessss.”

“It feels good, doesn’t it?”

The girl closed her tearful eyes and vigorously nodded her head.

Micha, Machina, Schwarze, and even Lucia earlier that day had rejoiced at this technique. Three shallow, one deep. The technique could make any hole a slave to the cock. He had avoided it earlier because he had not wanted to hurt a virgin like Ange, but now...

“Ahn. So deep. The pleasure is coming so deep inside.”

He had built up this sex technique to pleasure an adult woman like Micha, so a

girl as young as Ange could barely support herself on all fours.

(How? Ah, ah, what is this? It feels amazing.)

She had not noticed quite as much with the smaller movements he had used earlier, but Mutsuki's penis had a thick head. It stuck out about a centimeter beyond the shaft, so when he pulled it back, it scraped at the vagina in a way that had easily won over an adult like Micha and an enemy like Schwarze.

The carnality that had brought her to climax as a virgin was raised another notch. Each time he pulled back, white sparks burst in the back of her mind.

"You're loving this, aren't you? I can feel your pussy squeezing down on me in pleasure."

"Ahhhn. Shut up, shut up. Stupid."

Her hips swayed back and forth in embarrassment.

Seeing the line of her slender back bending left and right gave his male flesh further energy. He rubbed against her lower body at an even greater pace.

(I can't help it... Not when I have such a hard penis rubbing against my insides so much... Ah.)

An avalanche of pleasure hit her and she could no longer support her upper body, so she started rubbing her face against the mat.

However, she kept her thighs straight and indecently spread to allow the thick rod to enter even deeper. And...

“Ah...n.”

She started moving her butt in a circular motion to rub up against the manhood as it stickily reached her womb.

(No, no. If he keeps doing it with this pose...I'll...I'll...)

Having her vaginal cave polished while taking the pose linked to such obscene trauma only worsened the flashing in the back of her mind.

The rational part of her mind was supposed to restrain the pleasure, but it was no longer functioning.

Deep in her heart, even her rational mind was swearing loyalty to Mutsuki's cock.

“Hyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah♡”

A squeezing and sharp surge of electricity that bordered on pain ran through her vagina and the other hole just a bit in front of it.

Just as she felt something warm pass through her urethra, a thick and bubbly extract sprayed onto the mat.

A ticklish tingling remained after the electricity and her body twitched.

“Huh? You already came, Ange?”

“Uuh... That’s because you...you...”

“Ha ha. If you cum that fast, you might have trouble later on. I bet you’ll cum five or six more times at this rate.”

“I-it’s your fault for making me so lewd.”

The girl wrinkled her brow when he readily stated his obscene plans.

(He’s going to show me his love...five or six more times?)

Her womb felt like it was going to cum just thinking about it and waves of arousal began to run through it.

(I...I’m done for. After this, I won’t be able to live without Mutsuki...♡)

Her hazy mind could not tell whether that thought scared her or delighted her.

And he continued to make her his with each movement of his penis.

“Ange, you have a habit of reacting here when you cum, don’t you?”

He rubbed his hand up her thigh and reached to her flower petals.

Everything near her womb was writhing from the waves of orgasm, so moving too much would only make her suffer. He only attacked her vagina's shallow area and entrance.

“Ahn...♡”

Her obscene lips were parted in a diamond shape and her fully erect clitoris stuck out from there. He gently wrapped his hand around it and poked at her urethra with his middle finger.

She would pee when she climaxed. If her bladder was empty, she would squirt vaginal fluids instead. He had noticed that inborn obscene habit that she could not change, so she shook her head in protest.

But he had noticed an even greater weakness.

“And here too.”

“Eh...? Ah, not there...”

He spread her plumply presented butt and placed a finger on the chrysanthemum flesh.

That was enough for the pure angel to tense her spine. She jerked hard enough for her wet and thus heavy hair to fly up.

“It was twitching when you came. ...Huh? Wow. Your ass is soaked, Ange.”

That flesh had been developed by him and loosened through masturbation, so it had become a secondary fuck-hole and it had grown quite hot after the repeated climaxes.

It had yet to be touched today, but it was already soaked with intestinal fluids.

(No, no. It's throbbing because Mutsuki made me cum so much.)

Even the indirect crawling pose had been enough for her rational mind to crumble away, so her consciousness started to fade as he stickily rubbed against the source of the trauma.

“Oh? This hole is really sensitive. Ah ha ha. Maybe even more so than Lucia-kun's.”

“S-stupid Mutsuki. Don't compare me to-...ahahhhn♡”

He did not remember being the one to make her this way, but he quickly noticed how developed that anal zone was and started rubbing at the sphincter.

“Ah, ahn. Wait, Mutsuki. That's, that's, ahhhh♡ I'm going to go crazy.”

He was only rubbing at the entrance, but the memory of being made into an anal slave came rushing back to the angel's body.

“Don’t look. Don’t watch me while my butt feels so good.”

A sweet tingling filled her limbs and she could only hint at her last bit of embarrassment in a seductively nasal voice.

Mutsuki naturally did not hold back. In fact, when he saw her melting like that, he happily pushed his erection forward.

“It’s fine, Ange. I’ll make sure you feel even better. I’ll fill your entire body with pleasure♪”

He skillfully used his scorching manhood to rub at the womb which was confused by the new zone of pleasure.

“Nn, ahhhh♡”

Not only did the long shaft fill her nectar garden with its mass, but the thick head searched out the most sensitive areas.

When pulling out, it shook up her G-spot and Ange’s mouth flapped wordlessly.

(How? How? How does his penis know just where to hit me?)

She could not speak. She had never felt anything like this in her previous sexual experiences and the masturbation while recalling those experiences.

Those obscene memories had been bad enough, but now he was digging up brand new forms of pleasure.

As her soft and girly butt danced in time with the hidden pleasure, her anus loosened at the touch of his middle finger and the digit sank in to the second joint.

“What a lewd ass. It’s all wet and sticky from the entrance on in.”

Mutsuki’s cheeks relaxed in a smile as her anal flesh opened and closed like a fish asking for food.

He had guessed at the angel’s hidden sexual talent already, but it was another thing entirely to see it for himself.

“No. You can’t. It feels...it feels too good.”

Ange sobbed quietly as if she had reverted to being a little girl.

She could not have been more embarrassed, but her brain was pierced by even greater pleasure.

(Ahah♡ Nhah. M-my womb is moving. What do I do? When he fingers my butt, it just turns my womb on more and more♡ It wants Mutzuki’s cum.)

She felt an intense throbbing deep in her gut just below her navel.

Her heated womb was moving down. It was bumping against the head of the penis to beg for its seed.

“Your womb just lowered. I’m about to cum, so I’ll pump it full, Ange.”

“Ah...hh.”

She felt his erection grow even more in response to her womb’s begging, so she shook her head.

Mutsuki excelled at thorough foreplay and he had turned her bones to putty back on the bed. He was doing the same as he fingered her anus, so her internal flesh was being very thoroughly polished and obediently producing a seemingly endless supply of intestinal fluids.

What would happen to her if he came now and made her womb his? She could instinctively tell.

(I-I won’t be able to protect myself. I won’t be able to maintain myself.)

She felt like whatever had supported her existence as “Ange” ever since she was born (or even before she was reborn as an angel?) would be destroyed.

She could not rely on anyone.

She could not open her heart to anyone.

That was the sanctuary of her heart which supported her as an isolated angel, but this would smash that to pieces.

“Okay, I’m gonna cum again, Ange.”

Nevertheless, Mutsuki pushed his hips forward.

The lid of her womb bent inwards again and he took aim inside her baby garden.

He had already won over her womb, so every last one of her vagina’s layers moved around in delight. Her body betrayed its owner’s will and focused on pleasing Mutsuki.

(Noo. Why does it have to be Mutsuki? Why Mutsuki...♡)

“Kh...!”

It did not have the force of the first time, but plenty of his male extract was fired at close range.

“There...it is...ha ha♡”

Ange’s body had already been trained to climax when that magma filled her belly, so her face melted in ecstasy.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhh♡ I-it’s happening again. I’m peeing again. I’m peeing and

cumming...ah...ahh, I'm doing both."

A warm pulse ran down her urethra and a thick extract of her own splattered onto the mat over a wider range than before.

But that was not all this time.

"Wah...Ange?"

Her anus had grown quite moist from his fingering and it tightened down all at once when she came.

The intestinal fluids coming from deep inside followed his finger toward the exit. Her tightened sphincter bulged out a little and some of the hot fluids leaked out from the gap.

Mutsuki's eyes widened at the sweet smell of a maiden's butt.

"...♡ ...♡"

No girl could maintain their pride after something like that and Ange's shame had reached the bursting point, so she wordlessly lay down on the mat. The finger and penis left her at the same moment.

Her vaginal muscles had gone limp and did not regain their normal shape for a bit after the foreign object left. It remained wide open as it to show off the nectary layers inside.

Meanwhile, her anus was squeezed too tightly shut and a bit of internal flesh poking out from the sphincter like a nipple. Intestinal fluids continued dripping out.

(H-he saw me. He saw how dirty a girl I am.)

Her rational mind was still numbed, but she still blankly grasped the situation.

(Mutsuki...saw me♡)

Oddly, her heart was filled with satisfaction.

“Are you okay, Ange? Are you tired?”

“Nn...I’m fine.”

Mutsuki spoke up after they took a shower and soaked in the tub.

He had not asked her to, but she sat on his lap as if it was expected of her. She leaned back on him as he relaxed.

He seemed worried about her dazed behavior, but...

(Mutsuki...is so warm. I never knew someone else’s skin could feel so nice.)

For the very first time, she experienced the fulfillment someone else could bring her, so she sighed in ecstasy just by pressing against his bare skin.

(This is nice. I can see why Micha got hooked on it.)

She was acting like someone who had eaten too many sweets and had high blood sugar.

In the back of her blank mind, she could see an image of someone from behind. It was a woman who had often faced the mirror and put on heavy lipstick. The woman had always seemed annoyed when she looked Ange's way.

Ange had no idea who that woman was, but thinking about her made her heart hurt. Why was that?

"...Mutsuki."

"What is it?"

"~♡ Nothing."

When she called his name, he would answer with a smile and rub her head.

When he was around, her heart no longer hurt. It no longer mattered to her who that woman was.

She rubbed her cheek against his chest which was not very muscular, but had a nice, comforting scent.

Something raised its head once more in response to her unrestrained indulgence in his presence and it poked against her floating breasts.

“Want to do it again?”

Ange asked that while grinning like a girl of four who had been invited to eat some snacks.

“I do, but isn’t it hard on you to do it so many times in a row, Ange?”

He gave a bashful bitter smile and put his concern for her first.

She started to say she was fine, but she held her tongue.

Her embarrassing thoughts shut her mouth. Simply being in his arms and growing addicted to that happiness was enough to numb her sense of shame.

“I’ll be fine, but, um, can I ask one thing?”

“Yeah?”

“Well...”

“A-are we really going to do it like this?”

“The bath is too small for anything else.”

They were still soaking in the bath and she had shifted her position just a little to straddle him while facing him.

“And like this, I can see your cute face all I want. Okay?”

“W-well, if that’s why...”

She felt even happier than before when he called her cute. She did as she was told and placed her butt above his erection. He held her hips to support her.

“Say what you said before again.”

“Eh? ...Wh-why?”

“I want to hear it again. I never thought you’d say something so dirty.”

“...Stupid.”

The hands on her hips moved back to her small butt and sweetly rubbed it.

That alone melted her mind with a perverted nectar, so she said it despite how

embarrassed she was.

“I want to do it...in my butt.”

“I can’t hear you.”

“I want your thing in my butt. Stupid Mutsuki.”

At his prompting, she spoke more loudly. The indecent line echoed around the room and embarrassed her further.

Embarrassingly, her butt had entirely abandoned its original role. Just letting the warm water flow in caused her entire stomach to throb and she could feel the sphincter tensing up as if asking to be touched.

“It should be fine since you were always pretty soft here.”

He carefully poked at the dark red color bulging out slightly at the bottom of the valley.

“Ah♡ Ah♡ Ah♡”

“It just gets softer each time I touch it. Wow, the bathwater is going to get inside.”

Aroused by how sensitive her anal zone was, the boy pressed two fingers against it.

The sticky flesh easily swallowed them up.

“That was fast. Ange, have you been messing with this place on your own?”

He opened and closed the two fingers inside her.

“O-of course n-...ahh, ah.”

She panicked when he casually hit the bullseye, but she could not respond properly when the warm water flowed into her anus as it spread surprisingly wide.

“Ha ha. Yeah. I know you wouldn’t do that.”

Oblivious to the fact that he had jokingly hit on the girl’s trauma, the boy ended his finger attack and shifted the position of his hips.

Frustrated at being teased and feeling like she had received a shallow enema, Ange’s eyebrows rose angrily. But...

“If it opens this wide, there shouldn’t be a problem, but try to relax.”

“Uuh...”

A flesh rod far hotter than the bathwater kissed the entrance.

That was enough to seal away the girl's complaints.

(No... I-it's so much more...than the front...)

It had only touched the entrance and it had only softly kissed her, but her lower stomach was trembling and her hips were about to give out.

The anal pleasure Schwarze had maliciously taught her was like a sweet wound. And far from healing, that wound had spread inflammation frighteningly deep.

The collection of wrinkles was pushed in by the sharp tip.

(Ahhh, my butt is opening on its own...it's spreading. My butt...is swallowing Mutsuki...♡)

It had only been trained the one time and the trainer himself did not remember it, but her asshole chose him as its master.

She tried to close it in embarrassment, but her will never reached the sphincter and it happily swallowed the erection.

“W-wow. It just keeps going in. Are you okay, Ange? Does it hurt?”

He had thought he would need to be gentler like when he had done it with Machina, but Ange actually lowered her own body. He was worried, until...

“Ahahhh♡ Hahhh♡ Ah, nyaaahhh♡ My butt, my butt♡”

“Yeah, you seem fine.”

As the rock-hard penis slid stickily in, the girl’s face melted before his eyes. Her generally composed and dignified face was dripping with drool and moaning in obscene pleasure, so he could not help but smile bitterly.

“Do you like it in the butt that much?”

“Sh-shut up. It’s your fault. It’s your fault. ...Hyaahh♡”

“Eh?”

“You made my butt...♡ You made my butthole feel so good♡”

Ange tasted his thick erection as the ring-like entrance swallowed it even more shamefully than her vagina had. She seemed to be experiencing occasional light orgasms because her eyes rolled back in her head and her mind cut in and out.

Mutsuki had no idea what she meant by this being his fault, but he left this in her hands since she seemed to be enjoying it so much. He slid his hips forward and lay back for a position halfway between sitting and lying down. The pose was only possible with the gentle curve of the bathtub to rest on.

This way, even as they faced each other, she could straddle his lower stomach to take in the entirety of his penis.

“Heh heh. Your nipples have been hard this whole time. You might not have inverted ones anymore at this rate.”

Her youthful breasts appeared in front of his eyes and seemed about ready to burst.

He had no idea how much he had fondled them at this point, but he felt a tingling in his fingers when he dug them into the amazing sensation of that small bust. His other hand was empty, so he brought it to her vagina which was opened longingly wide. He filled the hole with his index and middle fingers and used his thumb on her clitoris which now grew erect at the slightest provocation.

He rubbed those erect protrusions while thrusting rhythmically into her anus.

“Ahhhahhhh. D-don’t shake me. Don’t shake me. Don’t tease my boobs and pussy while making my butt feel so good.”

“I’m not teasing them. See? See? I’m showing them my love.”

He adjusted the position of his hips and thrust up from below.

The piston-like motion was somewhat slow in the water, but that just meant her sphincter had more time to feel his penis moving in and out.

(Ahh...ah, amazing... He’s rubbing at...the entrance.)

Pleasure spread through her tight anus.

He was too hard and thick and the especially thick head was attacking the ring-like entrance from within, so it did hurt a little.

(...Ahn, ah...n. But I...kind of like it. ...I think I like it when it hurts♡)

The girl's face was dyed with intoxication.

The boy continued massaging her inner flesh with the head of his penis.

“Kyaaaaaahn...♡ My butt feels amazing. My butt, my butt. You're rubbing the entrance while pounding on my womb with the tip♡”

He targeted her sensitive womb from behind.

She had known what it felt like to have her entire body fondled while being anally penetrated, but not when her newly awakened womb was being attacked too. She was about to pass out.

The sweet arousal from her breasts and the harsh stimulation from her lower stomach provided a vibrato of pleasure. And occasionally...

“Huh? What was that, Ange?”

“Ah...♡ Ahh...♡”

As he fingered her flower petals in the bathwater, something even warmer reached his hand. His eyes widened.

When he realized it was Ange's climax juices, a look of even greater arousal filled his eyes.

“Ahah, hyahhhh♡ Wait, Mutsuki. Mutsuki, wait. My butt's going to go crazy.”

As she orgasmed, her ass sucked at his penis whether she wanted it or not and the head provided further frictional heat.

She felt more fear than pleasure.

Her anus had been tightening and loosening to match the foreign object. It now sucked and rubbed at his penis so much she had serious doubts whether or not it was really a part of her body.

She started to worry if it would ever return to her control even after the penis left. She was worried it would remain loose and never stop thinking about Mutsuki.

She asked for a break, but...

“I'm not stopping. Try cumming again. C'mon, c'mon. Squirt out more of those juices.”

Driven by horny curiosity, Mutsuki thrust his hips and forgot about his concern for the girl.

When Ange climaxed, she always peed or squirted and he wanted to see if he

could notice the change in the bathwater.

He gave a thin smile as he thrust his hips and teased her erect clitoris and nipples.

“No, nooooo♡”

The sensation was amplified in her heated anal garden and it spread to the rest of her body. She cried sweetly and wrinkled her brow.

She could not resist his fingers and hips. In fact, the rhythmic movement filled her with a desire to prioritize what he was doing above all else.

(No. No, no. Mutsuki's too good. It's so much different when he does it.)

All the times she had masturbated served to show just how great the pleasure Mutsuki provided was.

All of her cells recorded the quantity of pleasure that only he could produce.

She was gaining a body that had no choice but to submit to him.

(But...that's fine.)

That lessened the fear of her anus being changed beyond repair.

(I don't mind if my butt is only there for Mutsuki to use...♡)

She stopped struggling and focused on the enjoying the bliss filling her ass. When she tightened the sphincter, the sensation of the hard object was simply incredible.

“Ah, ahhhn♡ H-hey, Mutsuki.”

“What?”

“Kiss me.”

“Yes, yes.”

He sat back up and they shared each other’s lips.

The position meant his penis was not quite as deep inside her, but the kiss was much more passionate. They had already exchanged so many kisses that their lips were soaked with each other’s saliva.

“Nph, mfh♡ Nnn. Muchuki, your hongue is so hweet.”

“That’s your saliva. You’re the one that rubbed so much of it on there.”

“Nph, shtop. Hon’t eat my mouh.”

“Nn, nn. But your tongue is so tasty.”

“Bwahh... No, yours is...♡”

They took turns sticking their tongues in each other’s mouth and played around like puppies.

All the while, Mutsuki continued moving his hips. Tasting her happy sweetness made him want to rub up against her.

“Fwah♡ Ahn, nyannn♡ I’m cumming, I’m cumming again, I’m cumming.”

Ange’s pleasure reached its climax just from swallowing so much of his saliva. Mutsuki smiled bitterly as the hot juices spraying from her trembling urethra struck his hand.

“I’m going to cum soon too. I’ll fill your ass with my cum.”

He held her hips in both hands again.

The object ruling over her lower body grew even larger, so she narrowed her eyes happily. It was halfway between the look of a spoiled child and the look of a woman melting with pleasure, so it was innocently seductive.

“Ahah♪ Give it to me. I want it. My butt’s been throbbing for so long because it wants your hot cum♡”

“Okay.”

He had no idea that “for so long” meant for weeks, but he still thrust his swollen rod deep inside her butt.

The movement was enough to send waves through the bathwater. The sounds of it spilling out drowned out Ange’s lovely sexual cries.

“Hahhhn♡”

The pleasure of their union and the happiness of their sweet kiss gave her the same sense of accomplishment as after eating one’s favorite meal, so her urethra opened wide again on that thrust.

The fluid that squirted out dissolved into the bathwater, but their lower stomachs were close enough together that he would have noticed.

Mutsuki moved his spear in all directions to loosen up the sphincter. The powerful thrust had targeted her womb from behind. Their kiss continued and he intensely wrapped his tongue around hers while making sure not to bite down.

And just as her mind had entirely melted...

“I love you, Ange.”

He whispered as a surprise attack.

“Wha-...? Ahhh.”

Her rational mind had crumbled from those words before and her eyes widened when he said them again so suddenly.

He was not pressing her for an answer. However, she could tell from their connected lips that he wanted her to say it.

And once she realized that, she could not bear to not respond.

“I-I do...too.”

As soon as she said it, her stubborn personality awoke and filled her with tension. Her lower stomach tensed and her anus squeezed down to fight with the hard penis.

That actually brought more pleasure to her butt, so this was hardly a romantic situation. However...

“I...love you too. I love you...Mutsuki.”

“———!”

He had not been expecting those words, so his hips gave a surprised jerk.

“Kwah...♡ Hyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhn♡”



When Mutsuki (from his point of view) unfortunately released the sticky warmth inside her, Ange could only cry out.

Rather than having anal sex, it felt like he had conquered her using the hole that acted as the greatest opening to her heart.

It felt good. She had entrusted her entire being to this orgasm, so it felt like everything from her mind to her soul was melting. And it continued on and on.

As she raised an animalistic cry, she felt someone else's flavor rising within her ass and intense waves of motion ran through her hips and belly.

The ecstasy spread not just to her urethra, but also to the pathway leading to her womb. The vagina pressed against the boy's lower stomach was overflowing with sticky and somewhat frothy extract.

Love juices erupted from her vagina and she finally collapsed into his chest.

Her slender body was still stiff and the waves of orgasm had not receded.

She continued indulging in this boy who was the first person in her life (and in her previous life) to accept her entire being.

“Ahh...♡ Ahhh...♡”

“...Ha ha.”

Her anal flesh continued to writhe and lick at his penis. The tickling sensation brought back the pleasure of ejaculation, so he trembled a little.

He gently embraced Ange as her mind cut in and out after cumming so many times.

(So she only said she loved me the one time.)

Midnight had likely already passed. That day of upheaval was over.

He felt some slight regret about just that one point.

The next day.

“Hm...?”

“Good morning, Ange.”

The two of them woke up shortly before nine in the morning.

It had been past two the last time they had checked the clock, so they had gotten a little more than six hours of sleep at the most. That was too little for Ange's exhausted body, so she was a little groggy.

Mutsuki had woken five minutes earlier and had stared at her sleeping face, so he was already fully awake.

Her face had been pretty enough to watch for five minutes without growing bored and it grew even more coquettish in her sleepiness. His cheeks relaxed as he watched her.

Lost in the fact that they had awoken naked together like lovers, he gave her a good morning kiss.

“Nn...”

Ange's expression relaxed too.

“~♡”

“Heh heh. Good morning, Ange.”

“...”

“Did you sleep well?”



Mutsuki approached to help calm her, but he was naked and she just yelled at him further.

The night before, he had suspected she would probably end up like this once she calmed down, so he could only smile bitterly.

“It’s not so bad. We fully sealed Metatron, didn’t we?”

“Only the first time mattered for that, stupid Mutsuki! Uuh~ Why~~?”

She must have also felt self-hatred for giving into her lust so greedily. She looked on the verge of tears.

“You don’t need to worry about it so much. Um...oh, I know. Just think of it as making sure the seal worked.”

“Eh?”

“Doing it more than once might strengthen the seal. So that’s why we did it.”

“Y-yes, that’s right. I was only making sure the power was sealed away.”

“Right, right.”

She seemed to have found a mental compromise.

“Although I’m not sure there was any real reason to do it in the butt.”

“Gah...”

But she turned to stone a moment later.

He found it cute how her expression kept changing instead of just settling on anger like usual, so he could not help but tease her.

“Not to mention when we did 69 after getting out of the bath, when we had an endurance race to see who would cum first, or when I messed with your pee hole because you absolutely insis-..”

“Prominence!”

“Wah, wah, wah! Not the sword! Not the sword!”

But he immediately stopped once real anger flared up inside her.

The sword was shorter than usual and the flames inside it were weaker (Was it damaged and being repaired?), and Ange quickly returned it to its pendant form and sat down on the spot.

She must have realized blaming Mutsuki was not going to make her feel any better. She looked to the clock.

“Huh? It’s already nine? But it’s so dark out.”

She compared the time to the window that was not letting in any sunlight.

“The typhoon is still passing through. They say it won’t leave until midday.”

“I see. ...Oh, then what about school?”

“We can’t get to school with all the wind. If this keeps up until eleven, they’ll probably cancel school for the day.”

He grabbed his cellphone and checked the weather forecast. Their region had “Strong Winds” written in red.

“I see...”

A complicated look came over Ange’s face.

Most likely, she was worried about FeTUS and the clock tower she had blown away, but she was still tired and wanted to rest.

Mutsuki knew he had a lot to think about concerning the future of the angels, demons, and humans. He set down the phone and spoke.

“So...”

Still naked, he approached the bed where Ange sat.

“Micha-san apparently can’t get back for a while due to the winds, so we’re all

alone.”

“Eh? ...Uuh.”

Ange grimaced when she saw the body part raising its head as if the previous night’s marathon had never happened.

“Wait. Are you stupid? We had a reason yesterday, but why would we do it today too?”

“Why wouldn’t we? You might be satisfied after yesterday, but I’m not.”

“Ssatisfied...?”

He had said he loved her throughout the night, but he had barely heard her say the same about him.

The stormy night had passed, but he was going to use the last bit of time the typhoon gave him to stubbornly get the angel to say she loved him.

“C’mon, c’mon. Wait too long and the winds will leave. I’ll do everything you love♪”

“Are you stupid!? W-wait. Stay back! I’ll hit you!”

“That’s fine. I’ll smack you right back on the ass.”

“Wha-...? Wait, I told you to stay back!”

“C’mon, let’s kiss.”

“N-no...”

“...”

“...”

“Stick out your tongue.”

“~♡”

Perhaps as a side effect of a hole being blown in the clouds the day before, the typhoon sat over the town until well past eleven.

## Chapter 9 - That Which is Visible Out the Window

“Are your burns okay?”

“I’m fine. I’m used to getting hurt when Ange gets careless.”

Rapha’s entire body was wrapped in bandages, but he made sure to smile gently while greeting Micha.

They were in the area the angels defended, which was the closest place to what was known as the “sky” in the human world. They were in heaven. They walked to the brightest area in order to give a report together.

They stood side by side in front of their boss who wore pure white wings like a cocoon.

“We are ready for our report.”

The mission involving the activation of Metatron had been a failure. As the leader of that mission, Rapha reported on the current states of FeTUS, the human world, Fujita Mutsuki, and Ange.

Their non-humanoid boss had no face for an expression, but they could tell he was displeased.

The mission had been a failure and FeTUS, the greatest source of fear for the

angels, still existed.

But after Rapha completed his report, someone else spoke up before their boss could.

“And based on those results, I have a suggestion,” cut in Micha. “Ibekusa Machina, one of the FeTUS Witches, defeated a demon that – while low-level – we had assumed humans had no means of resisting. And even if some irregular factors were involved, Satowa Lucia displayed a power that even a Seraph like me had trouble opposing. For those reasons, the stalemate between angels, man, and demons is beginning to fall apart.”

“Mh...”

“We had been at the bottom of the three sides, but I believe we did an excellent job of proving we are a threat to FeTUS. If our purpose is to deter any mutual interference, doing great damage and keeping Metatron alive should be very useful.”

She rattled off the argument she had come up with in advance.

“Thus, I believe it would be best to leave Metatron...leave Ange on earth as Fujita Mutsuki-kun’s bodyguard.”

“Hm. You have a point.”

The leader of heaven opened his bent wings and revealed the glowing body within.

The light was wrapped in beautiful radiant wings, but it lacked the violent glow of life seen in Ange after transforming into Metatron. He seemed as fleeting as a firefly's light.

He had no physical body. This was a mental form with no life.

He had nothing that could be called a will of his own. He simply enforced the laws of heaven and would listen to his subordinate's suggestions to do so.

"Very well. Continue as is."

"Okay."

"Understood."

After waiting for their answer, he vanished higher into the sky.

Once he was gone, Micha and Rapha breathed a sigh of relief.

"It somehow worked out. Fujita Mutsuki-kun can be indecisive, but he is driven. We can rely on him."

"Say that to him. He doesn't seem to like you very much."

"Now Ange can rest for a while. This was a difficult series of events, but I'm glad everything is headed in a better direction now."

“Sigh... You’re willing to die with her if she has to blow herself up and you’re willing to use the legendary power of Adam to save her. You’re one hell of a siskon.”

“Heh heh. How could I not be with such a cute little sister? And...”

Rapha gave his usual inscrutable smile, narrowed his eyes, and stared at Micha.

“When an adult does something, it has more than one meaning, right?”

“...”

Micha responded with a thin smile of her own.

Two sets of damp laughter rang through the unsullied pure white of the heavenly territory.

Suddenly, Rapha frowned.

“By the way, does that Mutsuki boy really not like me?”

“You hadn’t noticed?”

“Exposure to Metatron at such close range has proved useful.”

Miss A, aka Alice, removed pins from Machina’s body as the girl lay on a bed.

“The angel’s flames purified all of the lower demon’s genetic alterations. None of the fluid it pumped into you remains.”

“I see.”

A total of eighty golden pins were lined up along Machina’s naked body. They were stabbed quite deep, but no blood came out and no hole remained when they were removed.

They were in the never-before-used Second Lab since the First Lab had been destroyed, but it was equipped well enough for the experiment they wished to run.

The small room contained a bed, a chair, and a woman’s lower stomach soaked in formaldehyde.

That was enough for FeTUS’s most important research.

“A womb altered by a demon. Dr. Strangelove would probably want this.”

Red flesh – a human organ – was dropped into the bottle of formaldehyde containing a new lower stomach. After it was contained in the center of the empty female body, the bottle was carefully closed.

Machina got up. Her stomach had been sewn shut with golden thread just below her navel and the surrounding area had been wiped clean of blood with the rag next to her. After removing the thread, no mark remained.

Miss Alice frowned as the girl calmly handled her own surgery.

“Wasn’t it painful to be attacked by a demon and...treated so roughly?”

“It is not a problem. I discovered a means of resisting demons, so we should say I was fortunate.”

“Not what I meant.” Alice spoke a little loudly and Machina looked up. “It was painful, wasn’t it?”

“...”

Machina was always emotionless, but when she saw Alice frowning sadly, she looked down a little.

“...It is not a problem.”

Even so, she did not complain.

“I am Fujita-k-...Adam’s tool. As long as that is certain, nothing is painful.”

“I see.”

“Ahh, ahh.”

The school had lost its clock tower. The library building that had faced the tower had an arched roof thanks to its planetarium.

“They’re getting ahead of me.”

Lucia crouched at the peak of the arch despite the wind and rain. He tugged at his shirt to peek at his own chest as he sighed quietly.

“Do I have to be a girl?”

He peeked at his flat boy’s chest.

And he sighed again.

“...Oh.”

He closed his eyes and focused his mind.

As his skin grew brown, a change came over his revealed chest. The fat which was spread out evenly across his body gathered in his chest so it bulged out.

It became a girl's chest.

“Uuh...”

But it only lasted a few seconds. His skin grew white again before long.

“Sigh... It doesn't last long without Mutsuki-kun's power.”

His proportions also returned to those of a boy.

“That old hag is always so cruel.”

The next day, the typhoon had passed and the skies were clear and sunny for the closing ceremony.

The ceremony began at half past nine, so they had to be at school at half past eight just like normal.

“Sigh...”

At 8:26, Ange arrived in the classroom a little later than usual and collapsed into her own seat.

“Morning, Mutsuki, Jiyuuni.”

“Good morning, Ange-chan. ...What’s the matter?”

Sakae and Saya immediately walked over and found the girl’s exhaustion odd since they had just had a day off.

Mutsuki only smiled bitterly to avoid the subject. He could not exactly say the two of them had been “fooling around” for the entire day off except for the little sleep they had gotten.

“You smell like Mutsuki-kun.”

Lucia caught on almost immediately, though.

“What the hell? It took months before he would do me, but you pulled it off in just one night? Take this. And this.”

Noticing her weakness, he dug his elbow into her.

“Shut up! I’ll burn you to death!”

“Oh, how scary! Mutsuki-ku~n, this girl’s scary~”

“Ah ha ha. She seems to be pretty sore today, so leave her alone.”

Mutsuki let the demon embrace him in mock fear.

Both arms and legs, her back muscles, her belly muscles, the base of her legs, her groin muscles, and the front and back holes. Her muscles and more were apparently aching or throbbing, so Ange was in an especially bad mood today.

“I’m not sure I get it. Oh, is this what they call ‘that time of the mo-...gfh!’”

Sakae made an unnecessary comment and was quickly purged by a backhand blow from Saya.

“Are you okay, Ange-chan? If your stomach hurts, I know a medicine that works pretty well.”

“Thanks, but leave me alone.”

“The second day? It must be pretty bad.”

But Saya’s unnecessary comment only irritated Ange further.

She was truly in a bad mood now, so she turned to look out the window. Concerned Saya and teasing Lucia both had to give up.

“Ange-chan sure is unlucky if she’s feeling bad on the most exciting day of the year.”

Mutsuki suddenly realized that Saya, Sakae, and the rest of the class were

cheerful.

“Yeah. It is the closing ceremony, after all.”

“Yes, yes♪ And you know what that means starts tomorrow, right?”

“Summer breeak!”

“Yes, yes, yeees!”

Sakae shouted and Saya hopped up and down.

No one in the classroom seemed bothered by all the noise.

Summer break began the following day, so they all felt in the mood to shout.

“Ohhhh! Let’s party until we drop, Mutsuki! We need to get together to plan it out, but let’s go to the mountains! Let’s go camping in the mountains! Or the beach! Either one’s fine! I don’t care where, but let’s go enjoy our summerrrrrr!”

“Y-yeah. Ow, ow.”

Shouting seemed to have filled Sakae with even more excitement because he began slapping Mutsuki’s back.

“Camping? That sounds like fun. Count me in♪”

Saya began slapping Sakae's back.

“What? You're coming? I guess one of the tents will have to be extra-large.”

“Why?”

“Because you're several sizes larger than the average-ow, ow, ow, ow!! Don't pinch me like that!”

Their exchange was par for the course and Lucia looked up while happily rubbing his face against Mutsuki's chest.

“Camping is where you sleep outside, right? Then I'm going too♪ Eh heh heh. I get to sleep with Mutsuki-kun♥♥”

“Y-yeah.”

Mutsuki had a feeling he meant more than just “sleep”. And then...

“...”

“Oh, good morning, Ibekusa-san.”

“...Good morning.”

At half past eight, Machina arrived at the exact same time as always.

What would happen between her and Ange after the latter had nearly destroyed FeTUS headquarters just two days before? Mutsuki was a little nervous.

But neither of them said a thing. Machina walked silently past like always and took her seat in front of Ange.

When she noticed Mutsuki's gaze, she glanced out the window at the partially-restored clock tower. The students had been told the typhoon had destroyed just the top portion and it would soon be repaired. She glanced at her headquarters where repairs were beginning.

She had no intention of changing their position as "passive enemies".

Or rather, she did not want to make this worse if she did not have to.

And...

"Hey, hey, Maki-nyan."

"?"

Saya embraced Machina from behind.

"You come camping too, okay? Let's all go together."

Ever the optimist, Saya did not hesitate to invite the girl who seemed out of place in the class.

Machina seemed confused, but she figured it out when she saw Mutsuki's bitter smile.

"Agreed."

"Okay. I'll get you the details once we've worked them out."

"Positive."

"That's one more! This is looking fun♪"

"By the way, what is 'Maki-nyan'?"

The girl seemed confused again, but Saya moved to the seat behind her.

"Ange-chan, you're coming too, right?"

"What?"

Saya did not even hesitate to invite the blatantly upset girl.

Ange had been listening and she hesitated a little, but...

“Of course I’m not going on something so ridiculous. I’m not interested in making friends.”

She glanced at Machina and glared at Lucia as she spoke.

“Ehh? C’mooooon. You’ve gotta do these things while you’re young!”

“I don’t care.”

“We’ll bring a bunch of fried chicken?”

“Do you think I’m a dog?”

Ange looked away again.

Saya puffed out her cheeks and sought help, so Mutsuki gave her a bitter smile that said he would persuade her.

Either way, she was his bodyguard, so she would be going if he was.

And more importantly, Ange was showing no sign of opening up despite everything that had happened. That was just like her, but he still sighed.

“Time for homeroom. Get to your seats.”

Their homeroom teacher, Katsue-sensei, walked in, so Sakae and Saya returned to their seats and Lucia took his in the back.

Katsue-sensei, aka Schwarze, looked across them all and finally glared at Ange.

That girl had destroyed their headquarters and their teacher was not as forgiving as Machina.

But she made sure to do her job as teacher.

“Today is the closing ceremony. We will move to the gym at 9:15, but I will be handing out your summer homework first. Take one and pass the rest back.”

She calmly got to work.

She started passing out enough printouts to fill the class with depressed looks. But...

“Oh, right. First, here’s what you asked for, Fujita.”

“What? Oh, yeah. Thanks.”

She waved an object toward Mutsuki.

“What is it, what is it?”

He took it and Lucia peered in from the seat behind him. Mutsuki held it out so

the demon boy could see.

“It’s a student handbook. Mine was ruined in the rain the day before yesterday, so I ordered a new one yesterday.”

On the way back from school and during Micha and Lucia’s fight, his handbook had been soaked by the rain and its contents had grown illegible.

While everyone passed back the homework, Mutsuki quickly wrote his name, class, and attendance number in the new handbook.

That would normally be the end of it, but he had one more thing to do.

He pulled a card folder from his bag.

In it was his collection of photo booth pictures of himself with his friends. He liked to place those photo stickers of his good friends on the back of the handbook.

He started sticking them on. They ranged from nursery school to quite recently.

The very top was reserved for his favorite ones. That had only been one with Sakae until recently, but now he had another one there too.

“...Huh?”

He looked to that new sticker.

His fingers stopped on that photo with Ange.

They had only taken the photo two months before and he had only used one of the stickers for his previous handbook, but two of the stickers were missing.

He tilted his head, wondering if he had dropped one somewhere.

He had stored the card folder in an unlocked drawer at home, so someone could have easily walked into his room and taken it. But...

He looked to the girl sitting diagonally behind him.

“ ... ”

Ange had been glancing over at him again and again, but she blushed when their eyes met.

She made the usual lopsided frown and looked out the window once more.

# Afterword

Hello. I read and researched the bible a lot for this series, but I haven't had much of a chance to use it...(sob). This is Sakakikasa.

The title this time was Fall of a Sanctuary. How did you like it? I think I had quite a few sanctuaries fall: FeTUS's sanctuary, Ange's sanctuary, Machina's sanctuary, and Lucia's sanctuary...not to mention Atomic Bunko's sanctuary and Kill Time Communication's sanctuary.

But due to that, the events throughout ended up being a little more severe than usual, so it might have left a different impression on you. Sorry. I think I'll make up for that by making the next one a relaxed slice of life volume. But what do about Saya's sanctuary?

Now for my thanks. Amagai-sensei, thank you very much for all the wonderful designs, starting with how cute Miss A is. And sorry for giving you such vague & ridiculous instructions every time. I will of course be depending on you next time as well.

Editor T-sama, you were a lot of help. And you don't need to be that afraid of releasing the shota.

Bye. We should meet again a little sooner this time.