



幼生期の襲撃

さかき傘
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Prologue





[View Record...Begin]

“We will now begin the artificial demon cell transplant and implantation for Phase 3 of the Bioroid Plan.”

“Beginning analysis of specimen structure...positive.”

“Analysis of cellular spirituality structure complete. Checking similarity to demon...positive.”

“Turning Target Specimen 01 into Adam-affiliated guardian angel.”

“Permanent Name: Ange...positive.”

“Pwah!”

The girl felt something pressing down on her body, so she sprang up to throw it off of her before she even fully woke.

She used her entire slender and athletic body like a spring. Her momentum outdid whatever was pressing down on her and it scattered.

Even as it scattered, it clung stickily to her body.

(That was-...Wh-what is this?)

It was a liquid. It was sticky like honey. Only then did she realize she was soaking in some kind of tank instead of lying in her bed.

She was not wearing any clothes, leaving her in her birthday suit.

But before she could feel any embarrassment, she noticed something else that made her forget even the fluid defiling her pearl-white skin.

(What...is this? In my throat...whep.)

There was something in her mouth. It was hard...and cylindrical.

She tried to spit it out but could not.

A silicon mask was attached to her mouth. The tube she had swallowed nearly into her throat was tightly attached to the inside of the mask.

(This is disgusting... Get off!)

She continued trying to spit it out, but the mask itself wrapped around her head and was bolted in place above her medulla oblongata.

It was sending her oxygen, but she swung her red hair and struggled in the tank to try to get it off.

“Oh? So this girl is Ange-chan?”

“That would make her the angel who protects the Adam boy...and thus the one closest to him.”

The girl tensed when she heard sudden voices.

She looked over and saw several men standing in a circle around the tank and staring down at her. Only then did she notice her surroundings.

(Wh-where am I? Who are these people?)

She had never seen this place before. It seemed to be indoors, but it was surrounded by a rusty chain-link fence on all sides.

In addition to the tank she was submerged in, there was a simple bed.

There was also a lot of machinery.

She saw boxes with exposed wiring and circuit boards with clear plugs extending from them. She had no idea what any of it did, but she did notice an EKG.

The EKG and bed made her think of a hospital, and then she realized the men surrounding her were all wearing pale blue surgical gowns.

Their faces were hidden by the hats and masks, but she did not recognize any of them.

“Oo are oo!?”

Who are you!?

She shouted at them despite the tube in her mouth.

Most of the men did not respond, but the man standing out front burst out laughing at the girl’s courageous behavior.

Her eyes naturally turned toward him. He alone was not wearing a mask. He was a toad-like man: small and fat. Not only was he ugly, but a truly scummy smile

appeared on his lips.

(Who is he? Where is this? What’s going on!?)

She had woken up to find herself in a strange operating room. She was stripped naked, she had an odd device in her mouth, and she was surrounded by mysterious men. That should have been a terrifying situation, but the brave girl’s eyes blazed as she glared boldly at the men.

“Geh heh heh. There’s no need to be afraid.”

A bitter smile appeared on the small man’s greasy face like he felt somewhat intimidated.

“Begin the experiment.”

“Understood. Beginning Bioroid creation experiment.”

When he turned his back and spoke, the machinery filling the room replied with a synthesized voice.

And then...

“Hyah!”

Mechanical hands extended from all the mysterious boxes filling the room and the small limbs grabbed and lifted her up.

Unable to speak through the mask, the girl was snatched from the tank.

The mechanical hands wrapped around her skinny body.

“!”

A silicon film extended from the bolt holding the mask onto the back of her head.

It avoided her ears, passed around her cheeks and temples, came together above her nose, and became a blindfold that did not allow any light through.

(Wh-what? What are they doing to me?)

The girl was confused.

She was dangling from the hands holding her ankles, knees, hips, stomach, shoulders, and upper arms. Her arms and legs were allowed to hang down while only her hips were lifted high.

That reminded her that she was naked. But no matter how much she struggled, the sturdy and flexible mechanical hands would not let go.

With the poor sacrifice suspended by the hands, the men attached several other devices to her like she was no more than a tool.

They attached the EKG's rubber pads that included suction cups and electrodes to her earlobe, neck, armpit, and other areas through which blood vessels passed. To capture her racing heartbeat, they attached clear cups even larger than the suction cups to the very tip of her breasts. The nipples contained inside them twitched.

(Ah!)

The needles came last. 5 of them were placed along the somewhat indented spine running up the center of her back. More tiny needles were pricked into the blood vessels on her elbows, wrists, and the back of her knees. Skinny tubes were attached to all of the needles.

They did not seem to be injecting anything into her, but the girl could not see that and felt only fear. She could not suppress a tremor, and...

“Wha-!?”

Silicon rods that resembled angular fingers grabbed her, one on either side at the base of her thighs and two on either side of her round butt. The total of six tightly held her flesh.

They pulled on her white skin to spread it to either side, revealing the pink valley of her butt and the childish slit it led to.

(Wait, don't tell me...)

The girl panicked when that sensitive area was exposed to the air.

And her concern proved accurate.

“Preparing to inject pure demon cells.”

“Pwah...! Ah, ah, ahhhh!”

The young folds were so intricately and densely arranged that there was no apparent hole at the bottom even when spread wide, but a clear tube just like the one in her mouth was shoved inside.

It forcibly moved up her vagina.

(I-it's going in. It's going in...ow! Ow!)

The girl's hidden flesh was far too immature to receive a foreign object with no preparation. Behind the eye mask, her eyebrows wrinkled from the sharp pain.

Nevertheless, the flexible tube continued in.

Her vaginal flesh was forced open in a circular shape. She heard a man laughing behind her. That toad was probably watching her young and pale pink flesh being crushed.

(Don't...watch. You...you...)

It was embarrassing and even more frustrating, so she moved her body around to avoid his gaze.

But she only managed to swing around her red hair which was long enough to reach the floor. The hand-shaped restraints holding her body did not budge. In fact, the man seemed to enjoy how the silicon fingers dug into her butt.

“Akh...”

The clear tube finally reached the deepest point.

There was a stiffer portion at the back of the soft vagina made from slightly variant layers. The tube accurately sucked in toward that, the entrance to her womb. The circular opening narrowed down to perfectly match the circumference. And...

(Ahh...ah, ah, s-stop. Uuuuuh.)

It faintly pushed and massaged.

That area barely had any nerves, but she could tell something was squeezing the inside of her stomach. Her eyes widened at this new sensation of her organs being toyed with.

“Oo hee hee. Such a pretty pussy. A shame to waste it on research.”

“Kh...hhhh!”

The humiliation of having her insides spied on was also new, not to mention unbearably aggravating.

Oddly enough, having her vision cut off only amplified the feeling of being “watched”. She twisted her limbs while so embarrassed even the inside of her mind seemed to grow red.

But the machinery attached to her was not done yet.

“Controlling specimen’s rejection and adapting the demonic element... positive.”

“Ngh!?”

The next violation arrived at an unexpected place: her nose.

A silicon hook dangled down between the mouth and eye portion of the mask and pulled at the two holes. Her somewhat tall nose was lifted up.

(Gh...no, my nose...stop...stop!)

She never gave much thought to her vagina or cervix, so this violation of her nostrils seemed even more raw and embarrassing.

But the heartless machine did not care about the girl's shame.

(Hywah...!? Something's going in...what!?)

The hook had tiny tubes like the ones pierced into her blood vessels and they began to continue in through her nose.

The foreign objects touched the mucus membranes inside. She felt a sharp pain and her tear glands opened on their own. Her small body shook intensely at the fear of having the inside of her face and head touched.

"Yes, bear with it, bear with it. There's nothing to be afraid of. Okay~, Angechan?"

Both the emotionless machine and the men watching ignored the girl's feelings as the tubes continued inside.

"Injecting demon cells."

The two tubes entered through her nose and reached the back of her throat and her esophagus. A light green liquid began to flow through them.

It was a fluorescent liquid that seemed to glow with a pale light.

It passed through the tubes, through her nose, and down her throat.

(Ubh...what!? What are they doing...what are they making me drink!?)

"Gh, bh! Bweh! Ueh!"

Something flowed down her esophagus. She desperately tried to choke and cough it back up.

But with the mask over her mouth, she had no way of fighting the liquid food being sent directly into her esophagus. Tightening her throat was no use. She could only obediently swallow it.

The girl did not know because she could not see it, but the dozen or so tubes pierced into her blood vessels had the same light green liquid flowing through them. After some of it squirted from a hole near the needle to let the air out,

the rest was sent into the girl's bloodstream.

Liquid food and an IV.

Something green and glowing was sent into the girl's body via those two methods.

"Any reaction?"

"No rejection detected. Adaption to the demon cells is beginning."

"...Amazing."

An impressed-sounding male voice approached her ear.

"Ange-chan... You look just like one, but you really aren't human."

Her red bangs were parted.

Her face was mostly hidden by the black silicon mask, but the outline of her cheeks and her fine skin showed just how beautiful she was.

Even though her stomach was being violated, she shook her head to tell the gently stroking hand not to touch her. The man's face broke into a smile at the beautiful

but prideful girl.

"What an interesting girl. Once the experiment is over, I think I'll make you my pet. Heh heh."

It was a cruel smile.

"She is adapting to the demon cells. Begin maximum density injection from the main tube."

"...Understood. Injecting demon cells."

"...!?"

She had been worried about exactly this ever since the fluid had been sent in through her nose. After an ominous wet sound from her mouth, her face paled below the mask.

"Nbhhhhh! Bgh, ghhhh."

It was not just the tiny tubes in her nose. The light green liquid was also sent

through the oxygen tube connected to the mask.

(Wh-what? What is this? Abh, it's so raw... Is it a living thing!?)

She accidentally swallowed the first mouthful, so she quickly squeezed her throat shut.

It passed thickly and stickily down her throat. It left a salty and raw flavor on her tongue. It was like having especially sticky blood washed down her throat.

She knew she could not swallow it, but there was no escape. Her mouth was soon full and she could not spit it out with her mouth and nose covered, so once she started to suffocate, she had to open her esophagus.

“Ngh...nn...nnh...ugh. Urp, nph.”

The violation of her throat made her want to puke, but she was not even allowed that.

She could still breathe with the oxygen also supplied by the tube, but to breathe it in, she first needed to swallow everything else sent into her mouth.

All of her sweat glands opened. Tears spilled out on their own and dropped through the gaps in the eye mask.

(What...is this? What are they doing to me? Where am I!?)

As the liquid was sent into her esophagus and stomach, her anger flared up at the fundamental unfairness of it all.

Who were these men? What were they making her drink? Why were they violating her like this? Why was she even here? She did not know anything.

And she had no idea where to direct this anger burning inside her.

“Cardia and pylorus opened. Demon cells entering duodenum...no rejection detected.”

Something was spreading through her body.

She was 139 cm tall and that childish body danced jerkily around.

Her palpitations and heavy breathing were picked up by the machinery around her.

Her heart raced. All of her sweat began to mess with the readings, starting with the EKG.

Except for one.

“The demon cells are beginning to deposit themselves...no reaction detected.”

“Ha ha. Really, it’s like your DNA was designed to be raped by demons.”

The men cheered when they saw the lack of reaction on that one meter.

“You are simply wonderful, Ange-chan. You are the treasure of our Kurosaki family.”

The small man standing in front of her moved his excited face in close. Her face was hidden by the silicon mask, but he traced his saliva-covered tongue across her cheek and the tip of her nose.

(Ugh... What is this? What is going on?)

Meanwhile, the tubes shoved up her nose prevented the girl from focusing on the raw male breath.

(M-my chest...feels hot. ...And my stomach? Something isn’t right. My stomach is hot too...)

Her esophagus, her stomach, and her lower stomach. Everywhere the liquid passed, she felt an odd heat.

The liquid and her body were producing a chemical reaction together.

It was influencing her body’s cells.

“Ngh...nn, nhh...nn.”

As the heat grew, the girl’s pained expression softened.

She no longer tried to cough up the liquid. She moved her slender throat to swallow the strange liquid food being sent in through her nose.

An instinctual part of her body was accepting the fluid.

“How is it progressing?”

“Quite well. Her heartrate is normal. Her breathing is in the stable range and

her cells have begun to demonically activate.”

“She has begun releasing Bartholin’s gland fluid within her vagina.”

“So she’s wet. Geh heh heh. It sure didn’t take you long to want to have sex with a demon. You’re quite the slut, Ange-chan.”

The state of the vagina containing the clear tube had blatantly changed.

The flesh being crushed by the tube now had slightly frothy moisture covering it.

Each time her throat swallowed, the entire hole would tighten and try to swallow the clear tube.

At the bottom, the cervix being massaged by the tube’s opening was wriggling lewdly. Just as the sleazy voice had said, this horny reaction showed she wanted to have sex with the tube.

(Uuh...it’s too embarrassing. Nooo, but, but my stomach feels so hot...no.)

She felt horribly intoxicated, like alcohol had been injected into her bloodstream.

However, she could not lose consciousness. In fact, her thoughts were perfectly clear, but she was in a pleasant mood, like she was lazing around in a sunbeam.

Her caution and disgust faded on their own, and...

“Ahhhhhn...”

The thick foreign object relaxed her vagina and massaged her cervix.

That pleasure inside her lower stomach stickily ate away at her rational mind.

“Even the vulva is reacting. You don’t just have a slutty pussy. You’re the type that feels more pleasure the more you’re suffering. You’re a masochist.”

The man grinned as he watched the wriggling of her vagina and the swelling of her labia.

“That should be good enough. Prepare her womb.”

“Understood. Confirming sphincter location...emitting high frequency waves

to induce autonomous movement.”

“...Ah?”

What happened next was as difficult to notice as the demonic fluid injected into her blood vessels.

Her insides produced a sound so quiet not even she could hear it. Even with all the moisture making any movement noisier, she could not hear it.

But the uniquely sensitive nerves of her sex organ felt it.

(What...is this? It's a...tingling feeling.)

She felt a dull lethargy rising from somewhere in her crotch.

It was a fine wave of pleasure that slowly but surely worked its way into her bones.

“Ah...ahn. Ahhn. Nhahhh☆”

Her lower stomach was filled with a gentle vortex of a pleasure that felt like it caressed the molecules and cells of her body.

She started moaning without even noticing it. They were such obscenely seductive moans that the surrounding men could not help but grin.

“Nhh...ahn. Hahn. Ahhhn... Nn, ah.”

In the darkness, the girl's heart was stolen and imprisoned by the pleasurable treat she was given.

“Good, good. Her womb has opened.”

The man peering into her vagina through the clear tube also had his lips curling upwards.

The vaginal flesh melted as it received the rapid vibration of the tube's high frequency waves. It wriggled and tightened as if to match the movement. It would certainly feel amazing to stick your dick inside there. She emitted more fluids and the moisture dripping into the tube's opening produced steam which fogged up the clear tube.

“Hee hee. Her asshole's reacting too. Wow, it's already wet with anal juices. She's got one hell of a slutty ass.”

“Ahhhn≡”

The previous man’s greasy hand touched the center of her spread ass cheeks.

Just as the man said, the high frequency waves caressing her vagina had also reached the cute anus at the bottom of that soft valley. The wrinkles were repeatedly loosening and closing back up.

Even if the muscles were connected to the vagina, anal flesh that moved this obscenely was a rarity. One touch and it opened up as if it had forgotten how to close.

(Ah, ahhh. Stop...don’t touch my butt...you creep.)

Violation by machine and violation by man brought entirely different forms of disgust. The proud girl twisted her body to escape, but...

“Yes, yes. I’ll stop.”

(Ah...?)

The man readily removed his fingers.

When her neglected anus tightened back up, she felt a longing much like hunger.

She reflexively stuck her hips out to pursue the fingers. Her bust jiggled with the clear cups attached.

The man let out a disgusting snicker.

“Her womb is ready. Begin implantation.”

“Understood. Injecting pure demon cells...positive.”

“!?”

The tube piercing her lower stomach began to shake.

“Bh, hh, hhhhhhh~!! Hhh, hhhhhhh!”

That was enough to tell her what would happen next.

But even when she tried to shake her hips to escape, the tube only moved with her.

Just as she had predicted, she heard a wet sound inside her stomach.

(No...no, no. Not there, not there!)

A green liquid passed through the clear tube and assaulted the entrance to her womb at the end.

Her cervix closed up to resist it, but its tension had dropped due to the earlier massage.

“Increasing pressure. Injection progressing well...positive.”

The foreign object pressed harder and harder against the lid meant to protect a baby.

The fluorescent liquid squirted in through the small hole and began to fill the most precious organ of a woman’s body.

“Ngh, hhhhohhh. Nheeee.”

(No, nooooo! Don’t go in there! Don’t go in my belly!)

Some unknown substance was filling her body from two different routes: her mouth and her vagina.

That was a fear not even the bravest person could bear. After all, her body was being raped from within.

However...

“Ah...≡”

As soon as the foreign substance pried open the small hole and entered her womb...

(Huh...?)

She felt a strange pleasure in her lower stomach that reminded her of relief and nostalgia.

More fluid poured out of the tube and inside the opened entrance to her womb.

And as the flow sped up and the amount inside her grew...

(Ahh...≡ Wh-what is this? What is this feeling...?)

She started to love the weight in her stomach.

Hidden behind the mask, her lovely face twisted into a smile.

“Beginning implantation in the womb. No abnormality detected in the vaginal flesh.”

“Increasing demonic contamination to maximum... Continuing with fertilization.”

“Nheeeeeee...≡”

A sharp surge of pleasure raced from her womb to the rest of her body.

Her small body flopped around like a fish. At the same time, the men in surgical gowns uttered excited cries as they watched on.

Her body was so skinny that almost nothing sagged when she was suspended in the air like this, but there was one area that gravity pulled down. And the translucent cups attached to those small breasts now had something white inside them.

“Hhhhn≡ Nn, nnn≡”

The suction of the cups had made the tips erect and deeply colored. Those red nipples were producing a white spray.

(Nnah, nnah. The heat in...my stomach...is reaching my boobs too...)

She could not see it and she did not know what it felt like to produce breast milk.

But each time the mammary glands tightened and the milk shot out, incredible pleasure rose from her violated womb. Even if she did not know what exactly was happening, she could tell her body was doing something horribly indecent.

“There it is...!”

The small man stood in front of her again and he had clear excitement in his voice.

“Breast milk is the sign of pregnancy. The implantation was a success... Hey, don't forget to keep up the measurements.”

He started to whisper into her ear while lovingly rubbing her belly which had swollen out from the volume of liquid injected into her womb.

“Oo hee hee hee hee. Can you tell, Ange-chan? The demonic extract has altered each and every one of your body’s cells. You now have a demon’s body. Heh heh heh. So if we inject you with their cells, they can grow inside you as your baby.”

“Nn...?”

Her mind was murky, but she still tried to listen.

Demonic extract? Was that the sticky stuff inside her?

(Altered my body...yes.)

That should have been horrifying, but she accepted it with great peace.

She no longer felt any disgust toward the fluid entering through her mouth and nose.

In fact, she began to view it lovingly, like an old friend, like a lover, like a child.

The sticky feeling as it passed through her throat had grown into a pleasurable sensation.

(I...belong to this child now.)

Her chest grew warm when she thought about the external substance she felt inside her womb.

“Ngh...nggh...”

She tried to breathe a sigh of joy, but it became something vulgar when it hit the green stickiness.

When the man saw that, he returned to her while instructing the others.

Of all the plugs, only the one injecting the liquid into her vagina stopped. As the liquid still in the tube entered her womb, it grew clear once more and revealed her internal flesh to the men.

The vaginal flesh was wriggling indecently against the tube. The light pink flesh was swollen enough to see the blood vessels and it was absolutely soaked with nectar.

“Look at all those juices. Heh heh heh. You’re still horny? What a naughty mama.”

The man circled behind her.

“Everyone! Watch carefully. This is the moment of the century.”

The other men circled around her suspended body and peered into the sex organ exposed by the clear tube.

“Ohhhhh...hhhhh, bhhhn≡”

But she was no longer focused on their gazes.

In fact, she did not even care. Her mind was entirely focused on the lovely source of pleasure inside her stomach.

The liquid filling her womb moved with a will of its own. It caught at, rubbed, and struck the inside of her womb.

(Ha ha... Wow. What an energetic child.)

The girl felt as peaceful as a mother feeling her baby kick inside her stomach.

The intoxication coming from her womb turned her focus to the clear tube piercing her vagina. The incredible anguish and rising pleasure caused her lithe body to produce sweat and writhe about in the air.

The clear tube was continuing its high frequency vibration. It was too faint to notice as a source of sexual pleasure, but the severe vibration was still reaching her tense nerves.

“Ohhh...≡ Hh, hh...hh...≡”

“Here it comes.”

Her sticky body writhed and jerked.

Her hot vaginal walls squeezed and her cervix swelled out in response.

(Ha ha...≡ I’m...I’m...)

“Bgh...ogh.”

(I’m...changing...≡) “Ngh!”

The tingling vibration and the movement in her womb sent a surge of ecstasy

to everything around her vagina.

“~~≡≡≡”

A heated golden spray surged from the urethra in front of the vagina applying pressure to the thick tube.

And from there...

“Ngh, ohhhhhh, ohhhhhhhhhhhhn≡”

Her mammary glands released their joy with enough force to move the cups over her breasts.

As both her nipples and urethra sprayed their obscene contents, the girl and the men knew this was only the beginning.

The real show was beginning deep in the vagina that tightened in ecstasy and squeezed at the clear tube.

“Ohh...oh...”

The cervix suddenly lost its tension.

That lid to the baby's palace gave up on protecting what lay within.

That was the sign of the womb beginning its job. The swollen round flesh swelled out in the center and a hole formed.

And from within...

“Ngbhhhhhhh!! ≡≡≡≡≡≡≡!!”

She could not scream with the tube in her mouth.

And an even louder sound came from the tube in her lower body.

As the bottom of her womb widened in a donut shape, a dark liquid sprayed out and flowed back out through the tube. The reddish black water passed through the tube that still had some fluorescent green remaining inside.

The men around the girl began to stir.

“Succubus wave detected...pure demon structure confirmed...positive.”

“Specimen Ange...Bioroid transformation confirmed.”

“Transformation to demonic body confirmed...positive.”

The machine receiving the black liquid spoke coldly.

The black water still in the tube followed the rest into the machine or tried to return to the womb. It all wriggled with a mind of its own.

It was a Succubus...a demon.

The light green substance had been no more than a liquid (even if it had been intentionally mixed for their purposes), but it had become a living demon inside the girl's womb.

“The experiment was a success!”

“We have analyzed demonic power!”

The men cheered.

“Pant...≡ Pant...≡”

No one could hear her, but the girl still produced a sweet voice from her blocked throat.

(I had...a baby≡)

And she was filled with the greatest joy a woman could feel.

“Excellent work.”

A voice much more adorable than the men's reached her.

It belonged to a girl. The tiny girl had purple hair, appeared to be white, and looked like a doll.

She giggled as she removed the bolts holding the mask onto the specimen girl's

mouth.

“~≡≡≡”

The specimen girl's mind was so far gone that she did not even try to remove the tubes from her mouth and nose. She could breathe a little more easily now, so her shoulders rose and fell comfortably.

The smaller girl looked down at her.

“Hee hee.”

Upon seeing the specimen girl’s irises that had nearly rolled back into her head, her smile grew. It was a devilish smile that could seduce a thousand men even though she was only a child.

The specimen girl’s unfocused eyes contained a pale green glow.

It was a dull fluorescent green.

[Viewing Complete]

[Viewed Record: Artificial Demon Creation Experiment, Day 16, Aug]

**[Specimen: Permanent Name: Ange. Bioroid Transformation Complete...
positive]**

Chapter 1

Where...am I?

Mutsuki all of a sudden found himself standing there.

He was in the middle of a green-filled forest he had never seen before. The maple and zelkova leaves were such a bright green that he narrowed his eyes. A fresh breeze stroked his cheeks.

The thick underbrush and flowers grew tall and caught the gentle sunlight. Was it springtime? The sun was comfortably warm and made him feel a little sweaty.

Nearby was a well-leveled field likely meant to grow wheat. It must have been harvested a season before because straw was piled up nearby.

His nose detected the warm and sweet scent of crushed wheat and the sharp smell of damp earth.

(Where...in the world am I?)

The idyllic world actually made him nervous.

Where was he? Why was he here?

Fujita Mutsuki was confused about everything, but...

“What are you zoning out for?”

“Wah.”

An impolite tackle hit him from behind.

He looked back and saw the tackler joking around by hiding behind him and clinging to his back.

But when he saw the long hair that flipped up from the action, the boy naturally smiled.

When he saw shiny blonde more beautiful than autumn wheat.

“Stop it, Lucya.”

“Hee hee hee.”

The girl circled around in front of the boy.

The young girl had brown skin. She appeared to be the same age or younger than Mutsuki. Her arms and legs had yet to grow and she still looked somewhat androgynous.

She laughed and wrapped her arm around his, tugged, and hopped onto the nearby pile of straw.

(Who are you?)

That question did not reach the level of words.

Lucya. That was what this girl had been called. Mutsuki had called her that. She rolled over on the straw bed, pulled back her jaw, and gave him an upturned look.

Her fairly angled eyes had a somewhat provocative look to them.

It was the bewitching and defenseless look of a kitten wanting to play.

The boy smiled bitterly and accepted the invitation to climb onto the bed.

There was no tension in either of them. They were two close friends playing together. They did not view each other as a boy and a girl.

But once they were there, they were not childish enough to ignore the fact that they were a boy and a girl in a bed together.

A suggestive atmosphere surrounded them and they blushed.

“...Lucya.”

“Avalon...nn.”

They brought their lips together in unison.

And as the scent of wheat enveloped them, they also brought their bodies together...

“...?”

He woke up.

“Yawn...”

It was a pleasant awakening. Instead of being suddenly jerked from his sleep by the alarm clock, he had been gently roused by the morning sun shining through the gap in the curtain.

After a quick yawn, he got up. It was 6:25, 5 minutes before what the alarm was set for. He hit the top of the clock to switch off the alarm and then got out of bed.

He had not woken before 7 in a while. He had been a little worried, but he had managed just fine.

He stretched to drive away the drowsiness.

“...”

The room contained a bed, a study desk, and a bookcase with manga, textbooks, and cookbooks tidily arranged on it. The plastic model of a giant robot he liked was on the very top of the bookcase.

This was definitely his room in the apartment he had been living in for almost 4 months now.

...It was not a forest.

“What a strange dream,” he muttered.

He tended to forget his dreams as soon as he woke, but this one oddly stuck with him. He remembered the shapes of the trees and the variety of the underbrush and flowers. He remembered the fresh breeze on his cheek and the wheat scent in the bed.

And...

“Lucya-san...huh?”

The heat still lingered at this time of year, but it was plenty cool this early in the morning.

He walked to the living room and opened the balcony window. Fresh air blew in while carrying the powerful morning sun of summer. He enjoyed the feeling of it tickling his heated skin as he washed his face at the kitchen sink.

Afterwards, he realized this was not the bathroom and thus there was no towel.

He had no choice but to use his pajamas instead and that was precisely when steam started rising from the rice maker.

The rice had finished cooking according to the timer and he enjoyed its hunger-stimulating aroma as he started heating a frying pan. He laid out 6 slices of bacon and dropped three eggs in once the grease started coming out. The morning friend of bacon and eggs began sizzling nicely.

And...

“Phew. I’m back.”

One of his roommates walked in through the front door.

“Good morning, Micha-san. ...You’re back? So you were out?”

“Yes, I was driving around all night. Here’s a souvenir from Lake Biwa.”

She placed a package on the table.

She had said it was a souvenir from the Shiga Prefecture, and yet she gave him an Ise Grand Shrine Eel Pie. That was a Mie Prefecture product. She had apparently been to both Shiga and Mie in the same night.

“I know you like to drive around, but you’ll destroy your new motorcycle too if you ride it too roughly.”

What was done was done, so Mutsuki could only shrug.

Micha had bought a new motorcycle 10 days before and she had been like this ever since.

She said other vehicles got in her way, so she would go out late at night and drive all around Japan. He was starting to worry when she actually slept. Then again, she tended to sleep through the day with a beer in hand, so maybe it was fine.

“How rude. I don’t ride it roughly. And it was Ange that destroyed the last one, not me.”

“Yes, but-...wah!”

He tried to say she was definitely “riding it roughly” when she had driven more than 3000 km in only 10 days, but he quickly looked the other way.

She had reached for the zipper of the riding suit she enjoyed wearing. It was all one piece, so fully unzipping it meant stripping off everything.

She did not hesitate to show off her sweaty, brown, and sexy body. This was too much for an innocent boy so early in the morning.

“I’m thirsty.”

Micha ignored the young boy’s behavior and walked to the fridge. She bent over to reach for the drink section at the very bottom. She was only wearing a black thong, so she pointed her nearly bare ass right at Mutsuki. He had no choice but to look away.

(No, this is a trap.)

But he immediately looked back up.

“You can’t have a beer this early in the morning.”

“Tch.”

Micha had tried to use her body as a weapon to distract the kitchen manager, but she stuck out her tongue and returned the can of beer. She obediently took the mineral water next to it instead.

She must not have liked that he had seen through her trick, so...

“You sure are up early today. You’re usually still asleep.”

“Yes. ...Ahh.”

Still half-naked, she walked up behind him and rested her chin on his shoulder.

She was only teasing him this time. The boy felt his heart pounding from the mischievous young woman’s counterattack, so he moved to escape the two mounds on his back.

He reached for the calendar hanging on the side of the kitchen.

“We’re back to our normal schedule today.”

He forcefully tore off the August page.

It was September 1. Summer break had ended the day before and the new school term began today.

“Right.”

The entire year was summer break for Micha (even if she did have her bodyguard job), so she must have forgotten. She smiled bitterly.

“Ahh, ahh. And I thought I could have some fun with you this morning, but you have school, do you?”

“Wha-?”

“Heh heh. Just kidding.”

For no real reason, she teased the boy to the end, kissed his cheek, and retreated to the bathroom.

Left in the kitchen, the boy was half-excited and half-exasperated by the soft sensation and sweet aroma of the young woman’s lips. He soon returned to making breakfast.

He prepared rice, miso soup, bacon and eggs, and pickled cabbage and eggplant.

Then he placed enough for 3 on the table.

“Ah.”

He then wondered if he should really have made enough for 3.

“Okay, all done. I’m so hungry.”

After changing into her normal clothes, Micha returned from the changing room.

She would grab a beer if he let her, so he served her some tea he had heated earlier.

“Is Ange here?”

“Hm? Oh, right. She might be back.”

The two of them looked to their other roommate’s room.

A plate reading Ange's Room hung from the door. They knocked.

There was no response.

"We're coming in, Ange."

After a loud warning, Mutsuki waited a moment and then grabbed the knob.

Inside they found...Ange's normal room. The amount of stuff inside (mostly stuffed animals) had grown, but it was still quite tidy. This was the angel bodyguard's idea of interior decoration.

But the room was empty.

Its owner was not there. The only thing lying in the bed was her beloved Lazy Bear body pillow.

"She's gone again?"

Mutsuki frowned.

It had been like this a lot lately. It had started after the midway point of summer break. After the camping trip they all went on maybe? She would sometimes disappear without warning.

It sometimes happened during the day and sometimes at night. She would be away from the apartment for long periods of time. When she left at night she tended not to be back by morning, just like this. She had left after dinner the night before and she was apparently still not back.

Mutsuki had tried asking her where she was going, but she would only ever say "none of your business".

Unlike Micha, she was not the type to head out at night for fun...or so he thought.

"I'm worried," said Micha in a serious tone for once.

That only increased Mutsuki's anxiety. He doubted that strongest angel could be in any danger, but still.

"..."

Mutsuki returned to the dining table in a dark mood. He started to bring his hands together, but...

“Mutsuki-kun, you have some sleep in your eye.”

“Oh...okay.”

Micha pointed at his right eye from the other side of the table.

This would be thanks to his sloppy job of washing his face in the kitchen. He walked to the changing room to get it out before eating.

(Where is Ange...and what is she doing?)

This was the 1st day of the new term, but his mood was heavy.

He reached for the changing room door.

(I wish she would tell me whatever it was.)

Click.

“...Huh?”

“Eh?”

His eyes met a pair of blue and blinking eyes.

Ange had apparently just finished taking a shower. She was gathering her glossy red hair in one hand while drying off her body.

Her completely nude body, that is.

Mutsuki blinked his eyes which had no sleep in them.

Micha had to have known someone was in the bathroom since she had been in the changing room a bit earlier. He heard that mischievous young woman cackling in the background, and...

“Ah ha ha. Welcome back, Ange.”

A kick from the strongest angel sent him flying.

“Again! It wasn’t on purpose!”

“Shut up, shut up! Stay away from me, Pervert Demon King!”

The two students left the apartment while arguing on the very first day of the new term.

Ange had spent a good 15 minutes in anger before they could eat breakfast,

so they were running a little late.

He never did get to ask her where she had gone the night before, but he decided not to worry about it since she was behaving the same as always.

The two of them jogged down the sidewalk.

They only had the opening ceremony today. Their bags rattled lightly with only a few pieces of homework in them.

“It’s already autumn.”

“I don’t know much about the human world’s seasons, so how is autumn any different from summer?”

“I’ll admit it’s still pretty hot.”

There really was no visible change.

For example, there was not a cloud in the blue sky and the early cicadas were chirping even though it was only around 8.

But the change from August to September still meant a lot. Even if it was mostly in his head.

Just thinking that a new season was beginning made it feel like the air surrounding his world was changing.

He felt like something was about to begin, but...

“Yeah, but I really wish our hero, Summer Break, hadn’t ended.”

“Oh, good morning, Sakae.”

They just so happened to be walking in at the same time, so his childhood friend Tomono Sakae approached from the side.

“A new term, huh? I’m *the* guy for enjoying our school life, so I don’t hate school, but I still hate losing the protection of our hero, Summer Break.”

“I know what you mean.”

Mutsuki smiled bitterly and agreed with his friend who was breathing the same sigh as every other student in the country.

“Quit complaining, quit complaining. The second term means all sorts of

youthful events like the cultural festival and the athletic festival.”

Someone else arrived from the opposite side.

“Good morning, Kurikara-san.”

“Morning, Mutsuki-kun, Ange-chan, Tomo-chi♪”

“Good morning, Saya.”

“Mornin’. And what’s this Tomo-chi nonsense?”

It was their classmate and friend Kurikara Saya. She had apparently overslept, so she fussed with her messy twintails as she joined them.

This was 4 of the 6 who had gone on a camping trip together the month before.

During the second half of summer break, Mutsuki had hung out with Sakae like normal and Saya had stopped by the apartment to visit Ange, so he had seen both of them fairly recently. Still, it had been half a month since they were all present.

They decided to use this chance to walk to school together.

They jogged partway there, so they caught up with the other students by the time they reached the base of the hill on which Megutono Academy was built. If they were in that group, they would not be late. They slowed their pace as they reached the hill.

“Sigh. I hate getting up so early, but it is nice having school in session. It was so depressing climbing the hill with no one here for practice during the break.”

“Oh, right. You’re on the softball team, Kurikara, so you came to school during the break, didn’t you?”

“Yeah. This year was especially bad. We’re going to the fall tournament, so the 3rd year upperclassmen are really going all out.”

They felt comfortable enough to talk now.

When these 4 gathered, Sakae and Saya were generally the talkers while Mutsuki and Ange were the listeners. Their personalities matched up nicely like that. It was

a perfect friendship.

“Oh, yeah. I did hear that the softball, soccer, and...lacrosse teams were going all out this year.”

“Yeah. The lacrosse team most of all. Not even our team can hope to match the effort they’re putting in.”

This was fortunately a conversation that made it difficult for Mutsuki or Ange to join in.

A lot of the teams and clubs had been working throughout summer break this year: Saya’s softball team, the judo team, the brass band, the jazz club, the soccer team, *etc.*

But the lacrosse team was apparently putting in the most effort. Mutsuki had heard about that since his little sister was on the elementary school lacrosse team.

As to why...

“I wonder if that rumor is true.”

“It supposedly is. They say she’s coming back. I don’t know when, though.”

“Sigh. Her, huh?”

“She” even gathered the interest of entirely normal students like Sakae and Saya.

She had left the school in the spring, but she was apparently back now that the 1st term was over. Word of her return for the 2nd term had already spread throughout the school.

Just hearing that she was coming back had filled the lacrosse team (to which she belonged) with enough motivation to work throughout summer break. The rumor had even made it to Mutsuki’s class in a lower year. He also overheard some of the other nearby students talking about the rumor.

“ ... ”

Neither Mutsuki nor Ange were very talkative.

A new term was beginning, but Mutsuki was not 100% cheerful.

In fact, he had more worries than anything. Ange was out of the house a lot lately.

The conflict over the Serpent's Eye between the angels, demons, and FeTUS had settled down during summer break, but none of it had been resolved.

And now they were catching glimpses of a new group that had combined FeTUS technology with demonic power.

“See ya.”

“Yeah, good luck, Sakae.”

“Sure thing.”

All 4 of them walked to school together, but they parted ways with Sakae in front of the classroom. He was the Class Rep, so he had a lot to do for the opening ceremony.

Once inside, Saya temporarily left them since her desk was further away and then Mutsuki and Ange sat in their seats near the window.

They had not been in the classroom for a month, so it was full of enjoyable differences.

With minute changes such as grown-out hair or tanned skin accumulating in a single classroom, it felt a bit like walking into a strange world half a step removed from their normal life.

“Ah, Mutsuki-ku~n♥”

“Good morning, Lucia-kun... Ah.”

There were some bigger changes too.

Someone who had already arrived called out to him: Satowa Lucia in the seat next to Ange's on the back row.

He himself had not changed. In fact, he lacked even the minute changes since he was not human and thus his hair did not grow and his skin did not tan.

But Mutsuki was shocked when he saw the classmate sitting in the next seat forward.

“...Good morning, Niki-san.”

“Ah...sorry.”

That was Mutsuki’s desk, so the classmate got up after noticing him there. After a quick word to Lucia, she left.

Lucia responded normally, but he lost interest in her the instant she left and then smiled at Mutsuki. Mutsuki set his bag down and asked a question.

“What did Niki-san want?”

“Hm? Oh, she’s performing with a band for the cultural festival and she wanted to know if I would join her.”

“Hmm...”

The seat was a little warm when Mutsuki sat down. He felt oddly restless and looked toward the girl.

Niki Hozumi. She was well known for wanting to stand out. Her hair had only been a little bleached during the 1st term, but now it looked like it had been gilded.

She must have been trying out a new look for her post summer break debut. Mutsuki noticed a lot of their classmates stealing glances her way, so he was not the only one shocked by this.

She had likely decided to renew herself for the new term and then tried inviting Lucia as the most visually interesting classmate.

“She said something about gathering today for a planning meeting, but I wasn’t really listening.”

Her attempt had apparently not been very successful.

“More importantly, school is finally starting back up. Eh heh heh. It was hard finding chances to see you over the break because a certain stupid angel kept getting in the way.”

Lucia ignored their classmate’s new look and only expressed any interest in Mutsuki.

“That’s right. We can see each other every day now.”

Mutsuki nodded.

They had known each other for 4 months now. Mutsuki had not known what to do about this boy's affection at first, but he had started accepting it recently. And...

"Well excuse me for being a third wheel."

"No, um, that wasn't what I meant."

"...Hmph."

Ange must have heard him because she put on a lopsided frown.

What he had ended up saying may indeed have been rude, so he smiled bitterly and apologized. But...

"Huh? So you knew you were getting in our way?"

"*What* did you say!?"

The demon's comment ignited the angel.

Even after 4 months and even after going on a camping trip together, these 2 still did not get along.

But luckily...

"Ki-pon sure does stand out now."

"Oh..."

"Oh..."

When Saya walked over after leaving her things at her desk, the 2 of them lowered their tone.

"They do say summer can change a girl. ...What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

Ange sat back down and Lucia did not provoke her any further.

Those 2 were always fighting, but they had a tacit understanding that they could not fight in front of normal people who were ignorant of angels and demons.

That likely meant they had grown accustomed to the human world over the past 4 months.

Saya did not notice the dangerous mood and sat in the seat in front of Ange while still focused on Niki's new look.

"Maybe I should dye my hair too. But if I go too far, sensei will get mad at me."

She tugged on her hair which was a little messy today.

"What do you think, Lu-kun? Do you think I should get it dyed?"

"Hmm. I think looks fine the way it is. Your natural hair color is brown, so adding any weird colors would probably stand out too much."

She began speaking with Lucia entirely naturally.

Those two had apparently found a lot in common during the summer break camping trip, so they were getting along really well recently. Saya even called Lucia "Lu-kun".

"Maybe so. But..." Saya turned toward Ange. "I kind of want to try out red hair.

Like Ange-chan."

"Yawn... Wh-what are you doing, Saya?"

Saya grabbed some of Ange's long hair and rubbed her cheek against it.

"Eh heh heh heh. Your hair is so great, Ange-chan. It's so silky and smooth ♪ How do you take care of it?"

"Nothing special. I just wash it and dry it like normal."

"And you get this? Ohhh, it's like a miracle. I'm so jealous."

"W-wait. I get it, so don't sniff it."

Those 2 also got along now. Ange was unsociable to the core, but she no longer treated Saya like a nuisance and Saya now approached Ange like they were friends.

"Eh heh heh heh heh heh. Sniff, sniff... Eh heh heh heh heh. It smells so good."

"...Saya?"

"Uweh heh heh heh heh heh ≡≡≡"

Although Saya sometimes did things that seemed to go beyond mere friends.

“I agonized over it for half a month, but I’ve made up my mind, Ange-chan. I’ll stay true to you.”

“Huh?”

“No more wavering. Maki-nyan might be incredibly...but I’ll stay on a path I can believe in!”

“???”

Saya seemed to have made some kind of decision.

She muttered something in the middle that the others could not quite make out.

Ange could only tilt her head at this friend who had been acting a little oddly since the camping trip.

“But it really is so silky. I’m jealous. I practically have to fight mine every morning.”

More than just smell it, she also ran her fingers through the silky red hair and then felt her own hair for comparison.

She had not fought sufficiently this morning, so it was sticking out in places.

“This isn’t very good. And on the 1st day of the new term too...”

It apparently bothered her, so she started combing it with her hand.

However, that was not going to help much.

“Ugh. I should have brought a brush. Hey, does anyone have one?”

She was not the type to wear makeup or mess with her eyebrows, so she did not even have a brush with her. So she asked.

Unfortunately, Mutsuki, Ange, and Lucia all shook their heads, so she looked across the classroom in search of someone else to borrow a brush from. And...

“...”

“Oh, good morning, Ibekusa-san.”

“...Good morning.”

It was precisely 8:30. Machina arrived just as the bell was about to ring.

They had gotten in the habit during the 1st term, so she greeted Mutsuki when he called out to her. Lucia showed no sign of greeting her, but it did look like Ange exchanged a brief glance with her.

Her seat was in front of Ange, so Saya started to get up. But Machina shook her head, said not to worry about it, and only set her bag down on the desk.

Saya settled back down, and...

“Hey, hey. Machi-nyan, do you have a hairbrush or a comb?”

“?”

“My hair’s kind of messy and I can’t go to the opening ceremony like this.”

“...Wait.”

Machina searched through her bag.

From his angle, Mutsuki could see her grab a pen.

She briefly stuck it back in the bag and then pulled out a plastic comb.

“Here one is.”

“Yay♪ Thank goodness. Let me borrow it, let me borrow it.”

Saya reached out her hand, but...

“Positive.”

Machina ignored that and circled behind her.

“Stay still.”

“Huh...hh?”

Machina began combing the brown hair that was sticking out all over the place.

“Oh...oh, ohhhh...”

Saya had not expected this, so she froze up.

Machina continued thoroughly combing down the brown hair.

The gentle massage sapped all strength from Saya’s shoulders.

“Ahhh...≡ I’m so unfaithful...≡”

For some reason, her face grew as slack as her shoulders.

This was the 1st day of the new term.

Their school life was starting back up and Mutsuki’s cheeks relaxed at finding it even better than he had hoped.

Ange, Machina, and Lucia were gathered together and it all felt natural.

Anyone who saw them would only see a group of friends spending their morning together.

No one would ever imagine that 3 of the 5 were representatives of 3 different deadly and ruthless groups. That made him happy.

“...”

Even if a change was approaching fast.

“...Mutsuki-kun?”

Lucia noticed the sudden cloud that fell over Mutsuki’s expression as he watched the 3 frolicking girls.

“It’s nothing.”

He immediately smiled to hide his thoughts, but it was too late and the girls looked his way too.

Ange and Saya tilted their heads to ask him what this was about. Machina also gave him a puzzled look even if her expression did not change.

Of the 3, the boy’s eyes naturally stopped on Machina.

His biggest worry about the coming term had to do with FeTUS.

He had been worrying about this – about “her” – for the entire half a month since the camping trip.

He had wanted to ask about it, but Machina had dodged the question when he had asked right after the camping trip and he doubted she would answer now either.

And...

“Hey, everyone. The opening ceremony’s starting soon, so we need to get to the auditorium.”

A portion of the answer came from somewhere else.

Class Rep Sakae returned and instructed everyone to move to the auditorium. The class started getting up and leaving the classroom.

Sakae walked over to Mutsuki’s group.

“C’mon, Mutsuki and Satowa. You too, Jiyuuni and Ibekusa. ...Kurikara? That expressions is creeping me out.”

He urged them to start moving.

The 6 of them naturally split into a boy group and a girl group.

Sakae and Mutsuki were childhood friends and Lucia stuck with them.

Even if Ange and Machina had no intention of grouping together, Saya naturally tied them together.

As Class Rep, Sakae drove the entire class out before leaving himself.

“The rumors were true. She’s in the auditorium.”

“Eh?”

He locked up the classroom as he explained.

“Shirohara-senpai was there.”

Megutono Academy had an elementary, middle, and high school and they each had their own opening ceremony to get through, so there was a real motivation to speed them all along.

Each ceremony was scheduled to begin in the auditorium an hour apart, so that luckily meant the headmaster could not give too long a speech. It unluckily meant they were rushed in and out.

This time, no one was paying a lick of attention to the headmaster’s mercifully short speech.

Almost everyone was watching the one student standing alongside the

teacher's on the side of the auditorium stage.

“And next we will have a greeting from the Student Council President.”

The headmaster stepped down from the stage and a broadcast club member made that announcement.

Excitement filled all of the middle school students in the auditorium.

She moved across the stage.

Not only was she beautiful, but her hips were positioned incredibly high, which gave her a strange intensity as she walked. Her light brown hair fluttered elegantly behind her, which filled everyone with tension as they watched.

She bowed toward the national and school flags hanging behind the stage and straightened up. Everyone naturally straightened their back as she faced them.

“I would like to begin by greeting you all.”

Her speech had a mysterious ability to draw people in.

“At the request of Previous Student Council President Tanaka Kozue-san, I have returned to my position of President today. I am Shirohara Ren.”



It was the same as the year before.

“ ... ”

Mutsuki was especially tense.

“I left this school before, but I have returned for this term and will do what I can

to give you all a proper school life.”

She was speaking through a microphone, but every last person listened attentively as if she were facing and speaking to them personally.

“This term will be busy with the cultural festival, athletic festival, and other events, and it is time to focus on trial exams and your studies for the 2nd and 3rd years. With so much to do, it will not be an easy term.”

It felt like being admonished by their mothers. In a word, it was a comfortable speech.

But it was more than just kind. It also contained a strength that seemed to burn their ears.

That imposing girl's words were always like this.

“My name is Lavriel Baran. I am Miss B of the FeTUS Witches as well as daughter of the proud Baran family which has left its name in 350 years of British history.

You may call me Dame Lavriel.”

She had spoken to them when he had met her at the campground on that day halfway through summer break and those words still rang vividly in Mutsuki's ears.

This reminded him that they really were the same person.

“ ... ”

A gloomy feeling rose in his chest and he bit his lip.

Shirohara Ren had left the school in March, but she retained enough influence to gather everyone's attention with a single speech. She had been Megutono

Academy's Middle School Student Council President for the previous year.

...And Mutsuki had secretly looked up to her.

But she was Miss B of the FeTUS Witches.

She was part of an organization that was targeting him.

FeTUS was a relatively trustworthy group and Mutsuki at least did not feel all that nervous about them. He had even visited their headquarters without a bodyguard.

He was on friendly terms with Machina, aka their Miss E.

But it was still a complicated feeling.

“That ends my greeting. Thank you very much for listening.”

Ren finished her model speech as boldly as ever.

She bowed toward the audience, bowed toward the flags behind her, and then descended from the podium. And as she did...

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

Mutsuki thought she briefly looked his way, so he quickly looked away.

Chapter 2

Shirohara Ren had served as Megutono Academy's Student Council President through the previous year.

At the time, she had been known as History's Greatest President.

She got excellent grades and was skilled at sports. She was the lacrosse team's ace and she was beautiful to boot. That alone would have been enough to make her the school's most prized student.

But her excellence as President had come from another talent: her superb leadership.

Her mere presence had a way of whipping people into shape. Her naturally lofty aura filled people with tension.

She could be a little hardheaded herself. Whenever someone confessed their love to her, she would give them a lengthy lecture about how a student should be focused on their studies, so she could be inflexible. She gave off a strict atmosphere, but that did not seem like a bad thing unless you were truly up to no good.

Everyone had sensed a slight disturbance of the public morals after she had left this spring.

She was of course incredibly popular.

Her light brown hair and bright white skin gave her an almost ephemeral look, but her slanted eyes held a shocking depth.

Her small face was perfect, from the outline to the distribution of facial features.

The long refined bridge of her nose, her lips, and her strong-willed eyebrows all possessed a certain elegance.

And she also had a body very unlike a Japanese one. Her beautiful breasts swelled out as much as possible without detracting from her elegance, her waist was skinny in contrast, and her butt was cutely plump. Her hips were

positioned high and her tight legs made her look tall even though she was only about 160 cm. And that helped add to her reliable charisma.

The entire school had been shaken when word had arrived that she was leaving. It was well known that 20% of the students had written in her name when voting for the current year's Student Council election.

It was also still unknown why she had left the school. She had said nothing and not even the teachers had been informed.

It was only speculation, but there were rumors that she had heart problems. Several people had seen her occasionally holding her chest, so they wondered if she had transferred elsewhere to undergo surgery.

At any rate, she was someone that Megutono Academy's middle school was not about to forget in only 4 months.

...And the same was true for Mutsuki.

Fifth period ended and school was let out.

From the start of the second term until the cultural festival at the end of September, the final class was a homeroom used for meetings and preparations. For today, they had just finished changing into their gym clothes in the locker rooms.

Mutsuki was a little late, so he started back toward the classroom in a bit of a rush.

And on the way...

"President Shirohara is so great."

"..."

He just about came to a stop when he heard that name.

He had passed by some boys from the adjacent class. They were likely fans because they were discussing the famous and beautiful President Shirohara Ren on the way back to their own classroom.

They said that she was good-looking, that she had a nice body, and that her refined atmosphere was best of all.

He wanted to stop and listen in, but he continued on to his classroom instead.
And...

“Oops.”

“Oh, sorry, Niki-san.”

“Yeah, no biggie.”

He ran across a girl exiting the classroom, so he quickly moved aside.

Niki Hozumi had nearly run into him, but she was not a delinquent and she politely nodded to him when he let her past.

She had returned her hair to brown and it bounced as she moved.

He ended up watching her leave as he walked to his seat. The cultural festival meeting was about to begin. Hozumi and others participating with their clubs had left, but everyone else was seated.

“...”

The return of the “most skilled president” at the beginning of the 2nd term had brought a great change to the entire school.

No matter where one went, people were talking about her.

That was normal enough since she had the public position of Student Council President, but her mysterious departure and return had also produced much speculation. The biggest theory was that she had left to be treated for a heart disease, but others claimed she had tried and failed to skip ahead to a high school elsewhere.

The biggest change was the tense atmosphere throughout the school.

Everyone worked extra hard at their studies and athletics and the students corrected their public morals even without the teachers or Student Council doing anything.

Even taking into account that it was the start of the new term, the number of tardy students had drastically reduced, and Niki Hozumi had returned her hair

color to normal after only 3 days. Some had taken on more permanent new looks such as tanned skin or pierced ears, but they were unable to flaunt it and awkwardly took their lessons as “somewhat flashy but normal students”.

A week had passed since the 2nd term began.

The annoying subject tests were over and it was time to begin preparing for the big event at the end of September: Megutono Academy’s cultural festival. It was a little strict, but their school life was mostly comfortable.

“...Sigh.”

Mutsuki rested his cheek in his hand and sighed quietly as he listened to the bell for 6th period.

He always felt melancholic when thinking about Ren lately.

It had been a week since the new term began, but he still had not had a chance to speak with her.

His relationship at school with Shirohara Ren was the same as it had been the previous year. They had met once, but they had no connection beyond that.

Mutsuki knew her, but she showed no interest in a normal student like him. It was hardly a surprise that they had not spoken during the past week.

But the actual situation was different.

Mutsuki was targeted by FeTUS because he had the Serpent’s Eye.

And she was a FeTUS agent known as FeTUS Witches Miss B.

But he had discovered that at the summer break camping trip half a month earlier.

And a week after the new term began, she had not made any kind of move.

He had discussed it with Ange and Micha, but FeTUS and the angels were currently passive enemies, and their stalemate meant they could not do anything until FeTUS did. He had tried asking FeTUS, but Machina and Katsue-sensei had refused to tell him anything.

In the end, he had no idea what to do and simply felt jealous.

“...”

Also.

There was one more reason for his melancholy...

“Mutsuki!”

“Eh!?”

The boy had been zoning out, so he nearly fell out of his chair when his name was called.

He heard his classmates laughing. Class Rep Sakae had apparently called his name several times while leading the cultural festival meeting.

“C’mon now, bestie. There’s already way too many people who refuse to listen to me, *the* center of the class. I don’t need you joining them too.”

Sakae stood at the lectern and shrugged. “Sorry, sorry,” apologized Mutsuki with a bitter smile.

Sakae wrote on the blackboard with messy handwriting: “Cultural Festival Roles”.

In the corner, he added: “Hell yeah! Cultural Festival!”

“Okay, let’s get started. For the cultural festival, all the 2nd years are putting on a traffic safety play for the elementary school.”

He gestured grandly as he spoke. He was an eternal optimist, so controlling the scene came naturally to him.

“Our class will be playing 5 roles, so we need to decide who will be doing that.”

“Ehhhhh!?”

About 70% of the class began booing.

That was hardly surprising. They had to work with the other 2nd year classes for this. And it was a play. More than just that 70% thought this sounded like a pain in the ass.

But as casual as he could be, Sakae always made sure to do his job as the class

rep.

“Yes, yes. Settle down. This was decided for us, so there’s no helping it.”

He clapped his hands.

None of his classmates were actually trying to trouble their cheerful class rep, so they soon quieted down. For one thing, frightening Katsue-sensei was watching them from a corner of the classroom.

“Don’t worry. As *the* undefeated rock-paper-scissors champion, I beat all the other classes and got us all the easiest roles.”

“Ohhhh~~”

This time, the class erupted into cheers and applause.

This childhood friend had natural talent at entertaining everyone around him. Mutsuki smiled and joined the applause even though he had not joined the booing.

“First, we’ll decide 3 to be in charge of props and 1 to be in charge of the spotlight.

The props require some hard work, but you share it between several people. The spotlight is only needed during the rehearsal the day before and during the performance on the day of, so it should be easy.”

Sakae puffed his chest out proudly.

Everyone seemed to accept that. Those were some easy jobs. If they had been determined by rock-paper-scissors, he had some decent luck.

But...

“And? That’s 4, but what about the last one?”

Saya raised her hand and spoke for the class as a whole. They had 5 roles, but Sakae had only revealed 4.

“Well, about that last one...”

His behavior changed entirely and he scratched at his head.

“The lead. Someone from our class will be playing the lead.”

“...”

The classroom filled with serious booing this time.

Katsue-sensei ultimately grew angry and the homeroom became truly unpleasant.

A traffic safety play.

Those were often put on at the police station to teach small children traffic etiquette such as using the crosswalk and wearing your yellow hat.

At a mammoth school like Megutono Academy, the cultural festival was made to encourage interaction between school years, so the assigned events were often targeted toward another year like this. It could be a choir or a play. Among those,

Mutsuki's middle school 2nd year had been assigned a play for the lower elementary school years.

It was an incredibly simple play.

The lead girl had properly raised her hand and used the crosswalk while in kindergarten. But at her elementary school entrance ceremony, she decides she is an adult and crosses somewhere other than the crosswalk. She gets hit by a car and injured, preventing her from going to the entrance ceremony. In the end, she promises a police officer and her mother that she will never break the traffic rules again.

It was an incredibly simple play that only lasted about 20 minutes. The only characters were the girl, her mother, and the police officer.

But their class rep had drawn the short straw in that small framework.

“Ahh, ahh. To think this would happen to me, *the* rock-paper-scissors demon...”

“Sakae, you've always been unbeatable until it actually matters. Then you lose every time.”

“Really?”

“In lunch rock-paper-scissors, you would win the strawberry milk and

meatballs, but then lose the pudding.”

“And the one who stole the pudding from me was always you, bestie. Oh, dammit.

I should’ve sent you in instead when playing for the roles.”

The homeroom continued, but they were free to get up from their desks to gather their thoughts. Sakae and Saya naturally gathered at Mutsuki’s desk.

A somber mood hung over the classroom.

Especially over the girls.

The play’s lead was a girl. That meant only the girls were at risk here.

Taking part in a play was not a big deal. Students at this school would have to do that at some point, no matter what year they were in. And if it came to that, they would obediently help with the props or spotlight. They had enough courage to play the mother or police officer if they had to.

But they could not help but hesitate when it came to the lead.

That meant memorizing more lines, but something else was worse.

The costume.

“Don’t we have someone who would look good in this?”

Sakae pulled out what he had been given.

It was the play’s costume: clothing and some props such as the cast for after the accident.

This was why the lead was restricted to being a “girl” and not just a “child”.

Since the same traffic safety play was done every year, the costume was already decided.

It was a dress with a large ribbon and a brand-new red child’s backpack. That kind of lolita design was not something a girl Mutsuki’s age could wear. This one felt like a punishment, especially when compared to the 4 doing the props and spotlight.

“Hmm~ A play sounds like fun, but a kid’s backpack?”

Even ever-cheerful Saya looked unsure.

“You don’t need to worry about it, Kurikara. I’m not gonna ask you.”

“Why not?”

“Well, these clothes are for an elementary school girl.”

“?”

“So it’s way too small for-...ow, ow, ow! Don’t pinch! Don’t pinch!”

Sakae fled as she pulled on the inside of his upper arm (a human weak point).

“That’s not what I meant! An elementary school size wouldn’t work with someone as tall as you!”

“Oh, I get it now. Sorry, sorry.”

“God, what a violent girl. Whoever said someone with a round face has a round heart had no idea what they were-...ow, ow, ow!”

Saya was really mad now, so Sakae fled with her in pursuit.

Mutsuki stared at the costumes and backpack left on his desk.

(Yeah, wearing this at our age would be a bit much...)

He could not help but think that even though he was not at risk as a boy.

There were two costumes: the kindergarten version and the entrance ceremony version. They were both meant for kids.

The entrance ceremony one was not too bad. It was a dress with finely folded frills adorning the neck, sleeves, and skirt. With just the one ribbon, it was not too fancy, but it did have an elegant, gothic lolita design.

However, the kindergarten outfit was precisely that: a kindergarten uniform. It was a beige-ish yellow smock with short sleeves and a long skirt.

It would be asking a lot for a girl their age to wear one, even as a joke.

And as Sakae had pointed out, it was a small size, so not just any girl would do.

And just as he wondered who could wear it...

“Hey, hey. Mutsuki-kun.”

“Hm?”

Lucia poked at his back from the seat behind him.

“This is my first cultural festival, but is putting on this play all we do?”

“No. There’s plenty more. This just means we only need 5 people for the play our entire year is doing.”

“Hmm.”

The entire school took part in the cultural festival, so how they participated differed between years.

The elementary and middle school sections generally enjoyed the festival while the high school section ran the festival. The younger you were, the less work you had to do and the more you could walk around and have fun. The older you were, the more you had to run refreshment stands and stage productions. Of course, the clubs and individuals also had their own booths.

“Then it doesn’t sound like there’s much we can do together.”

Lucia sounded disappointed, but he leaned forward and rested his chin on Mutsuki’s shoulder. He seemed to want to do something in his first cultural festival, but he also did not seem interested if it was not with Mutsuki.

That was when their homeroom teacher checked the clock.

“Tomono, it’s about time.”

“Oh, right.”

And she instructed the class rep to get going.

Sakae returned to the lectern, so Saya, who had been lightly pummeling him, and everyone else returned to their seats.

“Okay, I’ll gather everyone’s opinions. Any volunteers to play the lead!?”

He raised his hand. Unsurprisingly, no one else did.

“Okay, that’s 0 volunteers. Any recommendations?”

He continued just as everyone had expected.

“Personally, I think we do have someone who’s perfect for this role.”

“Eh?”

He scratched his chin like he had trouble saying it.

He had seemed so worried before, so Mutsuki tilted his head. If they had someone

perfect for the role, wasn’t it the class rep’s duty to ask them to do it?

As he thought that, Sakae suddenly looked his way.

No, not at Mutsuki but diagonally behind him.

Everyone in the classroom naturally looked in the same direction. Including Mutsuki, Lucia, and Machina.

The only one who did not was the person who had stared blankly out the window instead of taking part in the homeroom discussion.

“Eh? What?”

When she noticed everyone focused on her, she followed their gazes diagonally behind her, but only found a window.

After about 3 seconds, she realized they were looking at her.

“Huh!?”

She kicked her chair back and stood up.

“Me!? Y-you want me to play the lead!?”

“Yeah.”

Sakae nodded. Half the classmates looked like they had expected this and the other half looked like they thought it was a good idea.

“Jiyuuni would look good on the stage.”

“Ange-chan *is* cute.”

“And more importantly!! I want to see Ange-chan wearing a kiddie backpack!”

Ignoring Saya’s final comment, they all praised the idea.

She was so small that the costume size would not be an issue. She might

always look sullen, but she had the perfect beauty for playing the lead role.

“Wha-? Wait...”

Ange was simply confused.

Since she naturally disliked humans and was far from sociable, only Mutsuki and people like Saya would talk to her, so she had never expected to be singled out here.

“Ah ha ha ha. Go for it, go for it. It’s the perfect part for you.”

Lucia was immediately on board when he saw Ange looking so troubled.

Katsue-sensei said nothing as a teacher, but she secretly grinned at seeing her enemy in a situation like this. The classroom’s consensus seemed to be settling on this answer.

“D-don’t be ridiculous!”

Sensing that, Ange shouted angrily.

“Don’t even try with this nonsense. Why should I have to do that?”

“Ehh? But I want to see you in a kiddie backpack.”

“So do I.”

“Gh...”

Being friends could be a problem at times like this, so while the rest of the class withered in front of the angry girl, Saya doubled down. As did Lucia who just wanted to cause trouble for the angel.

“I-I said...”

She was too strong-willed to just go with the flow, but when the entire class was looking her way, she had trouble looking them in the face and saying no.

Her eyes wandered in search of escape, but she found no one, not even Mutsuki, to take her side.

Her eyes finally stopped on the seat in front of her.

“I-Ibekusa should do it!”

“?”

“I bet she would be good at memorizing lines. Ibekusa, you do it.”

She tried to rope someone else into it.

“...”

Machina looked taken aback at being dragged in as a scapegoat.

But that selection surprised everyone else as well.

“Ibekusa...”

“Ibekusa-san...?”

“Wow, that would work too! Machi-nyan in a kiddie backpack! I so wanna see that!”

Saya’s excitement spread through the classroom and everyone started thinking they wanted to see it too.

Machina kept to herself so much that most of the class had never heard her speak,

but since spring, everyone had learned how good looking she was.

That cute girl tended to blend into the background, so what would happen if she stood on the stage? Of course everyone wanted to see that.

Machina seemed hesitant, but she also seemed to sense what everyone wanted.

She briefly looked Mutsuki in the eye. While he did not say it out loud, the look on his face clearly said he wanted to see it too.

“If no one else is suitable, I can do it.”

She stood up just like Ange had.

“See!?! That settles it. Ibekusa will do it.”

Ange immediately sat back down.

Now everyone in the class was looking Machina’s way.

Mutsuki wondered if he should help her get out of this, but he could not tell if the expressionless girl was opposed to this idea. She did not seem intent on

refusing, so would this settle it?

But then...

“Can Machi-nyan fit in the costume?”

Saya had wanted to see her in the backpack more than anyone, but she still voiced her doubts.

Mutsuki looked at the costumes Sakae had left on his desk. They were fairly small and would have fit Ange perfectly, but Machina was medium height for the class.

Machina hesitated a moment.

“I will try it on.”

She took the costume from Mutsuki’s desk.

She started with the glove-like cast since it was the easiest to try on. She had some difficulty moving with it on, but it was not much of a problem.

Next she tried another one of the props.

“Nn...”

She put on the red backpack.

“...Ohh.”

Half the class gasped.

Half the boys looked away and the other half plus the girls blushed.

Oblivious, Machina tested her range of movement. But...

“...They’re so plump.”

Everyone nodded in agreement with Saya. This was out of the question.

The shoulder straps were meant for an elementary school kid, so they were too small for Machina and were much too tight around her shoulders and sides. This pulled her clothing back.

“???”

Machina looked confused by their reaction.

Gym clothes + a backpack would be mismatched enough on a normal elementary school student, but it was downright criminal on this more grown-up body.

The shirt was pulled tightly back against the weighty mounds on the front. And when your eyes focused on the sensual outline of her breasts, you naturally continued down to the raw and sexual lines of her hips visible through her bloomers.

“...”

Mutsuki felt a bit like her bust belonged to him, so he wordlessly took the backpack from her.

“Ahem.”

Sensing an odd mood in the classroom, Sakae cleared his throat to gather attention.

“Jiyuuni? Um, is there no way you can do it?”

He looked to Ange once more.

She blushed a little and seemed convinced that Machina could not do it, but she still stubbornly shook her head.

She refused to let them continue, so Sakae sighed.

“Fine, then. We don’t have time, so we’ll only figure out the prop and light people

today. ...Mutsuki.”

“Eh?”

“I have something to ask you.”

Mutsuki never imagined his week of equilibrium would be broken by this.

“Come in.”

After nervously knocking at the door, a familiar voice answered.

Entering the Student Council Room was enough to make any normal student nervous.

But it was even worse for Mutsuki.

“Hm?”

It was 6th period, so an officer would definitely be there to receive cultural festival petitions.

Only Student Council President Shirohara Ren was there. She welcomed the visitor at the head of a long table.

“Do you need something?”

“Y-yes. I am from Class 2-1. We would like to ask for an extension on deciding our roles for the play.”

“Oh, that would be this form. Write your year, class number, class rep’s name, and the reason you are requesting an extension.”

She passed him a folded piece of paper and a pen. His heart pounded as he took them and filled out the indicated fields.

Since they could not decide on someone for the lead today, they had to submit this request to the Student Council. Class Rep Sakae was still running the homeroom, so he had asked his friend Mutsuki to take care of this.

Mutsuki had been unable to refuse, but he had not expected to be alone with Ren.

His hand trembled as he tried to write.

Ren did not seem to mind and organized some kind of paperwork.

As far as he could see, she was no more than a diligent student. While he did sense the skilled aura of a charismatic Student Council President, he could not see anything other than that.

There was no sign that she was FeTUS Witches Miss B.

“Are you done?”

“Eh? Oh, yes.”

He suddenly looked up and their eyes met. He felt his heart leap in his chest and handed her the filled-out form.

She barely looked at it before stamping it, tearing it along the fold, and handing him back half.

That completed the process. He could take back that half.

Ren returned to her work without saying a word. That implicitly told him he could leave and he just about turned his back

But he could not just leave here.

He had wanted a chance to speak with her this entire week...no, since the camping trip halfway through summer break. And now they were alone together, so he would not just leave.

“Um.”

He spoke to her and she looked up.

But now that he had his chance, he realized he had failed to think about what he should actually say.

His mind was blank. Should he ask about her connection to FeTUS? But he did not know if she would answer and she might not like being asked that. He agonized over all sorts of questions.

“Oh, right. The castella.”

“What?”

“Was it bitter melon? Yes, the bitter melon castella from before was quite good.”

“Oh...”

She spoke first.

Before the camping trip, he had brought a bitter melon castella to FeTUS headquarters.

Shirohara Ren, aka Miss B, made no attempt to hide she belonged to FeTUS.

At the same time, she guided him toward the topic he had wanted to broach.

“Senpai...um, Lavriel-san, was it?”

He used the real name he had heard before.

Shirohara Ren...no, Miss B, aka Miss Lavriel Baran, nodded and set down her pen and printout. She placed her elbows on the table and folded her hands in front of her mouth.

That seemed to say “let’s talk”, so Mutsuki faced her more directly.

“Are you...part of FeTUS?”

“I am. Didn’t you hear from Miss E or Miss C?”

“No. I only learned that when I saw you before and, um, it was a real shock.”

He spoke awkwardly.

But not because he was alone with someone from FeTUS, the human organization that opposed the angels.

...He was one-on-one with his first love. Of course he was nervous.

“I see. Hee hee. I suppose Miss E isn’t going to talk. And Miss C might break the rules, but she wouldn’t want to bring me up if she didn’t have to.”

She had no intention of hiding it and she laughed with amusement.

“Um... Then were you monitoring me last year?”

“I don’t like the way you put that, but I can’t deny that I did end up effectively monitoring you. Because you had showed the most promise of the Serpent’s Eye candidates we were aware of.”

“Is that so?”

“Was it unpleasant?”

“No.”

He shook his head.

He denied that, but there was definite displeasure in the way he frowned and looked down.

“When you left...this spring...was that for FeTUS too?”

“No, that had to do with my family.”

“Your family? The Baran family then?”

“Yes. My little sister disappeared...and it’s an embarrassing issue, so I would prefer not to go into details.” Miss B hid her mouth behind her folded hands and spoke calmly. “Anyway, I had settled half of that and Japan happened to be a convenient location for the rest of the work, so I returned. Miss E had already taken over monitoring you, but I will resume that duty later.”

“You...will?”

“Is something the matter?”

She finally noticed the unpleasant look on his face, so she peered at him doubtfully.

“No.”

Mutsuki spoke even more quietly than normal and looked the other way.

He tried to avoid her direct gaze.

“What is it?”

“...”

“If you have something to say, say it.”

A sharpness filled her calm voice, giving it the quality of an icy knife.

“...”

“...”

Mutsuki continued looking to the side with his mouth shut, so silence fell over the

room. It was an unpleasant atmosphere that felt like a sticky chill across his skin.

The first one to give in was Ren. Her eyebrows sharply rose.

“I have no idea what you want to say, but...”

“What’s taking you, Mutsuki!?”

But her irritated voice was drowned out by a sudden intrusion.

Ange burst through the door without knocking. Machina stood behind her.

“How long can it possibly take to get a printout? Take too long and everyone will start the final homeroom-...ah.”

She immediately noticed the odd atmosphere enveloping the room. Mutsuki was facing a member of FeTUS, the organization that opposed the angels, so Ange quickly moved to stand in front of him.

The angel glared at the girl with her azure eyes and Ren sent her sharp gaze back since she was already irritated.

But that only lasted an instant.

“...Go. You’ve finished what you came here to do.”

She withdrew the sharp look in her eyes and sat back down.

The touchy situation had been defused. Ange could be confrontational, but she was not reckless enough to try anything with Machina, another witch, present.

She pulled on Mutsuki’s hand and turned around. But...

“I will say one thing.”

After sitting down and proving she had no hostile intent, Miss B called out to their backs.

“The biggest reason I returned to Japan was to strengthen our ability to fight back against the angels who caused such severe damage to FeTUS with Metatron.”

Ange turned back around and briefly gasped at the icy glare coming from the seated girl.

The look in Miss B’s eyes was enough to make the strongest angel flinch.

“I will never forgive the person who destroyed our headquarters, set back our research, and harmed my teach-...harmed Miss A.”

“...”

“Remember this.”

Those final words were cold.

Ange tried to snap back, but Machina stepped forward first. She stood between Ren and Ange to block their clashing gazes.

Ange had no choice but to fall back now, and any further confrontation was avoided.

Metatron Ange had delivered a serious blow to FeTUS.

And FeTUS's strongest knight, Miss B, had been absent at the time.

The angels and FeTUS had an implicitly understood truce, but a new bud of discord was growing.

And...

Mutsuki had moved to stop the conflict before, but he only watched on now.

"Is this where you wanted to go?"

"Yes."

Two girls had come to get Mutsuki, but they seemed to be taking care of some other work at the same time. After leaving the room, Ange and Machina split up.

Ange returned to the classroom to take the extension request form to Sakae. Machina was putting up the backpack and costumes. Mutsuki decided to stick with the one who had the more difficult job, so he helped Machina carry the costumes.

The costumes would need to go to the drama club's storeroom, but they went to the infirmary first.

"The bandages on the cast are old, so I was told to get new ones."

She removed the old and yellowed bandages from the prop cast.

Doctor Shiromiya, the school doctor, was not there, but Machina knew where to find the bandages. She opened the cabinet above the sink and pulled out some new ones.

There were no other students there, so Mutsuki sat down on an open bed since he had nothing better to do. Then he lay down.

“...Sigh.”

He sighed deeply.

“What’s the matter?”

As she wrapped the new bandages around the cast, Machina realized he wanted her to speak to him. He sighed more quietly before answering.

“Ibekusa-san...you’re here to monitor me, aren’t you?”

“...I am.”

“I see.”

A long while back – and in fact in this very room – he had just learned she was part of FeTUS, so he had pulled her out of swimming class and asked her about it.

The girl tilted her head, wondering why he would be asking this now.

The boy covered his face with his hands.

“So you’re the same as Shirohara-senpai...”

“?”

“You really see me as ‘the person with the Serpent’s Eye’ and not ‘Fujita Mutsuki’.”

“...”

Machina fell quiet as she realized why he was in such a bad mood.

Mutsuki kept his expression hidden.

The most unpleasant part of it all was that Shirohara Ren and Ibekusa Machina were both girls he had already had feelings for. One was his first love and the other someone he had been developing similar feelings for.

If he had met them through the Serpent’s Eye as he had with Ange or Lucia, he would not have felt this way. He never would have met those two if not for the Serpent’s Eye.

But he had fallen in love with those two before he knew anything about FeTUS or the Serpent’s Eye, so things were different.

He felt like someone had rubbed dirt all over his feelings for them.

But he could not direct his anger toward anyone in particular. He never would have met those two without the Serpent's Eye any more than he would have Ange or

Lucia. The frustration was purely emotional.

“What...am I?”

He had no target for his humiliation and irritation, so they came off like bitter complaints.

“I was born with the Serpent's Eye, so there's no use complaining about that. But...”

“...”

“...I feel like I'm not living my own life.”

He felt ashamed of the words as soon as they left his mouth, so he squished his heated cheeks between his hands. He felt like an idiot for complaining like this to a girl he had feelings for.

But he could not stop himself. Even when he held his tongue, a sad sigh left his mouth.

He had never thought he was this pathetic. And that only accelerated the worries filling his chest.

“That isn't true.”

But those worries were soon stopped.

The bed creaked and he felt a warm softness on his elbow. He looked up from between his fingers and saw Machina sitting next to him and looking down at him.

She placed her fingers in his messy hair and gently stroked his head.

“We did approach you for the Serpent's Eye. That is the truth.”

“Yeah...”

“But you sometimes betrayed our expectations, sometimes betrayed the

angels', and sometimes betrayed the demons'. That is what created the current situation. That is undeniably your accomplishment, Fujita-kun, not the Serpent's Eye's."

"..."

"If anyone but you had the Serpent's Eye, then at the very least, we in FeTus would have already been destroyed."

He sensed no ulterior motive behind her comforting words. The girl simply spoke the truth and he felt like his eyes had been opened.

"And I...do not like hearing you say that." Machina closed her eyes a little.

"Because our lives belong to you."

"...!"

The boy finally realized just how insensitive his words had been, so he quickly straightened up.

He had claimed to not be living his own life, but it was they who were not living their own lives.

They were using their school life to monitor the boy with the Serpent's Eye. That was true of Machina, Shirohara Ren, Katsue-sensei, Ange, Micha, and Lucia.

Just how many people were supporting this peaceful life of his? He thought his cheeks would burst into flames as he thought back on his ignorant complaints from just a few minutes earlier.

Luckily, his bright red face was hidden.

"Hwah..."

Machina hugged the boy after he straightened up.

She buried his face in the chest of the gym clothes with her name written on them.

Her cleavage was deep, so the confused boy's entire face was out of view.

The girl then mussed his hair that was now below her chin.

“...Well?”

“Ahp. W-well what?”

“Kurikara-san really likes when I do this to her head. What about you, Fujita-kun?”

She rubbed his head with a gentle hand.

He realized he had often seen Machina brushing Saya's hair at the other girl's request in the few days since the opening ceremony. This seemed to be similar.

Mutsuki was unsure how to answer her question.

Her slender and somewhat chilly fingers rubbed his scalp through his hair.

Even the inside of his head felt nice, so he could see why Saya kept asking for it.

And with his face firmly planted between her soft breasts, each breath tickled his nose with the sweet scent of a girl.

His head and face felt good.

“Um...”

“Relax.”

“Ahh...”

She was treating him like a baby. This was not something he wanted the girl he liked to do to him, so he tried to resist.

But his body relaxed against his will.

The taciturn and expressionless girl's fingertips were as gentle as a mother cat grooming her kitten.

“Ibekusa-san...”

As the bell rang signaling the end of the final homeroom, their bodies were pressed together.

Mutsuki's mind was fuzzy. Shirohara Ren, the Serpent's Eye, and everything else seemed to melt away like he was dreaming.

He could only think about indulging in Machina...

“?”

Mutsuki was the first to notice something was not right.

As he rubbed his face against her breasts hard enough that his nose reached the bottom of the valley, he heard a wet sound from a strange place.

From the peak of the two small mountains.

He looked up and noticed two slight stains on the nametag pressed tightly against the mounds. He tried touching them.

“Nn...”

The girl’s back trembled.

Instead of the softness of her breasts, he felt the intense springiness of her nipples below the stains.

He furthered his investigation by pinching those tips.

A warm dampness seeped out.

He brought it to his nose and found it was almost odorless. It did have a slight smell of protein.

He licked it and found it was tasteless but felt smoother on the tongue than water.

“Breast milk?”

“...?”

Machina did not seem aware she was producing it, so she only looked puzzled.

“L-let me see.”

“O-okay.”

She was partially confused by the suddenness of it all and she was partially embarrassed by his request to “see”. Machina placed a hand on the bed while ensuring no one was around. Golden threads raced over to the room’s door like magic and locked both it and the windows. Then she closed the curtain to hide the bed.

“...Nn.”

She pulled up the front of her gym shirt.

Machina generally did not dress up, but her underwear was always oddly cute. Her bra today was a light blue half cup and it was somewhat damp with sweat.

And the part pressing against her nipples was especially wet.

“I’ll be removing that, okay?”

Their size was always impressive, but he was more impressed by the dampness this time. After getting permission, he undid the front hook.

The bra cups were quite large, but they still must have been restraining her tits.

With their bonds removed, the white melons bounced free.

The moisture on the tip flew through the air.

They were not quite erect, but the nipples were still colored a delicious pink. Mutsuki was hesitant to touch them right away, so he grabbed them from the outer edge of the areolae.

And he lightly squeezed.

“Ahn...”

As his fingers dug in, lines of white sprayed from the light pink points.

It was definitely breast milk. Mutsuki had a much younger sister, so he had seen his mother breast feeding when he was about halfway through elementary school.

“Have you been...lactating? You haven’t, right?”

“No, um, it suddenly started now.”

Machina was as confused as he was.

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

Unsure what to do, they both fell silent for a while.

“...Hwah.”

Finally, Mutsuki resumed his investigation without asking her permission.

The tip of those beautiful mounds perkily pointed forward. He lifted one in his hand and hesitantly placed the bud in his mouth as it dripped white extract.

He did not even need to suck. Rolling it around with his tongue was sufficient.

(Wow, it came out.)

The very tip of the perfectly stiffened protrusion had a crater-like indentation. The human spray came from the pinhole-like opening even further in the center.

It came out as a single stream, but it would separate into several sprays in midair, so he would choke on it if he was not careful.

He covered it with his tongue.

“...Hhn...ahh.”

When he pressed his soft tongue over the nipple, Machina uttered a nasal gasp.

The boy rolled the nipple around with his tongue while sucking on the entire areola.

A faintly fragrant spray burst from the flesh indentation. A milky liquid also welled up in the small slit in the other breast.

“It’s kind of sweet. It’s kind of like...melon juice?”

He naturally began with taste in his investigation of the sudden change to the girl’s body.

A sweet extract something like hot milk spread through his mouth. He also sensed a raw female scent not found in cow milk.

It was smooth on his tongue, oddly mild in this throat, and addictively flavorful.

“Nn...nn.”

He really began sucking now.

Her nipple was an extremely light pink for an Asian, but it seductively gained color as it grew erect from his sucking.

The more erect it grew, the more forcefully the milk squirted out. He had to slow down to not choke on it.

“Oh, I can’t let this go to waste.”

“Eh? ...Ahn.”

The mammary glands were linked, so when the lactation in one breast increased, it did the same in the other.

Mutsuki could not bear to watch the milk drip down onto the bed, so he placed the other nipple in his mouth. He licked up the milk that was dripping down the large round tit and then began sucking.

“Nn... Fujita-kun...if you suck that hard...”

Machina generally did not fight anything he did, so she only raised a trembling voice when he began pecking at an area that had not received any stimulation yet.

While alternately sucking from one then the other nipple, he also squeezed both breasts hard enough for his fingers to dig in, naturally increasing the sensitivity of the entire mounds.

“Ahh...”

The girl uttered a sweet moan as if she had saliva coating her vocal cords and she leaned back. Like she wanted to escape the shame. Like she was offering her breasts to him.

“Ah...n. Ahh...Fujita-kun...”

Machina had initially been moaning about the feeling of him rolling her nipples around, but as the amount of juices surging out grew, a change came to her expression.

She bit her lower lip and wrinkled her brow.

The change was all the more vivid because her expression was usually so

calm.

She exposed her white throat, stuck her small nose out in odd directions, and...

“Ah...hh...nn...”

“...Nn.”

She arched her back, pushing her accentuated bust into Mutsuki’s face.

As he stroked them between his lips, the small protrusions grew into nearly cylindrical shapes. They were like tubes meant to more efficiently let the cream out.

Those beaks made their presence known by trembling slightly. And when he lightly bit them...

“...Hahhhhn.”

The trembling spread to the girl’s entire body.

In the name of investigating her mysterious lactation, Mutsuki had become lost in the sweet flavor and feminine scent, but there was no missing that reaction.

“Ibekusa-san, does it feel good when I suck your milk?”

“Eh? ...N-no, it...”

Suck~

“Ahhhhh...n.”



The girl arched her back and screamed.

And the sexual note to her voice was undeniable.

“It does feel good, doesn’t it?”

Mutsuki grinned mischievously and asked her that without releasing the nipple from his mouth.

“I-I don’t know.”

Machina looked embarrassed as she shook her curly hair and looked away.

She seemed truly baffled by the change to her own breasts. Both the milk and the sensation coming from them.

Mutsuki was tired of moving back and forth between the mounds, so he used their elegantly symmetrical size to gather them in the center and place both tips in his mouth.

“Ahhhhh...”

When he pecked at both puffily erect areolae at once, the girl could no longer restrain her voice.

Her heart and body were both confused by the unexplained lactation. The collected warmth ran through the mammary glands and erupted from the sensitively erect openings. That sequence filled her skin with a throbbing heat around her nipples.

Heated breaths left her slack mouth.

Mutsuki chuckled when he saw it.

“We can’t have this, Ibekusa-san. Your body was lewd enough already, but now you’re producing lewd milk *and* you get off to being milked?”

He rubbed his hips against her defenselessly sprawled out legs.

They both wore their gym clothes for the cultural festival preparations. That meant white shorts for a boy and bloomers for a girl. He rubbed his erection against her bare thigh through the thin fabric of his shorts.

“Ah... I’m not lewd.”

“You are. Incredibly so. Let’s not forget how you showed off your plump body to everyone back in the classroom. After that, every boy in the class is going to jerk off to your tits tonight.”

“...I-I’m sorry.”

“It’s too late to apologize now. I wanted the size and lewdness of your tits to be my secret.”

This girl was always reserved, so she naturally stimulated the slight sadism inside the boy. He rolled her soft breasts around even more roughly and pressed his canine teeth into her areolae.

“Ahh! ...Nn, hh...ahh.”

The way Machina did not complain only stimulated him further.

He had controlled all of her sexual pleasure since she had lost her virginity, so she had a habit of matching her level of arousal to his.

Pressing his erection against her thigh was enough for her to wiggle her hips. Her body recalled the sensation of having that pierce her vagina and stir up the flesh within as it pumped in and out.

His sadistic attack on her nipples inspired a masochistic pleasure inside her.

“You’re sweating. Even your smell is lewd.”

“D-don’t say that.”

“But it’s the truth. ...You smell like milk. Ibekusa-san, that milky smell is really raw or animalistic and it smells really lewd when it mixes with your sweat.”

“Ah...ah.”

“Such shameful tits.”

He again sucked at them both at once.

He forgot all about his original objective and seriously worked at caressing her. He rubbed along her slender waist and down to the slim butt below her bloomers. His erection was still pressed against her thighs.

“Ah...no. Don’t touch me...there. Ahn.”

He transferred his male body heat to her hipline and crotch with the persistence of an obscene tentacle.

Her body shook horribly. Her breasts twisted like they were trying to escape his grasp and even more milk erupted as if from two tiny hoses.

“Pfh. You’re shooting out way too much milk, Ibekusa-san. I can’t drink it all.”

He had trouble breathing with all the milk squirting out as if from a geyser.

He briefly removed his mouth from them, but that did not stop the eruption. The warm, obscene-smelling extract splattered on his face.

And that felt like a waste.

“It keeps getting thicker... Heh heh. Will it stop if I milk it all out?”

“Ahhhhhn.”

He squeezed around the pink tips hard enough to change the elegantly streamlined shape of her bust.

He crudely milked her like she was a cow.

The white lines that flowed out fell to the bed and sometimes got on the curtain.

“I’ll milk you dry of this lewd milk, Ibekusa-san.”

“Ah...n. Fujita-kun, you mustn’t...”

“But I have to. It’s your body’s fault for being so lewd and having such plump tits and ass.”

“I’m not...lewd...ahh.”

He squeezed with the hand on her butt. He could feel the flesh of her butt even through her bloomers.

That sensation aroused him, so he stuck his fingers in through the leg hole digging into her thigh. He groped that roundness that was even more resilient than her bust and felt like a water balloon full of warm water.

“Ah, ahn. No, not so rough.”

“You say that, but it’s so damp in here. Is this all sweat? No, it isn’t. It’s

reached as far back as your anus and it's much stickier than sweat."

"Heeee!

The fingers squeezing her butt finally reached the hottest area at the bottom of the center.

The boy had had teased her anus a few times before and it knew the taste of his dick, so it had developed into a proper erogenous zone that produced an obscene heat. The girl wrinkled her brow when he simply touched it.

"Ha ha♪ It's getting really obvious that more milk comes out the hornier you get."

"Eh...? U-um. Ahn."

She had grown weak, so the boy pulled her in close.

He sat her down on his lap. Their hips were close enough that his erect penis reached the base of her thigh.

At the same time, his thigh pressed against her pussy and applied pressure to her clitoris. When he moved even a little...

"Ahhh, Fujita...-kun. That's... My butt, ah, is tingling...ahh. Do that too much, nnnn, too much...and..."

He pushed at, squished, groped, and vibrated all of her sensitive soft flesh.

The hand on her ass enjoyed its plumpness and the fingertip continued toying with her heated anus.

As the sensual assault spread beyond just her bust, Machina was unsure if she should resist or enjoy it. She simply let breaths of ecstasy escape her half-opened lips.

"Heh heh... Your milk is dripping here too."

"...Ahh."

His tongue tip followed the trail of milk dripping down from her nipple.

Some of it had reached the under bust of her massive soft breast, causing it to stick to her belly. The moisture gathered there.

That area was even more poorly ventilated than her cleavage, so it tended to get sweaty. After he licked there, a stronger scent of sweat reached his nose.

“Your sweat really is lewd, Ibekusa-san.”

“Eh...? Ah, no, that’s...hwah.”

Machina cried out in embarrassment at where Mutsuki’s tongue moved next.

From below her breast, he moved to the side and to her armpit.

“There’s no hair at all. Is that natural?”

“I-I don’t know.”

He had noticed it a few times before, but she had no armpit hair. There was some peach fuzz since she did not have to shave it, but that showed no sign of growing further.

The sweat there had been distilled by her own skin. That somewhat acidic, kinky extract seemed like her skin in liquid form. He licked it all up.

“Hyah...ahh...”

Machina grew tearful from the embarrassment and ticklishness.

The boy enjoyed her sweat and did not move from there.

“Ahh.”

“Nnahhhhn. D-don’t breathe in...like that...ahhhhh.”

He returned to the milk.

“Puhahh... Nn, they’re both nice, but I think I prefer the milk.”

He focused on milking her.

“C’mon, Ibekusa-san, give me some more milk. I’ll finger your pussy and ass, okay? I want to drink more.”

“Fujita-kun... Ahh, y-you’re always so dirty...”

Machina seemed hesitant, but her body did as the boy wished.

“Ahh, nnnn...nhn, nn≡”

She rhythmically wiggled her hips and rubbed her vulva against his thigh.

Then the milk came out in greater quantity, like it was being pushed out from behind.

She wrapped her arms around his neck like she always did when they had sex.

When she was truly horny, she grew disoriented and needed that to stabilize herself.

And the boy made sure to work at it from his end as well. He moved his hips to stimulate Machina and rubbed his erect penis against her slender leg.

White milk flowed endlessly from the twitching nipple of her other breast, and...

“Ahn.”

“Ha ha. My finger slipped right in. I wasn’t trying too, but your asshole is so loose.”

“Ahn≡”

As he persistently loosened her anus, it opened wide and swallowed his teasing finger to the first joint. He followed his desire by sticking the finger in all the way and rubbing at her on the inside the way he knew she liked.

“Ah, heeeen.”

Even more milk sprayed out.

“Nhaaah... My butt, not my butt... I can feel it in my breasts. Down there...and in my breasts. The milk...the milk is coming out.”

“Ha ha. It really is. The milk just keeps getting thicker. Just drinking it is making me dizzy.”

“Uuh... How embarrassing.”

“You’re dying to cum, aren’t you?”

“~~”

With an obscene heat in her nipples and crotch, the girl looked away in embarrassment but still nodded.

“Then cum you shall. From the look of things, I bet I can get you to cum just

from your boobs.”

“Ahh...”

“I’ll milk you to the limit.”

Still holding her hips through the gym clothes, he lifted her breasts and once more placed both areolae in his mouth.

Machina arched her back and milk squirted out to demonstrate the pleasure she felt.

“Ah...ah, Fujita-kun...no. I can’t bear it any longer.”

Her body naturally hopped around on top of him.

She twisted her sensitive flesh, stimulating him as a way to ask for more.

But Mutsuki ignored that and focused on milking her. He did press his thigh against her pubis and trace his finger across the stickily melted muscles of her shameful anus, but that was only a bonus. Sucking her erect nipples was always the focus.

“Ahh...nn, nnn.”

“...Ah, Ibekusa-san...”

“Ah...ah, Fujita...-kun.”

He usually rubbed at her vaginal flesh and pounded on her womb, but this different way of toying with her led her to run her hands through his hair.

She lovingly embraced his head as he buried his face in her chest. She almost seemed like a mother with her baby.

The look on her face was different from normal. The damp, intoxicated look in her eyes was the same, but there was also a sense of deep peacefulness and bliss.

“Nn...”

Even in the midst of such great arousal, she had to narrow her eyes in pure joy as she rubbed his head. Mutsuki was entranced by that look.

It was a motherly expression of all-encompassing compassion.

“Ah...hh, my chest...feels so hot≡”

That holy mother’s smile was directed only toward Fujita Mutsuki, but it melted with sexuality in an instant.

Her slender body hopped up. Her nipples trembled like electricity was passing through them. And that tiny tremor spread to the rest of her breasts.

Her anus squeezed at the finger inside it and her squished pussy leaked enough fluid to soak his shorts and trail down his thigh. Her barely-touched vulva and pleasure-filled anus were both in full bloom.

Looking happier than mere pleasure could bring, she rubbed her cheek against the boy’s hair as he sucked at her milk.

“Ah...ah, ah...! Fujita-kun is taking...all of my milk...≡”

Something was leaving her body. It was being taken from her.

Even amid the sexual pleasure, an instinctive motherly joy melted into the milk.

“Nnnnnnnnn...!”

“Ahp...”

The continuous stream burst out with enough force to form a distinct ball. The boy nearly choked.

“Nhah...≡ Ah...ahhh...≡”

The girl straddling him bent her shoulders back and her slender spine writhed in pleasure. The tremor ran through even her breasts as they danced with plenty of milk inside.

This breast climax was different from normal, so she had not known where the peak was and it had taken time to reach it.

And that meant she was trapped in the vortex of ecstasy even longer.

“...≡ Uuh...”

The spray of milk that scorched her mammary glands and shot out applied further sensual pleasure inside her breasts. She twisted her body and moaned.

All the while, she never did let Mutsuki go.

“...Pwah...”

The milky liquid continued to drip from her nipples, but sucking out any more would only make her suffer. He removed his mouth for the time being.

Her thoroughly sucked nipples continued twitching for a while, but they would eventually stop without the pressure of his sucking. That was perfectly normal.

More importantly, the effects of the orgasm were sticking with her longer than usual, so Machina remained limp. She leaned against the boy with a blank look on

her face and her shoulders trembled.

“Are you okay?”

“Yes...”

Mutsuki rubbed her back and she looked up lethargically.

She lay on her side.

“So what was with that milk, anyway?”

“I don’t know. But...”

An idea must have occurred to her because Machina brought the base of her index finger to her lips in thought.

“Let’s check on something.”

Meanwhile, Mutsuki got up with an air of resolve rather than insight.

He had understood what this had to be from the very beginning. He got down from the bed and opened the cabinet above the sink where she had taken the bandages from earlier.

He quickly found what he was looking for.

“What...?”

The girl followed him after fixing her gym clothes. Mutsuki broke the seal of what he held.

“We need to check on something important.”

Machina looked shocked at what he had pulled out, but he pulled on her hand and held her close regardless.

It was unbelievably forceful for him.

He might be a father, so he could not continue acting like a nervous child.

“Um... Right. You pee on it. Let’s try it.”

“Eh? Ehh?”

The pregnancy test was packaged with instructions that included incredibly simple diagrams. He quickly pulled out the plastic stick, broke the film, and removed the cap. This revealed a stick of cotton or something. That had to be what to get the urine on.

He was all set. That just left...

“Here is good enough. Come here, Ibekusa-san.”

“...Fujita-kun? ...Wah.”

Machina was bewildered for once.

Nevertheless, Mutsuki pulled down her bloomers and panties. Her sweat-soaked panties caught on her plump thighs and were hard to remove, but that did not matter.

He held her from behind as if grabbing her knees. Her tits were quite weighty, but she was slender overall and not all that heavy. He truly was treating her like a child.

Her youthful butt looked like a fresh white peach as he placed it on the edge of the sink.

“Okay, once you pee on it, we’ll have the result in 3 minutes. Go ahead.”

“G-go ahead...?”

“Let’s check on this. And if...”

If she was pregnant...

“ ... ”

The Serpent's Eye, FeTUS, the angels, the demons...school, home, a job, a new life, a new lifestyle.

Many things passed through his mind, but his resolve was much stronger than any of that.

Whether she would go through with the pregnancy was her decision, but if she was willing to do so...

He wanted to be a father.

"F-Fujita-kun... I understand you want to check on this, but this pose is a little-..."

"Just leave it to me."

He reached his arms below her knees just like when he helped his youngest sister use the bathroom and then he reached toward her crotch.

He prepared the pregnancy test's stick in one hand. And with the other...

"Ahn..."

He reached for the bewitching hill between her spread legs.

The mound of flesh looked as childish as that of his younger sister. It was swollen enough to hide the central slit, but the contents were plenty mature. Due to teasing her through her panties, the area around the mound felt warm and he could predict the heat he would find within.

The slit was incredibly narrow, but with the fluids dripping from her womb, he could easily fit 2 fingers inside.

When he spread the lips, he caught a glimpse of raw pink that stood out against her pure white thighs. The cute coloration was a lot like cherry blossom petals, but it looked incredibly indecent in contrast to her white skin and with sticky extract coating it.

Mutsuki could see everything thanks to the sink's mirror, but his focus was only on her womb.

"C'mon, let it out. We need to check."

There was a slightly lighter colored portion of the pink flesh. He tickled that indentation located a bit above her secret hole.

“Wah, F-Fujita-kun. Um, ah.”

Machina of course twisted her body.

She was in front of someone, she was not in the bathroom, and she was being held like a small child.

She generally did not resist anything Mutsuki did, but this was an exception.

However, she still felt weak so soon after orgasm, so she could not put up much of a resistance. In fact, masochistic pleasure lingered in her after the intense teasing of her boobs, so her body obeyed him.

“Ah...nn. I can't, I can't...ah, ahhh.”

Her bladder did as Mutsuki said and grew warm.

Her female lips were spread in a diamond like a package of pocket tissues and a change came over the indentation above the vagina. A ring shape pushed out as if to accentuate the central hole.

She had to resist this, but her body had already learned that doing as he said brought pleasure. A sweet sense of danger brought tears to her eyes.

“This is important, okay?”

Mutsuki knew that meant her bladder and urethra were reacting, so he arrogantly moved his fingers some more.

He applied pressure to her urethra as if massaging the entire soft slit.

As the pressure seeped inwards, her skin wriggled and a tingling filled her. The pulse of faint tingling spread up her urethra and ultimately reached her bladder.

“No...um, that's embarrassing...ah...”

The pulse gently heating her crotch was not something Machina could resist with the climax still lingering inside her.

She kicked empty air with her shoes still on. The tremor coming from deep within her lower stomach spread to her thighs, her knees, and finally her feet.

“No...don’t look. It’s coming out, it’s coming out...”

“That’s fine. Let it out.”

Her spread labia lifted up on their own like a blooming flower.

And...

“Why is this door locked with a Springloaded?”

The infirmary door opened.

“Miss E, you shouldn’t use a Springloaded where normal students might-
...ah.”

“Eh?”

“Ahhhhhhh≡”



Thanks to the light of the setting sun shining in through the window, the oddly thick stream glittered gold.

It dripped downwards at first, but it gradually grew stronger and the angle rose until it was spraying forward.

It hit the test stick Mutsuki held, so they had what they needed. But she could not slow down the stream and it passed over the sink and splattered on the mirror.

Mutsuki should have adjusted the angle since he was holding her.

“What...are you...?”

But he froze in place due to the sudden intruder.

A normal student would not have been able to open the door sealed by a witch, but that seal was useless against another witch. In fact, it had raised Lavriel’s suspicions and led her inside the infirmary.

Lavriel was dumbfounded at the sight of her fellow witch peeing while held like a small child.

Mutsuki froze up at the appearance of the President who had been so threatening when they had parted ways earlier.

“Ahh...≡”

Machina alone failed to notice the situation and breathed a sigh of ecstasy.

“This is completely unprecedented!!!!”

They left Machina to clean up the infirmary. She got to work on the soaked sink, bed, and pregnancy test that had turned out negative. The other two returned to the Student Council Room.

More specifically, Mutsuki was dragged back.

Ren was supposedly British, but she knew how to give a Japanese-style lecture and had Mutsuki sit *seiza*-style on the floor.

“I’m disappointed in you, Fujita Mutsuki! How could you do...do, um, something so indecent to a lady!?”

The way she roared in anger was very different from when she had

intimidated Ange earlier.

This differed from her usual composed behavior, but that only gave it more intensity. Her solemn and dignified eyes grew further angled and frightened the boy.

Meanwhile, Mutsuki wanted to cry.

Thinking he had impregnated a girl he liked, he had gotten carried away and pressured her into peeing in front of him. And then his first love had seen it.

He felt like his own self-loathing would crush him.

“Honestly...”

Ren also seemed somewhat unsure what to do. She paced back and forth in front of him until she sat down to try to calm down, but she only fidgeted there until she hopped back to her feet.

“I-I thought you had more sense than this.”

“...I’m sorry.”

“What good is apologizing!? It isn’t going to fix this problem!”

“...I’m sorry.”

That was all he could say. Just as she said, he wanted to go prostrate himself before Machina right this instant.

Once Ren finished shouting angrily at him, she sat down again and placed a hand on her greatly wrinkled brow.

“Anyway, we both need to calm down.”

She cleared her throat. She said they needed to calm down, but Mutsuki was feeling downright depressed and she was the only one panicking.

She continued with a nervous tone to her voice.

“I am aware you hold a special position due to the Serpent’s Eye. But this is a more fundamental problem. I have to question your humanity in this one.”

“Of course...”

Lecturing him was no good when his self-loathing caused her words to go in

one ear and out the other.

Picking up on that, Ren realized yelling at him any longer was not going to help.

“You leave me no choice.”

Chapter 3

The Fujita family tended to be low energy, but Mutsuki did not have trouble getting up in the morning.

But just because he did not have trouble did not mean he was particularly good at it.

However...

Rinnng, rinnng.

Yet again, he got out of bed at 5 AM at the insistence of his ringing cellphone.

“Hello?”

“Are you up?”

“Yefh.”

“We meet in the Student Council Room at 0600 again. Don’t be late. Got that?”

His groggy mind managed to answer “yes”. He suppressed his desire to dive right back into bed and got dressed. He put on his gym clothes instead of his uniform.

He had 3 pairs, but it was a little damp because he had been wearing them every day lately and his laundry rotation could not keep up.

The sun had yet to color the eastern sky, so the living room’s eastern window was dark. He sighed and prepared breakfast like usual.

“I’m back~♪ Oh? Hee hee hee. You’re up early again.”

“Welcome back, Micha-san.”

After having fun on her motorcycle all night, Micha returned at around half past five. He had already explained the situation to her, so she chuckled at the tired look on Mutsuki’s face.

“Was her name Ren-chan? She must really like you.”

“This isn’t easy...”

“Don’t blame her, Mutsuki-kun. You give off this aura that makes older girls want to take care of you.”

This was nothing as kind as taking care of him, so he could only sigh.

“Is Ange in her room?”

“Yes. ...I think. She left yesterday like you did. I went to bed at 10 and haven’t seen her.”

He had no time, so he ate his breakfast while preparing the food and placed Micha and Ange’s portions on plates. After brushing his teeth and finishing getting ready, he grabbed the bag with his school supplies and uniform in it.

“I’ll be going. Make sure Ange doesn’t sleep in.”

“Will do~”

To arrive by the promised time, he left the house when the September sky had only started growing bright.

He arrived at school at 5:50. He left his bag in the classroom before heading to the Student Council Room.

“0555. You made sure to arrive 5 minutes early. Well done.”

She was already there.

Ren also wore her gym clothes and she nodded when the boy arrived.

“To hone your charitable heart, let’s get to work preparing for the cultural festival.”

She stood straight and directly faced him. Mutsuki was fully awake now but still weary. She, however, exuded motivation and eagerness from her entire body.

“Are you ready, Fujita Mutsuki?”

“...Yes.”

“Show me more energy than that.”

“Yes!”

3 days had passed.

Mutsuki was being punished for his deviant sexual behavior on campus, but for Machina’s sake, they could not make a big deal out of it and so President Shirohara was personally overseeing the punishment.

Plus, Machina had not been all that angry in the first place, so it was more an issue of Ren’s feelings.

The personal punishment given to Mutsuki was to assist with Student Council business until the cultural festival.

Basically, he did odd jobs to prepare for the festival.

It seemed simple, but it was rough. Mutsuki alone had to take over all the help for a festival held by the entire gigantic school.

Ren had made a number of comments:

“Listen, Fujita Mutsuki. I once monitored you, so I don’t think you are a vulgar person to the core. I think you merely lost your way in the 5 months I was gone.”

“You hold an important position as the bearer of the Serpent’s Eye. I understand how finding yourself in that position during adolescence can blind you to what is right. But that is why I wish to guide you to a pure and wholesome life.”

“A wholesome mind is built upon wholesome deeds. Regain your pure self with volunteer work.”

“Don’t worry. I will work with you.”

It was unclear how she viewed this, but Mutsuki had never been able to say “no” and this was Shirohara Ren-senpai. He could not defy her.

“Today, we will be weeding the area around here. I want the lawn to look nice for the festival.”

“Okay.”

He was entirely unable to complain as she had him wake up at 5 in the

morning to do all sorts of odd jobs.

Today, it was weeding. The schoolyard and edges of the sports ground had not been maintained over summer break, so there were plenty of weeds growing.

Even if it was still cool so soon after sunrise, it was heavy labor. He was sweating after only 15 minutes. Sweat stained his work gloves and some rough dirt got inside them.

At the very least, this was not a job for a normal student to be doing at this hour. ...He frowned while the smell of the weeds pricked at his nose.

But this was the 3rd day. Mutsuki was more or less voluntarily participating in this harsh early-morning work.

He was not obligated to do this, so he could skip it if he wanted.

Then why was he doing it? Part of it was his easily influenced personality. Part of it was self-punishment because he felt bad for what he did to Machina, even if she was not saying anything about it. Part of it was Shirohara Ren's charisma that allowed her to force through some fairly ridiculous demands.

And...

"Oh... Look, Fujita Mutsuki."

"Yes?"

Ren called him over while crouched down next to the school building.

Her work gloves were even muddier than Mutsuki's and she pointed at a pale crimson color mixed in with the green summer grass.



“It’s a cosmos. In Japan it’s also called...an autumn cherry blossom, isn’t it?”

“Yes. I see it’s still a bud.”

“It must have wandered in here from somewhere. It would be a shame to uproot it. There’s a flower bed in the courtyard that isn’t in use, so let’s move it there.”

She smiled happily and carefully dug around it.

— — — And part of it was because she would spend time with him.

President Shirohara Ren had a strong sense of responsibility, so she had begun monitoring because she had ordered him here in the name of providing guidance.

“Don’t worry. I will work with you.”

Just as she had said, she performed all of the odd jobs alongside him, from weeding to cleaning the school building. She was always here early in the morning.

She had no obligation either, but she put in the same work in the name of providing guidance. He could hardly complain about that.

And there was one last part of it...

“Time to carry it over. ...Oh, the dirt is falling away. Fujita Mutsuki, hold it in.”

“Oh, yes, yes.”

Ren made a bowl out of her hands and tried to carry the cosmos and the root ball below it.

Mutsuki wrapped his hands around hers from below to catch any dirt that fell out.

They were wearing work gloves, but he still felt his cheeks grow hot from holding her hands. Fortunately, he was sweating, so she did not notice.

— — — The last part was of course that he had feelings for her.

“Kyah!”

“Eh?”

He heard a cute scream.

Wondering what it was, he realized Ren was acting oddly.

Her eyes were as clear as the September sky and they were opened wide.

Her usually intelligent face looked more like a puppy now. He tilted his head, wondering what had happened.

“Eek.”

She tensed up and let out another cute shriek.

Her shapely chin was pulled all the way back to her throat to look down at something: her own clothes.

Then he realized that a 5cm object the color of a dead leaf had hopped from the cosmos and onto her clothes. Specifically, onto the nametag on her chest.

“Oh, a grasshopper. They’re pretty common this time of year.”

It was fairly big but not a big deal. It was only a grasshopper.

He did not often come across bugs at his age, so he smiled at it.

But the girl with it on her chest was not smiling at all.

“Uh, uhhh, um, Fujita Mutsuki. Sorry, but...”

“Yes?”

“Hwah...it’s crawling up.”

The uncooperative grasshopper crawled up her gym shirt in search of higher ground.

In other words, it was approaching her face.

“G-get it off, get it off.”

Her mouth flapped and her voice was shrill.

Mutsuki was taken aback.

(...She’s so cute.)

He smiled bitterly.

“Do you not like bugs?”

“No, I don’t. Um, hurry?”

“Oh, yes, yes.”

He reached out his hand.

Mutsuki was a boy, so he was not afraid of a bug like this. He tried to grab it, but...

“Hyahhh!”

Despite being a boy, he forgot how bugs worked. As soon as he tried to grab it, the grasshopper jumped away. And right toward Ren’s face.

The frozen girl managed to use her true reflexes to dodge to the side with incredible speed.

With nowhere to land, the grasshopper fell into the grass and the cosmos Ren had been holding fell to the ground. And...

“Ah... Um, senpai?”

It must have really scared her. Ren was trembling and clinging to Mutsuki.

Like a small child, she clung to the arm he had not reached out toward her.

(Oh. H-her boobs are touching me...)

This unexpected contact with his beloved upperclassman caused the boy to freeze in place.

He had been holding this arm out to hold the cosmos, so she was pressing everything from her chest to her stomach against the length of the arm.

Most notable was his upper arm squished between her breasts.

(Hers are pretty big too. Oh, but they feel a lot different from Ibekusa-san’s...)

“!”

The girl soon came back to her senses and quickly moved away.

“My apologies. I panicked.”

Where had that cuteness gone? She returned to the usual dignified and intellectual

Shirohara-senpai and cleared her throat.

“I’ll carry the flower, so you continue weeding.”

She picked back up the dropped cosmos. It had lost a lot of dirt, so she could carry it on her own.

He was disappointed he could not hold her hands through the work gloves, but he had just had even more contact than that, so being with her would be awkward.

He simply nodded and got back to weeding.

Ren’s panic must have stuck with her because she kept an oddly emotionless face, frowned, and started toward the courtyard.

She stopped after a single step.

“I wonder if there are...grasshoppers in the courtyard flower bed.”

“It’s still pretty hot, so probably.”

“...”

“O-okay, okay. I’ll go with you.”

He still did not get to hold her hands, but he went with her.

He got to see an unusual side to this beloved upperclassman, so he decided arriving at school so early might actually be fun.

Unsurprisingly, they were downright exhausted.

“Ah~~~”

“Really wears you out, doesn’t it?”

The heavy labor from 6 AM left Mutsuki about to collapse once classes started.

He laid his head on his desk and Sakae rubbed his shoulders.

After being freed at 8, he had changed into his uniform and gone to his classroom.

Those 30 minutes until the bell rang were his precious resting time.

He currently had about 10 minutes left. Machina and Ange had yet to arrive, but a lot of the boys, Lucia and Sakae included, had gathered today.

“That girl really pisses me off, being so mean to Mutsuki-kun,” complained Lucia.

Mutsuki smiled bitterly and shook his head to say she was not being mean to him.

“But it also has got to be nice hanging out with Shirohara-senpai like that.”

“I know, right? Kah~, I’m so jealous, Fujita~”

Everyone gathered there began speaking.

Gentle Mutsuki could get along with anyone and ever-positive Sakae tended to attract people to him. It was hardly surprising that their classmates were approaching them, but...

“Hey, hey, Fujita-kun. What’s it like being the president’s personal errand boy?”

“Do you end up alone with her a lot?”

He could not help but think that his job was attracting more people than usual.

The school was viewing Fujita Mutsuki as an emergency helper for the Student Council. They could not announce why he had ended up doing this, but people rarely cared much what the Student Council did. No one had questioned it as he worked with the Student Council early in the morning, during lunch, and during the cultural festival preparatory period for the past 3 days.

But even if no one cared about the Student Council, they did care about the Student Council President.

“Man, I wish I could get that close to her.”

“She’s so damn pretty, isn’t she? Your average idol doesn’t hold a candle to her.”

“It’s not just her face; it’s that body too. She’s slender in all the right places

and thick in all the right places...and her hips are positioned so high. Non-Japanese blood is a hell of thing.”

Mutsuki was right there, but they ignored him and began discussing the president.

This was the natural course of conversation for boys, so Mutsuki listened in and nodded along.

Shirohara Ren had more than just elegant facial features; her body was also incredible. It had been obvious from a distance, but a closer look proved it all the more.

Her arms and legs were the ideal length and her 160cm body had the head, chest, abdomen, and hips divided into the golden ratio of a Greek sculpture. She could gather attention just by standing there and her ideal model’s body played a large role in that.

Her breasts were beautiful spheres that looked like 2 eggs side by side. Mutsuki would be lying if he said being alone with her in the morning had not put him in a strange mood.

That said, Mutsuki was somewhat accustomed to being around hot bodies.

That previous touch had sent his heart racing, but he was used to being around beautiful women like Katsue-sensei. He was also in contact with beautiful girls who had a more fetishistic appeal such as Machina with an absurdly large bust on an otherwise average frame or Ange who had an average build with the height of an elementary school girl.

“ ... ”

“Oh, good morning, Ibekusa-san.”

“...Good morning.”

At that very moment, Machina arrived as inconspicuously as ever.

If she was here, the bell was about to ring. Unable to continue their crude conversation with a girl present, Sakae and the other classmates returned to their desks.

Only Lucia and Machina remained.

...And Machina seemed to have already forgiven him for the incident 3 days prior.

She had already known Mutsuki tended to get carried away, so she may have been used to his occasional extreme request.

Machina herself did not mind, Ren alone was angry, and Mutsuki alone felt self-loathing.

The pregnancy test and a FeTUS test had both rejected the possibility of pregnancy. They were apparently still investigating the reason for the lactation.

Mutsuki felt somewhat relieved and somewhat disappointed. That slight awkwardness remained as he gradually regained his usual relationship with Machina.

“Huh? Come to think of it...”

He realized the desk behind her was empty. That was Ange’s seat.

Machina always arrived just before the bell. If she was here but Ange was not, then Ange was late.

“Deryaaaahhhh! Made it!”

At that very moment, she dove into the classroom.

Her tie was twisted, her buttons were done up wrong, and she was generally a mess. He had given her cellphone a wakeup call at around 7, but she must have gone back to sleep.

“Sigh. C’mon, stupid Mutsuki. You need to leave my lunch in a more obvious place.

I used up way too much time searching for it.”

She stomped over and sat down. She was quite sweaty.

“Huh? Didn’t I leave your lunch on the table?”

“It was next to the sink. I spent forever looking.”

“Oh. Sorry. But isn’t that one of the first places you would look?”

“Uuh... Well, I was running late after going back to sleep.”

I knew it, thought Mutsuki with a bitter smile.

Ange wrinkled her brow in annoyance, but she was not the type to complain when

it was her own fault. She fell silent and looked the other way.

Then their teacher arrived and the time for chatting ended.

I need to make two wakeup calls from now on, decided Mutsuki.

(Ange went back to sleep.)

Did that mean she had been out somewhere during the night again?

That one concern stuck with him.

The morning was the most exhausting time, but Mutsuki also had to carry out Ren's instructions during the cultural festival homeroom during 6th period.

It had been a difficult day. Since the homeroom took up both 5th and 6th period today, he had been called to the Student Council Room during lunch. And not all of his tasks were physical labor like that morning.

"Umm."

Megutono Academy had more than 20 school buildings, so there were a lot one would never visit during a normal life there.

Building East 2 on the northeast of the grounds was one of those.

It was generally known as the Music Building. It was 3-stories tall and all of the rooms on the 2nd and 3rd floor were used for music rooms. The 3rd floor contained a few larger music rooms for the brass band and the choir. The 2nd floor contained smaller classrooms, but they had been soundproofed and filled with acoustic equipment for the clubs that wanted to start bands.

Simply put, the entire building had been made into a gathering place for those who loved musical instruments.

Mutsuki was not all that interested in music, so he never had to go there.

But for those in a band, the cultural festival was the most important time of year and he was assisting with the preparation for the exciting season.

“Please write your requested time on this form and drop it off at the Student Council Room by afterschool Friday.”

“Sure thing♪”

Feeling glad they seemed nice, Mutsuki finished his task, stepped outside, and sighed.

His job today was to confirm the number of clubs and bands that wanted to perform in the gym during the cultural festival.

All he had to do was bring them the form, but...

(Uuh~, this makes me so nervous.)

He had trouble with people he did not know and he was hesitant to knock when they were practicing music, so this was a difficult task for him.

“That’s the brass band and choir done. Next is...”

His mood grew dark when he thought about where he was going next.

The 2nd floor was for individuals who had formed a band instead of more traditional clubs.

While the 3rd floor had been built for music in the first place, the 2nd floor had modified normal classrooms into music rooms, so it had an entirely different atmosphere. The hallway was full of large equipment and instruments, so there must have been nowhere else to store them. A few of the windows were covered with soundproofing material, so it was dark.

Plus, this was a haunt for rock bands.

This was only Mutsuki’s personal image of rock bands, but he assumed he would have to face slender macho men with spiky hair who dressed skimpily to show off their bodies.

This boy had overcome threats to his life in conflicts involving angels and demons, but he was still afraid of that type.

“Excuse meeee.”

He hesitantly knocked on the first door.

He would wait a few seconds. If no one answered the door, could he report to

Ren that no one was there? He felt like that would be dishonest, but...

“Yes? Ahn...what is it?”

The door opened.

Rudely enough, Mutsuki felt his fears had been confirmed when he saw the girl who opened the door.

She was from the high school. Her hair had been bleached a nearly-white brown and her skin was well tanned. Her eyes were accentuated by extreme mascara and she had color contacts in, so he naturally flinched back upon seeing her.

She was what was known as a black gal. Mutsuki had heard there were a few of those in the high school, but he had never seen one up close since there were none in the middle school. He grew flustered.

“Um, I-I’m from the Student Council. It’s about the cultural festival.”

He wanted to get this over with as quickly as possible, so he handed her the form and explained how to fill it out.

He glanced inside the room and found it had been remade into their personal studio. It did not look at all like part of a school. They had brought a sofa and table in and “Silvia” was written on the wall with laminate letters. That may have been their band name.

The band had 4 members including the one that had answered the door. They must have been a group of gals because 3 of them had skin tanned at a salon and bleached, wavy hair. There were some slight differences in their fashion, such as wearing a scarf and knit hat despite the heat or having a tear sticker next to just one eye.

Mutsuki’s eyes naturally turned toward the last one: a less stylish girl sitting quietly in the back.

“...Fujita-kun?”

“Eh? Oh, Niki-san.”

He realized she was a classmate.

It was Niki Hozumi from his class. He recalled that she was playing in a band for

the cultural festival. This seemed to be that band.

“Eh? What’s this? Is he a friend of yours, Nikki?”

“Is he your boyfriend? Well, is he? C’mere, you.”

The other 3 grew excited and pulled him inside.

They had him sit on the sofa and then two of them sat on either side of him. The club president sat across the table from him.

“Hm, you’re pretty cute. So, Nikki, is this the Satowa boy you were talking about?”

“N-no. This is, um, Fujita-kun.”

The other three were upperclassmen, so even strong-willed Hozumi grew obedient here.

Mutsuki froze up at the sudden turn of events.

The three older girls seemed to subscribe to the idea that a friend of a friend was a friend because they grew overly familiar. Most notably, they moved quite close.

They brought their faces in close, while ignoring how their boobs and thighs pressed against him.

“I’m jealous, Nikki. We don’t have any guys this cute in our class.”

“Na ha ha. He’s blushing. I like this kid. He’s just my type.”

“Um, um...”

Trapped between them, Mutsuki had no idea what to do.

Sitting in the seat across from him, the club president suggestively sucked a lollipop with her thick lips as she casually read through the form. He had to stick around until she understood it.

(N-not so close. Your boobs are touching me... Niki-san, help me, Niki-saaan.)

He sought Hozumi’s help, but as the underclassman of the club, she only

smiled bitterly.

All in all, the high school gals molested him for 15 minutes.

It was 30 minutes after that when Mutsuki trudged back to the Student Council Room.

Just as he had feared, he had run across people with spiky hair and lots of makeup, but he had fortunately found them to be normal people when he spoke with them. From there, the explanations had gone smoothly.

That said, he was still exhausted when he left the Music Building.

(Personal clothing and piercings... Hard to believe they're from the same school.)

Mutsuki was in a bit of a daze.

The members of Silvia in the first room had left the strongest impression.

He had no prejudices against black gals. Even if hers was natural, he had a roommate with the same color of skin.

But it embarrassed him when they approached him so unreservedly.

The band members were Nikki (i.e. Niki Hozumi), Mami, Amu, and Teruyo. (The others had not told him their real names.) They were searching for a male vocalist for the cultural festival and they wanted Lucia. After hearing Mutsuki was friends with him, they had asked him to help convince Lucia.

...Did that mean he would meet them again?

While hoping "Nikki" would get the other three to give up, he entered the main building.

"..."

But despite the trouble he had with them, his skin felt like it was on fire.

They were hot. And even if they had not been, having 3 girls pressing up against him would do that.

Plus, the dark skin of those black gals played a role.

A brown-skinned young woman had forcibly taken his virginity and he had

slept with her as her lover many times since then.

“Ahh...”

A sharp sensation ran through his lower body and simply walking caused him to bend over.

He had hid it by positioning it in his pants, but his dick had been rock hard ever since visiting that room. He was in public, but he had trouble walking like this.

It was due to having those tanned girls clinging to him.

That had reminded him of that lust-inspiring woman with the same color of skin.

But Micha was not the only one he remembered.

He also thought of that girl he had met in his dream...

“I’m back.”

“Uwah!? Fujita Mutsuki, wait just a second...”

“Eh? ...Wah!”

He had been in such a daze that he had forgotten to knock before opening the door.

As usual, Ren was the only one in the Student Council Room. And the two of them froze in place at this unexpected situation.

She had been changing into her gym clothes. She must have been in a hurry because she had fully removed her uniform before putting on the gym clothes. And in the instant before that second step...

“Sorry!”

He quickly shut the door.

“...”

Afterwards, he froze, forgetting to even let go of the doorknob.

(I...saw it.)

His mind went blank.

She had still had her skirt on and her back had been turned, so he had only seen how slender her waist was, but he had still seen her “while she was changing”. His face grew warm.

And as he remained frozen there...

“Y-you can come in now.”

“Ahhh.”

Ren finally opened the door from her side. Since he was still holding the knob, he stumbled forward.

“Sorry,” he said in a nearly inaudible voice as he walked in.

“I don’t mind. That was my responsibility for being so negligent.”

The girl cleared her throat and tried to distract him from the fact that her face was even redder than his.

She then held the chest of her shirt.

“...Did you see?”

She wrinkled her brow in a look of embarrassment.

“N-no! I didn’t. Um, o-only your back.”

He could not claim he had not seen her changing, but when he realized she was talking about her chest – the one part of her fit body that was sensually swollen – he quickly shook his head.

The way she held her fingers against her beautiful bust line caused them to sink down, showing just how soft the mounds inside her shirt were.

He had only seen her back, so he really had not seen them. The boy blushed and denied it, and the girl must have decided he was telling the truth because she breathed a sigh of relief.

“Oh, Senpai. Your skin...”

“Mh? Oh, I forgot.”

After taking a breath, she too noticed what was wrong.

Her skin color and her hair color had changed. Her skin had become an almost

sticky white reminiscent of milk. Her hair changed from a pale brown to a bright blonde.

Her Asian body became a white body.

“My Illusion Springloaded was switched off. ...Is this better?”

She seemed to manipulate something and then her skin and hair returned to their normal color.

Mutsuki was taken aback, but he soon realized what this was.

“Oh, right. You’re actually British, aren’t you?”

“Yes. The founder of the family is said to have been French, but my Baran family has accompanied the history of Great Britain for generations.”

She and his homeroom teacher Katsue Subaru were both white, but they wore disguises to blend in while living in Japan.

“How do you change your skin color?”

He asked the question he had wondered since learning Subaru’s identity.

“Nanomachines known as Illusion Springloaded. By rubbing them on my skin, they

change the light reflection rate to alter the apparent pigmentation.”

“Oh?”

He did not entirely understand the concept, but he understood it as mechanical makeup.

“So it doesn’t actually change your skin color.”

“No. Not even FeTUS has the technology to easily alter your melanin.”

“I see.”

That was surprising. He had seen a lot of FeTUS technology, but it had all seemed like magic and he had felt like they could do anything.

“Hee hee. There’s no helping that. Witches are no more than witches. We aren’t as all-powerful as the frightened masses think.” Ren smiled in self-deprecation. “At the very least, demons are far more all-powerful when it

comes to body alterations.”

“ ... ”

That reminded him of the fact that Lucia, the only demon he knew, could easily change his skin color.

And even turn into a brown-skinned girl...

“Okay, Fujita Mutsuki. About your next job.”

“Oh, yes.”

“It concerns your class.”

Mutsuki had completely forgotten, but his class still had not decided who would play the lead in the traffic safety play. So it was his job to ask about that.

Backdrops and plywood had been left out in the hall, so things were feeling a lot more like the cultural festival as he walked to his classroom.

Had they decided on a lead yet?

Machina seemed willing to do it if they asked, but he wanted to avoid that if possible. Wearing the backpack accentuated her breasts far more than necessary and he wanted a personal monopoly on them.

Ange had refused, but he felt she would be perfect for the role.

And just as he prepared to open the door...

“Ohhhhhhhh!!”

He heard a cheer from inside.

It was his classroom, so he walked in like normal. They seemed to be discussing things again today, so Class Rep Sakae stood up at the lectern.

“What is it, Mutsuki?”

“Well, the Student Council wants to know if you’ve decided on a lead for the play.”

“Nice timing! We just found our lead. No one in history has ever been more perfect for a role.”

For some reason, every eye in the class was sparkling.

Puzzled, he turned to see where they were looking. Fortunately, it did not seem to be Machina. She was simply looking out the window. But it was not Ange either.

She was resting her head in her hand and looking the other way.

Everyone was looking to the seat next to hers.

“Ha ha♪ You arrived just in time, Mutsuki-kun.”

The lolita-style dress costume fluttered around...a boy.

“Well, Mutsuki? Does it look good on me?”

“...Wow.”

Mutsuki found himself joining the class’s excitement.

Lucia happily spun around and hopped, causing the skirt to flutter around him.

Once he noticed Mutsuki, he ran over.

“Boom. Do you like the clothes? Hee hee hee. Cute, right?”

“...Y-yeah.”

The boy dove into his arms like that was his usual spot, so Mutsuki accepted him despite feeling shaken.

Mutsuki could only agree with the assessment of “cute”.

He was cute. Incredibly so.

The simple dress was a plain purple with black frills and ribbons and the demon boy wore a white blouse and kneesocks with it. The dress showed off the nice material without drawing too much attention. Lucia was as adorable as any girl, so he may indeed have been a perfect match.

A dark headdress accentuated his eyes, amplifying his bewitching allure in addition to his cuteness. This was enough for a stir to run through the class. More than 70% of the boys frowned at the inappropriate feelings they had despite knowing Lucia was a boy.

“I don’t think anyone is going to complain about this. Okay, Satowa, will you

play the lead?”

“Sure, I’m fine with that♥”

Confident he could charm anyone in the class, Lucia elegantly brushed back his hair.

And seeing that...

“...”

Mutsuki felt a stirring in his erection that had finally started to fade.

He shifted a bit to the side so his classmates would not notice, but...

“Hm? Oh...”

Lucia noticed.

When he felt Mutsuki’s body tense up, he gave a mischievous grin.

“Mutsuki-kun, you’re in charge of reporting back, aren’t you? Let’s go. We need to go tell the Student Council.”

“Eh? Ah, ah, wait...”

Lucia ran from the classroom while tugging on Mutsuki’s hand.

There was no real need for Lucia to go...but Mutsuki could not fight it and went along with it.

Lucia had said they were going to the Student Council Room, but they arrived at a nearby locker room instead.

Mutsuki had already guessed why Lucia had dragged him away, but he was still surprised. Nevertheless, Lucia swiftly locked the sliding door.

“L-Lucia-kun, um...ahp.”

His lips were sealed before he could say anything.

Lucia pecked at his lips like a small bird would its food and he pressed his entire body against the other boy. Their hips bumped together and Lucia pressed his hipbone against the erection he had known was there.

“Neh heh heh♥ What’s this about, Mutsuki-kun? What’s got you so hard?”

He kept his lips only a few millimeters away, wrapped his arms around Mutsuki's neck, and whispered to him.

"Did this outfit turn you on? ...Well, I wish that's what this was, but it feels like you were pretty horny before getting to the classroom. Did something happen with

that president?"

"N-no. Nothing."

He had actually accidentally seen her changing, but this obstinate boner was from earlier than that.

And it was technically not that anything in particular had happened.

"You're pent up, aren't you?♥♥"

"..."

Lucia's voice was dripping with confidence.

And he was right.

Part of it was seeing Lucia's skirt fluttered up around him and the fact that Lucia was so cute that Mutsuki just wanted to hug him.

Part of it was seeing his upperclassman's bare back.

Part of it was the physical contact of those older gals.

But the fundamental problem was his lack of sexual release recently.

He had not been able to go all the way with Machina three days before and he had not been with any other girl for the past few days. Micha was obsessed with her motorcycle and Ange was never home at night. He could not meet Machina or Schwarze so easily.

Not only was he the type who could do it several times in a single day, but he had been so thoroughly fulfilled over the past few months that he was feeling quite sexually frustrated now.

However, he was not in the habit of doing it himself and he had needed to get to sleep early recently.

“Hee hee. If you had just told me, we could’ve done it at any time

♪”

After seeing through it right away, the demon boy gave a bewitching smile.

Mutsuki was instantly charmed. After the incident three days ago, he was a little worried that someone might see if they did it at school, but the little demon’s charm was too powerful to ignore.

Lucia simply grinned with their noses close enough to touch.

He seemed to know exactly what decision Mutsuki would make.

“ ...”

Mutsuki bit his lower lip...

“...Nn.”

“Ha ha♥”

And just as the demon boy had predicted, he went for the kiss.

“Nn, nn...c’mon, you’re a little too eager.”

“Ahp...hahh. That’s because you’re such a good kisser, Lucia-kun...”

The two of them exchanged a kiss so heated the locker room air grew damp from their breaths.

Their lips were locked together and would not separate. It was such a deep kiss that their cheeks touched. Their pink tongues were occasionally visible through the gap, proving that their tongues were exchanging an intimate embrace within.

“Hee hee♥ Oh, Mutsuki-kun. You love me so much, but you always reject me the first time.”

“Th-that’s because you’re...”

A boy.

He started to say it and that made him focus on the fact that he was currently making out with another boy.

He had succumbed to the cute demon's temptation a few times before and he no

longer felt much resistance, but the sense of guilt was still great.

He started to pull his tongue back, but...

"Ahn♪ No, no. Don't stop."

Lucia must have predicted that because he immediately guided Mutsuki over.

He sat Mutsuki down on a nearby bench and straddled the boy's lap. He placed his hips directly above the obvious tent in Mutsuki's pants.

He placed his penis directly above Mutsuki's penis.

"But I'm a girl right now, okay?"

The boy smiled provocatively while obviously pressing his manhood against the other boy.

Did he want Mutsuki to think he was a boy or a girl? It was impossible to tell, but...

(Oh...I get it. He's a girl.)

The hard sensation rubbing against his stiff rod was enough to inspire lust in Mutsuki.

(Even with a dick...he's still a girl.)

With a sticky sound of saliva, he stuck his tongue back in the boy's mouth.

"Ahn, ahahn."

"There's a sweet smell...in your mouth, Lucia-kun."

"Ha ha. I had grapes with lunch...ah, Mutsuki-kun, your tongue is too wild."

He stuck his sticky, saliva-coated tongue almost into Lucia's throat and screwed it around. Lucia could not help but wrinkle his brow in longing.

The corners of his eyes heated up, his eyes grew damp, and the light of reason in them faded. This added a seductive sexuality to his already cute face...

"Nn...swallow my saliva."

“Okay...pwah...gulp♥ Gulp♥ ...Ahh, delicious♥”

At some point, Mutsuki had become the active kisser.

The demon looked satisfied as he swallowed the boy's saliva. Lucia's seduction was truly skilled. More than just work up Mutsuki's lust, he also stimulated by boy's aggressive side by creating situations that played to Lucia's own masochism.

Mutsuki of course realized he was being seduced, but he did not grow wary.

There was enough trust and love between them to enjoy things no matter which side took the lead. Mutsuki decided to do it the way Lucia liked, so he strongly embraced the small body sitting on his lap.

“You're a good kisser, Lucia-kun...but you're also weak to it.”

“Ahh, amhh, that's...that's because you're the one kissing me, Mutsuki-kun.”

“...Your nipples are erect.”

“Ahn♥”

While embracing him, he also brought his hands to his chest.

As a boy, Lucia's chest had little feminine softness, but it had more springy resilience instead.

Mutsuki wildly groped him. The frilly dress dulled the sensations, but he groped him hard enough to feel the stiff nipples.

“Nn, ah, nhh, ahh, Mutsuki-kun, that's a little hard on the chest.”

“That's on purpose. ...You're so cute, Lucia-kun.”

“Ahh...w-wow. Hhnn, my body...my body is melting from the chest...

♥”

Mutsuki normally took a fair bit of convincing before he got going, but he was almost forceful today. Being the target of that pent-up lust must have stimulated his masochism because Lucia happily stuck out his chest.

“Ah, ah, that's...amazing. Now you're...twisting my nipples?”

Mutsuki tormented the nicely resilient chest.

Lucia was not accustomed to this level of attack, so he could not help but cry out.

Mutsuki's fingers dug in fast and slow, strong and weak, and he pressed his entire palm into the demon's chest. Lucia loved the accent provided by occasionally pinching and pulling on his nipples.

“M-Mutsuki-kun...ah, you're too good, nn, at teasing my nipples...ahhnn
♥”

He was testing all of the experience he had built up with a variety of girls. He was too experienced for Lucia who was not accustomed to this kind of stimulation.

Lucia naturally twisted around to escape...and ended up with his back to Mutsuki.

The boy did not hesitate to reach below the demon's arms and continue his attack on that flat chest. In fact...

“What's wrong, Lucia-kun? Aren't you going to kiss me?”

“Ahh. Wah, ah...ah~~”

It was hard to kiss him while his back was turned, so in lieu of protest, Mutsuki pinched and pulled his nipples.

Mutsuki's lonely lips and tongue stickily toyed with Lucia's adorable cheek, chin, and earlobe.

Lucia blushed and writhed with his feet kicking at the floor.

But even as the coquettish demon reacted like a small animal...

“Nn, oh, c'mon, Mutsuki-kun...”

“Phew...”

“You need to enjoy this more than me.”

With his back still turned, Lucia stuck out his hips.

His butt was thicker and thus more resilient than his chest and it bumped into Mutsuki's erection through his pants.

“C’mon, how about this? Does my butt feel good?”

“Y-yeah...it’s so soft and amazingly sexy.”

Lucia pushed his butt against him even more.

Each time his skirt waved back and forth, solid flesh collided with and squished against soft flesh. The harder one pushed at the other and the tip sank into the crack.

“Ha ha♪ Your cock is already rock hard... Ahn, nn, ah ha ha♥♥ Your cock is rubbing at my butt.”

Even with the pants and skirt in the way, a tremor ran through Lucia’s slender body as he felt the heat rub against his sensitive flesh.

He narrowed his eyes in ecstasy and looked back over his shoulder.

“Enjoy my body even more♥♥”

He wiggled his hips seductively.

Mutsuki’s breathing grew heavy as the pleasure reached his penis.

“Yes...I’ll take every last part of your body, Lucia-kun. After all...”

He embraced that small body and took the lips once more.

(...Lucya is a girl.)

“Eh?”

“Hm?”

He muttered something while their lips were locked, so Lucia tilted his head.

Mutsuki had not intended to say anything, so he tilted his head back. The two remained confused for a moment, but then...

“Ahm...”

“Ahm...”

They returned to a kiss even stickier than before.

“...Ah♥♥”

Mutsuki stuck his sweaty hands inside Lucia’s skirt.

Lucia's eyebrows twitched when he felt those hands reach a risqué zone.

"Lucia-kun, you weren't wearing any underwear?"

"Eh heh heh."

"Even back in the classroom?"

"When I put on this dress, I had already decided I would have you fuck me in it."

Lucia bent over and stuck his butt out toward Mutsuki. The short skirt had been hiked up dangerously high.

Plus, Mutsuki had already stuck his hands inside.

"Ahh, hhhh... M-Mutsuki-kun, don't grope my butt so much."

Mutsuki's fingers dug into his smooth butt.



Mutsuki tended not to be very aggressive due to the guilt of homosexuality, but today he was much more forceful. He was rough even if you took the demon's temptation into account.

Had his last shred of reason snapped because Lucia was dressed like a girl? Was it thanks to his full-to-bursting sperm tanks? Whatever the case, he groped that butt strong enough to leave marks on the white skin. He pressed his middle finger against the center slit and stimulated the sensitive skin there.

“Lucia-kun, your ass is as soft as a girl's.”

“A-ahhn.”

He also poked at the perineum leading forward from Lucia's butt.

It was a little darker than the bright white thighs and hips and it formed a bit of a puffy embankment. The red line running down the bottom of his penis ran down the center of it. It looked like a girl's with the slit closed up.

It was a little hard at the base of his penis. Thinking it might get softer, Mutsuki thoroughly massaged it.

“Ahn, ahhhh, no, nooo. Not deep in my balls. I can feel it in my dick.”

Mutsuki attacked the bottom of his crotch with his four fingers while leaving his thumb on the butt.

Pressing on his swollen anus made it feel like a coarse brush was stroking the inside of his body.

Lucia shuddered at the masochistically erotic sensation.

As Lucia's reaction grew, his legs turned a bit inward and trembled. He took deep breaths in an attempt to calm himself, but each breath constricted the sphincter and lifted up the ring-shaped anus to kiss Mutsuki's thumb.

“You have such a lewd reaction to everything, Lucia-kun.”

That feminine boy reacted more cutely than any girl when he was stimulated like a girl.

Aroused by this, Mutsuki once more embraced that body with its male animal lust exposed.

He expanded the sensitive hole with his thumb and reached forward with his other hand.

“Ahhhhhn.”

He grabbed the swollen male organ.

After Mutsuki so thoroughly stimulated Lucia from the other side, the penis was so erect that the shape of the head was clearly visible even through the foreskin. The stickiness seeping from the tip got on Mutsuki’s hand.

“It’s gotten so big... You’re about to cum, aren’t you?”

“Ah, ahn. Yes...yes, I am. My butt feels so hot and my dick is about to explode.”

With his weak point in the other boy’s hand, the sensuality from the front and back put a look of bliss on Lucia’s face.

The sexual perversion of the crossdressing boy influenced not just the boy watching him, but the boy himself. He felt the pleasure of having his penis toyed with and the sensuality of having his soft hole fingered.

The male and female pleasure mixed together inside him.

“Time to pull back the foreskin.”

“Okay...b-be gentle.”

When Mutsuki formed a ring with his fingers and grabbed the penis, Lucia’s melted expression tensed up a bit.

Mutsuki had fallen into the depths of homosexuality with this demon boy a few times before, so he knew Lucia feared having the tip exposed. And as a fellow boy, he understood why.

He kissed Lucia’s ear to tell him it would be okay and then he slowly puled the swollen foreskin down.

It naturally peeled away and revealed the red tip within.

“Ahhh...”

The only thing hiding it now was the well-ventilated skirt. The exposed skin was as sensitive as a small child’s, so his hips trembled when the air reached it.

Flipping up the skirt caused a raw smell to mix in with the demon boy's sweat.

That masculine smell reminded Mutsuki that this was a fellow boy in his hands.

Dressed in an adorable gothic lolita outfit and with a slight look of fear in his eyes, the boy was probably cuter than anyone else in the world.

Mutsuki was now driven on by the immoral arousal more than he was stopped by the idea of homosexuality.

"You're so hard. What should I do? Get you off once?"

Mutsuki stroked his fingers along the sensitive anus and started stroking the stiff flesh by pushing the foreskin up and pulling back down again.

"Ah, ah, nooo, don't squeeze my dick all of a sudden. My milk will come out."

The impolite caress easily produced pleasure within the masochistic demon.

The sweaty smell on his butt seemed to fill all living beings with sexual urges. The crossdressing boy bent his arms and legs as a raw male scent came from his front side.

"..."

Mutsuki viewed the skirt in front of him and was once more charmed by the mystical beauty of the demon boy.

What would someone think if they walked in now and saw them? Most likely, they would think a pure young girl was being teased by a friend her age.

If they pulled up the back of the skirt and saw the anus happily accepting the thumb in the center of that cute butt, they might have to remove the "pure" part, but they would still see Lucia as a cute girl.

And yet on the other side, his male flesh was aimed upwards like a barometer that pointed toward ecstasy. And yet he was squirting out smelly precum in his desire to release his proof of maleness as soon as possible.

Mutsuki was once more reminded just how perverted this was.

"Ahhhh♥

Mutsuki-kun, Mutsuki-kun, I can't...I can't last any longer



My dick is about to explode. It's about to explode and shoot milk everywhere



Lucia's legs trembled and he could barely stand.

Mutsuki's hand on him could feel the throbbing as he approached ejaculation, so

Mutsuki's cheeks bent upwards.

"...No, not your dick."

"Eh...?"

"You're a girl right now, Lucia-kun. So it's not your dick. What would you call it?"

"Ah... ..M-my clit. My clitoris. Ahhh, my clitoris is about to explode."

Playing along with that dirty game seemed to drive Lucia even closer to climax. He finally collapsed on the spot.

Meanwhile, Mutsuki's male side was further aroused by turning that perverted cute boy into a "girl". His erection hurt being restrained in his pants.

"...Lucia-kun."

"Ha ha...❤️"

He unzipped and pulled down his pants, revealing his to be just as wet with precum as Lucia's.

"Mutsuki-kun...that's amazing. Your smell is even stronger than usual



The demon gulped at the appearance of the giant object which was swollen from tip to base. He was down on his knees, so the head was right at eye level.

When it pointed at him as if to threaten him, the demon boy's face filled with even more ecstasy than before.

His happiness was Mutsuki's happiness, and his pleasure was...

“...Come here♥♥”

Lucia gathered enough strength to stay on his knees and lift his hips.

He pulled up the skirt and revealed his smooth butt. He grabbed those curves which were as beautiful as any work of art.

“Put it in my pussy...in my ass pussy. My pussy wants to drink all the milk you’ve stored up

♥♥”

He spread his butt to either side.

As expected, the depths of that adorable little butt were breathing as a proper sex organ. It opened and closed like a fish asking for food, showing off the wet pink insides. When it closed and then reopened, sticky strings were visible. He had secreted lots of juices while waiting for the hard object’s arrival.

“Okay...I’ll make sure to cum lots. Because I’m a guy.”

Mutsuki’s proof of masculinity throbbed and he brought his fingers to the small trembling hole.

“Hwahhh...♥ Ah...♥ Ahhh...♥”

“Wow, it’s tight even with just two fingers.”

“Nhh...don’t worry. My pussy can fit your dick just fine.”

Instead of being naturally tight, it stickily accepted his index and middle fingers inside and then suddenly squeezed down on them.

Mutsuki already knew just how much pleasure that trap-like structure would bring.

“I’m putting it in... The tip is pretty thick, so bear with it.”

“Okay. Eh heh. Pound my insides with that thick tip

♥♥”

Mutsuki followed up that exchange by spreading the fingers inside Lucia. The sphincter was tight, but the surrounding flesh was soft and expanded quite easily.

And once he pressed the tip against it, even that sphincter was on his side.

“Ah...♥ Ahhhh, ah...here it...comes♥”

“Hh...I’m putting it in. I’m putting it inside you, Lucia-kun. Ah, ah, wow. Even the entrance is so hot and soft...”

“Kwahhhhhh. That’s because...that’s because you made it that way. You loosened my ass pussy and turned it into a hole for swallowing cock♥”

When he slid the tip inside the melted hole of flesh, it squeezed down with a joyous intensity.

Mutsuki frowned at the soft fleshy feeling just a bit below the head.

“Nhahhh♥ Ahhhh♥ So hot... You’re...you’re inside my ass pussyyyy!”

As Mutsuki pushed further and further in, the sensation of the thick male organ caused Lucia to lean his head back and cry out.

His asshole widened. His body opened in the shape of the cock and allowed it inside him.

Even if that was not a vagina, this was a lot like vaginal sex. What mattered with this crossdressing boy was not how he was dressed. It was something else:

“Wow, Lucia-kun. Your butt really is lewd. I’m halfway in and it’s already twitching in pleasure.”

That was because Mutsuki’s penis only mercilessly increased in volume.

From his position, he could see the entirety of the boy’s heart-shaped butt below the skirt the boy had pulled up himself. And he could see a part of his own body sinking into the center of that hot roundness.

“Can you tell, Lucia-kun? Your ass is so full that some of the pink flesh is sticking out.”

“Ah, ahn, don’t say that♥ It’s embarrassing.”

“But it’s the truth. ...Nh, you’re really sucking at me...”

He moved his hips further in and noticed that Lucia's body was trembling worse than before.

He had to be barely managing to stand. So Mutsuki embraced him and held his light body in his arms.

"Ahn♥"

He returned his hands to Lucia's chest while he was at it.

"What'll happen if I tease your nipples again?"

"N-no...not my nipples. I'll tense up inside."

"Heh heh. Oh, you're right. I can feel it in your butt when I pinch your nipples."

"Ahhhh~~~♥"

No, no. Not my nipples. Don't squeeze my nipples while spreading my butt with your thick cock!"

Mutsuki rolled around the sensitive nipples in his hands.

"Ah, ahn♥"

Ahhhn. No, no. Your cock is too much. It's too hot. My butt...my pussy...my ass pussy is too hot

♥ My ass pussy is going to mellellt♥"

All the while, Mutsuki continued to pull his hips back and thrust them forward again. He knew that would stimulate a boy's anus just as much as a girl's.

"Ahh...♥"

His hips pounded into that pure, heart-shaped butt. His giant stake pushed all the way inside and Lucia's body grew limp.

He just about collapsed forward. He did not since Mutsuki was supporting him, but his arms and legs dangled lifelessly down.

A white mass dripped down from within his skirt.

"Huh? Did you cum already, Lucia-kun?"

“Ahe...heahh...♥”

He was only half conscious, but he did nod.

Mutsuki stuck a hand in his skirt and found it soaked with sticky extract. The source in the center continued to erupt.

“Heh...♥ Heh...♥ S-sorry. Your dick was too amazing and I couldn’t last any longer.”

“That’s fine.”

Lucia had probably wanted them to cum together. He wrinkled his brow sadly.

But he was still ejaculating even now, so it was an obscene expression that mixed apology with lust. His usually cute features combined with that look were seductive enough to make Mutsuki even harder.

And Mutsuki was not about to blame him for that.

But if Lucia felt bad...Mutsuki grinned as a sadistic idea came to him.

“I’m about to cum too, so stick with me until then.”

“Hwah...♥”

Mutsuki grabbed the demon boy’s penis which was still erect and ejaculating.

The foreskin was slick with the milky liquid, but he still managed to pull it down to expose the red head below. He knew that part was painfully sensitive, but he mercilessly grabbed it and softly rubbed it.

“Ahhhhhhnnn♥ No, no, no. I’m still...I’m still cumming! Don’t tease my dick! Not right now! It feels too good!”

“You say that, but you just keep cumming.”

Thinking back to when he had milked Machina, Mutsuki massaged the sensitive tip so it would not hurt.

The sweetly loosened demon boy’s insides squeezed at his penis which was buried to the base. Mutsuki was also about to explode. He worked at that beautiful ass while poking at the penis beyond it.

“My butt...my butt feels incredible. Ahhh, you’re touching me deep in my ass

pussy. You're pounding at the base of my dick

♥ Ahhhh♥ I'm cumming, I'm cumming♥”

Mutsuki's tip was larger than a normal person's and it had found Lucia's prostate.

He used his thickness to massage it from within the boy's butt.

The pleasure that had made Lucia nearly collapse before grew even greater and hit him in waves.

“Ahhhh~♥ I'm cumming, I'm cumming♥ I can't stop cumming...♥”

With each thrust, semen flew from the demon boy's tube-like penis. It splattered on the inside of the skirt, stained the complexly-arranged lace with its milky color, and dripped to the floor.

It may have been a trait of all demons or just Lucia in particular, but he never ran out of bodily fluids no matter how much he expelled. But the more he let out, the greater the pleasure seemed to build and the exhaustion seemed to grow.

It would be hard on him to extend this for too long, so Mutsuki lowered his hips.

“I'm going to cum too, Lucia-kun. I'll fill you up with my cum.”

“Ahn, yes, yes, yes♥ Give my pussy...my ass pussy all your semen!”

They rubbed their bodies together at a gentler pace.

Lucia's insides provided the perfect sensation and tightness, so nothing more was needed to feel truly wonderful.

The overlapping layers inside him felt like countless tongues licking Mutsuki's penis.

He could only feel this superb sensation when moving slower like this and he felt his vas deferens throbbing almost painfully in its desire to ejaculate for the first time in several days.

“...Here I go.”

“Nhah...ah, yes...♥”

The two boys' bodies shook in unison.

The unexpectedly harsh pleasure became a pulse that raced up Mutsuki brainstem.

“Khyaaahhhhhhn♥

You're cumming! You're cumming, cumming, cumming! Your milk...your cock milk is filling meeeee

♥”

The rock-hard rod penetrating the demon boy's ass throbbed as it released its seed.

“...! ...!”

Mutsuki's penis and the rest of his body almost seemed to ache as he ejaculated for the first time in a while. He could not believe his body could store this much extract and the pleasure of it all traveling down his urethra caused his mouth to flap wordlessly and his body to tremble over and over.

And each time, that incredible load of magma conquered the demon boy's ass.

“Hwah♥ Ah, ah, hyaaaahhhh! My butt♥ My butt is on fire♥”

Again and again, the cum bullets struck the reverse side of his sacrum.

The long-awaited impact raced around Lucia's body and his own penis released an extra-large cum bullet of its own. It had enough force to knock the skirt forward.

“Kwah...hyah...you cum...too hard♥ Ah, ah, nn...♥”

Lucia reached his limit and slumped down on the spot.

Mutsuki was dazed by the pleasure, so he failed to react in time. He simply stood there while his penis slipped out of the heart-shaped butt.

“Ahn...your milk is going to spill out. Over here, Mutsuki-kun

♥”

“R-right.”

The dazed look in his eyes showed that Lucia's mind was even hazier, but he turned over and opened his mouth wide.

"Ahh...your milk...nhh♥ It's so thick."

Lucia swallowed the manhood which was still as thick as ever and gulped down the extract it continued to produce.

"..."

Mutsuki watched over his actions like an impartial observer.

The pleasure of ejaculating after so long had been so intense that his mind had grown blank. It felt like his senses belonged to Fujita Mutsuki but his mind belonged to someone else.

Yes. He was not Fujita Mutsuki...

"...Mutsuki-kun?"

"..."

"What is it, Mutsuki-kun...?"

"Lucya."

And the person in front of him was not Satowa Lucia.

"!? ...Ah? Ahhhhhhhhh!"

In that instant, Lucia released a very un-Lucia-like scream of confusion and panic.

His slender body writhed on the floor. Almost like a bird being constricted by a snake.

A snake? The Serpent's Eye had opened.

Mutsuki's right eye had become an inhuman pitch black as it viewed the poor demon.

That dark demonic vision commanded the obedience of all women, so as Lucia writhed, his very cells underwent a change. His shoulders grew rounder while his chest and hips swelled out. He gained a female body. And more noticeably...

His skin grew dark.

“...Lucya.”

The serpent narrowed his black eye in satisfaction.

...Yes, this was her.

Lucya had smiled a lot. She had run around with her skirt fluttering around her.

Her blonde hair and brown skin had reflected the hot sun. It was all the same as back then.

She had always pulled on his hand in the season after the wheat was harvested and joined him in a bed of straw like this...

“...Kh.”

“...”

“Hkh...hh...”

“———!”

That was when he woke up.

He could see Lucia through his left eye and *she* was curled up in fear. When Mutsuki noticed, he quickly got up from the brown girl he was leaning down over.

He blinked a few times to seal the Serpent's Eye. Fortunately, that right eye was obedient to its master and quickly closed when he gave the mental command.

As soon as it did, Lucia's feminized body returned to normal. He was a boy again and his skin color had returned.

“S-sorry.”

Once he sensed the Serpent's Eye had closed, Mutsuki expressed his concern for

Lucia. His usual timid and kind nature had returned.

His mind was fuzzy and he could not remember what he had done. He had

suddenly realized the Serpent's Eye was open and his friend was suffering.

The demon boy tried to catch his breath and gave Mutsuki a fearful look.

Mutsuki had never seen this look on his face before. Mutsuki felt shame, but eventually...

"D-don't worry about it. I just provoked you too much. That's all." Lucia gave him one of his usual smiles, even if it was bittersweet. "I...don't think I'll do the play.

I'm sick of these clothes already."

He tugged at the wrinkled costume.

Despite what he said, he must have realized that the crossdressing was what had sent the other boy out of control.

...And Mutsuki could tell Lucia really was afraid.

"Sorry..."

Mutsuki could only apologize.

After that, they parted ways as an awkward atmosphere hung over them.

Chapter 4

A man lay in darkness.

He was on a springy bed, but he still sank into the sheets. That was just how much he weighed. His half-naked body was covered in ugly excess flesh. He was not all that tall, but he was apparently heavy enough for the bedsprings to give up the fight.

Before even judging how his face looked, the fat around his neck and cheeks were scrunched up in a way that made him look like a toad.

That man lay arrogantly back in the darkness.

“Ah, ahn...master≡”

“Nh, hhh. Shuntarou-sama...yours tastes so good.”

Two cute girls lay with him.

They were both still best described as children.

One was a girl with light purple hair that tended to curl. Her arms and legs looked like they still had a good bit of growing to do, but her bust alone was unnaturally large. She had the milky skin of the white race, but it was slick with sweat and she rubbed it against the man she lay with.

“Uheehee. Good, Riselle-chan. Here, you want a reward, don't you?”

“Ahh, thank you so much, master.”

The girl used all her body's soft and sweet skin to pleasure the man. She sounded joyful as she stuck out her tongue, brought her lips to his, and began a deep and sticky kiss.

The corners of the man's eyes drooped as the little girl's nectary saliva enveloped his tongue.

But the girl seemed even more delighted. Each time she sucked on the man's tongue, she wiggled her little butt around like she could not contain the joy.

Sticky extract trailed down her slender inner thighs.

As for the other girl...

“Ohh, good, good. You’ve really learned how to give head, Ange-chan.”

“Yes... Now I can actually pleasure your impressive cock, Shuntarou-sama.”

The cute girl poked her head up above his fat gut.

As a contrast to the girl named Riselle, she actually looked fully grown. But even if she had wide hips and flesh in all the right places, she was still the same height as Riselle: less than 140cm. She had straight...red hair.

Her small head bobbed up and down as she once more swallowed the incredibly massive shaft hidden by the excess flesh on his stomach. She struggled to get its extraordinary girth and length into her mouth.

She had trouble breathing while forced to pleasure him like this, but she showed no sign of suffering. In fact, her cheeks loosened in a masochistic intoxication.

And while the man indulged in the obedient girls and had them pleasure him with their entire bodies...

“It’s about time we got started.”

“Nn...”

Mutsuki awoke a few minutes before five in the morning.

He stretched and felt a lot more rested than usual. Soon thereafter, Ren called and she must have noticed something in his voice.

“Did you wake up on your own today? Good job.”

That put him in a pretty good mood as he left bed.

...“I dreamed of Lucya.

How many times had he dreamed of playing with that strange girl now?

The dream was slightly different each time. Some days he simply played with her, some days they grew wheat, and some days they harvested fruit.

The only common factor was the idyllic lifestyle they lived.

And that they were always together.

He did not know why he was having these dreams, but he kind of liked them.

He enjoyed dreaming of her.

Almost like he was in love.

And...

“...? Ange?”

He came to a stop after leaving the living room.

Ange was sleeping in the recliner that was reclined and facing the TV.

It was a strange sight. He sometimes saw Micha sleeping there after she got drunk, but it was not like Ange at all.

She seemed to have left last night too, so had she gotten back late and collapsed there?

What was she doing at night? That question came to mind, but she looked so cute when she slept that he smiled bitterly and carried a blanket over to her.

“Nn...”

She must have been a little chilly because, when he placed it over her, she wrapped her arms around her knees and pulled the blanket over her head.

She was just like a child, so Mutsuki smiled bitterly again.

Lately, they had been leaving for school separately and she had been leaving at night, so they did not get to spend much time together.

That made him feel a little sad, so he watched her cute face as she slept until he absolutely had to leave for school.

September had passed its midpoint and the cultural festival, which would take place at the end of the month, was gradually taking shape.

He had worked so hard toward the beginning that the odd jobs helping out Ren were a lot easier now. The Student Council and everyone else were making good progress on their preparations.

Each class and club was working hard to complete their part of the festival.

However, Mutsuki's Middle School Class 2-1 had a problem.

"I'll go talk to the Student Council."

"Sure. Good luck, bestie."

After being seen off by an unusually lifeless Sakae, Mutsuki left the somewhat gloomy atmosphere of the classroom.

He knew why.

Since Lucia had ultimately stepped down, they still had not chosen a lead for the play. The Student Council had warned them they had to choose soon.

Mutsuki wished he had not had to give that warning, but...

"Hello."

He arrived at the Student Council Room.

The Middle School Student Council was made up of six people, including the President, the boy and girl pair of the Vice President and Secretary, and Tanaka-senpai, the former President who was acting as the President's aide.

The five besides the President accepted Ren as their leader even though she had only retaken the position in the second term and they had been very open with the mysterious worker their leader had brought in. They were all quite friendly to Mutsuki.

Mutsuki, however, was not used to a space filled with upperclassmen.

"Okay, let's get started on today's work. Are you ready, Fujita Mutsuki?"

"Yes."

But he was no longer nervous around Ren at least.

"Phew."

It had not been easy assigning classroom space for the refreshment shops while taking into account power distribution and the type of food and drink served.

Mutsuki felt dizzy after performing so much arithmetic in confusing units like watts and volts.

The boy had been stuck at a table in the Student Council Room for several hours.

He had just finished up arranging the refreshment shops so it would not trip the breaker. His eyes were bleary after staring at the map of the school for so long.

The sky was already red.

He sat up and stretched in the evening sunlight shining in through the western window.

The announcements telling all remaining students to leave would begin in half an hour or so, so most of the Student Council had already gone home. Mutsuki had just finished his work, so he could leave, too.

He sent Ange an email, thinking they could go home together, but...

“I have business to take care of. Go home on your own.”

He only received that blunt reply.

He collapsed back onto the table and sighed.

Before summer break, those two had been obligated to be together at all times, including on the way home, but the alert level had been lowered for the second term and they no longer made an effort to match their schedules.

Since they lived together, they should have been able to head home together, but...

“Good work.”

“Wah!”

Something cold touched the nape of his neck.

He was so shocked he nearly fell from the chair. He looked back in surprise and saw Ren’s mischievously narrowed eyes and a chilled can of coffee in her hand.

“Thank you.”

He smiled bitterly and accepted it.

This was his tenth day helping her. She sometimes treated him to a drink like this.

Since it was a treat from the upperclassman everyone admired, even a single can of coffee felt like a luxury.

He opened the tab with a satisfying *pshh*. Ren's favorite was the relatively-unpopular black coffee sold at the school store. It was a little bitter.

Ren returned to her seat, opened her own coffee, and checked through the paperwork.

"..."

The setting sun dyed the room. While she calmly fulfilled her duties in the red light, the girl appeared inhumanely beautiful.

The way she readily sipped at the bitter coffee made her look like an "adult woman", so Mutsuki felt a stir in his chest.

He felt his feelings from half a year ago ripen anew.

"Oh, right. Your class."

"Yes!?"

"Class 2-1 still hasn't sent us their role for the play. Have they still not decided on someone?"

"Um...no. Not yet. Sorry."

He recalled how he had asked about the play's lead, caused the nearly-complete decision to fall apart, and caused his classmates a lot of trouble.

He also recalled how he had caused Lucia to drop out. The deadline was approaching fast, so Class Rep Sakae had looked fairly troubled.

This was Mutsuki's responsibility, even if only indirectly. And that put him in a bad mood.

"What is it?"

Ren tilted her head, seeming to have noticed his expression.

He tried to shake his head and pretend it was nothing, but he was not skilled enough to completely change his expression so quickly.

“Hm.”

Instead, he caused his perceptive upperclassman to worry needlessly.

“Fujita Mutsuki. Are you free after this?”

“What?”

“I would like for you to come with me for a bit.”

“I see...”

She took him to the tennis court.

This was a memorable location for them. Just before the previous year’s game tournament, they had used the court to practice without permission. They had not known each other back then, so it had been their one connection.

“The tennis team is off today, so we won’t be in their way.”

Just like that day, Ren changed into her tennis wear and beckoned him onto the court.

Since the team was not practicing, the fence had been locked, but she opened it with a mysterious thread – a FeTUS Springloaded – she pulled from somewhere.

They were entering without permission. Mutsuki smiled bitterly as he followed her in.

“Oh, we have no rackets. Just a moment.”

She reached for a nearby pile of old nets.

Another gold thread shined and the net changed shape. A mesh shaped like a water drop formed in the center and rubber tightened around the head portion.

It was a little misshapen, but it was a tennis racket.

“That’s convenient.”

“Hee hee. Overuse of Springloaded is frowned upon. Don’t tell Miss C or Miss

E.”

She handed him one of the two she had created and raised her index finger in front of her nose.

It was a cute gesture for the normally cool girl. That Student Council President could seem quite straitlaced, but she was surprisingly unconventional when no one was looking.

“Now, let’s play. Everyone needs a break sometimes.”

There were a few balls still lying around, so they grabbed one and moved to alternate ends of the court.

“Here goes.”

She held her racket out toward him.

“Okay.”

The ball flew gently upwards. Mutsuki narrowed his eyes at the fantastical scene in the setting sun.

When the ball flew his way, it was moving at a decent speed, but she had held back enough to make it easy to return. He had not played tennis for a year, but a light swing of the racket sent the ball back to her side of the court.

It was about half an hour until they had to leave school.

They were playing tennis for fun instead of as a competition, so they simply tried to keep a rally going.

...It was the same sort of game they had played in the name of practicing his receiving on that day.

“Oops! Oh, sorry.”

“Don’t worry about...it!”

Mutsuki’s instincts had yet to return, so he hit the ball back in an odd direction.

Ren seemed to have trouble chasing after it.

That forced her to swing her racket wide. The egg-shaped ball beautifully

pushing out on her tennis wear gave a nice jiggle. And yet...

“There.”

The ball she sent back his way was still quite gentle.

Since she gave him an easy ball to return, the feeling gradually returned to his body. He stopped missing the ball and the rally was able to continue.

“This takes me back.”

They could even spare enough focus to talk.

“It reminds me of that day. Do you remember? Y’know, before last year’s game tournament.”

“I do remember. That was the only time I was able to talk with you, Senpai.”

“Hm? ...Oh, that’s right. That was the only time we spoke directly like that.”

“?”

“Hee hee. It’s weird thinking that, other than that one time, these past ten days are the only time we’ve had a real conversation.” Ren sounded emotional. “I’ve been watching you for so long that I felt quite close to you. What we’re doing here feels like playing with a little brother...but I guess it’s different for you.”

“...”

His heart leapt a bit when she said she felt close to him.

He had had feelings for this Student Council President and she had actually had some sort of feelings for him. He could not help but blush after hearing that.

“That day was actually something of a disaster. When I got back, my teacher... Miss A was angry that I had played with you.”

“Really?”

“I wasn’t supposed to interact with you unless the Serpent’s Eye awoke. I had broken the rules.”

He did recall her saying something about breaking the rules back then.

Had she been willing to take that kind of risk to spend some time with him? He felt a heat in his chest. He was too embarrassed to say anything.

The mention of Miss A reminded him of his visit to FeTUS headquarters a month before. He had met Miss A, FeTUS's central figure, then.

"Miss A did seem pretty frightening."

"Mh? How is she frightening? It's the fact that she almost never scolds you that makes it so bad. Although the way she looks kind of ruins that."

"Hm? But she looked like a really dignified old woman."

"Old wo-...oh, I see."

Their conversation fell out of sync and their rally did the same. Ren quickly recovered, though.

The Miss A he had seen at their headquarters had been the kind of wrinkled old

lady seen in fantasy movies.

"She was frightening, wasn't she? Hee hee. That was a very well-made appearance."

Ren giggled and the boy tilted his head.

Then he recalled the girl he had met at the headquarters.

"Oh, right. Is Alice-chan doing well?"

"Mh..."

This time, Ren's face stiffened.

"You know, that little girl. Alice Arc-chan, was it?"

"Y-yes...she's doing well."

"That's good to hear. I'd really like to play with Alice-chan someday."

"...I beg you, please stop adding the '-chan'."

"What?"

"No, it's nothing."

The timing of their rally returned to normal and the ball's back-and-forth stabilized.

However...

"But...then maybe I'm glad."

"Hm?"

"If I couldn't speak with you like this if the Serpent's Eye hadn't awoken, then I'm kind of glad it did."

"...Ah!"

Mutsuki's comment caused the girl's eyes to widen briefly.

It only lasted a second, but she swung her racket too late.

She twisted her body around and somehow managed to return the ball, but she hit it too hard. The ball shot right past the boy's racket.

"Oh, sorry."

"It's fine."

Mutsuki went to grab the ball from near the fence behind him.

Ren watched him with a dazed look that was unusual for her.

She watched the boy with a look that did not belong to FeTUS Knight Miss B or to

the dignified Student Council President.

"————"

A moment later, her expression tensed.

"Hm? Senpai?"

When Mutsuki looked back, she was sitting down. Her racket had fallen by her side and she held both hands to the left side of her chest.

———Where her heart was.

"Wh-what's the matter? Does it hurt?"

“No, I’m fine. It’s just...ugh...”

She did not seem to be in pain, but she wrinkled her brow.

She turned her back like she wanted to hide something and she held her hands very tightly to her left chest.

And then...

“All students must leave in 15 minutes. Please return home.”

The school speaker installed in the tennis court played the recorded message with

Oborozukiyo as the background music.

Ren got up when she heard it.

“L-looks like time’s up. That’s all for today.”

Her normal brisk demeanor had returned.

After Mutsuki left, Ren returned to the Student Council Room to change. She held

her left chest again and took a deep breath.

(I can’t let him know about this.)

Even if it had been to hide this, she was still embarrassed by how pathetic she had looked in front of him.

She always wanted to maintain her bold persona in front of that boy.

She was exhausted after bracing herself like that, so she sat on a nearby table.

(Fujita Mutsuki...)

Her fingers dug into the mound of her left breast.

Getting to play with him today had been fun.

She had always wanted to do that.

(Hee hee. Is this what it would be like if I had a little brother?)

Her cheeks loosened at that thought.

What she had said to him was true. After viewing his data for so long, he felt

like a childhood friend, even if the feeling was not mutual.

So she had been hideously bored while unable to even speak with him.

She had been born with a meddlesome streak. Seeing that honest, cute, and somewhat unreliable boy made her want to act as his upperclassman and help him with his studies. She wanted to praise him when he did something right. She wanted to scold him when he did something wrong. She had felt this way for so very long.

“ ... ”

And the feeling had only grown after the cousin she saw as a little sister had gone missing.

(...Riselle.)

That cute little sister had suddenly vanished and was now supporting an organization hostile to FeTUS. Just thinking her name put Ren in a bad mood.

And that strengthened her desire to protect Fujita Mutsuki.

(And why did the turning point have to come in the half year when I was away?)

She put on a lopsided frown as she thought.

She had been watching over him ever since they were in elementary school, but she had been forced to leave for less than half a year due to her family situation.

His demonic vision had awakened during those five months. Miss E, aka Machina, had been put in charge of monitoring him during that time, so FeTUS had placed her in charge of Fujita Mutsuki now.

(W-well, I'm not going to criticize Miss E's hard work. ...But, um...)

Thinking of Machina brought her mind to what had happened just ten days before in the infirmary.

Machina had let the boy do with her as she wished and had peed in that lewd pose. That beautiful girl rarely showed any emotion even among the others in FeTUS, but her face had been dyed by an unbearable mixture of

embarrassment and intoxication. Her body was sensual enough for another girl like Ren to feel her heart skip a beat and that body had been placed in such an indecent pose...

“...Th-that is just impure, Fujita Mutsuki.”

She could not just laugh this off. Since Machina had such faint emotions, Ren had to express anger on her underclassman's behalf and provide proper guidance.

“...”

But when she recalled that, it was not anger that appeared on her face. It was a complicated blush containing some indecent embarrassment.

“Sigh...”

She breathed a sticky sigh like she had saliva in her throat and she wrapped her arms around her own body.

She naturally turned her legs inward.

She had felt dissatisfied that the Serpent's Eye had awoken while Machina was observing him. She did not know what she should rationally think about this. For example...

It might have been her peeing there instead of Machina.

(I-I would never do something like that...I think.)

If she had not given up her position to Machina...it might have been her doing impure things with him.

She trembled as she imagined it.

Miss E and Miss C's reports hinted that Fujita Mutsuki could be pretty rough when it came to sex. She had even seen his fingers and tongue making a veteran soldier like Schwarze cry out in pleasure.

“...~”

She trembled when she remembered that.

She could not stop trembling...

“Nn...”

She suddenly realized her hand had made its way below her skirt.

She wore her gym clothes below the tennis wear instead of an underskirt. She could easily feel the flesh below the fabric.

(If I had stayed in Japan...)

She impatiently rubbed her knees together as she moved her fingers toward her crotch.

Even through the two layers of her panties and bloomers, she could feel the heat within.

(He might have...done something like this...to me. ...Ah.)

Her swollen secret slit had grown soft, as if it had melted in the heat.

That area was meant for urinating, but it had grown active even though she did not need to pee. The plump and swollen flesh inside was poking out of the slit.

She pressed down with her fingers.

“Ahn.”

It split apart like an overripe fruit.

She felt like tiny particles of electricity were racing through her body and a tremor ran down her spine. The sweet sensation was dizzying and she also felt a vague sensation of some important part of herself melting away.

As she pressed down with her fingers, a warm liquid leaked out and soaked her panties.

(Wh-what am I doing? This is...this is impure.)

She could not control her fingers. A wet sound came from below her skirt and she bit her lower lip.

Lavriel was the daughter of a noble family and she had been raised from birth

to be a knight, so she had been distanced from sex her entire life. She had a personal fixation on purity, so she had never had sex or even masturbated.

But as the Serpent's Eye's observer, she had been prepared for exposure to its power to inspire lust.

She had been prepared for Fujita Mutsuki to violate her.

(But everything he does...is so obscene. And he was so rough with Miss C.)

She wrinkled her brow as she recalled how he had violated Machina and Schwarze.

It was a strange feeling. She did feel anger that he had treated her comrades like

that. She definitely felt that anger, but...

“Uuh...nn...”

The angrier she grew, the greater the longing in her skirt and the more intensely the hand on her crotch massaged the contents.



It was like her crotch was breathing with a life of its own.

Unable to bear that throbbing, the girl slipped her fingers inside her panties. The inside was filled with a sticky liquid.

(You're impure...so very impure, Fujita Mutsuki.)

"Ah...ah....hh. Nnah, uuh...hh..."

The Mutsuki in her mind gradually took shape.

The Fujita Mutsuki she imagined was the usual cute underclassman, but he had the expression of the wicked incubus who had taken advantage of FeTUS Witches Miss C and Miss E.

"Senpai, you're already soaked down here."

"Aren't you embarrassed with your pussy like this?"

"Hwahhh..."

He groped her body with his imaginary hand.

Tormented by her fantasy, Lavriel bent the fingers pressed against her labia. The fingers sank inside the melted flesh.

(S-stop it, Fujita Mutsuki. I wasn't trying to do this kind of thing with you...)

The girl tried to speak to him as "Shirohara Ren-senpai", but the Mutsuki she had created ignored it.

"You say that, but I can tell you want me to lick you here."

"No...hh...nnah, ah, ahhh, not there!"

She pictured Machina in the infirmary having her melted secret flesh teased until she peed, but she put herself in Machina's place. She imagined herself in Black Cat's place during summer break, being fucked by his thick penis, being kissed until she could taste him in her mouth, and having her asshole teased.

(No...I can't. This isn't...what I... Ahh, i-it's going inside.)

The girl's own slender fingers extended deep into her secret flesh and approached the hole there.

She had no experience with the opposite sex and that small closed hole did

not know how to open up.

But a hot and sticky syrup was already seeping out of the gap. It spread across her panties and dripped down her thighs.

“S-stop...ahhh. Hey, Fujita...Fuji...ta.”

That pink garden was spread open in a diamond shape and the flesh within poked out. It stuck longingly to her fingers and she could not believe how obscene her own body was.

But her fingers would not stop. They massaged the circumference of her virgin hole.

In her fantasy, Mutsuki was stealing her lips, groping her entire body, and pressing his manly penis against her skin. There was more than one of him. More of him licked at her neck, shoulders, navel, thighs, and butt. Countless cocks rubbed all over her body.

Several of him also massaged her bust.

“...”

Driven by that urge, Ren lifted up her shirt.

She wore a mature floral-print lace bra that matched her panties. Too impatient to undo the front hook, she tore it away and grabbed the contents.

“...Hee hee.”

“!?”

Ren turned toward some mocking laughter that had not just slipped out. Whoever it was had clearly used it to let her know they were there.

Someone else had appeared inside the supposedly locked room.

The girl thought her heart would leap out of her mouth.

“J-Jiyuuni Ange... What do you want?”

She groaned the question with a tremor in her voice.

The red-haired girl continued laughing instead of answering. She narrowed her green eyes and observed Ren’s body as if licking across it.

That was when Ren finally caught on.

She currently had her bra removed and her hand in her skirt. She could not afford to have anyone see her like this.

“Hee hee♪”

Ange’s red hair flipped around...

“I saw you♥”

...and she leaped out the window.

For a moment, Ren simply stood there in a daze, but...

“~~~... Wait!!”

After leaving the tennis court, Mutsuki returned to his classroom to change. Once done with that, he walked down the red-lit hallway to reach the building’s exit and head home.

The “go home” announcement was playing, but his pace was carefree.

He was too worried about Ren to listen to the announcement.

Back on the tennis court, she had suddenly held the left of her chest and curled up.

(Was it true that she has heart problems? But...)

He seriously doubted the rumors of heart disease. And she did not seem to be suffering much at all.

Then was there some other reason she had held her chest then?

But just as he wondered that...

“Huh? Hey, Ange.”

“Wha-!? M-Mutsuki...what are you doing here?”

He had assumed she had long since gone home, but he happened across Ange as he exited the stairs.

When he approached, she looked around in concern for some reason. And... she held a paper bag to her chest and turned her back.

“Hm? What’s that?”

“It’s nothing,” she bluntly responded.

Mutsuki tilted his head. The bag was bigger than a school bag meant to hold school supplies. He had no idea what she was trying to hide, but it was unnaturally large to be walking around with.

“What’s going on? And what’s the business you mentioned in your email before?”

“It’s nothing!”

“...You don’t have to yell.”

The boy approached her frankly and the girl suddenly shouted angrily back at him.

She got angry easily, but this was strange even for her. Taken aback, Mutsuki frowned.

“What is with you? You’ve been acting weird lately and you’re keeping all kinds of secrets.”

“...What’s it to you if I have secrets? I’m not causing you any trouble.”

“I’m not saying it’s causing me trouble; I’m just worried. You’re almost never around at night either.”

“I wasn’t asking for your worry. And you always fall asleep right away, so what does it matter if I’m not there?”

“Wha-...?”

It was true he had been going to sleep early lately due to his early mornings.

But it irritated him to have his worries answered like that.

“...What?”

Ange glared indomitably back at angry Mutsuki.

The atmosphere rapidly grew heavy...

“There you are, Jiyuuni Ange.”

A voice cut in from down the stairs.

It was a familiar voice, but Mutsuki and Ange were both shocked when they saw who it was. The girl walking slowly up the stairs was dressed in an unfamiliar way.

Her bright blonde hair was tied back. Her clothing made her look like a princess in a pure white dress and some gold accessories could be seen here and there. It was clearly a knight's armor.

Shirohara Ren...no, FeTUS's Dame Lavriel let the sword at her hip and her scarlet cape sway behind her as she approached the two of them...and she seemed somewhat reluctant to look Mutsuki in the eye.

“Wh-what is this? First him and now you?”

She glared sharply at Ange.

The angel girl cautiously held the bag, but the knight remained elegantly courteous as she raised the back of her hand to her mouth.

“I believe I made myself very clear before: I am a member of the proud Baran family and I am a knight. Thus, any slight against me is a slight against the Baran family and Great Britain as a whole.”

“Huh?”

“I hate insults above all else!!”

She placed her glove's finger in her mouth and pulled it from her hand.

“Challenging an angel now is not the best idea, but this relates to my family and my bloodline. Nothing else matters more!”

“What? Um...Senpai, calm down...”

“What is your poin-...ow!”

She threw the glove at the confused girl's face.

“Jiyuuni Ange! I challenge you to a duel!!”

Chapter 5

“Both of you! Wait a sec-...”

Mutsuki’s voice was drowned out by the sound of the school building’s wall being blown away.

Red and gold. Two balls of light shot out onto the athletic ground.

“My power is the sword of prayer. Manifestation of almighty wisdom, appear before me!”

“Just so you know, I’m not going to hold back! Haaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh!”

“Myrddin!!”

“Prominence!!”

The two drawn swords clashed.

Ange wielded a giant mass of metal that was probably larger than she was in both width and height, but Ren’s sword was thin. Yet it did not bend or break. Also...

“Why...you!”

As the angel charged her way, the witch chose not to dodge and instead caught the attack head-on. She did not fall back.

Even if Ange was lighter due to her smaller body size, she had to have the greater overall weight when her sword was included. If her power in the clash had been matched, it meant her opponent had greater strength or speed.

“!?”

And Ren’s lighter blade gave her the more dexterous weapon.

The clashing swords moved toward Ren...were pulled toward Ren. She intentionally relaxed her strength to get Ange to lean forward. Then she placed her weight on the intersection of the blades where their strength was focused.

“Agh!”

And she kicked Ange back.

Ange was sent flying by the solid hit. She slammed into the side of the gym supply room, creating a large dent.

“Your speed is decent, but your movements are all too rough.”

Despite how angry she had been just before the battle began, Ren was extremely calm and showed no openings as she approached.

A normal human would have been turned to mincemeat by the force that slammed her into the wall, so even Ange grimaced.

She raised her divine sword in both hands.

“Prominence – Loop!”

“Oh...?”

She attacked with the split halves of the sword.

The flurry of attacks from the double swords kept Ren from counterattacking and she was forced to fall back while blocking.



That was when Mutsuki caught up.

“Stop this, you two!”

Seeing their stretched shadows as they clashed too quickly to follow, he was briefly dumbfounded, but then he shouted at them.

Ren had likely made sure no one was around in advance. Everyone was supposed to have left school and those two were the only ones on the athletic ground. That was a relief, but...

“Deryaaaaaaaahh!!”

He did not want Ange or Ren to get hurt, so the sight of their three weapons coming so close to slice each other in two was bad for his heart.

“What is going on?”

Machina and Subaru arrived after hearing the commotion. Their eyes widened at the disastrous state of the schoolyard.

“Why are they fighting?”

“I don’t know. Senpai just suddenly did this...and now Ange is like that. We have to stop them somehow.”

“It would be best not to approach right now. They’re both taking this very seriously.”

Subaru loved battle through and through, so her eyes sparkled as the scene excited her.

“It is true there are not many ways to stop them. But we still must do so...”

If she joined in, there really would be no stopping it, so Machina made sure the violent cat would not interfere while watching over the two combatants with a

grim look.

“...before Jiyuuni-san is defeated.”

Ren was being pushed back by Ange’s two-sword style, so she leaped backwards to put some distance between them. She landed on a soccer goal post that happened to be there.

As Ange attempted to pursue, Ren raised her skinny sword and pulled out the scabbard at her hip.

“My power is the sword of valor. Manifestation of combat rocking on the lake shore, appear before me!”

The scabbard lost its shape as if melting and connected to the sword’s hilt. It changed form.

The hilt extended further and further, continued its growth even after hitting the post she was standing on, and ultimately grew beyond two meters. When combined with the blade glittering in the setting sun, this was...

“Lancelot!!”

“Wha-!?”

The newly-formed giant lance attacked Ange.

The soccer goal at her feet was blown away and it embedded itself in the school building. By that time, Ren had already arrived right in front of Ange. The raised tip was about to catch her in the throat.

The angel just barely managed to twist her body and avoid being skewered, but even after dodging the tip, she was still within range of the long lance.

“Agh!”

Ren twisted her hands just a bit and the shaft portion dug into Ange’s gut with the full force of the witch’s charge.

Hit by the metal rod, Ange grimaced.

“Gah...hh...Corona!!”

Azure flames burst from her back and struck the ground so Ange could escape into the sky.

But as a ball of light, Ren instantly ended her incredible charge, kicked at the same spot as the flames, and changed direction. She kept up with the angel.

Unable to escape this time, they both crashed into the school building behind them. The golden light crushed the small red-haired girl into the crater on the building wall.

Only after that was the entire hill on which the academy stood shaken by the explosive noise of a sonic boom. Mutsuki was nearly blown away even while watching from a distance. Machina stepped forward to protect him, though.

“Don’t get...carried...away!!”

Instead of fighting the pressure, Ange opened a hole in the wall and leaped away.

Instead of pursuing, Ren returned to the athletic ground.

Ange also returned. She realized the two swords only let Ren overpower her, so she had recombined them. With the attack power of that great weight, she could effectively combat that lance’s charge.

But...

“Haaaaaaaaaaaaahh!”

“Heh. Myrddin!”

When the girl charged in at her, Ren returned her skinny sword to its original state and blocked.

They once more clashed without either side having a real weight advantage. Ren was not overpowered.

Ange had the greater strength and speed, but the witch was cleverer. She twisted her sword to redirect the force to her right while slipping below the sword and to the left. Ange quickly responded, but she could not gather any strength with her sword arm twisted.

Ren grabbed that arm.

“You never stop being a pain in the-...aaaahhhh, ow!”

She twisted it further.

“Ahhhh! Agh, gh...wait! Hey...you!”

Ange was caught completely off guard by this shift from elegant swordplay and incredible charges to dirty joint locks. She dropped Prominence and was forced to the ground.

“Hmph. Just as the data said, you aren’t much of a threat in your normal

state.”

Ren continued twisting her arm instead of delivering a finishing blow.

“I will make sure you regret insulting me.”

“Insulting...? Ngaaaahh! What is this about insulting you!?”

“Shut up! Peeping and mocking other people is a shameful bad habit!”

“Ow, ow, ow, ow!”

“Don’t tell anyone what you saw!”

“Huh?”

This seemed to be some kind of argument, but...

Regardless, this settled it. Even without the compatibility between FeTUS and angels, Ren had used her opponent’s tactics against her and maintained a constant advantage, so this was an utter victory for her.

“Y-you two. Isn’t that enough!?”

Surely that had settled the “duel”. Mutsuki ran over, thinking this was his chance to intervene.

“Gh... G-give it a rest.”

Feeling shamed on the ground, the strongest angel’s face stiffened with humiliation just like Ren’s had before.

“!?”

Noticing something odd, Ren leaped away.

Even the distant boy could see something was wrong.

The air was wavering around Ange. Almost like she had become something that

did not fit into this world.

“If my normal state isn’t much of a threat...then I’ll show you a power that’s decidedly not normal.”

“...Is that how it’s going to be?”

The air shimmered. Ren's expression tensed when she saw the slight burn on her palm where she had been touching the angel.

Machina and Subaru both gulped.

They had seen Ange's eyes blowing gold as she got up.

The last time they had seen those golden eyes, they had been beaten to the ground with no hope of resisting.

That was the ultimate power of the angels. It was the ultimate disaster sent against the humans.

"Metatron..."

"S-stop, Ange!"

Realizing what this meant, Mutsuki cried out.

She must not use this. The power turned Ange herself into a bomb. If she used it, she and at least the entire city would be disintegrated.

Her angelic body was already emitting intense heat and the disturbed air currents formed a wall of air instead of just some shimmering. Mutsuki could no longer approach. Only Miss B could face her thanks to the FeTUS heat-reduction technology she wore.

"Bring it on... I came to Japan to slay that power. I, FeTUS Witches Miss B, am not as kind as my teacher!"

She raised her sword once more.

The dropped Prominence had returned to Ange's hand. The vortex of flames surrounding the sword grew gold.

"Here I go!"

"Come!"

The deadly battle's second round was beginning.

"Stoooooooooop!!"

"!?"

"!?"

But just before it could, the angel and witch's hips gave out beneath them.

Even Machina and Subaru backed away while simply watching.

This was the power that could surpass even Metatron for women. And it was enough to make Machina and Subaru jerk even when it was not directed at them.

Mutsuki waited for Metatron's wall of air to vanish and then ran over to the two girls who had fallen to the ground while facing each other.

"Give it a rest, Ange! Set down your sword! You too, Senpai!"

"Wait, Mutsuki, don't use that...ah, ahhh!"

"Wh-what is this...!? My body..."

Their arms prioritized the boy's words over their own wills, so they placed their swords on the ground despite their enemy being right there. Ange's eyes returned to blue and Metatron's power vanished from her.

Just as the boy had said...just as ordered by her master with the black demon eye in his right eye.

"S-stupid Mutsuki...turn off the Serpent's Eye. That's...that's..."

"Kh...Th-this is the Serpent's Eye? Ah...ahhhhh. What is this?"

"Oh, sorry."

Anyone he looked at would be instantly ruled by him as long as they were female. Ange and Ren had stopped fighting just like he wanted and they had also been exposed to its forced arousal power.

Ange might have been used to it, but this was Ren's first time feeling like her womb was being taken over inside her body. She was sweating heavily, so Mutsuki quickly blinked his eye to close it.

And at that moment...

Some bushes on the other end of the athletic ground moved a bit.

Subaru did not overlook it, so she ran over. The bushes stopped trying to be stealthy and rustled loudly.

Someone was there. Someone trying to escape. And...

When the figure dashed out and immediately hid behind the school building, Ren saw fluttering hair that was clearly red even in the light of the setting sun. She

forced herself back onto her feet.

“It can’t be... Miss E! Take care of these two!”

She dragged her weak-hipped body along to follow after Subaru.

Mutsuki and Machina were left behind. And Ange simply stared blankly up from the ground.

“Jiyuuni Ange.”

After signing the name of the resting student, they were let into the infirmary.

There was no teacher there today either, but President Ren would probably handle all the formalities later.

“I will fix the school building. You two wait here.”

“Right.”

“Call for me if something happens.”

Machina awkwardly glanced over at the sink before quickly leaving. Mutsumi laid

Ange down in the bed.

She had fought an intense battle and then received the effects of the Serpent’s

Eye, so she had to be worn out. He did not know what Subaru and Ren had seen or who they were pursuing, but the duel had been called off. That was definitely a good thing, but the suddenness of it confused him.

He decided to rest until someone from FeTUS contacted him.

“...Ange.”

He wrinkled his brow and approached the dazed-looking girl.

He did not want to be too harsh with her when she was so exhausted, but...

“What was that just now?”

“What was what?”

When the boy pressed her for an answer, the strong-willed girl reflexively pouted her lips. She turned away like a sulking child.

“She’s the one that started it.”

“And she was wrong to do so. She seemed to have some kind of reason and we can ask her about it later. But I’m talking about what happened after that. I can’t just let that slide.”

Mutsuki usually backed off when she sulked, but today was different. He looked her right in the eyes that had turned gold, the color of Metatron, earlier.

She had tried to use Metatron. That meant she had tried to self-destruct and commit suicide.

“You said you would never do that again.”

“...”

“You promised.”

His nature kept him from speaking too harshly, but Mutsuki was angry. That got through to Ange and that was why the strong-willed angel pouted her lips.

The girl remained silent and the conversation trailed off, so an awkward silence filled the room.

His recent frustrations concerning Ange were all rising to the surface. Even if they were in opposing organizations, she treated Ren so sharply, as if trying to make more enemies. She was always gone at night and she would not tell him where she was going.

He was also curious about what had happened just before the duel began. She had been carrying a large paper bag. What had that been?

And just as he wondered that...

“I brought your things.”

Machina returned.

She had apparently brought the school bag and other things they had left by the stairs. She had both Mutsuki's and Ange's and she placed them on the teacher's desk.

"Jiyuuni-san."

...And that included the large paper bag.

"Here. It got a bit dirty in the wreckage, so I'll wash it for you."

Machina pulled out the contents. Ange's eyes widened in shock and Mutsuki's did too once he realized what Machina had pulled out...and what Ange had been trying to hide.

A red backpack. And two sets of clothing: the dress Lucia had worn a few days before and a yellow kindergartner's smock.

Those were the costumes for the play's lead.

"Y-you idiot! You don't have to show me!"

"But aren't going to wear them?"

"Just put them away! Um, I'll wash them myself."

"Hm? Understood."

Machina looked confused, but she did as she was told.

She then started to leave the room.

"Also, about tonight." She turned back around. "The repairs to the school building are going to take a while, so I doubt I will be able to help with your Metatron control training."

"Huh?"

"Why did you have to say that part out loud!? Just go!"

Machina looked confused when she was yelled at again.

Mutsuki blinked his eyes as he watched her leave.

That conversation left him with two questions. He could guess the answer to them both, but he could not ask Machina now.

That meant he had to ask the other girl. He turned toward Ange and found

her face bright red.

His only choice was to ask the embarrassed girl.

“She said you would be wearing those clothes...”

“...What?”

“Are you playing the lead?”

“...I-I had no choice. Everyone kept looking my way during homeroom and Tomono and Saya kept asking me over and over. It was, um, hard to say no.”

“...”

Mutsuki was speechless.

That prideful girl would be wearing those clothes? But more than that...

She hated humans and refused to open up to anyone, but she was doing this for the class?

“And, um, what was that about control training?”

“...”

“Have you been doing something with Ibekusa-san?”

“~~ I’ve been getting her help at night.”

This one likely hurt her pride as a warrior. She confessed with a sullen look on her face.

“I thought I could bring out a small portion of Metatron and use whatever amount

I could control. And it looks like I can use 20-30% of its power.”

“Is that why you’ve been gone every night?”

“For practice, yes. It causes a ton of heat, so I can’t do it at the apartment. Ibekusa created a dedicated location for it outside of town. She says it’s win-win since I can practice controlling it and she can measure Metatron’s heat-increase variable.”

Mutsuki was dumbfounded.

Even if it was completely give and take, they were working together. At the very least, that was only possible if they were certain of each other's intent to maintain a truce.

It was not just her classmates; Ange was getting along with an enemy like Machina as well.

"...Ange."

"What? ...Wah."

The blushing girl looked away, so she could not dodge when the boy suddenly hugged her. Her small body fit perfectly between his arms and he pushed her back onto the bed.

"S-stupid Mutsuki, what are you-... Let go."

She tried to complain, but she got tongue-tied.

"Ahm..."

And her lips were sealed by his.

Ange was shocked by the forceful kiss. Her shoulders and back tensed and she gave him a sharp look of protest.

But that was all. Only her eyes protested; she did not actually resist. Mutsuki had known she would not resist, so he had not restrained her and his embrace was entirely gentle.

"So you weren't going to blow up back there."

"Of course not. I am technically your bodyguard, so I wouldn't use something that would harm you. And why would I throw my life away from something like that?

That's ridiculous."

"I guess you have a point."

"I need a new power if I'm going to keep protecting you from now on."

"...Right."

From now on.

Those words deepened the boy's kiss.

"Wait, we're going to do it h-here?"

"You're having a hard time after being exposed to the Serpent's Eye, aren't you?"

You've been sweating a lot."

"Uuh... That is true, but..."

He kissed her again and finally began an adult kiss that stickily intertwined within her mouth.

As he had said, the Serpent's Eye's power was overwhelming. A fire had been ignited in Ange's body whether she liked it or not and her hips had to be itching for stimulation. Her restless legs were turned a bit inward.

And the worst part was that Mutsuki could help her extinguish that fire.

He pressed his lips against hers with the intensity of a martial arts pinning technique.

"But we can't do it here. Um, someone might see us."

"Senpai apparently sent everyone away before the battle, so there's no one here."

They spoke while their lips did battle.

Ange was still reluctant because Ren herself or Machina might show up, but Mutsuki had completely overlooked that fact in his lust.

"Wait, but...I'm still not mentally prepared...Ahhn."

His kiss was so intense it made her feel dizzy and Ange's reason for rejecting him grew vaguer.

Her sweat glands naturally opened up and sweat soaked her jewel-like skin. She wanted to reject him because she had twice the pride and embarrassment of the average person, but she showed no sign of taking action on that want.

Noticing that, Mutsuki began an even more persistent kiss.

"Ahm, nh, nh, hh, hhh...nn."

Instead of just pressing them together, he rubbed their lips together and licked at hers enough to see a glimpse of tongue every so often.

The lips had sensitive nerves, so once you started stimulating them, the sensation would quickly grow in intensity.

“No...ahn, Mutsuki.”

She soon responded with some obscene kissing of her own. Her jaw grew tired and hung limply open. The way her sticky tongue wrapped around his was undeniable proof that she was accepting his kiss.

Mutsuki was usually shy, but his kissing technique had been polished by the likes of Lucia and Micha. A child like Ange was entirely helpless. She was quickly infected by the sweet sensation and he began sending a hypnotic vibration to her tongue.

“Ahh...nnh, nmh.”

They pressed their tongues together closely enough to feel all the little bumps on the surface.

An obscenely wet sound came from their connected mouths.

“You’re as weak to kisses as ever.”

“Sh-shut up. That’s only because you do it in such a lewd way...”

“So it makes you lewd, too?”

“ ”

“Heh heh. You’re so cute.”

She would get mad if he got carried away, so he placated her by licking her soft lips again.

He had confirmed that the stubborn angel was weak to kissing countless times over the past two months. They had slept together many times over summer break and he had found several more weaknesses during that time.

He looked her right in the eye.

“Stupid...Mutsuki...”

He rubbed her head.

“Stupid...”

He tickled her adorable earlobe.

“...Stupid≡”

The angry look to her eyes rapidly melted away.

Her trembling lips grew more aggressive. She actively participated in the fight between tongues.

Gravity naturally pulled the stickiness toward the shorter one, so her sensual throat swallowed their combined saliva: “Nn

≡ Nn≡”

“I’m going to touch you now.”

He reached for her limp body.

She had sand on her after the rampage on the athletic ground, so he first stroked her shirt and skirt to brush it off.

Once that was done, his hands moved to her legs.

“Nn, stupid Mutsuki, why are you touching me in such a dirty way...?”

“Because I want to.”

He stroked her sexy thighs.

Feeling ticklish, Ange wrinkled her slender eyebrows. She desperately grimaced as she tried to suppress how she trembled from each and every movement of his fingers.

She was not wearing her usual spats today, so as his fingers moved up...

“...What’s this dampness?”

“I-it’s obviously sweat.”

“I know, I know. That was quite a battle out there.”

He arrived at her plain panties deep within her scarlet checkered skirt.

The dampness he felt even at her pubis was likely from sweat, just like she

said.

However...

“You’re so hot down here. I can see why you’re sweating.”

“Ahh...nn. Wait, no, ah...”

He traced his fingers along the center of the cloth plastered to her skin by the moisture.

The mound pushing out her panties contained too much heat to claim it was just due to her workout.

“Ah, ahhh. Hey...Mutsuki, nhh, that’s...embarrassing.”

Ange wrinkled her brow just because he rubbed along the edge of her mature-looking high-leg panties with lace embroidery.

“You’re even more sensitive than usual. ...The Serpent’s Eye must have really affected you.”

He was still only tickling her, but her reaction was extreme. She arched her back so much he was afraid she would break her trembling spine and she could no longer suppress the damp breaths.

He recalled a time long before when Ange had been under the Serpent’s Eye’s influence. She had been so sensitive to sexual stimuli that simply rubbing oil on her body to heal her had brought her to climax.

“I’ll give you a light orgasm real quick. You need some relief right away, don’t you?”

“Eh? Eh? Light...? Hwah!”

He used the hand not in her skirt to reach behind her head and embrace her.

He maintained a gentle touch, but it was enough to easily pull the short angel into his arm. He embraced her sideways while sitting cross-legged.

“W-wait. This is...ahh.”

Proud Ange was angry that he was treating her like a child, but Mutsuki did not let her say any more. She was essentially being princess carried, so her face was close by and he sealed her argument with a kiss.

He grabbed the edge of her panties.

“No...wait...ah...ahh.”

And he slowly pulled them down.

The damp fabric balled up and smoothly fell down. The girl complained, but her struggles failed to stop him from lowering her panties.

He fully removed them with no real resistance. After pulling them from her tiny toes, he turned them inside-out and emphasized the crotch. It was not really a stain, but that part was a little darker than the surrounding sweat-soaked fabric.

“You’re realllly wet, aren’t you?’

“A-again, it’s sweat.”

“Is it now?”

He tossed aside the balled-up panties and reached inside her skirt again.

She reacted quite intensely when he only tickled her inner thigh with the back of his hand. She kicked at the bed with her flailing legs.

“Heen!”

The mound that had been noticeably soft even through the panties accepted his hand with almost no resistance. It was like touching soft-serve ice cream.

He had only meant to touch her, but the internal flesh was so melted that his light touch counted as a “push”. It opened its mouth from bottom to top.

“You’re soaked in here too. Isn’t this a little much for sweat?”

“Shut up... Stupid, stupid...”

The angel’s pussy had the innocent appearance of purity itself, but once he touched it, he found it was quite maturely developed.

The external petals stuck out as if to escape the heat inside, exposing the naturally swollen clitoris, the urethra, the inner lips, and the covered entrance to the vagina.

“Hee, eee. Ahn, ahn, no, wait...not so rough!”

He only poked at the vaginal entrance, but Ange reacted so sensitively you would think she was being roughly penetrated by a thick cock.

An obscene stickiness played from within her skirt and she embarrassedly bit her lower lip.

“You’re reactions are always incredible. Now cum. You can’t bear it much longer, can you?”

“It’s not about-...ah! Nn, ah, ah, nooo, not there. Don’t...don’t touch my clit!”

That piece of flesh sat at the top of her slit like a tiny hat.

While Machina’s was too small to see normally, Ange’s clitoris grew considerably when she was aroused and he could focus on toying with it. Mutsuki enjoyed teasing it.

The girl could not bear that, but...

“Ahhh, nn, nnn...Ahn, ahhn.”

Ange grabbed at the boy’s clothing and released erotic moans you would never

expect from her childlike appearance.

Sensing that she was close, Mutsuki further attacked that nectary flesh.

He knew exactly how hard she liked it.

“Now cum. I’m supporting you.”

And he knew exactly how she liked it done.

He breathed on her throat that gave off a sweet-and-sour feminine aroma and he licked her cute earlobe. She narrowed her eyes from the ticklishness.

“Yes...yes. Nn...I’m...Mutsuki, Mutsuki...I’m...I’m going to...”

Her adorable face was red. Her short moans echoed through the bedroom partitioned off by the thin curtain.

When her mind melted from sexual pleasure, Ange had a tendency to mentally regress...or rather, grow oddly cute. Mutsuki knew that, so he gently held her in his arms like an older brother or like a father.

“C’mon.”

“Ahh≡”

For the finishing blow, he stuck his fingers in her secret tunnel.

Her body obeyed his command even more obediently than a baby. Her legs stretched out and her back arched.

“I’m cumming, ahh, ahhn, I’m cumming, I’m cumming!”

She tossed her head around as she reached climax. With a short delay, her red hair whipped forward and hit the boy holding her.

The reaction in her skirt was just as intense. Her opened flesh bit down on his fingers painfully hard. The sexual flesh around that also reacted, so a heated liquid sprayed out on his fingers.

Seeing a beloved girl look like sexuality itself while in the throes of ecstasy was the most arousing sight for a man, so Mutsuki looked quite satisfied as he burned it into his retinas.

But then a look of panic reached his face.

He had remembered what she did pre-orgasm, but he had forgotten what she did post-orgasm.

“Hyah...≡ Ah...≡”

“Um, Ange...”

It was too late.

Something warm reached his hand again, but it was clearly different from the spraying nectar.

It splashed off his hand with a vulgar sound and a yellow stain spread across the inside of her skirt and the sheets.

“...Now I’ve done it.”

Mutsuki cursed himself because he had caused a major problem just the other day by making a girl do the same thing in this very room.

“Ah ha...≡ Ha...≡”

The remnants of the orgasm lingered within Ange as she breathed heavily with an empty look on her face.

She lay on the bed with her body soaked with sweat, her legs somewhat spread, and a yellow stain spreading between them.

“Umm...”

He had completely forgotten about her tendency to wet herself when she came.

She was calm at the moment due to the climax still affecting her, but the boy scratched his head because he knew she would be angry once she realized what had happened.

“A-Ange, lift your legs.”

He did not have time to stand around, so he started by dealing with the stain.

Most of the urine had fallen inside her skirt and the checkered skirt was made from a fairly nonabsorbent material. He undid the hook at her slender waist and pulled it away from the bed along with the sheet below. Her uniform's blouse was wet from the portion tucked into her skirt, so he removed that too.

Fortunately, the warm liquid had not reached the mattress below.

It looked like he would only have to wash the sheet. To make sure the color did not stain, he filled the sink with water and soaked the sheet, skirt, and blouse together.

“Nn...Mutsuki?”

Ange awoke from her stupor.

“I'm cold...”

“Oh, sorry, sorry.”

He had removed her panties and then her blouse and skirt, so she only had her bra and socks left. And he had done nothing about her wet butt.

He searched for something with which to dry her and something with which to dress her.

Luckily, he soon found something. There were wet wipes next to the bed and

there was a change of clothes.

“Ange, how about this?”

“Hweh?”

He returned to the girl who was staring blankly at the ceiling.

He carefully wiped down her butt with the wet wipes and then put some clothing on her.

“Nn...so warm.”

“Good.”

“But what is this?”

“Um...underwear, I guess.”

“Ohh...?”

Mutsuki smiled bitterly because he was not sure this really counted as underwear.

He had used something he found a package of in a corner of the menstrual product shelf. They were probably meant for kids who dirtied their underwear. Simply put...they were paper diapers.

“I think I like these.”

It was warm and girls apparently felt stress from underwear as tight as panties.

Ange must have liked the looser fit of this because she narrowed her eyes like a kitten in a sunbeam.

It could be easy to forget after their four months together, but this angel was ignorant of the human world in many ways. She apparently did not know this was

known as a diaper and was meant for babies.

He also put another piece of clothing on her. Of the two costumes, the dress Lucia had worn before looked like it would get wrinkled if it was not handled carefully, so he chose the other one: the smock.

“~≡”

It too was warm, so Ange's expression relaxed, making her look quite happy. Meanwhile, Mutsuki blushed after seeing the completed form he had made. Ange was wearing a kindergarten outfit and a diaper.

It felt incredibly wrong somehow.

While she was short, her arms and legs were decently long.

And her butt alone was made bulky by the diaper. This outfit ruined her elegant bodylines, so it really did not suit her at all.

But that was exactly what inspired such a sense of guilt and arousal in him. His heart was pounding.

He gulped without meaning to. And...

“...Wh-what is it?”

The ecstasy must have finally cooled because Ange put on her usual lopsided frown.

She closed her spread legs and held her knees together while still lying down.

She was probably trying to hide her important bits, but the bulky underwear only accentuated her cute butt.

“Wah! A-a little warning next time!”

He embraced her again.

It was not so much the arousal. He simply found her unbearably cute and started rubbing his cheek against her skin which still contained some lingering heat and sweat.

But Ange was apparently already satisfied.

“Wait!”

She pushed back the boy attacking her.

“Ow! Th-that hurt, Ange.”

“Calm down, stupid Mutsuki! And why did you put this on me!? I can't get it

dirty.”

“S-sorry.”

“And this underwear...is it even underwear? If we’re only borrowing them, I can’t get them dirty either.”

She shouted at him after noticing how she was dressed.

He had dressed her in the costume for the play she had been so reluctant to take part in and he had put her in what she realized clearly weren’t panties. Of course she was angry, so the boy smiled bitterly.

“Honestly...”

But despite pushing him away, the girl was not actually rejecting him.

“O-oral.”

“Eh?”

“It’s give and take... I’ll do oral. So let that satisfy you.”

Mutsuki was not generally in the habit of masturbating and, due to a number of factors lining up just wrong, he had only cum once (with Lucia) over the past few weeks. His teenage body was not at all satisfied.

“Wow... That’s a strong smell.”

Mutsuki sat on the bed with his legs stretched out and he opened the front of his pants.

The blood vessels looking on the verge of bursting and the impressive form pointing toward the ceiling were the usual state of affairs. But the smell surrounding it was new.

It was like sweat condensed down dozens of times and one sniff seemed to leave a salty taste on your tongue.

Simply put, it was a male smell. Ange peered down at the tip as it seeped precum and she grimaced when the wafting smell hit her nostrils.

Mutsuki was ashamed and about ready to go wash it, but...

“You don’t have to. It is really strong.” She wrinkled her brow and moved her

face in close. “But it’s your smell.”

She stuck out her beautiful pink tongue.

“Ahhfh...”

She licked at the tip as if taking some preliminary tastes.

That alone felt amazing to his long-deprived body. His upper body trembled as he savored the sweet angel’s service.

“Come to think of it, it isn’t often you’ll do this, Ange.”

“That’s...true, isn’t it?”

Mutsuki naturally liked doing things for others and Ange was prideful and tended to be more passive in bed, so it was unusual for her to unilaterally pleasure the boy.

“In fact...is this the first time you’ve suddenly offered to suck me off?”

“It probably is at least the first time I’ve done it ‘suddenly’.”

Then they both remembered when Ange would usually kiss him here. It was always after sex when his penis had been thoroughly washed by the ample girl juices inside her vagina.

“Hmm.”

She smiled bitterly when she realized that was why she was not used to sucking something with such a male smell.

Her blue eyes were filled with embarrassment and an aroused dampness, but a flame of curiosity ignited within them.

“Now that I think about it, erections are really weird. ...Wow, it’s throbbing so much.”

With a flush around her eyes, she kissed the tip again.

She did not seem to find it dirty. She did not hesitate to kiss the smooth tip, the bottom of the head, or the base of the shaft which was as hard as steel. She even licked off the saltiness.

“The veins are bulging out. ...It’s kind of gross.”

In fact, while seeing how each part tasted, she observed every little trait of the penis with curious eyes.

“You might be Mutsuki on the inside, but your body sure is harsh. I never noticed.”

At any rate, she seemed interested in the hardness and bulging veins of the section from the base to the middle. She formed a ring with her fingers and massaged it.

She was always on the receiving end. Even when she did pleasure him, it was after her mind had been muddled from a few orgasms.

But now she had only experienced one light climax, so her mind was almost entirely clear. She checked over every aspect of the shape as if for the first time.

Like a kindergartner who had found a neat toy, her eyes sparkled with curiosity as she focused on that embarrassing place. Mutsuki of course had trouble relaxing.

“So these are the...testicles, is it? I know it’s supposed to hurt if you treat them roughly, but is this gentle enough?”

“Ah, y-yes. It doesn’t hurt, but...”

Her curiosity made her much more active.

She gently lifted up the balls which were covered with some hair that was in the process of changing from childishly light to a mature black.

She only touched them softly, but...

“Ahhh. Ange, um, that doesn’t hurt, but it tickles.”

“Really? Come to think of it, these wrinkles are a lot like an armpit.”

“So...so, um, ahhh. Ah, nnhah.”

The slightest impact would produce unbearable pain, but the surface skin was delicate too. As she rubbed at and toyed with them, the boy stretched out his legs

much like Ange had before.

His undeveloped nerves caused his urethra to tighten like it was in a hurry to ejaculate.

The precum was supposed to simply seep out, but it spurted out in a string that got in Ange's hair.

"Oh, dear... Hee hee. Can you not wait any longer?"

"...Sorry."

Mutsuki apologized, but that only put Ange in a better mood. She grabbed the thick rod that was twitching like a fish out of water.

"...Ahm."

And her cherry-blossom-pink lips covered the tip which was soaked with a sticky clear fluid.

Mutsuki placed his hands a bit behind his hips and squeezed the mattress.

"Ahhh, ah, ah, ah, Ange, I said that tickles...hwah."

Her sticky and crawling tongue licked from the tip and down the underside.

And she continued the gentle massage of his balls. The ticklishness combined with the pleasure of her licking the sensitive tip, so his hips nearly hopped up from the bed.

Ange paid his reaction no heed and continued moving her tongue around.

"Nhh, the sweaty smell came from the base, but this is where the lewdest smell is coming from."

She began another curious examination.

She began at the tip.

"It really is shaped weird. It's smooth but so hot... I've always had trouble believing it's really part of your body."

She moved to the bottom of the head.

"Ah, this is the spot that sticks out and rubs at me. It always causes me so much trouble."

And then to the shaft.

“Nn...it’s so hard. And because it’s so hard, it forces me open no matter how much strength I gather in my gut. That makes it so hard to relax...and...”

“Hm? Ange?”

“...It’s nothing.”

As her crawling tongue grew more familiar with the penis, she started saying less.

Mutsuki enjoyed the pleasure which was different from just having sex, so he had not noticed the change in her.

Her strong-willed and angled eyes were now obscenely drooping just like when he had removed her panties and fingered her secret flesh.

“Nhh... It’s so hard. And so very big...ah.”

The shape and hardness of the cock in her mouth reminded her of the orgasms it had given her and he noticed the dampness growing in her voice.

And one other thing...

“Ahn...nn, nn, nnh.”

Her soft lips narrowed down to delightedly swallow the head.

When her head sank down, her butt naturally rose up. And that butt was accentuated by the puffy white diaper she wore.

He realized her slender waist and the butt wearing a baby’s underwear were wiggling left and right a bit.

“Ha ha. Ange, are you getting horny from sucking dick?”

“...Eh? What?”

“Nothing.”

She would have stubbornly denied it had he said it, so he just let her enjoy it.

Due to her pose, her loose, poncho-like top slid up her body, leaving only the diaper to hide everything below her navel.

Her slender waist and legs made the puffy diaper on her butt stand out all the more.

The way she wiggled that puffy butt was like a baby chick dancing. Mutsuki felt like he had seen something similar when his youngest sister had been even younger and practicing standing up. He had thought it was cute back then...and he had certainly never expected to get turned on by someone dressed in the same way a few years later.

“Nhh, mhh...nn.”

The corners of Ange’s mouth were stretched almost painfully tight as she swallowed the cock whole.

It was thick enough to win over adult women like Micha and Black Cat, so she seemed to have trouble breathing.

“Are you okay?” he asked while brushing up her red bangs.

“I’h hine...nhh.”

But even if she was dressed like a baby, the way she looked back up at him was not at all like a baby.

Her usually clear blue eyes were filled with stickiness now.

“Ahh...ha ha♪ Amazing, Mutsuki. I can’t believe how big it is...ahnn.”

“Ha ha. Ange, you have the lewdest look on your face just from sucking it.”

“I...I can’t help it when I...think about how I always have this...thick thing inside me. Ah, ahhn

≡”

Even when she removed it from her mouth to answer him, she stuck her tongue out to lick at the solid shape. She was especially thorough with the bottom of the head that always teased her vaginal flesh.

Focusing on how it would penetrate her must have made her vagina throb. Her puffy butt was moving up and down. Mutsuki laughed.

“I’d better return the favor.”

“Eh...? Kyah≡”

He unbuttoned the chest of the loose-fitting top and stuck his hand inside. He reached the sweet and perky mounds inside and shook them from the base.

“Come to think of it, you’re wearing a different bra from normal.”

He was curious about what he felt with his hand.

A bra with mature lace was hidden below the kindergartner outfit that would be worn by a child of five. He had noticed before that she was not wearing a sports bra like normal.

“Saya recommended some things, so I bought a lot of new clothes.”

“Oh...?”

She was even dressing up based on her friend’s opinion.

“...Got a problem with that?”

“Of course not. Ange, you have a nice figure, so you would look good in pretty much anything.”

He smiled bitterly and stuck his hips out toward the pouting girl. It made him happy to think that human-hating angel was gradually being influenced by the human world.

He pushed his penis against her lips. She was surprised when he teased her breasts and briefly hesitated, but when the precum flowed from the tip and dripped down...

“Ah...”

She licked up from the base like she was catching a melting drip of ice cream and then she swallowed the giant cock once more.



That was the same as receiving permission. Mutsuki groped her bust without restraint. She was wearing a more adult bra for once, but as he pushed at and kneaded the soft breasts, it gradually shifted out of place.

“Your nipples are already so hard. Your horniness really knows no bounds once that fire gets lit.”

“That’s not...ah, ahn, ahhn.”

“No excuses. Look, look. I think your nipples are going to get even harder.”

Her bust was as smooth as pearls, so the prickle of her nipples was impossible to miss.

“Did you get turned on as they rubbed against your new bra?”

“~~”

“Looking at this, I bet I could get you to cum just from your tits.”

Just like he had driven Machina to climax using only that part of her body in this very room a few days before. He skillfully groped the soft but firm sensation.

“Nn, nhhh, hey, c’mon. Don’t grope my boobs so much. Hwah, don’t pinch my nipples!”

While already fucking her mouth, he also shook her breasts, which were twice as sensitive as the average person’s, hard enough to possibly leave a mark, so Ange sobbed with an even sweeter voice.

Her hips and below were seducing the boy by wiggling back and forth like a waddling duck. Mutsuki continued groping her breasts as he reached out his other hand.

“Ahhn.”

He grabbed her smallish butt through the diaper.

It was a rough shock with the thick intruder in between. Ange moaned loudly with the thick erection still in her mouth. It made his cock tingle.

“Okay, Ange. Keep sucking. Swallow up all of my sticky sex.”

“Okay...hhh, okay, okay.”

The girl grew more obedient as her pleasure grew, so she was completely focused on sucking his dick.

Instead of just licking with her tongue, she pressed it against the swollen head as she sucked.

Mutsuki could feel his several days' worth of semen rising to the bursting point, but it would be a waste to release it now. He gathered strength in his lower gut and pleased her with his fingers in response.

His fingers dug into her ass.

“Ha ha...ahhh≡ Ahhh, my butt, my butt feels so hot≡”

“It’s lucky you fit in the diaper, Ange. Your butt has been getting big recently.”

“Wha-...b-big...?”

“Oh, sorry, sorry. Compared to before, I mean.”

“Uuh... That’s your fault for doing those things every single time...”

“Heh heh. You’re probably right.”

In order to distract her from his poor choice of words, he stuck his middle finger into the center.

Her butt was as cute as a baby’s and the perfect softness for the diaper, but when the surprisingly weighty flesh parted, he found an obscene garden that could not

at all be called “cute”.

It was always hot by the time Mutsuki spread it open and the anus at the bottom always forgot its proper role and loosened. Even through the thick fabric, he could feel the seemingly melted softness accepting his finger.

“Maybe I’ve been overfeeding this thing.”

“Ahhhn.”

After feeding it with cum several dozen times, her ass was begging for a cock today.

When he suddenly targeted her weak point, Ange cried out half in protest and

half in joy.

Which one took precedence was obvious from how lewdly her hips were wiggling, but he still chose to pull his finger back.

And he instead targeted the greater weak point located a little lower down.

“Nn...wah.”

But before reaching the hole in question, his finger came to a stop while only digging into the lips.

He recalled that the diaper was not just meant as a kinky kind of underwear. He moved his finger up and down again and found the absorbent material was even heavier than he had expected.

“I didn’t realize it was so soaked. You could have told me.”

Ange naturally produced a lot of juices, but it was not too much for the diaper to absorb.

He had failed to notice since it did not leak out, but the blowjob alone had left the contents throbbing to the point of being painful.

“This might not be good. Maybe I should take it off.”

It might be bad to forcibly take all the moisture away from that sensitive area. He rolled her onto her back and started to move around to her legs, but...

“Nyahhhn. Don’t go. I want to suck it some more.”

“Eh? ...Ah, wait.”

Even on her back, Ange continued to move her tongue along his penis.

She lovingly licked at the underside and bent her head back to swallow it again.

She pulled Mutsuki forward so he ended up straddling her face. They ended up in the sixty-nine position with the guy on top.

“Your cock is so tasty, Mutsuki... Nn≡ You like it when I lick here, don’t you?”

She had apparently learned how to pleasure the boy in only this short time, so she tightened her lips around the erection and licked all around the head.

“Ah, well...don't blame me for what happens.”

Mutsuki gave her a troubled look as her slender and beautiful cheeks bulged out as she lost herself in dick-sucking.

He wanted to prioritize what she wanted to do, but he also needed to investigate this, so he reached for her legs.

He grabbed both her thighs and pulled them up. He held her limp legs in something halfway between a V-shape and an M-shape. She looked just like a baby having her diaper changed.

He undid just one side and checked inside.

“Oh...wow.”

Inside, he found even more than he expected. As if she had wet herself again, the absorbent material was drenched in a yellowish liquid. A warm and obscene smell wafted out and seemed to plaster itself in his nostrils.

There was nothing to worry about concerning that delicate zone. At the very least, it was not about to dry out.

“Nn, nn, nn. Your cock is amazing. My mouth...is so full

≡”

In fact, new sex nectar was dripping out of her flesh fruit even now.

Mutsuki quickly noticed the pattern with which the extract was squeezed from her vaginal flesh. It was synced with the rhythm of her lips squeezing down on his shaft while she sucked at the head.

“Ha ha. You've really taken a liking to sucking dick.”

“Nhh... Cum. I'll swallow all your white stuff...I want to swallow it.”

Not even Micha or Black Cat had responded so obscenely.

“Nmh, nmhhhh...pwhan≡ Nhh≡”

Her cheeks sucked in as she sucked harder, but her lips moved deeper and deeper toward the base. She was so focused on pleasuring him that her pretty facial features gained the mouth of the Hyottoko mask.

“Ange, I’m...sorry, but I’m gonna...”

The guilt of turning her beautiful face into something so obscene caused the last piece of the boy’s rationality to crumble away.

Mutsuki’s limbs shook intensely. And...

“Nbhhn.”

He dropped his hips toward the mouth so thoroughly pleasuring him.

The tip slid along her rough tongue and reached her throat.

Mutsuki panicked when he felt that harder surface. He immediately tried to lift his hips, but his body had passed the point of no return and trembled as it actually assaulted her throat further. And...

“...Mhh≡”

The girl’s throat gave a happy groan at the sudden visit from his manhood.

The sticky flesh of her mouth covered almost the entire surface of his rod and she sucked until it was nearly a vacuum.

“Kwaaaahh.”

Nearly painful pleasure raced down the central urethra. That collided with the sense of ejaculation rising from the base and exploded like a fireball in his hips.

“Nghhhhh! Nbh, nn, nnnnn!”

The thick and sticky pent-up extract flowed out all at once like a tap had been opened. It scorched the inside of his throbbing penis and flowed into the girl’s throat.

This was not the first time he had cum in her mouth, but it was the first time at this depth. The cum bullets almost felt solid as they struck her throat, so the angel opened her blue eyes wide.

But even as he pressed down on her, the girl did not struggle and accepted the assault of her mouth.

In fact, she wrapped her arms around the boy’s hips to accept the torrent.

“Nhh...≡ Pwaahhhh≡ Hnn, nn, nn≡”

She tightened her throat to protect her windpipe and she wrinkled her brow, but it was a look of horniness and pleasure instead of anguish.

The boy trembled on all fours like a horse giving birth as he ejaculated more and more semen.

The girl gulped it all down.

“Ah...ah.”

Even taking into account how long it had been, the pleasure was far too great and it left Mutsuki’s mind muddled. The movements of the mouth and throat swallowing his fluid began to stroke his penis and provide further pleasure while sucking out the contents of the urethra.

His blank mind vaguely knew he had done something awful.

And then his gaze focused inside the diaper where even more extract squirted from within her trembling pussy lips.

The ejaculation had been like having a hole in his body from which he ejected all of his body’s contents.

He was left feeling even more lethargic than normal, so after just barely managing to move off of Ange, he collapsed. Without the sheet, the mattress felt somewhat hard, but that felt nice at the moment.

“Ah ha ha. I haven’t cum that much in a long time.”

“Hee hee... It was amazing. My entire throat smells like you.”

“Were you okay? You didn’t have trouble breathing?”

“I’m fine...eh heh heh≡ It felt good.”

She was apparently still out of it. Her usually dignified face was loose and melted and she was much more honest than usual.

Mutsuki smiled bitterly.

“Ange, you came at the end, didn’t you?”

“Uuh...”

“I didn’t even touch you, but you squirted.”

“Shuh up. That was your fault. You just kept cumming until my belly was full of that hot and thick stuff.”

“Ha ha. Sorry.”

With the curtain divider surrounding the bed, this was their own little world and just chatting like this was fun. He kissed her thigh in apology and then he too went limp.

But just as he tried to rest his body...

“...Hamh≡”

“...Ange?”

“Nmh, ahmh, nfh.”

“Hey, Ange...waaaaah, that tickles!”

They were supposedly taking a break, but she had brought her tongue back to his partially-flaccid dick.

She wrapped her sticky mouth around it and sucked while using her tongue as lovingly as a mother dog grooming her puppy. And her hand caressed his balls.

When she stroked his ticklish testicles and stickily traced her tongue along the underside of the shaft, Mutsuki’s hips shot up.

“Ahh... Noo, don’t go. I want to suck it even more.”

The girl sulked when the thing in her mouth escaped.

“Um, uh...what’s with you?”

The way she breathed through her small nose and looked pleadingly up at him through the gaps in her messy bangs was shockingly cute and indecent. His heart began pounding.

“Because your thing is incredible. I want to keep licking it.”

Ange sulked like a child whose favorite snack had been taken from her and she stuck her thumb in her mouth.

She audibly sucked at it.

“...”

She looked just like a baby and the diaper probably helped with that illusion.

Mutsuki reached out a hand for no real reason.

“Ha ha≡”

The girl happily placed the index and middle finger in her mouth.

She swallowed them to the second joint and audibly sucked at them.

“You really do like sucking things, huh?”

“Nn≡ Nn≡ But it’sh sho relaxshing.”

With an obedience he could never normally imagine from her, her warm tongue moved between his fingers and along his nails.

He had noticed before that this strongest angel would rejoice like a child of four whenever he hugged her or rubbed her head.

He found it both cute and arousing. As her pink lips wrapped around his fingers, he felt a reaction in the saliva-covered object she had been doing the same thing to before. It stood arrogantly tall.

“C’mon... Once you get fired up, you just can’t control it, can you?”

“That’s your fault, Mutsuki...≡”

“Heh heh. Well, yeah.”

He brushed his other hand through her messy hair and rubbed his erection against her thigh.

When she noticed her favorite treat was hard again, Ange gave him a pleading look while continuing to suck his fingers.

Mutsuki lovingly stroked her cheek.

“No. That’s off limits for now.”

“Ehh?”

“Heh heh. Because...”

He pointed the tip inside her half-removed diaper.

“You need to suck it with this.”

He poked at the swollen garden that was too drenched for the absorbent material.

The complexly-shaped flesh produced a wet sound just like her sucking his fingers.

“Nn...okay≡ I want it there. Let me suck it with that≡”

The mass of heat that had conquered her mouth now touched some even more sensitive flesh.

Ange blissfully narrowed her eyes and lifted her legs in the same pose he had placed her in before. It was the pose of a baby having her diaper changed.

“Nnah...≡”

That flesh garden had been more than ready since she had wet herself the first time and it was now gently pushed open.

The smooth slit contained a light pink wetland. Passing through there provided such a carnal sensation that Mutsuki nearly came and did gasp.

“Ahh, ah, ah, ah~~≡ Hamh, nmhh, Mutsuki, kwahhh.”

It was intense for Ange as well. She did not bite down, but she clung to his arm and trembled.

“Ha ha. Your pussy really is lewd, Ange. You must really like sucking dick because you’re even sucking at me down there.”

“Ahhn, don’t say that. It’s too embarrassing. Ah, nh, and I’m only so lewd because you’re so big, hard, and amazing.”

“I know, I know.”

He pierced straight into her hidden depths.

“Hwaaaah≡”

When he poked at her childish womb without any warmup exercises in the shallow area, Ange would normally act a little afraid, but there was no problem today.

“Ha ha. Ahhh. You’re inside me...your...nn, nmh, ahh.”

Just by letting her suck his fingertips, she left her entire body, including her womb, to him.

The cruelly thick head sank into the childish vagina and began pumping in and out.

The head’s girth kneaded the layers of folds that hotly squeezed and wrapped around it. Their flesh reacted to the familiar partner’s cells and they quickly adapted to each other. They were connected so tightly that they might as well have become one.

“Ah, nhh. Ahn≡ Hahn≡ Ahhh, Mutsuki, yesss.”

“You feel so sticky and good inside, Ange.”

Each time their sensitive flesh rubbed together, pleasure rose up in them both.

They had first slept together less than two months before, but their bodies already knew each other’s flavor well enough for mere contact to bewitch each other.

And today, there was more than just that direct pleasure.

“Hahm, ahm...nnnn~≡”

“You look so happy sucking my fingers, Ange. You’re just like a baby.”

“Eh heh...≡ That’s because I love your cock.”

Ange’s body was adult enough for her breasts to jiggle each time the flesh cannon pulled out or pushed in, but her heart had entirely reverted to that of a young child.

She had a blank look of happiness, like a baby being spoiled by her mother. The way the kid’s clothing was pulled up to her neck looked like a bib due to its loose fabric.

Her sexual flesh seemed even more intensely indulgent than normal.

It was packed in densely and the folds twisted a lot when his manhood slid

through them.

“Ange...Ange.”

“Pwah, Mutsuki. Nhh≡ More...I want to suck more.”

“I know, I know.”

To tease her, he stirred up her mouth with the fingers sticking inside it.

“Nnnnn~≡”

Her mouth must have acted as an erogenous zone because when he teased her tongue, her soaked flesh responded in kind.

The folds squeezed incredibly tightly. It was like having soft blunt weapons striking his penis from all sides. He could barely stand it when the flesh was so sensitive after ejaculating once already, so his thrusts gained even more passion.

He was pounding her almost painfully hard, but Ange somehow received it with ease. Her empty and hazy blue eyes grew obscenely wet and she enjoyed the small waves of the coming orgasm.

“Hahm, ahm. ...Nhh~≡”

She seemed to be leaving it all up to Mutsuki.

Her otherwise limp body lifted up its hips to accept his thrusts.

She was not just wearing a diaper to show how embarrassingly defenseless she was. There was no tension or defiance in her, just like a sleepy baby. It was hard

to believe she was known as the strongest warrior.

She simply let the boy do what he wanted while happily indulging in his fingers.

“Your pussy really gets used to having a dick in it fast, Ange. I just rub it a little and it tightens down like it doesn’t want to let the thing go.”

“S-stupid Mutsuki. Don’t say that.”

“But it’s true, isn’t it?”

He stirred up her wet layers of flesh.

“Nn, nnn...≡”

“Hey, Ange. Your belly really likes me, doesn’t it?”

“Uuh~”

“Doesn’t it?”

“...I-it does. Got a problem with that?”

She was a little mad, but that prideful angel had even had her stubborn will worn away.

The half-removed diaper produced a lewdly sticky sound between their hips as they repeatedly pushed together and pulled apart. The hard thrusting was enough for her lovely breasts to bounce around.

“Ah, nn, nh≡ Hkh...nnn≡ Nhhh≡”

An intense electric current filled their stickily intertwining sex organs.

That was the pulse of orgasm. As if priming her, the pulse ran from her nectar tunnel and to the rest of her body, causing her to breathe erratically.

The frictional heat building in her penetrated garden was directly converted into pleasure.

Her muscles reacted on their own. Her spine lifted up and her slender belly struck

the boy’s stomach.

“Hwah, ah, ha, hyah... Mutsu...ki, I’m...I’m going to...”

She released his saliva-coated fingers and called to him with a sweet voice.

The large caliber mushroom continued to stroke the tightening vaginal flesh.

The folds of flesh naturally pushed out on their own to meet the manly rhythm themselves. Driven into a corner by both the boy’s impressive size and her own flesh’s reaction, she pleaded him with an upturned look.

Her usually dignified and angled eyes now gave a sweet and flirtatious look that elicited a gasp from Mutsuki.

“Go ahead. You can cum whenever you want. I’m about to cum, too...”

She had stopped sucking his fingers, but her flower petals continued sucking the erection digging into the source of her sexuality.

The sweet shock robbed all else from them both. They could only see and hear each other. They were trapped in the pleasure of their own little world. Their thrusting naturally synced up and her breasts shook with a flowing rhythm while her sweat plastered the shirt to them.

The erect nipples pushing up at the shirt were throbbing bewitchingly.

“Nn, let’s cum together, Ange. Together, okay?”

“Y-yes. Ahh≡ Cum. I want your sticky stuff, ah...in my mouth. I want it in my mouth again.”

“Understood.”

When she begged him with a flush around her eyes, he laughed, kissed her, and

thrust deep inside her.

“Ahhhhh, ah, ah≡”

When he pulled back again, the thick head pulled the vaginal folds back with it, which pushed the girl over the edge.



An especially powerful surge of pleasure raced up her spine.

Gravity vanished from her mind. The bed seemed to have disappeared. She felt like she had been thrown into a pure white world, so she frantically wrapped her legs around the boy's hips.

"Hyah, ahhh, ahhhhhhh."

A strange feeling that seemed liberating but also restricting exploded in her womb.

Her vaginal flesh trembled with pleasure, moved to meet its hard and thick invader, and received even greater pleasure for it.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!"

A deafening scream echoed through the school building.

Particles of light spiraled through two parts of her body.

The first was her hips, where each particle was tingling electricity that seemed to peck at the vaginal flesh which was the source of all the pleasure. All of the particles spiraled from her crotch to her womb, but the hard male flesh in the middle reflected them and continued scorching that band of feminine pleasure.

The other was her head. These particles were simply light and they would spiral and explode. The pure white explosions blew all thought from her mind.

This had begun with the Serpent's Eye, but it was no longer related to that and it was simply the pleasure of a girl who being loved by this boy. It melted her body, her mind, and her heart.

“Kh...”

After seeing she had reached her climax, Mutsuki quickly pulled back his hips.

He somehow managed to hold back long enough to keep his promise. Immediately after pulling out, he leaned forward and aimed the tip toward her face.

“Ahh≡”

But he erupted a second too soon, so the semen tsunami was not accurately aimed at her mouth. It instead poured down everywhere from her collarbones to her forehead.

It splattered all over her beautiful face.

Even though his aim failed, there was so much of it that plenty still got in her mouth and her cheeks happily melted.

There were wet wipes, but Ange pushed back Mutsuki's hand when he tried to wipe her off.

“...Nhh≡”

She used a finger to scoop up everything on her face and licked it off. She looked like a child with a sweet tooth given some whipped cream.

He watched her with a smile, but as the tail end of her ecstasy dragged on...

“Muuutsuki.”

“Eh? ...Oh, right.”

She requested to suck him some more.

And she meant of her favorite part of him. He dove into her outstretched arms to give her what she wanted. Still looking a bit like a young child, she laughed happily and wrapped her arms around his neck.

Her floral-scented lips sealed his.

Mutsuki was a bit bothered by the smell of his own cum, but...

“...Ahm≡”

Just as she had asked, he stuck out his tongue and let her suck it all she wanted.

Chapter 6

Chapter 6: Juvenile Attack

Meanwhile, as Ren and Subaru pursued the mysterious figure...

“Miss B! Corner her in the back yard!”

Whoever-it-was was trying to escape at full speed, so Subaru broke through the school building’s wall to cut her off.

Her teacher’s formal suit could not keep up and its fabric shredded away. But even with that gone, her shirt and panties could return to being a black dress – that is,

Black Cat’s armor suit – so it was not a problem.

And once she also put on the cat-printed helmet she liked so much...

“Zahh!!”

She caught up. She extended her steel claws and went in for the slice before her opponent could do anything.

The intruder dodged and fell back...just as Ren caught up from directly pursuing.

They had successfully trapped whoever-it-was between them right before reaching the school’s back gate.

Black Cat’s eyes widened once she got a good look at the intruder.

The intruder brushed her red hair back even though the other two had gotten the upper hand.

She was less than 140cm tall, her hair was long enough to reach the ground, and that hair glittered in the setting sun.

“A fake!?” hatefully groaned Ren.

“A fake? Let’s not be rude. I am me and I am undeniably real.”

The intruder – a redheaded girl who looked identical to Ange – narrowed her eyes that shined a pale green.

“I am the real Kagari Enju. Though some do call me Ange.”

Black Cat’s claws aimed for the attacker’s heart without a moment’s hesitation.

Based on her previous movements, she was sure to dodge this. And even if she could not dodge it, they could question her after she was half-dead. Those bestial blades could slice through anything and they aimed straight for the redheaded girl who was smiling fearlessly.

“Uuh...”

And they pierced her small chest.

It was Schwarze who was shocked by this. The girl was entirely unfazed. She had not even tried to dodge.

And her fearless smile remained even with a hole in her heart.

Black Cat shuddered. She knew what this girl was. The only creature that could shrug off having their chest ripped apart was not a human or an angel.

“A demon...!”

“That’s right♪”

The girl who had called herself Ange actually walked toward the blade. She approached Black Cat by having the blade pierce her heart even deeper.

Glittering silver claws extended from the back of her hand.

They were identical to the ones piercing her chest, so Schwarze was forced to jump back to avoid the same tool she herself liked to use.

The color silver drew a large arc in the burning red light of the setting sun.

Black Cat collided with the school gate with the force of her swayback. The three claws had easily torn through her battle suit and left red lines along the white skin of her belly.

But what made Schwarze and Lavriel tremble was the fact that a demon – and

an intelligent, higher-level demon – was using a FeTUS tool.

“The Bioroid Plan...was completed?”

The redheaded demon calmly approached.

“~~”

Schwarze’s instincts told her they were outmatched.

She did not know why this girl had taken the form of an angel like Ange, but if she was the completed form of the Bio Springloaded research that had stalled twenty years before...

A Bioroid was a demon with a human will created by converting a human body so it was compatible with demons. If that was what this was, there was no way they could win.

After all...

“A failure like you is no longer needed, Elisabeth.”

“Gwah!”

Schwarze stopped the gently swung claws with her own claws.

And that settled it. Just as Lucia had once done, the demon girl’s body passed through the claws like water.

She then grabbed Schwarze’s arm, twisted it, and pinned her down.

“Dammit! You-!”

Schwarze struggled, but she only succeeded in hurting her twisted shoulder.

———There really was no way to win.

She was an incomplete version created from the stalled research twenty years before, so this completed version’s basic abilities would be on an entirely different level.

“Miss C! Kh, Kagari Enju...has been designated an enemy...”

“Don’t move.”

“———”

Lavriel's movements were sealed at the same moment.

In her case, physical strength was not necessary. She tensed up after simply hearing a voice.

She could no longer move.

"You were commanded by the Serpent's Eye not to fight, weren't you? You won't be able to move properly for a while after that."

"...You."

"I don't want you getting hurt, Lavriel."

Out of the blue, a girl with light purple hair had appeared behind her.

Simply seeing her face and hearing her voice was enough to keep Lavriel from moving. Nothing had actually been done to her, but she was effectively paralyzed.

"Riselle..."

"Long time no see, Lavriel."

The smiling girl looked left of Lavriel and seemed like she had entirely forgotten they were under attack.

Lavriel looked on the verge of tears and like she was trying to smile. A great many expressions flashed across her face.

It took nearly ten seconds for her to settle on a grim look.

"...So it was true that you've sided with Kurosaki."

"Sorry. But I'm happy where I am now."

Hearing that indifferent comment, Lavriel placed a hand on her sheathed sword.

But she did not draw it. Even if this was a traitor and an enemy, she could not bring herself to look at her hostilely.

This was who she had been searching for: the cousin she viewed like a sister named Riselle Baran.

"A sisterly reunion, hm? How moving♪ Hee hee. Come to think of it, we kind

of count as sisters, too. Don't we, Elisabeth the Failure?"

"Shut up! Kh, don't use that name...!"

Schwarze continued to resist even as her shoulder joint was held so tight she thought it would break.

But unlike a demon, she could not escape her human form, so there was nothing she could do about this perfect joint lock.

"Heh heh. They're so weak. What is with this? Was FeTUS really this weak?"

The redheaded demon cackled happily after they so easily restrained both Miss C

and Miss B of FeTUS's main fighting force.

Seeing that drove home that this really was not Jiyuuni Ange.

She was not that proud angel.

"A demon created by embedding the Fruit of Life in Kagari Enju's physical body. ...A single human's soul and body given to an angel and a demon respectively. That violates the Angel-Demon Détente."

"!?"

"Lilith clearly has no intention of following the rules."

A pillar of fire suddenly rose from behind the school gate.

Despite how impressive it looked, it tapered to a sharp pinpoint and extended toward the redhead who was restraining Black Cat.

The golden circle of a heat-reduction tool appeared from the girl's extended claws and formed a shield, but...

"Hot!"

The sharp point of fire bent around, avoided the circle, and pierced her thigh.

Enju's flesh was demonic, so it turned to ashes the instant it was touched. Her only choice was to flee before the burn reached the rest of her body. She threw aside Black Cat and jumped into the sky.

The pillar of fire from beyond the school gate attacked the girl like it had been

waiting for that.

She continued to defend with a magic circle, but when this flame struck it, the flame scattered like syrup and enveloped the girl from every direction. Even if the Springloaded protected her from harm, she could not move.

At the same time, someone rushed out, chose a route that placed them in front of the setting sun and the fireball surrounding Enju, and rushed toward Riselle.

The figure was hard to see within the reflecting light and they grabbed the girl.

Instead of being strong or fast, this person fought by perfectly seeing through to their opponent's weaknesses.

While Schwarze and Lavriel watched in awe, Micha, the angel who had captured both attackers, slammed Riselle against the school's outer wall. She then raised a leg and aimed for that cute face.

"St-..."

Lavriel started to yell "stop", but she quickly shut her mouth.

That incredible kick had enough force to nearly tear the wall from the ground.

Riselle had dodged by bending her head just barely out of the way and her face paled when she saw the high heel stabbed into the wall a mere two centimeters to the side. Some of her purple hair had failed to escape and it floated to the ground.

A strange silence ruled the scene.

In a look she rarely allowed to the surface in front of Mutsuki or Ange, Micha's face looked like an expressionless Noh mask. Finally, she breathed a sigh.

"I've been searching all over Japan every night to find Enju's stolen body. I never thought it would just show up at the most obvious place."

She gave a cynically bitter smile.

The fireball enveloping Enju began to lose to the heat reduction tool. Realizing

that girl was about to recover, Micha pulled her foot out from the wall. Riselle blinked

her droopy eyes and Micha gently stroked her cheek.

“Tell Lilith that I’m willing to overlook the détente violation, but she will not get away with making a mockery of my Ange.”

Then the holy fire surrounding Enju died out.

Miss C was also getting up after having been hit by a surprise attack earlier. They must have realized they were outmatched because the two attackers obediently kept their distance.

Black Cat threatened them, but she could not just leave Micha here when the angel was also an enemy. She could only watch as Riselle and then Enju turned around.

It came down to a draw.

“...”

Lavriel was the only one without any physical damage, but she looked paler than any of them.

What had happened? Mutsuki left Ange to sleep and exited the infirmary.

It was already dark out and the hallway was also quite dim. He relied on the green emergency exit lights to reach the entrance and then he went to check on the athletic ground.

The empty school was a little frightening, but his mind never turned to anything like ghosts due to the heavy machinery sounds that were presumably from Machina’s Springloaded fixing the school building.

“...”

“Senpai.”

Although he was shocked to find a girl standing stock still with a face as pale as a ghost’s.

Ren was in the school building’s entrance. No, he should probably call her

Miss

Lavriel at the moment. She was still wearing her knight outfit and her optical illusion device was off, allowing the skin and hair color of a white person to the surface.

She looked like FeTUS's knight, but her expression contained even more openings than during her private moments as the Student Council President.

"Senpai...what's the matter?"

"...Nn?"

She did not notice him until he was quite close.

Who was that figure she had pursued with Schwarze? Had they caught them? He had a number of thoughts, but he was not sure what to ask since she was clearly acting oddly.

He opened his mouth and tried to decide what to say, but...

"...How is Jiyuuni?"

She spoke first.

"Oh, yes. She's asleep. She was, um...tired."

"I see. Tell me when she wakes up. I must apologize. It seems I was mistaken about the reason for the duel."

Her detached manner of speech was not like her normal self. She simply spoke softly. He sensed none of the ambition and charisma that allowed her to control the academy's middle school.

What had happened? As he prepared to ask her, he peered at her face...

"____"

But her forehead bumped into his shoulder.

"Ah...S-Senpai?"

At first, he did not know what had happened.

Eventually, he realized she had wrapped her arms around his back and embraced him.

She hung her head and leaned up against him so he could not see her face. He was confused, but he naturally let her do it.

He had gone much, much further with Ange just a bit before, but he could not muster a manly response when his first love did this. He simply tensed up and stood there like he was made of wood.

“...Sorry.”

He did finally manage to move his hands.

“Sorry. Please let me do this for just a bit.”

“...Of course.”

That was because he noticed the tremor in her voice.

He rubbed her chilled back to at least make sure she did not shed any tears. She must have been clenching her teeth because her shoulders were tensed and shaking.

Machina’s construction noises grew more distant and silence fell over the school building.

Mutsuki gulped, worried she could hear his pounding heart.

How long did that moment last?

“You too...”

She suddenly opened her mouth.

“You too have a younger sister, don’t you? Fujita...Chiaki. In the elementary school.”

“Yes. Um, she’s thankful for the help you’ve given her on the lacrosse team.”

Fortunately, she seemed to have calmed down and her voice was no longer shaking.

She raised her head as well. The corners of her eyes were somewhat damp, but true to her reliable image, she seemed to have overcome it on her own. She still lacked the ambition, but the color had returned to her face.

“She is a hardworking and cute girl who clearly cares for her big brother. Take

good care of her.”

“Y-yes.”

Now Mutsuki felt bashful. She was still leaning on him, so they were facing each other with less than twenty centimeters between their faces.

He tried to look away, but she would not let him.

“I...should have taken better care of mine. I shouldn't have let go of her hand.”

“Wah...”

The hands on his back moved to his neck and she held him tight.

They were about the same height, so their cheeks touched. That was enough for Mutsuki to tense up, but Ren rubbed her cheek against his as if it were not enough.

“I won't let go again.” Her voice was so low that even Mutsuki could barely hear it.

“I will never let go of you. No matter what happens, I will protect you.”

“Um, Senpai?”

“...I swear it.”

He managed to move back, but she did not remove her arms from around his neck and they were still directly facing each other.

Ren said nothing and stared at him as if trying to memorize the shape of his peach fuzz. Embarrassment and fear mixed together and he found himself unable to look away either.

His heartbeat sounded even louder than before as silence closed in on the two of them...

“What the hell are you doing!?”

That silence was broken by an angry voice and the roar of flames burning brightly in the dark hallway.

Ange had apparently woken up and changed into her gym clothes because

she stood there with flame wings raging from her back as a threat.

Machina stood behind her, so she had likely brought Ange the clothes.

“A-Ange, this is...um.”

Machina also gave him a cold look, but Mutsuki was more concerned with Ange’s raised eyebrows and he shook his head to tell her it was a misunderstanding.

They had been making love just a few minutes before, so the easily-angered angel’s expression tensed when she saw the boy and another girl enjoying skin contact that seemed closer than any kind of sex.

And that other girl was one of the FeTUS witches she so disliked.

“Hm.” Ren had actually returned to her usual calm demeanor. “Jiyuuni Ange, perfect timing. About what happened earlier...”

“Shut up! Let’s get back to that duel!”

“Wah!?”

But before she could say anything, Ange pulled out Prominence and rushed at her.

Ren shoved Mutsuki aside and dodged, but the angel pursued her.

“Stop, Jiyuuni Ange! Listen to me! I no longer wish to-”

“Shut up, shut up, shut up! You might not want to, but I do!”

Ren could not fight back when the original misunderstanding had been her fault and Ange swung her sword all over the place as she pressed in toward her. Ren somehow managed to dodge, but the angel’s personality made her a powerful attacker, her slashes were sharp, and she would not listen.

“I-Ibekusa-san. Please stop Ange. It doesn’t seem like Senpai wants to fight any more.”

Everything had settled down, but now two people he cared for were going to hurt each other. Mutsuki asked the third girl to help.

But while she was usually cooperative...

“If Miss B does not intend to fight, then I have no reason to stop them. This will be over before long.”

For some reason, Machina gave a very Ange-like lopsided frown and looked the other way.

"Is she angry to...?" wondered Mutsuki in confusion.

And then...

“Argh! Give it a rest, Jiyuuni Ange!”

Realizing this was not going to end otherwise, Ren reached for her beloved sword.

She drew it and only tried to knock Prominence from the attacking enemy’s grasp, but...

“Loop!”

“Mh...wah!”

Her restrained block worked against her. The divine sword split in two and one of the halves swept right toward her torso.

The direct hit sent Ren flying. She crashed through the nearby shoe lockers.

“Senpai! Wait, Ange! Enough of this!”

Mutsuki frantically moved between them.

“You’re in the way! Move!”

“I said stop this!”

He shouted angrily back and ran over to Ren. She and two shoe lockers were embedded in the wall with a cloud of dust around them.

“...That one hurt. I would’ve been sliced in two without my suit.”

She had fortunately managed to disperse the shock of the slash, so she was not

harmful. The girl got back up.

But it had caused a lot of damage to her armor. The front of her white armor suit split open.

“I am willing to apologize...but if you insist on doing this, then I’m game.”

“Bring it on!”

Ange remained belligerent, so Ren raised her short sword.

...And that movement caused her bra’s front hook to come undone after being sliced along with her suit.

“Ah...”

“Ah...”

Two soft objects could be heard hitting the floor.

Ange and Mutsuki both froze in place.

Mutsuki had been averting his gaze after seeing her white belly through the sliced suit, so he seriously panicked when he saw what had fallen away. He thought some of his upperclassman’s flesh had been cut away.

But in the end, it turned out the two soft objects in her bra cups had not been her flesh.

“Senp-...ah.”

“Eh?!?!?!?!?”

Ren finally realized her clothing had been cut and she held her chest with her hands.



Chapter 7

Two thousand meters below Megutono Academy was the lowest level of FeTUS Headquarters, aka the Garden.

The indoor space was set to appear like a beautiful field, a five-person table meant for the Witches sat at the center, and three seats were currently filled.

Miss D, the tall maid, had changed into the apron dress she so loved. Machina was still wearing her school uniform. Miss B was also wearing her uniform and her upper body was sprawled out on the table.

“Sigh...”

Ren had bandages here and there thanks to her several-hour-long battle with strongest angel and she breathed a deep sigh.

The maid laughed while pouring warm water in five cups and heating them.

“You’ve really done it now. Miss A is very upset that you demanded a duel with that cute angel who had decided not to interfere.”

“Hmph. I cannot allow anyone to look down on my pride. I cannot back off when I am insulted.”

“But you had the wrong person, didn’t you?”

“...Yes.”

She sounded dejected.

“And I also hear you got angry over your boobs. Honestly, boob size is no more than a number.”

“Shut up, Miss D! You can only say that because yours are big! You don’t know how I feel!”

“Hee hee. I think small has its advantages.”

“Positive. When they are too big, they are heavy.”

The maid and Machina comforted her together.

The maid’s mounds were an appropriate size for her great height, but Machina’s size did not suit her slim frame at all. When they jiggled, it only depressed Ren further.

As Miss D heated them, three of the cups gave off steam.

“Oh, right. Speaking of breasts, haven’t yours gotten bigger again, Miss E? Do your bras still fit?”

“Hm...they’re a little tight, I think.”

“Understood♪ I’ll buy you some new ones. I’ll make sure they’re a looooot cuter this time.”

“...Normal ones are fine.”

“No, no. You’re a girl, so you have to wear cute things.”

“? Understood.”

She prepared two teas and one coffee.

“Bigger...again.”

“? What is it?”

“No, it’s nothing.”

Ren stared at her in shock and Machina simply looked confused.

The one coffee went to Ren and the three of them began their teatime.

“Miss D, why do you insist on choosing other people’s clothes like that? You coordinate all of Miss E’s underwear and casual clothing, don’t you?”

Ren stirred her coffee with a gold spoon.

“Because choosing clothes is fun. And Miss E won’t put any effort into how she looks, so I have to choose for her.”

“I do understand the feeling, but can’t you just choose clothing for yourself?”

“...The thing about being a woman taller than 190cm is that you can’t choose.

Finding any clothes at all that fit you is a challenge.”

“S-sorry.”

She did not really think she had to apologize, but she sensed something indescribable that led her to do so.

Once her coffee had cooled a bit, she took a sip.

“...Ugh.”

And she grimaced.

Machina looked curious as she took a sip of tea.

“Do you not use milk or sugar?”

“N-no. Not since a bit ago.”

With that, she took another sip of coffee with a blatantly displeased look on her face.

Machina tilted her head and the maid laughed.

“Before, she gave Fujita Mutsuki-kun some black coffee to tease him, but the boy just drank it like it was normal. She can’t afford to let a younger boy outdo her, so she’s been familiarizing her tongue with the bitter flavor.”

“Y-you didn’t have to explain it.”

“You also kept complaining how bitter that bitter melon castella was, but since it came from him, you ate every last bite.”

“Shut up.”

She glared at Makoto who kept saying too much and Machina who was putting

sugar in her tea like normal. Meanwhile, she managed to finish her cup of coffee. Even if it was black, it was fortunately a lot less bitter and astringent than the canned kind she would drink with him (while mentally fighting it all the while).

Then the remaining two arrived. One was Miss C still in her teacher’s clothes.

The other was Miss A whose usual young features had grown quite stern.

Ren had known Miss A would be angry, so she set down her cup and shrank down in her chair.

But Miss Alice Arc shook her head to say they would talk later.

Once all five of them were seated, the surrounding scenery changed. The image of the field had even reproduced the wind and sunny aroma, but all of that vanished and they were surrounded by darkness and a metallic scent.

Realizing something was different from normal, the other four straightened up.

“We have completed the genetic analysis of the change detected in Miss E’s breast milk...that is, her mammary gland cells.”

Miss Alice looked straight at Machina.

“It was a 99.9999% match. Calculating back from the DNA base only introduces a margin of error of 0.0001%, so we can state with confidence that these cells

belong to the same person.”

The other three focused on Machina.

“The womb of Eve, the perfect woman, has been formed within Miss E’s body.”

“ ... ”

“The Holy Grail is complete.”

“So the Holy Grail is complete...”

A man sat in a gloomy study.

He was a large and muscular man. His face and the rest of his skin were very wrinkly and his hair had some gray mixed in, giving him an elderly appearance, but his body itself was as young as a man in his twenties.

But that sense of youth had less to do with his body and more to do with what seemed to emanate from him.

He gave off an intensity that was anything but aged. It was like he had maintained the greed, arrogance, and almighty sense of an adolescent even in

his old age. He gave off a sinister ambition.

Another man sat in a study seat. He was the polar opposite: a small and fat man.

His frame was wide and his presence was almost frail.

The aura from the two of them could not have been more different, but their faces looked a lot alike.

The youthful but elderly man was contrasted by the small man whose skin was that of a man in his twenties, even if his frame was not. They were apparently father and son.

Two young girls stood next to the small man: Riselle and Enju.

“Miss Arc is certainly persistent. Does she seriously think she can save humanity?”

The small man gave a servile smile.

“My teacher never would compromise once she made up her mind.”

Riselle giggled happily and Enju looked disinterested while both of them leaned against the man’s lap.

“Regardless, she undoubtedly intends to contaminate Lady Lilith’s heart.”

Unlike that lazy-looking trio, the large man spoke with anger in his voice and then looked back. Realizing laziness would not be allowed, the trio straightened their backs.

“She must be eliminated. Find what information you can on the Holy Grail. Once we hold Adam, we can use that information to threaten Miss A.”

“Sure thing.”

His son did not sound very motivated, but the two girls stood up. They both got to work.

The man anxiously gnashed his cigarette-stained teeth.

“I cannot stand her... Do you intend to defy Lady Lilith’s heart even if it means leaving this world...?”

He groaned out the words with the blood vessels bulging out at his temple.

“Curse that previous Eve... Curse Lucya.”

“Mutsuki-kun knows of Lucya?”

Micha’s big bike was in the parking lot to the apartment building where the two angels and Mutsuki lived.

Few people showed up there at this hour, so it was a good place for a secret discussion. Micha, one of Mutsuki’s guardians, would often speak here with Rapha, the aide who helped her exchange information with heaven.

“He has spoken the name a few times.”

“Where did he hear about her? I never told him.”

“I do not know. I cannot find any trace of him acquiring the information somewhere and he just suddenly started saying it. Almost like he saw her in a dream.”

“Sigh~” Micha leaned on the motorcycle she was straddling and she rested her elbow on the handlebars. “Do memories of a previous life really just show up like that? I could understand if it was some kind of formative experience that really left a mark in your memories, but someone’s name?”

“It would not normally be possible, but for him? Maybe.”

“It certainly is convenient being Adam. I guess it isn’t called the original Fruit of Knowledge for nothing.”

“What should we do, Micha? This isn’t entirely unrelated to you.”

“Let’s leave it be for now. It isn’t harming anything. And this should make a good barometer for seeing how far his Fruit of Knowledge has awoken.”

She sounded indifferent and she pulled a plastic bag from the luggage carrier installed next to the clutch pedal. It was from a nearby convenience store and it contained beer as usual.

“So the Adolescent Adam will eventually grow up, huh? I’m not sure if that makes me happy or sad.”

She got down from the motorcycle and started toward the elevator to say the

report was over.

“More importantly, you need to look into how Kagari Enju’s body was stolen.”

She looked back just once with an unusually harsh look for her.

“I don’t want Ange to see a demon made from her original body.”

“...I understand.”

The angel young man’s tone was similarly dark.

Permanent Name: Kagari Enju had a spirituality and battle sense not often seen in recent years.

Her soul had been reborn as the angel named Jiyuuni Ange, but it turned out her body had been reborn as a demon.

She had the same battle sense as Ange, she had a demonic body, and she could even use FeTUS technology. She was clearly the most formidable foe they had faced...

But beyond that...

“That body came from my precious little sister. I cannot allow this mockery to continue. I swear to you I will track her down and punish her appropriately.”

“Make sure you do.”

The two older angels who watched over Ange were mostly driven by pure anger

over having the cute younger angel’s previous life defiled.

Rapha left and Micha rode the elevator up to their room.

Mutsuki and Ange would still be up and she sensed someone in the living room when she opened the door.

She prepared to say she was back, but then she saw her expression in the entranceway mirror.

It was tense from a mixture of various forms of mental weariness.

She could not show them that face when she was supposed to help those two feel at ease. She slapped her cheeks and put on a smile.

“I’m back~♪”

She energetically threw the living room door open.

“Wah, M-Micha-san.”

Mutsuki was alone. He seemed to be fidgeting in front of the TV.

“You’re back already? Um, I thought you were going to be out late again.”

“I finished what I was doing, so I probably won’t be playing around with my bike for a while. Well, I’ll ride it some for fun, but I won’t be riding all night long anymore. ...Is something the matter?”

“N-no, not really.”

That boy could not keep how he felt off his face, so he was blatantly panicked and glancing worriedly toward his room.

Wondering what this was about, Micha tilted her head and followed his gaze toward his room.

“Mutsuki... Are you ready...hwah!”

Just then, the door opened and Ange poked her head out.

Micha did not get a good look since Ange immediately slammed the door shut, but the boy and girl were clearly flustered. And Micha was clever enough to put two and two together here.

“Ohhh?” She grinned toward Mutsuki. “I see, I see. So that’s what’s going on. Was I intruding?”

“No! U-um, clothes! Ange, is, uh, trying on some new clothes. So she wanted to see what I thought of them...and, um...”

Mutsuki frantically tried to come up with an excuse, but it was a blatant lie. It was true that Ange had been wearing some unfamiliar clothes in the brief glimpse

Micha had caught, but she would not have to change in his room if she was only showing off her clothes. Not unless she was planning to remove those clothes in his room soon thereafter.

Micha’s grin must have told Mutsuki she understood everything, so he

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaange!!”

He began a professional wrestling style of mic performance and the classroom’s door slid open

There was no one on there, but Subaru was on the lookout and mercilessly pushed on someone’s back.

“Wah.”

Ange stumbled in.

Her red hair trailed elegantly behind her. The flared skirt and the lace and frills on her clothes fluttered. The black glimmer caught everyone’s eye.

She even wore the backpack, so she really did look as innocent as a six-year-old girl dressed up for her first day at school. And that was joined by the girl’s own

mature atmosphere.

The classroom instantly quieted down as if they had been splashed with cold water.

They were all focused on Ange who shrank down.

“Eek!?”

The entire class pulled out their cellphones.

“Wh-what, wait, what are you all doing?”

The classroom was filled with the electronic sounds meant to mimic cameras.

The girl was simply confused. She knew little about the human world and it may have been for the best that she was unfamiliar with the camera function of cellphones.

“Hmph. I would’ve looked better in it.”

“Ah ha ha. That’s right. You would’ve been cute too, Lucia-kun.”

Lucia apparently could not accept it because those looks of envy had been on him a few days before.

“...The size seems about right.”

“It’s perfect. Thanks, Ibekusa-san.”

Machina had apparently tailored it just right, so she looked happy even though she did not pull out a camera.

“Wait...what is all this?”

“It’s nothing! Ohhhhh, you’re so cute, Ange-chan!”

“Huh? Wah, wah, wah, wah, wah! The look in your eyes is scaring me... Why are you getting so close!?”

“Shut up! Just let me hug you! Hug you tight!”

“Wah! Saya, hey...abhbhbhbh.”

Saya could not hold back any longer and leaped over to the angel girl.

Then the others got up. The girls wanted to touch her as if her cuteness would rub off on them. The boys were not satisfied with photos and pulled out a video camera used by the broadcast club.

“Um, wait, Saya. Hey, Kazuko, Yura, don’t touch me there.”

Ange was crushed by the crowd. ...And it seemed more of the girls than just Saya were comfortable enjoying some rather risqué contact with her.

That human-hating angel was being deeply influenced by the human world.

Mutsuki happily watched it play out.

He had to work with the Student Council later. He had promised to join Ren, but he was glad he had asked to have some time for homeroom today.

“Honestly...”

Ange had given up and just let them do what they wanted, but at the end, she glanced toward Mutsuki.

There she saw him smiling.

And she gave him her usual lopsided frown.

Afterword

Hello. Diapers bought as reference material: 1300 yen. Pregnancy test bought for the same reason: 1000 yen. The look on my friend's face upon finding diapers and a pregnancy test in a childless guy's room: priceless. This is Sakakikasa.

Now, this one was Juvenile Attack. How did you like it? I called it "juvenile" and yet focused on the story of an upperclassman like Ren, but I think I made up for that with Ange in the end. Maybe.

I returned to the original trio and kept the sex scenes to only Ange, Machina, and Lucia this time. Even after six volumes, this was actually the first time to have it one-on-one with each of them. I need to pay more attention to that kind of structure.

Once again, I have to thank Amagai Yukino-sensei for the cute illustrations. ... Ange with the pacifier and rattle was...dangerous. I think he has me beat when it comes to kinkiness.

And I once more received a lot of help from my editor, T-sama. Although he's a little *too* into the backpack + bloomers outfit.

Now, until we meet again in the next one.