

kissing you



思春期少女

さかき傘

挿絵：天海雪乃

あとみっく文庫

Adolescent Adam  
vol.7 - Kissing You

by Sakakikasa

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# Colour Illustrations





## Prologue

Math is born from humanity's love of accuracy.

1 and 2 are separated and one of them has twice the value of the other. 1 is 1 and it only becomes 2 when its value doubles. This simple difference is the entire purpose behind math's existence.

But look at it from a certain angle and nothing traps people's minds in inaccuracy quite like math.

101 and 102 are clearly different according to math, but finding a difference between them in reality is difficult. Even if you prepared two rulers, you could not be certain there was not a 0.001mm difference between them.

So Miss A had long since stopped seeking accuracy.

Math had been her worst subject in school. During her witch training, a few potions had blown up in her face because she refused to measure the

ingredients.

She was fine with “about 3” as a definition of pi.

Science always used math when discussing units and it strived to be as accurate as possible.

Miss A stood at the top of that field, but it was not well known how careless she was about accuracy.

“Nn, there.”

Once again, the girl was in the verdant holy ground in the depths of FeTUS headquarters. She sat in a rocking chair that could not keep an accurate center of gravity.

She had a teacup on the white wooden table. A Springloaded modeled after a wild rabbit watched on as she wound a pocket watch decorated with a bear-print ribbon.

That was her favorite watch. It unfortunately needed to be wound quite frequently, but an atomic clock would no longer be accurate after 100,000 years. It was little difference.

“I wonder what time it is now.”

Once she finished winding it, she smiled bitterly toward the rabbit.

She had to set the watch’s hands, but she did not know the current time.

The wild rabbit machine blinked its red eyes as if to say it did not know either.

“Exactly 11, then.”

She set the watch to 11 when she saw a girl walk into the room.

Machina had been ordered to be here at 11:00, so she sat down in the seat across from Miss A at precisely that time. She was not even a second late or any other unit that a human could sense.

And a few seconds later...

“Did I keep you waiting?”

The grassy field displayed in the room switched over to something else.

When the projected image vanished, it revealed empty water tanks covering every surface.

The projector picked up an outside signal and displayed 12 monoliths. The 12 guests were represented by playing cards. Specifically, the jacks, queens, and kings of all four suits.

Twelve people surrounded the table.

“Is it only Miss A and Miss E today?”

“We have little to discuss,” answered Miss A. “I will inform the other witches later.”

“Understood. Now, if you don’t mind getting right to the topic at hand...”

All 12 voices coming from the monoliths were clearly excited.

Miss A set down the watch and reached for her cup instead.

“As I told you in my message, the Holy Grail is complete.”

“Splendid!!”

“Splendid!!”

“Splendid!!”

The monolith voices were brimming with excitement. Some of the voices grew fainter as if they had moved away from the microphone to dance with joy.

“Then when will you be executing the plan? This will be a turning point in human history, so please allow my company to support you in every way possible.”

“No, wait. I would like to provide the two of them with god’s blessings first. I will arrange a visit to my office.”

“A boy doesn’t want all that formal nonsense. What matters is the honeymoon.

The best way for two youths to celebrate is to take a relaxing vacation.”

“Don’t be ridiculous. We must research the True Ancestor. This is no time to

be messing around!”

The excited monoliths argued on and on.

Miss A had predicted this, but it was even more annoying than she had expected.

She shrugged and looked to the rabbit sitting on the table.

It blinked its red eyes and the 12 monoliths vanished.

The room was wrapped in silence. Machina was as taciturn as ever, so the only sound was the clink of Miss A placing her cup on its saucer.

After another blink of red eyes, the 12 monoliths reappeared.

“My apologies. We got carried away.”

Miss A had not said a word, but the cards acted like she had yelled at them.

Those men and women ran the world’s most powerful conglomerates and corporations, so the twelve of them together possessed more than a third of the world’s assets. But here, they were no more than Miss A’s sponsors.

“As for our plans...we are only just beginning to investigate the egg cell extracted from the Holy Grail. It appears implantation would be possible, but it is unclear if this would produce a True Ancestor. Thus, I believe we should still wait and see what happens.”

“That again?”

The cards ceased their celebrations and instead sighed in disappointment.

“We can only watch and wait for so long, Miss A. You have been late to act every single time since the discovery of the Serpent’s Eye holder. And as a result, the angels stole the boy, a troublesome demon intervened, and your frontline facility there was nearly destroyed.”

“You need to give it a rest already. Reconstructing the holy ground there cost us enough to bankrupt a few small nations.”

Now they started griping.

The rabbit looked up to ask if she wanted to cut off the transmission again, but

Miss A shook her head.

The monoliths must have remembered there was someone else there because they changed who they were speaking to.

“How about you, Miss E? The completion of the Holy Grail is your problem, isn't it? Shouldn't you seek the cooperation of the Adam boy right away?”

“You have all the research equipment you need!”

“Hweh hweh hweh. If you want a honeymoon, I can get one set up for you right away.”

“Don't you think watching and waiting is foolish?”

They talked on and on toward Machina.

The girl had been silently observing the conversation, but now she raised her head.

“This is only my personal opinion, but...”

She calmly glanced at Miss A who jerked her chin, telling her to speak.

“I agree we should seek Fujita-kun's assistance. And I think we should hurry toward the birth of the True Ancestor.”

“See!?”

“But I will obey Miss A.”

“Kh...”

Just as the monoliths thought they had the perfect ally, they were silenced.

She was personally opposed to watching and waiting, but she would go along with it if Miss A said so.

Miss A must have known Machina would say that because she did not hesitate to take a sip of tea.

She understood why the monoliths and Machina felt the way they did.

From a pure efficiency standpoint, they should immediately call in the Adam boy,

Fujita Mutsuki. They should tell him everything and get his help with their

research.

His help was the only path left for humankind.

But...

“ ... ”

The tea had gone cold. She had apparently spent too long winding her watch.

A clock that would be off by a single second in 100,000 years and a pocket watch that needed to be wound once every few days were the same in the sense that neither kept the time with perfect accuracy.

The girl who understood science better than anyone simply could not trust in “efficiency”.

“That is all I have to say. You are dismissed.”

She set down the cup.

They must have known that there was no use arguing with her calmly-given order.

After some sighs and grinding teeth, the monoliths vanished.

The grassy plain returned.

Miss A breathed a quiet sigh and pulled a single hard candy and a small bell from her pocket. When she tossed the candy in her mouth and rang the bell, a large maid entered and prepared two new cups of tea.

“...Miss A.”

Machina spoke quietly to the girl who rolled the candy around in her mouth.

“I agree with them,” added the maid. “We have passed the time for watching and waiting.”

The girl nodded to say she understood what Miss E and D were saying.

She looked down at the pocket watch she had picked up once more. The ticking hands moved with what appeared to be a flawless tempo.

Were those hands accurate or not?

It was impossible for human eyes to be certain of the current second.

“I will leave the rest with you, Miss E.”

“Eh...?”

She tossed the watch aside.

“Do what you think is right. No one knows that boy better than you, so that would probably be best.”

“Probably? Miss A, this is too much.”

The maid frowned at this extremely careless decision. However...

“That’s an order. Miss E, this is in your hands.”

“Um...”

“The feelings of those involved are of the utmost importance in such things. That means the Adam boy’s and yours.”

With that, she picked up her teacup to say the discussion was over.

Machina remained expressionless, but she was confused and started to open her mouth to speak.

But at that very moment...

“I see you haven’t changed, Miss Alice.”

A brief disturbance ran through the room’s projected image and the King of Hearts monolith appeared.

The grassy plain remained and the monolith formed a human silhouette.

It was a horribly emaciated old man in a wheelchair. This signal was not sent through the previous secret line, so the holographic image displayed his true form.

The old man saw no need to hide who he was and the wheelchair’s wheels squeaked as he approached the table.

“What do you want, Dr. Strangelove? It is rude to interrupt teatime.”

“Ho ho. There is no need to worry about that given how well we know each other.

Maid, give me some tea as well.”

He smiled in a way that made it look like he had just eaten someone.

The maid hesitated but finally prepared the requested tea.

The old man was only a hologram and thus could not pick it up, so it remained on the table.

“I created Miss C and you created Miss E. But it seems it was your Miss E who was chosen for the Holy Grail. This is a cause for celebration, but that one point is a tad disappointing.”

“Do not say we ‘created’ them. They are both my daughters.”

“Heh heh. Now about Miss C...about Elisabeth.”

“ ... ”

Miss A’s eyebrows twitched.

“You don’t need her anymore, do you? Then perhaps I’ll retrieve her.”

The girl had been calmly listening to the old man, but now a crunching sound came from her mouth. She had apparently bitten through her hard candy.

“Fine, fine. I’ll leave her with you,” said the man. “You can use her however you like.”

Silent anger filled the 600-year-old girl’s eyes and the old man responded with a thin smile.

“But as I’ve said countless times before, Elisabeth has quite a few flaws introduced by that creation plan. It would be fairly dangerous to trust her outside of battle.”

“Silence.”

“You must understand. All people are god’s children. Attempting this using human knowledge was absurd. The basic theory used was old. The researchers were under a lot of pressure to achieve immediate results. She was raised in an inferior environment. And...”

He pushed on the wheelchair’s tires to roll it back.

“The Schwarze Lab was run by the Kurosaki family.”

“...”

He returned to his original position.

“Heh heh heh. Miss Alice, didn't you say you were good friends with Miss Elisa, the genetic base used for Miss C?”

“Silence!”

By the time the girl's voice rang out, the old man had vanished without a trace.

She had carelessly grown emotional, so she sighed and leaned back in the rocking chair. She shook her head to tell the shocked maid not to worry about it.

And she faced Machina once more.

“I will simply...watch and wait for a while...Miss E,” she said quietly. “I leave this with you.”

“...Positive.”

# Chapter 1

Something was odd.

Four weeks had passed since Mutsuki noticed his body's abnormality.

He had a very young sister back home, so he was more sensitive than most to signs of poor health. If he felt even a little ill, he would take his temperature and some medicine. He put in an effort to not spread anything to his family. That had not changed once the angels began protecting him, so he had been worried about a cold for four weeks now.

But this abnormality was not an issue of poor health.

In fact...

“What is it, Avalon?”

It was caused by this dream.

Or so it seemed.

He had no proof and a dream was just a dream.

For the past four weeks, every dream he remembered was this one. It was all the same dream.

The dream was probably causing the abnormality.

“Aaavaaalon. What is it?”

“It's nothing, Lucya.”

Mutsuki smiled back at the girl who curled up her back like a kitten to peer down at his face.

Technically, it was a boy named Avalon who Mutsuki's mind resided within.

The scarlet of sunset dyed a grassy field. The isolated location was surrounded by trees and gave a view of a distant village. There he played with a girl named Lucya.

They were sitting on a bed made from reaped straw, so the sweet aroma of wheat hung in the air.

They were a little too close together. His heart pounded because he could smell the sweat of the girl whose skin was darker than the wheat.

They would chat or play by chasing after each other. They were always together in the dream.

“Look, look. I took this from the old man’s orchard ≡”

And sometimes, they were mischievous. The girl pulled out a single red apple and grinned.

“Took it? ...Not again. He’s going to be mad.”

“Who cares. We take him wheat, so this just a little reward.”

Lucya narrowed her feline eyes and the boy smiled bitterly.

He chopped it in two using the stone knife in his boot.

“Eh heh heh~”

Lucya did not hesitate to take the bigger half.

She took a big bite and began chewing happily, but she seemed to have taken too big a bite and gotten some seeds. She began rudely spitting them out.

The boy took a bite too.

“I invited Lilith, but she didn’t come yet again.”

“Nn...”

It must not have been ripe because a strong sour flavor spread through his mouth.

“Why is it always like that recently? The three of us used to always be together.”

She gave a displeased look toward the village. No, toward a garden a short distance away from it.

A few people could still be seen working between the trees bearing apples, grapes, and figs.

They seemed to be collecting the past-ripe grapes, probably to make wine.

Among them, they spotted a girl with very long blonde hair.

A sourness even stronger than the apple quickly spread through the boy's chest...

Mutsuki opened his eyes.

It was a pleasantly fresh awakening, but he also felt a sense of loss at being driven from the dream world.

It was always like that when he had this dream. He stayed there lying on his side.

He would wake up with not a hint of sleepiness remaining, but he hated that he could not see more of the dream. He tried shutting his eyes, but the sleepiness would not return.

"Tch."

It was not enough. He sighed and got up.

This moment was the abnormality.

He felt as great as he would if he had slept for ten hours. There was no hint of sleepiness and his body was brimming with energy.

"Nn... Oh, you're up? Morning."

"Good morning, Micha-san."

Micha was in the same bed and she woke up too. The sheets stirred and the tissues scattered across the bed fell down.

She looked quite sleepy and had not gotten her eyes fully opened yet.

"Yawn... Seven o'clock? You didn't even sleep four hours."

"Yes. I'll be going to school, but what will you do about breakfast?"

"I'll eat it later, so make one for me."

Her voice sounded like sleepiness itself and she curled back up in the sheets. Just as Micha had said, he had only slept for four hours.

As the scattered tissues suggested, they had been up until three in the morning having wild sex. He should have been both sleep-deprived and exhausted.

And yet he had never felt better. Micha was a top-tier angel and she should have had more stamina than the boy, but even she was down.

Lately, sex was not wearing him out at all.

No matter what kind of wild sex he had, an unlimited supply of energy welled up within him.

(Is this a side effect of the Serpent's Eye?)

It had been five months now. While thinking about that greatest abnormality of his body, he smiled bitterly and got out of bed.

He started cleaning up the tissues before leaving the room, but...

"Nnn."

Micha rolled over to go back to sleep and the sheet fell away.

She was not wearing any clothes and her defenseless butt was now exposed.

That delicious chocolate-colored ass had plenty of feminine roundness.

"..."

The boy trembled from the urge to attack it.

He knew he did not have time for that this morning, but the lust boiling up inside him just about overpowered that reasonable side of his mind. And that was after everything he had done up to four hours ago.

"...Yes?"

"Oh, it's nothing. I'll be going."

The urge dulling his rational mind lasted an awfully long time and he simply stood there for several seconds. Micha opened her eyes curiously.

The boy stroked her cheek to get her to close her eyes and then he left the room.

He tried to act natural to hide his lustfulness.

“...”

But Mutsuki did not know that the true oddity was occurring behind him.

Micha opened her eyes once more. She opened them wide as if all sleepiness had vanished from her.

“...Hhh.”

Her stroked cheek was red and all four limbs trembled.

Below the sheets, her nipples were erect and the chocolate-colored ass that had so charmed the boy was so full of sticky nectar that it threatened to bring out all of the milky liquid that had been pumped into her the night before.

After just a few seconds' exposure to that lustful gaze, a female reaction overwhelmed her body.

“I guess he can't remain an adolescent forever.” Micha's voice shook. “He has to grow up eventually.”

Fortunately, the abnormality was a positive thing when not in a hidden space like his room.

“~♪ It's finally starting to feel like fall.”

As October approached, the blue of midsummer still remained in the sky, but the temperature was quite cool in the mornings.

With so much excess energy, Mutsuki's pace was naturally light on the way to school.

“Right, Ange?”

“It's still too hot if you ask me.”

The girl next to him saw things differently.

Her long red hair must have made her sensitive to the heat. She had it tied up in a ponytail, but he could still see the sweat on her.

“You don't like it when it's cold, but you don't like it when it's hot either.”

“No, I don't. I want air-conditioning.”

“I thought angels could take the heat since they're made from fire.”

“What’s wrong with fire thinking the sun is too hot?”

She seemed to be irritated. Mutsuki smiled bitterly and shut his mouth so she would not yell at him.

This bodyguard had accompanied him to school for five months now, so it was not awkward even if they said nothing.

Ange generally had a sullen lopsided frown on her face even when she was not irritated, but Mutsuki was enjoying himself more than usual.

“What’s that grin for? It’s creepy.”

“It just feels like so long since we’ve done this together.”

He stretched as he said that.

Until recently, Mutsuki had been working for the student council, so he had woken up and gone to school at five each morning to help prepare for the cultural festival.

He had only just been released from that duty a few days before, so it had been a while since he walked to school with his bodyguard like this.

“Wh-what does that matter? Are you stupid?”

Even when they had gone to school separately, they still lived together and were in the same class. They were together for more than twelve hours every day and that had only been reduced by one hour. Ange blushed and pouted her lips when the boy celebrated the end of that.

“Well, I can understand being happy you don’t have to see that awful girl.”

“Awful girl? Shirohara-senpai isn’t that bad.”

“Hah. She used any excuse she could to restrict your actions. And for what? Who even knows. She’s a stalker.”

*She sure is mad*, thought Mutsuki with a bitter smile.

For him, waking up at five had been difficult, but preparing for the cultural festival with the student council had been fun.

“You shouldn’t talk about people behind their back, Jiyuuni Ange.”

“Wah! Sh-Shirohara-senpai.”

They had just reached the last stretch to the school at the top of the hill and someone had caught up from the other side.

It was Shirohara Ren, the one person Mutsuki did not want to meet now. So he panicked.

Ange, however, frowned in annoyance and then smiled belligerently.

“Oh? I thought ‘stalker’ was how the human world referred to girls who restrain their target of observation without considering his feelings.”

“I was educating Fujita Mutsuki to correct his depraved ways, not restraining him.

It is true I had him help with my duties, but he agreed to it.”

Ren’s expression did not change, but she too was belligerent.

“And even if I hypothetically did restrain him, any complaints about it should be directed at me. Doing it when you know I am not around is still the act of a coward.”

“What!?”

“You heard me!”

“C-calm down, you two.”

The two glared at each other and were ready to start fighting at any moment.

Mutsuki tried to stop them, but taking neither side only got him ignored here.

“Hi, Mutsuki. And Jiyuuni too. ...Oh, President.”

“Ah, g-good morning, Sakae.”

Luckily, his friend saved him. His childhood friend, Tomono Sakae, caught up and slapped him on the back.

Ange was to be expected, but he was surprised to find the beautiful Student Council President here. Sakae grew more timid, but the dangerous atmosphere had been swept away all the same.

The four of them continued on to school. Ren was a third year, so she parted

with

the other three on the way to their classroom.

“I see you’re friends with the President now.”

“Y-yeah. Seems that way.”

“Introduce me next time. As *the* man who will one day stand in the center of the world, I must first join *the* student council that stands at the center of the school.”

“I’m pretty sure you can get in without using any connections.”

The more they talked about the President, the more upset Ange looked, which was scaring Mutsuki.

It was true they were friends now.

Not long ago, Shirohara Ren had seemed entirely out of his league, but they had been in contact more often recently.

—Mutsuki was being targeted by a new enemy, the Kurosaki family.

Ren had to be acting as his bodyguard too. The problem was how she and Ange, his guardian angel, did not get along. There was no change in the hostile relationship between FeTUS and the angels.

Mutsuki did not want to be mean to either one, but he could not stand this strained atmosphere either.

If possible...

“Oh, ha ha. Right on time again.”

Hearing Sakae, Mutsuki looked out the window.

The school gate had just closed and Ibekusa Machina had passed through just as it did.

“That’s so incredible. Lately, she’s not even off by a single second.”

“Yeah.”

As always, her behavior was as accurate as a clock or a machine.

Just like a machine, Machina spent every day exactly the same.

...If possible, he wished Ange and Ren could be their usual selves like that.

(Not that mentioning it would help.)

Mutsuki continued on to their classroom.

“Good morning, Ange-chan. Mutsuki-kun and the rest too.”

“Morning, Mutsuki-kun.”

“Good morning, Kurikara-san and Lucia-kun.”

He exchanged greetings with his classmates like normal.

Saya energetically waved and Lucia leaped at him as he walked to his desk.

“Hey, hey, Mutsuki-kun. I’ll be doing a costume check for that band today.”

“Really?”

They naturally split into a girl group and a boy group.

They mostly talked about the cultural festival that was coming up soon.

Ange was representing the class in a play. Lucia had been invited to perform the vocals for a band.

With the festival so close, the class was full of energy even in the morning. Even cynical Ange seemed to be looking forward to it, so the strained atmosphere faded.

With the activation of the Serpent’s Eye and a war between heaven, earth, and hell, he had a lot more to worry about than half a year ago, but recent days had been enough fun to forget all about those things.

He wished things could stay like this forever.

He wished Ange, Lucia, Ren, and the rest of FeTUS, the angels, and the demons could stay the way they were.

If only they could all be as unchanging as Machina...

“Oh, good morning, Ibekusa-san.”

“Good morning.”

Exactly five minutes after passing through the gate, Machina reached the classroom.

She arrived at her desk like normal and set down her things like normal.

“...”

“...? What is it?”

But one thing was different today.

She would normally sit down and wait for their teacher without speaking a word.

But today, she did not sit down and she instead approached Mutsuki’s neighboring desk.

The boy, Lucia and Sakae who had gathered with him, and Ange and Saya who were at the desk behind them were all shocked.

This girl rarely tried to interact with others, but she bent her hips like it was the most natural thing in the world.

Hm? What is it, Ibeku-...”

She invaded the boy’s most delicate area.

A sweet and soft sensation sucked at his lips. He froze in place, initially unsure what had happened.



“Huh!?”

“Ah!?”

“Ehhhhh!?”

After one second, everyone around him leaped to their feet.

“Pwahhh! Wh-wh-wh-wh-what!? What, Ibekusa-san!? What!?”

And a second after that, the boy shook free of the lips that had stolen his for a total of two seconds.

Machina said nothing and simply stared at him.

She was always taciturn, but things were different today. Mutsuki simply panicked.

“...”

He failed to escape when her lips approached once more.

“Fujita-kun...”

“Ah...”

She completely ignored everyone’s eyes on them.

And their lips came together once more...

“Stoooooooooooooooooooooooooop!!”

But Ange and Lucia stopped her first.

“Pant, pant.”

Everyone in the class settled on the story that Machina had “collapsed from anemia” and her lips had “coincidentally landed on” Mutsuki’s. Ange, Lucia, and Mutsuki himself accompanied her out of the classroom.

“Just write me up a report later.”

They were lucky the school doctor was so lax. Without asking many questions, the

four of them were given some time in the infirmary together.

“What were you doing back there!?”

Ange instantly snapped at the girl.

Machina was as emotionless as ever.

“Kissing.”

“I could see that! But why did you suddenly kiss him!?”

“...”

“Don’t fall silent! Mutsuki! You say something too!”

Ange called over to Mutsuki.

“Nmphh... L-Lucia-kun, not now.”

“I’ve gotta overwrite that. Nnn~♥”

“Not you too!”

Lucia was clinging to Mutsuki, so Ange mercilessly knocked him away with her holy flame wings.

Ange’s anger and Lucia’s passion were hardly new, but...

“I-Ibekusa-san. Um, what was that earlier?”

Machina was clearly acting weird. She was usually the taciturn and sensible one in the classroom.

“Did you not like it?”

“Well, I wouldn’t say that. But, um...”

She really was acting weird.

The two of them quietly stared at each other.

“Nn...”

“Nn...”

They naturally ended up embracing and kissing.

Of course, Mutsuki was immediately kicked away by Ange.

“What do you think you’re doing!?”

As Mutsuki rolled along the bed, the girl stood protectively in front of him and glared at Machina.

Lucia also looked surprised.

“ ... ”

Unsurprisingly, Machina remained silent.

But the way she avoided looking them in the eye showed she was a bit apologetic.

They had fought and saved each other a few times before, so Ange and Lucia realized she could not explain what this was about. They both sighed.

“U-um, I won’t ask what this is about.” Mutsuki tried to calm everyone down.  
“But this is...a problem.”

## Chapter 2

With the cultural festival just five days away, Megutono Academy's activity was reaching its peak.

A week before, the number of classes had been reduced and the afternoon was instead used for festival preparations. Props and plywood lined the halls and the smell of paint filled the clear autumn air.

All of the band clubs were practicing at the same time, so it was loud enough to be heard throughout the building.

That drowned out their voices, so they temporarily stopped practicing for the play.

"Oh, honestly!"

"Calm down, Ange-chan. Don't give us that scary look."

They were using the gym stage to practice for the play. But they were making no progress and Ange was getting stressed out as the lead. She generally did not express her irritation unless it was directed at Mutsuki, but this was an exception.

Saya was good at soothing her at times like this, so she ran over with a drink in hand.

"Do we even need to practice anymore? I've learned the lines and movements."

"Talking and moving around isn't everything. You also have to act."

Saya was helpful to have around since she could quiet down the constantly-complaining lead.

The lead part in the traffic safety play had been chosen for Ange, but she never held back on a job. She played the part perfectly.

As the lead, she was in most scenes, but she had no trouble playing that part.

The issue was her focus.

Thanks to Saya, she had not exploded, but she was still too irritated to get into the role.

There were two reasons for that. First, the more apparent one:

“Lu-kun, your sound was a little off there.”

“Was it? Okay, Nikki, let’s try this again.”

“Sure♪”

Her nemesis was helping one of the bands interrupting their practice.

“Agh, I can’t stand this! You! That’s painful to listen to!”

“Huh? We submitted an official request to practice here.”

Lucia was part of one of the bands. One named Silvia.

Their classmate Niki Hozumi had invited him based on his appearance. Since he would not be able to play with Mutsuki for a while regardless, he had accepted and was practicing a lot.

He was good looking, easily approachable, and had a lot of friends, so he seemed to be having fun. He was already speaking with the band members using

nicknames.

...The noise was a pain, so Ange clicked her tongue and got up.

She left the gym to get away from all the noise.

“W-we’re going to do another practice run in 5 minutes.”

“I know that!”

She snapped back at Saya and left.

With the brass band and other clubs practicing, she could not hear Silvia while outside. That made her feel a lot better.

“Oh, Jiyuuni. Perfect timing.”

Someone called out to her once she stepped outside.

It was Sakae, their Class Rep. She was wondering what this could be about, but...

“Have you seen Mutsuki? I can’t seem to find him.”

“...I’ll look for him.”

“Thanks,” he said with a smile as she turned around.

Mutsuki was their odd job man today. He could do just about anything, but he did not always have something to do.

...And that girl was the same.

Ange had said she would look for him, but tracking him down was easy. As his bodyguard, she made sure he always had four different GPS devices on him.

And all four of those were pointing to the same location: the gym storage room.

“What are you doing!?”

“Wah, wah! A-Ange!”

She threw open the door and immediately yelled at him.

Mutsuki was so freaked out he nearly fell on his butt as he stood up. There was a wet sound as he moved away from what he had been sucking on.

And Machina, the one being sucked on, tilted her head as if to say “What?”

Ange grimaced.

“Gulp...”

Machina’s face was somewhat flushed and she swallowed to conclude their interrupted kiss.

She closed her scarlet lips which were wet with saliva and a bit darker colored than normal. The way the puffy lips pressed together was enough for Ange to imagine just how soft and sweet they had to be.

No boy would be able to resist an offer to kiss those.

Not that she was going to let him off the hook.

“We’re still working! Why are you ditching your job and making out in here!?”

“I-I wasn’t ditching my job. I just didn’t have anything to do at the moment. And...”

“It’s fine as long as no one can see us,” said Machina. “That was the agreement. ...Nn.”

“Mh.”

Machina sucked at the boy’s mouth again, as if to say “just a bit more”.

When he felt the incredibly soft sensation of that light peck, Mutsuki’s face quickly melted.

Ange could not stop them.

That was indeed the agreement.

Machina had suddenly become a serial kisser, but she refused to tell them why no matter what.

And even with this unexpected transformation, she did not go any further. That meant Micha and the other angels could not criticize it and they had to just let it happen.

And Mutsuki himself was confused but quite liked it. He had ended up mumbling something about “as long as it’s where no one can see us...”

“Mh...nn, nn.”

“Pwah, Ibekusa-san...nch, slurp.”

“Ahh...F-Fujita...-kun.”

And that led to the present situation.

When the two snuck off to steal each other’s lips, Ange could only watch as long as they kept the promise to keep out of sight.

This was of course 90% of the reason she was too irritated to focus on her acting.

“Ahh...”

“Ah... Ibekusa-san, you’ve got drool on you.”

“Nh.”

“Don’t move.”

Their mixed saliva was dripping down from their mouths. When Mutsuki noticed,

he licked it up with his tongue.

“Hh...mhh.”

Machina wrinkled her brow ticklishly as he licked around her mouth.

“Nh...h, hh, Fujita...-kun.”

After that, they returned to kissing.

“Mh.”

“Nhah, I-Ibekusa-san...”

The usually obedient girl could barely contain herself as she returned the kiss.

This had gone beyond a mere kiss. It was a deep kiss with saliva-coated tongues.

“Hh≡ Nn...hhh≡”

When the boy responded in kind, sweet noises escaped the taciturn girl’s vocal cords.

Her slender shoulders shook somewhat. The heat spread from her lips to her entire body and she rubbed the ample mounds of her breasts against Mutsuki’s chest.

She hit him with that volume and resilience that pushed out her uniform so much.

Mutsuki had of course noticed, so he pushed out his chest to enjoy the soft and plump sensation.

It looked exactly like a lovers’ tryst.

“Not that it matters.”

Since she could not intervene, Ange shut the door hard enough to nearly break it and turned around.

(I already knew he was a pervert.)

She had not seen anything odd there.

She had no obligation to tell Sakae, so she went back the way she had come, pretending to not have seen anything.

At this point, practicing for the play would help distract her from this, so she started back toward the gym.

But on the way...

“Oh, Ange-chan. They say we can’t practice any more today.”

“Huh?”

Saya spotted her and said that was no longer an option.

The time they had reserved in the gym had ended. And with their lead gone, they had broken up for the day.

“...I can’t believe this!”

She had lost her place again.

Saya had said she had other work to help with, so Ange clicked her tongue and set off in search of somewhere else to be.

“Ange.”

Someone caught up to her once she was alone.

Mutsuki tapped her on the shoulder. She felt her heart leap and formed a lopsided frown to hide how shaken she was.

“Do you need something? I thought you were having fun with Ibekusa.”

“Fun...? Hey, don’t leave me behind.”

“...Hmph.”

He had apparently shaken Machina off of him as soon as she had left. His cheeks were still flushed.

She was supposed to be his bodyguard, so she should have taken him with her then even if she had to punch him out first, not just leave. That had been her

mistake.

But even if it was her duty as a bodyguard, how was she supposed to interrupt that kiss scene?

Since she saw fault in her actions, she shut her mouth. And the boy saw no reason to criticize her, so he could not say anything either.

They were both at a loss for words.

“Mutsuki-kuun! My practice is over♪”

Then a further nuisance interrupted.

“Nmh...hh, hh.”

“You kind of taste like Ibekusa. C’mon, use your tongue more. You promised, remember?”

“Y-yes, I remember. But, Lucia...nmh.”

This time it was Lucia’s tongue inside his mouth.

Machina did not use her tongue much, but the demon boy showed no restraint. He licked all over each tooth, both sides of the tongue, and the inside of the cheeks as if to eliminate any remaining scent.

“Pwah, pwahn, ah, ah.”

“Heh heh. You’ve always been sensitive below the tongue, Mutsuki-kun

♥”

Lucia whispered teasingly to him. When their tongues pulled apart, thick saliva bridged the gap between them.

“You don’t get to run away. Ibekusa okayed this.”

Lucia gave an excuse and pressed against Mutsuki’s lips even more.

That calculating demon had not just let the “as long as no one can see you” agreement slide. He had made sure to get the same thing promised for him. So as long as Mutsuki was out of the public eye, he had to kiss Machina and Lucia until they were satisfied.

But while Machina was “willing to” do it and was only thinking about him,

Lucia really was a demon.

“Pwah♥♥”

His kisses were so intense that Mutsuki could only gasp for breath, leaving no room for complaints.

And the sexual demon matched his seductive breaths to Mutsuki's, so the sweet demon boy's flavor spread throughout Mutsuki's tongue, esophagus, and lungs.

He was used to the action itself, but he was still kissing another boy. That made it

feel more odd and immoral, making the boy hesitate.

He saw Lucia as special and he knew that demon was not just a boy.

But since he generally saw himself as straight, homosexuality had a powerful sense of the taboo to Mutsuki.

Especially today since Lucia was wearing his school uniform. That boy's uniform made it all too clear that they were the same sex.

And at the moment...he glanced to the side.

“ ... ”

Ange was watching them uncomfortably.

Mutsuki was shy and sensible, so he was reluctant to have someone watching him kiss even when it was with Machina. There was no way he could focus like this.

(...Honestly. Stupid Mutsuki.)

But the girl did not know how to react to this either.

As his bodyguard, she could not leave him. But it was also difficult to interrupt.

She desperately brushed aside the indecent atmosphere filling the storeroom and waited for the two boys' intense kiss to end.

(Really, though... What is...what is this?)

There was no real reason for her to watch. What did it matter to her what promise

Mutsuki had made with a demon? Couldn't she shout "Stop gaying it up!" and drag him away by the ear like she usually did?

"Heh heh♥ ...Nn, you're drooling.

With the demon's tongue violating his mouth so much, Mutsuki's mouth hung dully open and drool dripped out of the corner.

The demon's pink tongue scooped up every last drop. Then he sealed the other boy's mouth and slurped up the accumulated saliva.

"...Gulp."

Ange found herself gulping along with him.

(M-Mutsuki's saliva.)

Kisses with him were always so gentle and sweet. And her synapses interpreted the flavor of his saliva like hands massaging her entire body. It felt like a powerful embrace. And like a manly girth penetrating her body. It was linked to so many pleasurable memories.

Those pleasurable memories ran through her womb and her lower stomach trembled.

(M-me too... M-me too...)

Her knees bumped against each other and she rubbed her thighs together.

She could feel the dampness inside her spats.

"Hee hee♥"

While well aware of the angel's reaction and the pride that would prevent her from asking to join in, Lucia pushed up against Mutsuki even further.

"Nhah...wait, L-Lucia-kun, what are you doing?"

He pressed his lips and body against Mutsuki and had him sit down on a nearby mat.

Confused at being gently pushed down, Mutsuki realized his shirt had been

unbuttoned at some point.

He was wearing an undershirt, but this exposed his throat and he realized what was happening to him. But his body had already gone limp at this point.

“Y-you can’t do this, Lucia-kun. Um, it was just kissing. The agreement was just kissing...”

“Hm~? Was it?”

As long as their lips were together, Lucia’s prey remained limp. And while keeping Mutsuki from resisting like that, the demon boy swiftly stole away the boy’s clothing.

He opened the shirt and pulled up the undershirt.

“Ah...”

While not to Lucia’s extent, Mutsuki’s build was not exactly manly. His early adolescent body had no muscle tone and was quite feminine. He had no excess flesh on his stomach or chest, but they were somewhat soft and the nipples were a cute pink.

Once his belt was undone and his pants pulled down, he finally revealed a manly part of him that was impressively erect, but the lines from his hips to his butt were childlike and adorable.

“Stop. Um, Lucia-kun, not...here.”

With the skillful kiss overwhelming him, Mutsuki could only resist the sexual demon’s lustful hands with a weak voice.

“W-wait, give it a rest.”

Ange was here to save him and she intervened, but...

“What? All I’m doing is kissing him.”

“Uuh...”

“Hee hee. Also...”

She could not defeat the demon in a game of words. Plus...

“Kyah!”

He tugged on her hand and pulled Ange onto the mat as well.

She should have been stronger than him, but he had realized she was weak in the knees.

“I’ll keep my promise, so don’t interrupt. ...I just have to stick to kissing, right?”

Lucia moved his face to Mutsuki’s throat as a show for the girl lying alongside them.

Instead of just the mouth, his lips crawled along Mutsuki’s throat, chest, and belly.

“Hwah, wait, Lucia...-kun, ah.”

Kisses reached Mutsuki’s belly, ribs, and nipples. A ticklish chill caused his arms and legs to tense up.

It was so much more embarrassing with Ange right next to him, but Lucia was too good at keeping him from resisting. And...

“Hee hee. If you insist on doing something, then how about protecting him?”

“Eh? ...Ah, hey.”

Lucia took Ange’s hand and guided it to the boy’s lower body.

She tried to pull free, but she stopped moving when she touched something far warmer than the demon’s hand.

“Wah...wah.”

“Hee hee. You protect that so I can’t do anything to it. ...If you can resist doing something yourself, that is.”

“Protect? Um...”

He had sucked on Machina and Lucia’s saliva, so that penis was hot and rock hard.

When she felt it, Ange wrapped her fingers around it as if entranced.

“A-Ange...nn, ah, ah.”

He was aroused enough already, but the sexual demon gave a shower of

kisses to his upper body while the angel grabbed and stroked the weak point on his lower body.

He could not resist. Even greater pleasure welled up inside him and he writhed on the mat.

“Hee hee hee♥ Stay still. I’m just kissing you.”

Lucia occasionally returned to the lips while kissing all over his upper body.

“...Pant, pant.”

Ange was also swallowed up by the abnormal situation.

She normally unconditionally rejected anything Lucia said, but now she was entirely obedient.

“Nhah, um, you too, Ange? ...Ee.”

The fingers wrapped around Mutsuki’s male flesh were gently pistoning up and down.

“Hh, ah...ahh.”

Starting with Micha, he had been in a physical relationship with several girls and women. He was familiar with adult sexuality, but his sensitivity was still that of a child. His flesh pillar was sensitive, so those soothing strokes were enough for his belly to writhe sensually.

(Ah... Mutsuki’s thing just got even bigger.)

As the swelling gained intensity, his penis transformed into a weapon of flesh.

As she felt the growing violence of the male in her hand, Ange gulped for the second time.

Her mouth had been sluggish for a while now. Ever since she had seen him with Machina, she had been imagining Mutsuki kissing her like that. Her tongue was numb, her inner cheeks were hot, and her gums tingled, like she had just been kissed until exhaustion.

Just imagining it was making her mind foggy. She could not focus her thoughts and she was not entirely sure what she was doing.

Other than the fact that she could feel the object that had so often made her

its captive.

“Ahh...”

She rubbed along the smooth and wide head.

When she tightened her grip on the shaft, it felt as hard as metal inside. The balls were wrinkled and ready for ejaculation.

It was ready for use. As a sex organ and as a tool to fuck a woman.

(No... I'm melting... I'm melting...inside.)

Just as her mouth had melted from the imaginary kissing, her lower body was starting to react.

It felt like a fire had been lit deep behind her navel – in her womb?

Had she remembered what it felt like to be penetrated with and pounded by that thing? She felt like something leap inside her. And because her vagina began expanding and contracting...

(Ah...ah, I'm wet and it's dripping out...ah.)

Below her beloved spats, a warmth was spreading through her panties.

She had last done it with him a week ago in the infirmary.

And like he always did, he had been gentle, thorough, and passionate. That hard and hot thing penetrating her hips. The sweat covering her skin. The sensation was burned into her mind and her body.

He would remove her clothes, expose even her asshole, and have sex with her.

The memories and pleasure came rushing back.

(I-I deserve this now, don't I? I mean, I've waited a whole week.)

She had noticed him secretly doing it with Micha every night, but she had ignored it.

She wanted to do it every day, but she had restrained herself even as her sweat soaked the sheets of her bed. So the fire inside her told her she could treat herself today.

“A-Ange, you can’t do that here...nh, ahhh, not there!”

The hands rubbing his penis gained the same obscene movements that her vaginal flesh would normally provide.

She wrapped her fingers around it from the head to base.

Ange’s small body was the size of an elementary schooler and her hands were no exception, so she could not wrap them fully around the shaft. But she still massaged it ever so lovingly.

And that accelerated the imaginary arousal inside her.

(Nhah, when this here...this thick part here goes inside me...

≡)



She had a flashback to the almost painful pleasure of the head's ridge pulling at her vaginal flesh, so she thrust her trembling hips forward.

“Hee hee. What a lewd angel.”

Lucia laughed bitterly that his nemesis was being unexpectedly useful and he lay down alongside the boy’s other side.

“I detest you, but this isn’t bad. ...Nn♥”

He once more took Mutsuki’s lips.

The little demon sucked at Mutsuki’s tongue and tickled all over his upper body, from his nipples to his belly. All the while, the angel girl was persistently massaging his sex organ. When his nipples were kneaded, his penis jumped in Ange’s fingers

like it was going to explode.

“Ahh...nn, Mutsuki, I can’t...I can’t stand it any longer...”

“...Nn.”

Ange’s rational mind melted away as she drowned in the sensation of growth between her fingers.

Mutsuki responded by pulling on the girl’s hand. He unsteadily lifted her small frame and had her straddle his body.

She had yet to remove her panties and he had not performed any kind of foreplay on her, but the tip of his straddled penis could feel just how damp and wet it was inside her skirt.

Ange rolled her spats down to the knees, pulled just the crotch of her panties to the side, and lowered her hips.

“Tch.”

Lucia was clearly displeased that she had gotten ahead of him when he had started this.

“Hh...hee...hnnnn...”

The penis head sank into the soft and melted female slit.

“Kwaaaahh, hh, it’s so thick...Mutsuki, aaahhh, and it’s still growing...kh.”

The sensation of her around him caused him to expand further, like some kind

of biological reaction.

The soaked flower petals were widened from within, causing the girl to arch her back. The sensual shock was nearly painful, but it also robbed Ange of the strength needed to support herself.

Since she was on top, the honeypot dropped straight down on that brutal tip.

“Hyaaaaaaaaahhh...! Hhh.”

“Ah, ah...Ange, nkh.”

The thick tip surged inside her all at once.

The hard meat pounded on her cervix and the girl’s eyes opened wide. At the same time, nectar-coated flesh as pure as a virgin’s rubbed at the penis and the boy cried out.

“Hmph. Steal him from me, will you?”

Lucia pouted his lips toward the two who were trembling just from the insertion.

Watching the boy and girl was enough to tell just how compatible they were. They had forgotten all about the sex demon because they were so focused on each other’s flesh, each other’s sensations, and the fact that they were now bound together.

Lucia did not like that. But if he tried to undo that bond, he would be seen as a nuisance. He gave a lopsided frown.

“...❤️”

But then he grinned.

It was a mischievous and devilish smile that would forcibly make any boy or girl fall in love with him.

“Mutsuki-kun, she looks pretty unsteady. Isn’t that dangerous?”

“Eh...? Ah, nn, Ange, are you okay...?”

Mutsuki had grown intoxicated on the shaking deep in his brain, but he

quickly came back to his senses.

Ange's upper body was wobbling. She tended to be on the receiving end, so she did it missionary style about 70% of the time and the rest were just changes in angle. She was not used being on top, so she was about to fall over.

Riding a cock with her mind clouded with pleasure was apparently too high a hurdle. She was losing her stability.

"S-sorry, sorry."

"Ah...≡"

Mutsuki quickly got up and supported her small body in his arms. With her mind so clouded, Ange smiled happily like a baby and leaned in toward him.

He embraced her soft skin without undoing their union.

They felt even more closeness than before, so it was perfect for the two of them.

"Heh heh♥ Go on, Mutsuki-kun. Make sure you hold her."

And it was even more convenient for the demon boy.

He saw his chance, so he circled behind the boy and clung to his back.

Mutsuki thought it was odd for him to take up position where it would be so hard for them to kiss.

"Nwah."

But he figured out why a moment later.

"Mutsuki-kun, your butt is so soft. Just like a girl's."

That erased the question marks in his mind. Lucia got down on the mat and moved below the hips that supported the boy as he held the girl. He stuck his hands below Mutsuki's butt.

Before Mutsuki could wonder what this was about, Lucia spread his butt.

"Ahhhhh, um, Lucia-kun? That's my butt... I'm not sure I, uh..."

Ticklishness burned seductively within him and a familiar sensation attacked the back of his penis. He trembled as the sex demon's fingertip captured that

rear weak point.

The boy quickly tried to stop him, but...

“Nhhhhh. Mu...tsuki...ahhhhhn.”

“Oh, s-sorry, Ange. ...Ah, hh, L-Lucia-kun, stop that.”

When he struggled, the twisting of his body caused his tip to torment Ange.

With his prey unable to move, the sex demon had an easy job of winning him over.

“You just have to enjoy the pleasure. I know how much you like it here

♥”

Instead of forcing it, he gently pressed on and massaged the boy’s anal flesh.

“Ah...hh...”

He had been fully focused on his union with Ange, but that focus was rapidly fading.

“Ah, ah, no...ah.”

He uttered short moans and shook his head. However...

“Nhahhhh, Mutsuki, you’re even bigger than before...”

“That’s...not...hyah, wahhh, ahhh.”

Ironically, Ange’s reaction proved the falsehood of his attempted denial.

The flesh cannon forcing open the juvenile vagina was clearly lifted to a greater angle from Lucia’s teasing. Ange could feel just how much the blood flow had increased by how much it swelled out inside her and it was enough for her eyes to

widen. That showed just how aroused the boy was.

“Ahhh...aheh≡”

Ange had grown woozy from the insertion alone, so this expansion was too intense for her.

She seemed to be growing faint, so the boy had no choice but to hold on tight

even as he trembled. Her trembling mouth hung open and only drool and amorous breaths escaped it.

It was a good thing they had shifted to a sitting position. If she had still been on top, she might have collapsed.

With his last shred of rationality, Mutsuki made sure to support Ange so she would not fall and hurt herself.

“Heh heh. You really are weak to this♥♥”

“Nhahhhn, L-Lucia-ku...n.”

Meanwhile, the sexual demon accelerated his attack.

“Wow, you really are hard. And big. I can see why that angel can’t think straight.”

His hand reached down and around. It stroked across near the anus and then continued forward where it grabbed the thick swollen shaft and toyed with the base by stroking it.

Most of the penis was being tightly squeezed by Ange and that was pleasurable enough to feel like the ejaculation function was being directly stroked and heated.

But...

“I’m glad you liked it so much.”

He grew brutal once he found the girl’s extract dripping down the shaft from the union.

He stole some of the secret nectar meant to protect the girl’s sex organ, got his fingertips nice and slippery, and then pulled his hand back.

“Nkh...”

His finger reached the tightened collection of wrinkles.

Just stroking around the circumference caused an extreme reaction. The boy’s small hole relaxed the force meant to reject an intruder and accepted the sexual demon’s slender finger in up to the second joint.

The wriggling pleasure was so great it made Mutsuki shudder. It felt like

having the inside of his penis licked from the bottom. It was a feeling most boys would never feel.

“Nfh♥

You got even harder. That’s incredible, Mutsuki-kun. Just touching it is enough to feel the bulging veins...

♥”

With one hand, Lucia gently stroked the shaft and teasingly fondled the balls. With the other, he continued his thorough massage.

“Ah, ah, ahhhh, wait, wait.”

“Eh...? Mutsuki...nnn.”

To let his hips escape, he naturally tilted his body further and further forward.

In his arms, Ange could not properly grasp what was happening, but she followed along with Mutsuki’s movements. She lowered her butt from his lap, but...

“Hyah, ahhhhn≡ Mutsuki...wait, not so rough.”

When she let go, their union naturally began to come apart.

The boy could not think straight and he must have instinctually sought her body because he refused to let it happen. He thrust just his hips forward to stick his penis deep inside her again.

Instead of holding her on his lap, he leaned over her. Their forward-leaning seated position was close to being the missionary position.

And that defenselessly raised his butt.

“...♥”

He had not planned it this way, but the demon boy smirked at how convenient this was for him.

The adolescent boy’s butt had less flesh than Ange’s, but it was not all that different from a girl’s. And a solid object several times thicker than a finger pressed against the central valley.

“W-wait...Lucia-kun.”

“It won’t hurt, so don’t worry. Hee hee♥♥ You seem to like this too, Mutsuki-kun.”

Lucia did not just roughly thrust his hips forward. He simply loosened up the wrinkles with the finger still in there and then pushed the tip inside.

“Ah...ah, Lucia-kun...d-don’t do that.”

Mutsuki tried to reject him, but his body was rejoicing from the finger there. With that going on at the same time, his body could find nothing wrong with this other intruder either.

Micha and Lucia had teased him there a few times before. And those lessons made him feel more sensitive and less resistant to that kind of improper usage. He could not deny that having his prostate stimulated felt good.

But this clearly went beyond simple “teasing”.

“N-no...I’m...I’m a boy...so...”

“Noooot listening♥♥

Now relax or this will hurt. I’ll make sure this feels really good...

♥♥”

The girl-faced rapist smiled as he pushed his slender hips forward.

The tip slid smoothly in to take the place of the massaging finger. Once it reached the rubbery internal flesh, the shaft also buried itself inside surprisingly smoothly.

“Ah, ah, ah...”

Mutsuki felt faint at the sensation of being penetrated and at the bizarreness of a boy like him being violated.

There was not much pain. He simply was not used to the intense feeling of a foreign object inside him and it would not let him cry out.

He felt no reluctance to this act when he was on the other end. In fact, he had fucked Lucia here more than once. He had seen how wildly the demon reacted,

so he knew a boy could derive pleasure from this.

But he felt .fear. Like this was a loss of identity, like his masculinity was rapidly fading away.

And more importantly...

“Ahh...you’re so warm inside. Heh heh. Was your pleasure spot somewhere around here?”

♥”

Lucia sent his penis head dancing along the inner flesh.

A strange sensation licked at Mutsuki’s body from within. He felt goose bumps across his skin.

“Th-that isn’t going to...make me feel...pleas-...nnahn.”

“Found it♥ That’s your prostate.”

“Ahhhhn!”

The greatest source of the fear making him feel faint was just how forceful Lucia was.

This demon boy often did things on a whim, but he truly cared for Mutsuki. He would not do anything that Mutsuki really did not want.

So Lucia was only being so forceful because he was certain that some part of Mutsuki really did want to be fucked like this.

That was what scared him the most.

“Hh...Ange...”

“Eh? Eh? ...Hwah.”

In search of some kind of escape, he clung to the girl.

Ange was feeling lightheaded from the sensation of the foreign object rubbing against her womb and she still did not know what was happening to Mutsuki. The possibility of him being penetrated by another boy would probably never have occurred to her. And she could not see the union point with him lying on top of her.

There was only one thing she could tell.

“Ah...nn.”

He was holding her with an almost violent strength.

“Hwah...”

Her heart pounded in her chest and new juices coated the vaginal walls filled by the massive cock that seemed to have taken all of the boy's blood pressure for itself.

The closeness of their union joined the sticky sense of oneness and enveloped the two of them.

“Ah, ah...Mutsuki, this...this is too good.”

Since her first time, this angel had been ensnared by his manliness several times, so this sense of fullness was the greatest aphrodisiac.

“...Ahnm.”

Her usual refusal to be honest with herself was numbed over by the pleasure. Her womb was knocked around inside her, so she returned the favor by clinging to him and kissing him.

“Hwah, ah...hahm, nn.”

She did not use her tongue. It was a childish kiss ruled by emotion.

But it was enough to wake Mutsuki up as he grew faint from the shock of being violated.

As he attempted to escape the sex demon's tentacle rubbing at his anus, his movements worked to shake the depths of Ange's stomach.

“Ahh, ahh, hahh...Mutsuki, nh, yes, oh.”

Each time he thrust into her wet vagina, her semi-lolita body twisted, bent, and pressed lovingly against the boy.

On a nearly instinctual level, Mutsuki held the girl to him.

Looking only at the two of them, it was the ideal picture of a boy and girl making sweet and passionate love.

“Ahh...it’s so wet and sticky inside you, Mutsuki-kun. Ha ha. You really do like it here, don’t you?♥♥”

“N-nooo.”

But you had to ignore the penis assaulting the boy.

And the girl had yet to notice that penis. Even as the boy was violated, she still saw it as the ideal picture of sexual love.

Mutsuki’s expression and behavior no longer showed any sign of suffering from the violation.

(Wh-what is this...weird feeling? Ah, ahhh, my butt feels so hot. It’s like Lucia-kun’s thing is pushing on my dick...)

The impact of having his anal flesh penetrated was feeling more and more normal.

The initial pain had subsided, so only faint confusion remained. And that confusion was similar to intoxication.

“Ah ha♥♥ Ah ha♥♥”

Lucia’s arousal was building as well.

He rubbed his hips against the roundness of the defenseless butt and derived carnal pleasure from the inner flesh licking at his penis, but that was not the only source of arousal.

“Mutsuki-kun...you’re mine now. I’ll make you feel even better♥♥”

The most arousal came from the fact that he had complete control of a part of that beloved boy.

He pressed against Mutsuki’s sweaty back and reached for his nipples like he really was a girl. He intended to attack every pleasurable part of the boy.

“Ahhh...n.”

Lucia’s penis head had found Mutsuki’s prostate, so it pressed against and

kneaded it.

(No...not, not there. It's like something's rushing through me. Just rushing through me. Ahhh.)

This was not his first time having his prostate stimulated, but he was not familiar with this feeling.

Micha and Lucia had teased this area a few times before.

But he had cum almost immediately those times. He could not remember exactly how it felt and what kind of pleasure it brought because the pleasure had been so insanely great that it wiped everything else from his mind.

The same thing was about to happen here.

“No, no, ahhhh, it feels so good.”

“Hee hee❤️”

The thrusting motion filled the sphincter with heat, which added to the pleasure of being violated.

Lucia's lips twisted into a satisfied smile because he knew it was him bringing Mutsuki so much pleasure.

“Khhh.”

And Ange was of course involved in all this too.

Her breathing had been in sync with Mutsuki's since he had penetrated her. The lewd sticky sounds coming from their point of union, her own pleasure, and the obscene movements of the penis that was being pounded on from behind all acted to fill her with dense sensuality.

And most importantly...

“Hwah...Mutsuki, ahhn, more, kiss me, kiss me more≡”

“Mh, nh, Ange, ah, ahhn.”

They pressed their drool-coated lips together as they fucked.

With forceful, rough, and sweet attacks coming from the front and the back, Mutsuki finally unleashed the torrent of stimulation rising within his

manhood.

“I-I can’t keep going. I’m gonna cum.”

His weak voice rang through the stuffy sweaty smell of the room.

“...Ha ha≡”

“~♥”

Ange and Lucia said nothing. They only laughed in satisfaction.

No matter how badly that angel and demon got along, they both loved to see Fujita Mutsuki melting with pleasure.

“Ahhn, ahhhn. Ahhhhh!”

But Mutsuki did not have it in him to notice because his entire body began trembling.

The pleasure rushing from his prostate when Lucia pushed on it would pass through his penis and out into Ange.

A pulse burst through his dick. With that as a guide, his bodily fluid passed through with tremendous force.

“Ah ha, ahhhn, ahhhh≡”

Ange’s cheeks loosened happily at the sensation of him trembling in her soft vagina. She knew this pulsation would soon be followed by a spray of that hot stuff. And she had developed a conditioned reflex to reach orgasm when that happened.

“Hhhkh!”

With a penetrating pleasure, the burning semen passed through his urethra.

“Hwahhh! Ah, ahhh, hahhhhhhh≡≡≡”



He was pressed against her cervix hard enough to feel the opening and the thick cum shots suddenly pounded against it.

Ange was dragged up to climax while she wildly shook her long red hair. Her slender body bent back the other way. As if to move her womb even closer to him.

“Ahn, ahhh, hahhhhhh! Ahh, ahhh!”

His ecstasy infected her and they both convulsed together. Their sweaty bodies naturally pressed and rubbed together.

“...❤️”

As the only one to outlast that moment, Lucia stopped moving.

He made sure to remain motionless for a while and continued to hold Mutsuki. The internal flesh wrapped around him and stickily rubbed against the tip as it pressed against the prostate.

“Ah, hyahh, hahhhh.”

The hard object pressed against the prostate seemed to wring out the cum and guided Mutsuki to an extra-long ejaculation.

And once that was finished and he had been milked of every last drop...

“Now it’s my turn.”

After enduring so long, Lucia trembled and looked like he could not wait a second longer. The first thing he did was pull back his hips.

After pulling the hard erection out, he held it at the ready and stood up.

And he placed a hand on the boy’s shoulder.

“Hyah...!”

That fluid was like a mass of male hormones and it sprayed out with a thickness and quantity that was at complete odds with his androgynous and perhaps even feminine build.

With his hand still on Mutsuki’s shoulder he aimed the cannon toward Mutsuki’s face.

Another boy’s cum splattered all across the side of his face and then his entire face

This was a different sort of humiliation than the penetration. Mutsuki frowned a bit, but...

(Well, as long as it's Lucia-kun's.)

As usual, he went along with the demon boy's plan and accepted it.

"Hahh...♥ Ah ha."

The sexual demon laughed happily after marking that beloved boy's face.

Pumping it all out seemed to make him go limp. He fell to his knees and then wrapped his arms around Mutsuki's back again.

Mutsuki narrowed his eyes while receiving an embrace from Ange in the front and Lucia in the back.

The sensation of someone else's flesh felt pleasant during his post-ejaculation lethargy.

"...Mutsuki...-kun."

The other boy spoke near his ear. He must have been feeling lethargic too because his voice was weak and trembled a bit.

"You can choose whoever you like. If you choose them, then you don't have to worry about me...about us anymore."

"..."

Ange said nothing, but she was holding him tighter than usual.

"Although that end of adolescence and the beginning of adulthood isn't far off now."

"Eh...?"

"But never forget that I love you."

"Lucia-kun...?"

Mutsuki was simply confused.

Lucia's tone was clearly different from normal. And...

"Ange..."

He realized the way Ange held him was different too.

“ ... ”

The girl looked up.

And he saw her usual lopsided frown inside of a sweet post-orgasm look.

She refused to be honest. She never would say what she really wanted to say.

She would fall silent when there was something she wanted to say.

“Uhp.”

Then some kind of film dropped onto her face.

With so much cum on Mutsuki’s face, some of it dripped down onto Ange.

“Satowaaaaaaa! What do you think you’re getting on my face!?”

“Wah, wah, wah! He wasn’t trying to get it on you!”

Ange moved away from Mutsuki and approached the demon. Lucia did not want to

get fried, so he fled.

The two of them got dressed and began their usual game of pursuit.

Mutsuki lost his chance to ask what Lucia had meant.

## Chapter 3

FeTUS headquarters existed 2000 meters below Megutono Academy. It had as much space as several baseball stadiums, but most of that was used for labs and storing weapons.

There were no entertainment facilities and the Witches were only given a few 12-square-meter rooms each.

Although that was plenty of space if they were living alone.

“Phew...”

Witches Miss B, aka Shirohara Ren, leaned back in her chair and sighed from the exhaustion of reading through quite a few documents.

She used this room for studying and work and the interior design was quite high society and not what you would expect for a student. She sat at a heavy wooden desk in a deep-seated wide chair. The wooden bookcase lined with textbooks glistened from its lacquer finish and a less-than-practical yellow lamp illuminated a pure white quill on the desk.

“Excuse me.”

A maid stepped in. She was wearing an apron dress that seemed to fit the interior much more.

“Miss D. Yes, perfect timing.”

Daima Makoto, a fellow Witch who waited on people as a hobby, carried in some tea.

“You could really stand to decorate your room more cutely.”

“A knight must never be lacking in dignity, even if it would help encourage her studies. I must keep up appearances.”

Ren sounded proud of herself.

For better or worse, she was a proud girl, so the maid chuckled while handing

her the tea.

After preparing her own, the maid sat down. The floor rose up to support her butt.

Springloaded ran through the walls and floor of the room and they would change form to suit the Witches' needs, so they did not need a chair to sit.

In other words, the entire dignified interior was Ren's own choice.

"How go the cultural festival preparations?"

"It's the day after tomorrow...so I have to finish it all today."

Ren sounded exhausted and looked down at her desk.

It was covered in Student Council documents related to the cultural festival. This was all work to be done by President Ren.

"It just piles up like this."

"There's no helping that."

She had only completed half of it, but she held her eyelids to fight the weariness.

"I mean, you were busy all week with the Kurosaki issue."

"..."

Kurosaki. Their expressions darkened at the mention of that name.

Even if she was only attending the academy as a camouflage life, it was unthinkable for someone as diligent as Ren to neglect her Student Council work. She never would have let it build up to this extent.

If not for all of her time going into investigating Kurosaki as they showed signs of approaching Fujita Mutsuki.

"We are doing everything in our power to investigate this, so you can focus on school, Miss B."

"I know that. But..."

Ren in particular was working on her own to investigate this.

–Her personal grudge against them for taking away the cousin she saw as a little sister had only deepened recently.

“Then why not get someone else to help?”

When the atmosphere grew heavy, Makoto quickly avoided that subject.

“Miss C and I are teachers...and you had Fujita Mutsuki-kun help you before, didn't you?”

“I only had him help as a punishment. I can't restrain him for longer than necessary.”

“You really are stubborn. Just ask him for help and you'll get it.”

“That's not the issue.”

Ren replied coldly, but the topic had been successfully changed. Her expression softened as soon they began discussing that boy.

“Then...what about Miss E?”

“Mh...”

Although it quickly became troubled again.

“Machina...Miss E is out of the question.”

“I suppose so. This is an important period for her.”

Makoto had suggested it, but she smiled bitterly as if this was the obvious result.

What Miss E, aka Machina, was doing now was the most important thing for FeTUS as a whole, so as irresponsible as it was, it took precedence over the cultural festival.

FeTUS's final proposition was reliant on Machina's current actions.

Miss D tapped her heel against the floor that had become a chair. The Springloaded reacted by activating a holographic vision of some text in the air.

“The Holy Grail Plan. ...We've finally made it this far.”

The text really only looked like letters written neatly on some kind of document, but it was better called a pattern. It was as disorderly as graffiti, but

the whole formed a geometric shape.

It was a language not found anywhere in the world. Each of those runes contained as much data as 1024 letters of the alphabet and only the FeTUS Witches could decode it in modern civilization.

The simplest part was the portrait photo in the top left corner, like it was a resume.

“Eve ex Machina. If we humans truly can create divine genes, I would honestly feel more frightened than proud as a follower of science.”

“...”

They both viewed the photo.

The rune-covered document contained as much data as an encyclopedia, but it still only contained the bare minimum of records.

To those two Witches, that expressionless face of FeTUS Witches Miss E, aka Ibekusa Machina, reminded them of far more data.

“I used modern genes to calculate out what the Fruit of Knowledge had to have provided, recreated the genes of Eve, and modeled the missing portions off of that boy. After following Adam’s genes to recreate the missing data, I remade her womb for compatibility, and...just thinking about all the work is making me feel faint, but I managed somehow.”

“...Stop that.”

Ren shook her head while staring at the photo of Machina.

“Miss E is a proper human. Do not talk about ‘recreating’ and ‘modeling’.”

“Yes. I misspoke.”

Makoto used a bitter smile to dodge an issue for the second time that day.

As a scientist, she could not rid herself of the dry feelings of being the girl’s creator, but she did not see Machina as a mere tool. She thought of her as a little sister or a daughter.

But she could not contain her excitement when she saw that daughter’s growth after raising her to be a partner to the Adam boy, Fujita Mutsuki.

Especially with Machina fast approaching her ultimate objective.

“S-so how are things between them, Miss B? Do you think it will go well?”

She was also interested in a gossipy kind of way about the relationship between

the young boy and girl. Her eyes sparkled as she leaned forward.

“...What a pain.”

Ren shrugged and did not reply.

...There was no way she could tell Makoto that.

Friday was the day before the cultural festival, so the atmosphere surrounding

Megutono Academy shifted from excited to anxious.

Student Council President Shirohara Ren enjoyed that nicely tense atmosphere.

“President, we have some sample yakisoba, so please eat it.”

“Yes, I will stop by later.”

“Presideeent, come listen to us perform~”

“Later, okay?”

Everyone had already completed their entry for the festival, so they were in the final rehearsal and testing phase.

The Student Council was going around to ensure there was no trouble in this crucial stage, but the President was so popular that people kept calling out to her.

It had only been a bit over half a month since she had returned to her position as President, but Shirohara Ren was fulfilling her duties perfectly.

“Ange-chaaaaan, over here, over here. We don’t have much time for the final rehearsal.”

“Yes, yes. ...Ah.”

“Mh.”

Except when it came to her attitude toward one person.

While walking through the school, she ran across the last person she wanted to see.

The red-haired girl must have been participating in the play because she was carrying some things.

“What do you want?”

As soon as she saw Ren, the corners of Ange’s eyes rose sharply.

She showed blatant hostility. Ren decided she should ignore it, but...

“Nothing.”

She glared back.

Ren strictly, politely, and (most of all) mechanically served the school as President,

but she always responded emotionally to this one student: Jiyuuni Ange.

Ignoring the girl and moving on would be the best course of action. Ange would never back down if Ren glared back at her. She knew this would only prevent either one of them from backing down.

Ever since they had clashed and never reached a satisfying conclusion, Ren had felt an extreme dislike of this angel as a teenage girl rather than as a logical Witch.

“Ange-chaan? Oh, President. What’s up?”

“Mh. Hello.”

They were saved when the angel’s friend called out to them.

That distraction allowed Ren to stop glaring. Ange must have been satisfied with that because she gave a “hmpf” and left with her friend.

Ren regretted what she had done. She was not a child and yet she had fallen for such blatant provocation.

“Miss A is not going to be happy.”

Then she heard a chuckling voice arrive in place of the angel.

This voice was even more blatantly provoking than Ange's glare. ...Ren simply gave a displeased look, but then she turned around.

"Yes, I need to do better. You have caused enough trouble yourself, so I need to avoid placing any more of a burden on my teacher."

"Hmph."

She turned around to find not a student but the teacher named Katsue Subaru, aka FeTUS Witches Miss C.

This was someone else Ren was better off avoiding as President, although for a different reason than with Ange.

When Ren responded sharply, Subaru's eyebrows twitched behind her glasses.

Even if they did not get along, they were from the same organization. They knew the appropriate distance to keep between each other.

"Inspecting the festival? Must be tough being Student Council President."

"What I'm doing isn't much different from a teacher's job."

They began walking side by side.

Whatever they felt on the inside, they would be seen as teacher and President, so they continued their inspection.

"How is your class doing?"

She naturally asked about her biggest concern.

As Student Council President, Ren was privy to all the details of the festival events, but when it came to Fujita Mutsuki, Miss C would know more as his homeroom teacher.

"There's nothing to say. Everyone is enjoying the cultural festival. The one surprise is how much Jiyuuni is getting into the rehearsals."

With a glance in the direction of the gym Ange and her friend had entered, Subaru shrugged.

“The angel and the demon in our school seem far too casual about it all.”

Just as the two girls entered the gym, a few band rehearsal teams left. Silvia was among them. The band members all had their hair dyed bright blonde and Lucia was sweaty from singing but clearly enjoying himself.

FeTUS had created this school as a miniature garden, but an angel and demon had joined and their hostile relationship had entered a passive phase. This should have been highly abnormal.

“Gather heaven, earth, and hell and you will have everything. And the world was created from discord. ...So they say, but I find it hard to believe.” There was self-deprecation in Subaru’s voice. “Why do you think that is?”

“That’s obvious.” Ren smiled bitterly. “The angels, demons, and we have all found ourselves in the palm of his hand.”

That was where the conversation would inevitably lead.

Fujita Mutsuki wished for no fighting between the three sides and that was the greatest help those FeTUS members could have hoped for.

Angels had an advantage over demons, demons over humans, and humans over angels. It was supposed to work like that, but FeTUS members had found themselves left in the dust by Ange several times now.

And of course.

Having a FeTUS member in an intimate relationship with him was ideal for the organization.

“Ah.”

“Nn.”

While on their patrol, Ren and Subaru were shocked by what they found inside the gym storeroom.

The boy they had just been discussing was there. Mutsuki and the other two widened their eyes.

“Npwa...nh, hahh.”

Only the fourth person in the room, Machina, failed to notice Ren and

Subaru's entrance, so her eyes remained happily narrowed while she continued sucking on the boy's lips.

How long they had been enjoying this deep kiss was apparent from the solid flush of her cheeks and the dampness of her eyes that looked like a film of tears. Her usually intellectual features were now solidly colored by arousal, so even the other two members of her sex were shocked.

"Ah...Senpai...and Sensei."

Mutsuki could only smile bitterly at the fact that they had seen this.

Ren sighed deeply, regretting any thoughts that he was even remotely reliable.

"I believe I told you I could not allow such indecent acts at school."

"S-sorry."

Mutsuki was once more called to the Student Council Room and made to sit on the floor.

Machina needed to be scolded as well, but Ren started with Mutsuki.

"Um, but, Senpai. This time, Ibekusa-san was the one who..."

The boy trailed off but still refused to back down.

This was different from when he had taken advantage of Machina's obedience by milking her and having her piss. She had asked him to do this, so it was illogical to scold him alone.

Ren disliked being illogical, but...

"That does not change that you went too far."

She rejected his argument.

She knew her argument was almost entirely based on emotion, but that scene was burned in the back of her mind and refused to go away. With this and with Ange, her greatest weakness was her inability to back down.

She could not rid herself of the feeling that filled her when she saw those two sharing their lips like lovers.

“B-besides, that is indecent. In Japan, you should only kiss someone when you...y’know, are in love. That was f-filthy.”

“...Sorry.”

Mutsuki was easily pushed around, so he gradually quieted down.

The conversation brought Mutsuki’s thoughts back to what he and Machina had been doing. They had been sharing saliva and sticking their tongues deep in each other’s mouths like they were searching out each other’s hearts. He recalled the softness of the cute girl’s mouth and the flavor of her spit.

“I-it is true Miss E is at a fault here.”

Ren also blushed as she recalled Machina’s obscenely melted face with drool dripping down it.

“It looked like she was in an indecent mood simply from making ou-...from kissing.

I need to scold her as well.”

She made a strong statement to hide her embarrassment.

She had been careless.

“Sh-she can’t help that. Kisses really get to you...or how should I put it? Once you start, it’s really hard to stop?” Mutsuki followed his natural tendency to cover for other people. “So it’s best to not start, but Ibekusa-san insisted.”

“What are you talking about? Just separate your mouths and it’s over. Just pull your head back 5cm. How is that hard?”

“That’s not what I meant.”

“Enough excuses. There is a problem with the two of you if that puts you in an indecent mood.”

Ren grew talkative when Mutsuki talked back to her. He had tried to argue and she was glad to comply.

But that meant Mutsuki was bound to talk back again.

“A-again, you just can’t help feeling something...indecent when you’re kissing.”

“It is a beautiful sign of one’s love. There is something wrong with you if it seems indecent to you. Love is a pure thing.”

“I agree, but, um, it really does make you horny.”

“For you maybe. I would feel nothing of the sort.”

“But...”

“Do I have to prove it?”

“Huh?”

Their argument was heading in an entirely unexpected direction.

Mutsuki found himself speechless and the room filled with silence.

Ren soon realized she had said something weird, but...

“Y-you don’t have to do that.”

The boy quickly looked the other way.

But to the girl’s eyes, it looked like he was dodging the issue or provoking her.

“No, I will prove it.”

“Wah...”

She responded to his provocation by sitting on the floor in front of him.

“Um, Senpai, you really don’t have to do that.”

“Just let me do this. All I have to do is kiss you and then pull my head back.”

“Ehhh...?”

Mutsuki was confused, but Ren puffed her chest out proudly. She was entirely focused on disproving the boy’s argument and she had yet to really think about the method she was using.

“Here I go.”

While sitting on the ground facing each other, she leaned forward.

(Is this the right way to do it?)

There were several question marks in her head, but the girl moved her face toward

the boy all the same.

Mutsuki was frozen in place with a “is she really doing this?” look on his face. That worried look only encouraged the scolder of an upperclassman.

A kiss was the only way to prove she was right.

“Here goes.”

“Umm...”

She moved even closer and the boy shut his eyes as if succumbing to the pressure.

They were seated in the *seiza* style, so even with their knees touching, she had to lean forward a fair bit. He did not lean forward at all, so she naturally ended up leaning over him.

Their noses brushed together and they felt each other’s breath on their lips.

Two soft pieces of flesh pressed together.

Mutsuki briefly tensed even further.

(...What am I doing?)

While Ren quickly grew calmer.

She finally realized that there was no real reason to kiss him.

(I-I’m kissing...a boy.)

She had grown up in England, but kisses of greeting there were only on the cheek.

She remembered that this was her first time to do this with a member of the opposite sex.

“Kh.”

She quickly pulled her head back.

“...Hahh.”

Mutsuki breathed a sigh of relief as if to say “it’s over”.

Ren did not take a breath. She was still holding her breath. The realization

that this was her first kiss had made her forget to breathe.

But her rational mind quickly recovered.

“S-see? You just have to stop like that.”

Her voice was threatening to crack, so she pitched it low.

Then she took a deep breath.

It was a breath of victory. She had justified the position that let her criticize Machina and Mutsuki.

...Of course, Mutsuki was far calmer when it came to kissing.

“But, um, that wasn’t what I was doing with Ibekusa-san.”

“What!?”

She was dumbfounded to find he was acting like her first kiss was insignificant.

“~ ...”

But she was aware that her kiss and what he had been doing with Machina were different.

“Th-then you do it. Do to me what you were doing with Miss E.”

“Eh? But, Senpai...”

“Just do it. I cannot accept this until you do.”

They corrected their seated posture.

Mutsuki was reluctant, but he was stubbornly ordered to continue. At this rate, Ren’s first kiss would be meaningless.

The hurdle must have lowered after she did it to him because the boy gave in.

“O-okay...um, don’t be mad.”

This time, he leaned forward.

(Uuh...th-this is kind of...)

This was the reverse of before, so he leaned over her.

Feeling an intimidating sort of pressure, Dame Lavriel, aka Ren, was overwhelmed.

But it was not unpleasant. In fact, it kind of made her heart race.

(Fujita Mutsuki... I thought he was small, but he's s-surprisingly big.)

She tried to suppress her pounding heart.

Then the boy suddenly stopped.

“Um, Senpai. Could you shut your eyes?”

“Mh? S-sure.”

On his insistence, she shut her eyes like he had before.

(Uuh...I can't see...and wait.)

She felt somewhat forlorn now that she could only see darkness. The instinct to gather as much information as possible heightened her sense of hearing, so her rapid pulse sounded all the louder.

She could also detect his movements to an extent. She heard the rustling of his clothing and felt the movements of the air.

(That means he's close enough for me to feel those air movements. Uuuh.)

“Senpai.”

“...”

She felt a soft sensation on her cheek.

He had touched her. The warm hand was larger than she had expected. It covered

her entire right cheek.

(H-here it comes...)

Some damp air reached her nose and cheek. He was moving in closer.

(I can feel his breath. ...It tickles.)

The air current licked across her lips like foreplay for what was to come.

That was enough for a sensual shudder to race down her spine.

(I-is that what...k-kisses are like?)

She had entirely underestimated it. She had only thought of it as “lips touching”, but each little action held so much depth. An impatience bordering on fear rose from her gut.

“...Here I go.”

“Nn...”

But before she could escape, her lips were taken.

Her mind immediately went blank.

(H-huh? ...What is this?)

This was no more than lips touching. That was certainly true.

But it was completely different from what she had insisted on earlier.

When the boy’s lips softly touched hers, they puckered and pressed against hers like they were sucking. It was more like he had “captured” her lips than “touched” them.

Perhaps because he used a different method, the feeling was incredibly raw.

She tasted the soft flavor of mucus membranes instead of simple flesh. He was likely tasting her lips in the same way.

“Hh, hh, hhh.”

Ren groaned deep in her throat.

Yet he would not release her. In fact, he rubbed the point of contact together to deepen the girl’s feeling.

(Hyah...w-wah, that tickles.)

Something far more solid than a breath tickled her lips.

As a Witch, she had quite a lot of knowledge about the human body and she knew the lips and mouth had a lot of nerves, but this was her first time to be so very aware of it.

Whether due to sweat or saliva, she suddenly found her lips were damp. The

contact between their lips felt even stickier.

(Th-this is enough. This should be enough... I need to end this...ah.)

Only about 10 seconds had passed, but Ren tried to pull back her head in surrender.

But she could not. The boy's hand on her cheek had brushed through her hair and reached the back of her head.

It was not forceful enough to restrict her actions, so she could pull back her head if she wanted to.

But the very fact that he was touching her seemed to restrain her.

There was no real reason why. She simply could not resist as long as he wanted to kiss.

(Wh-what is this? What is...ah, ah.)

She felt plenty of other sensations: the warmth of his breath, its dampness, and the way its angle changed slightly. Each of those things confused the girl further.

But strangest of all was how it made her feel on the inside.

She was not sure if she should call it her heart or her soul, but she felt her very essence crumbling from something formless reaching her through his lips. It was warm and it changed shape like water to perfectly surround her. It caused the girl to crumble like a sand sculpture.

(No, no. I-I really can't...escape.)

She now knew why the boy had said it was "really hard to stop".

And at the same time...

(Does Miss E feel like this too...? Oh, but even more.)

The thought of Machina reminded her that she had not at all reached the level that girl was on.

"...Um, Senpai?"

They had been doing this for 20 seconds now. Mutsuki must have been

feeling

embarrassed because he pulled back a bit and called out to her.

“...≡”

But his words were quickly sealed once more.

The girl had filled the gap he had created to speak.

Her instincts obeyed the pleasure. In her desire to continue kissing, she sent her lips after him instead of avoiding him.

“Ah...nn, Fujita...ah.”

With her mind a crumbled sand sculpture, she was not aware how shameless she was being.

Her eyes were damp, her skin flushed, and her breathing heavy. She had scolded

her underclassman for this earlier, but her own face was loosening up now.

“Senpai...nn, nn.”

Mutsuki was leading her, but that did not mean he had kept his cool.

He had kissed Micha, Machina, Ange, and Black Cat plenty of times, but Shirohara

Ren was his first love and it meant something completely different with her. He was not enough of a playboy to calmly take the lead in this kiss.

“Ahh≡ Hahhh...≡ Ah, ah.”

Her heavy breaths were dizzyingly bittersweet.

And her lips had parted somewhat.

“...”

“Nhhn≡”

He stuck out his tongue and easily snuck it inside where he found so much sweet

saliva.

(Ah...h-his tongue is...inside my mouth...)

Without even realizing she had begged for it, Ren's eyes widened and she accepted it.

He was licking her inside her mouth. This was of course a first for her and the feeling was even more intensely unexpected than her first kiss before.

“Ah...nn, nbh, nnjh...kphh, hh, hh...nhhh.”

He was only tickling near her front and canine teeth, but Ren's heavy breathing

grew to some slight moaning.

(H-his tongue...wow...his tongue is...in my mouth≡)

Each time the intruder crawled around inside, a warm wetness entered her mouth and produced a spark of joy.

Pleasure burst inside her mind. Her slender body tensed and jerked to show the growing size and frequency of the explosions.

(Nnhaahh≡ I...I can't, I can't. I'm going to go crazyyyy.) Her spine tensed too, so her body bent backwards and she seemed to form a half-bridge while still seated *seiza* style. She planted her hands behind her and raised her chin.

Her mouth was now at the top of her body, but the boy's tongue still crawled inside.

“Nhp...hh, hhhh.”

It moved between her teeth to continue further in.

Unsure what to do, her tongue cowered down, but the boy's tongue skillfully captured it like a snake and gently stroked it.

He persistently tasted the entirety of her mouth. As he licked her from the inside, the sharp lines of her cheeks bulged out somewhat.

With each of those movements, he searched out the sensitive flesh within her mouth.

(Ah, ah, ahhh≡ There's something wrong with me. There's something wrong with meeeee!)

The continuous sexual explosions blanked out her mind. She was like a mere a toy.

A toy with a switch in her mouth that caused her body to jerk when touched.



Her lower stomach jumped around the most, putting her even further in a bridge pose.

(Th-there's something in my...stomach. Something rising up...ahh, from so deep inside

≡)

Her womb was reacting, but she could not identify the feeling since she had barely ever masturbated.

But as she spread her legs and stuck her hips out, she was aware just how shameless her pose was.

(I-I can't take it anymore. Stop this, Fujita Mutsuki. Just stop it.)

She cried out in her heart.

But Mutsuki did not pull back because he was working under the assumption that she would pull back if she wanted to stop.

“Nmhhhn≡ Nhhn≡ Nhhn≡ Pwahh, Fujita, ahhhh≡”

No matter what she thought in her heart, the voice escaping her mouth was rejoicing in the situation. More and more, she desired this violation while in a shameless pose. More and more, she desired more of this pleasure she had never before felt.

“Nh, nhh, Senpai, Senpai...”

Mutsuki was desperately working to restrain himself.

He had ended up kissing his first love and both her voice and body revealed her sexual arousal. It was his last shred of rationality left that kept him from going further than a kiss: embracing her or pushing her down.

Wouldn't placing a hand around her slender stomach be fine? How about embracing her waist? A hand on a breast wouldn't hurt, would it? She would allow

a finger up her skirt, don't you think?

He swept aside all of those thoughts and focused only on kissing.

So the kiss naturally grew quite persistent.

“Nnghhh≡ Hh, hhhh≡ Hhn, nnn≡”

The wild movements of the tongue serpent brought Ren's moans close to screams.

(My mouth, no, it feels so good. It feels so good≡ My mind is...ahhh, I can't go on≡)

She was nearly hyperventilating and all thought faded from her mind.

The sticky sound she heard from within her head matched the jerking movements of her hips lifted up in the bridge pose.

This was no longer a mere kiss. It was more like mouth sex and her eyes were rolling back in her head.

"Nhhh, hhhh, hhhh≡"

Her moans were even more melted than Machina's had been and the girl finally arrived at a feeling she had never before experienced.

(Ah, ah, ah, ahhhh...what, what?)

It was like the floor was melting away. Her footing vanished and she was enveloped by a sensation of floating.

"Nn...≡"

Her mind fell into an accelerating sea of pleasure.

"Hhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Her hips leaped up with enough force to hit Mutsuki's stomach.

Even through her skirt and even with her clothing in place, he could tell the flesh inside was rejoicing. Sweat flew from her skin and the sweet scent of a teenage girl filled the room.

When she cried out into his mouth, Mutsuki finally pulled his head back.

"Pwaaahn...≡"

A mixture of relief and joy escaped her lips once they were finally freed.

After her body convulsed a bit, it went limp like a supporting thread had snapped.

Mutsuki supported the collapsed girl, propping her up in a more relaxed

sitting position.

And after about 30 seconds in a daze...

“...I-I understand now. It is indeed hard to find a good time to stop.”

Her voice was cracking as she returned to the original topic.

“Um, I will speak with Miss E too. That’s enough for today, Fujita Mutsuki, so you may leave.”

“Um, but, Senpai.”

“Leave. Please.”

Unable to hide her exhaustion, she pleaded him.

Mutsuki could not dig in his heels here, so he worriedly stood up.

“Th-then...please call me if anything happens.”

“Yes, thank you.”

They both knew that call would never happen, but they dodged the issue by acting like a normal upperclassman and underclassman as he left the room.

She made sure he really had left and the door really had shut.

And...

“Funyaahhh.”

Ren reached her limit and crumpled to the floor.

She was still out of breath. Her shoulders rose and fell and she lay carelessly on the floor.

No, she was not “still” out of breath.

She had caught her breath, but she had lost it again, like it had all come rushing back. The remnants of pleasure lingering in her body had left her short of breath.

(What was that...just now?)

She pressed her pink lips together and moved her tongue around inside while thinking back on what they had done.

She was fairly certain the sensation inside her when he sucked at her mouth was sexual in nature. She could not deceive herself about that. The pleasure in her mind had been much like when she had stuck her hand in her underwear while thinking about him – when she had masturbated.

But at the very end, the sensation had spread beyond her mind and seemed to explode across her body.

Ren had some sexual knowledge, but she could not think of a single condition that applied to this situation.

...Her textbook knowledge contained nothing about reaching climax from a mere kiss.

(Uuh...my panties are cold.)

She did not remember getting wet, so she only noticed it now. While her hips had leaped around, the inside of her panties had thoroughly melted and produced enough extract to drip out of her underwear.

She knew she had to change, but the afterglow of that explosion left her body too heavy to move.

“Sigh...”

The most she could do now was breathe a heavy sigh.

(Fujita Mutsuki...hm?)

She was fully aware her mind was hopelessly full of him.

## Chapter 4

A place could look very different between day and night.

If asked for examples of such places, a school would probably be on anyone's list.

There was a large gap between the energy of daytime and the stillness of night.

Megutono Academy's cultural festival was finally beginning the following day. The school was covered in decorations and that enhanced the odd atmosphere.

The space changed even more for Schwarze than anyone else.

During the day, she walked through the school building as the teacher named Katsue Subaru, but now she was her true self. Walking here as Schwarze Katze made it all feel quite different.

"...Heh heh."

This was the best place to relax on her own. She stepped inside her classroom.

Her true age was less than 20. She had been raised without any kind of non-combat education, so she had been hesitant when first told to work as a teacher.

But at some point, she had grown accustomed to standing at the lectern like this.

In truth...she had wanted to be a student.

"..."

With that thought, Ren and Machina, the two who had been sent here as students, came to mind.

She had not wanted to remember either of them. That was why she had fled here instead of staying in their FeTUS hideout.

"Sigh."

She forgot all about enjoying the nighttime school and breathed a long sigh.

Miss C, aka Schwarze Katze, had been born in the Schwarze Laboratory. The lab had been attempting to isolate the elements introduced by the Fruit of Wisdom as part of what was now known as the Holy Grail Plan.

Originally, they had been researching a way to artificially create a Witch, a human who showed especially strong signs of the Fruit of Wisdom. Naturally, only one

Witch would appear in a group of several million or even dozens of millions.

The project had been suggested by a witch from 300 years ago: Miss Elisabeth.

The research had begun with producing clones from her genes. Due to the Cold War's influence, a bodily reinforcement experiment had been carried out in parallel and it had resulted in Schwarze's creation.

The project had been absorbed by FeTUS afterwards and become a part of the Holy Grail Plan. Instead of using a clone, they had calculated back to Eve who bore the original Fruit of Wisdom and created her. That was Machina. Completing the perfect womb had been deemed a success, so the plan would be gradually brought to an end from here.

...But besides FeTUS, the research team that had joined Kurosaki was making progress with their Bioroid Plan which would reinforce the human body even further. A human with demonic elements had shown up recently and she had to be the result of that.

Schwarze smiled thinly.

"A failure like me...hm?"

This was the first time in her life she had expressed self-deprecation.

Someone with even greater bodily reinforcements had made an appearance. And the position of Eve had been officially taken by Machina due to the greater presence of the Fruit of Wisdom within her.

Schwarze could tell the rest of the world was making progress.

But she was being left behind...

“Yes, you are a hopeless failure.”

“!?”

Sudden and vulgar laughter broke out.

Even if she had grown careless, she should have noticed something before now.

Schwarze frantically put up her guard.

Because she immediately recognized this voice.

“But that is no reason to feel down. Even if you are a failure...no, *because* you are a failure, disciplining you is so much fun.”

Someone else inexplicably stood in the room with her.

It was a large but elderly man. He was bulky and had some fat below his black suit, but the breadth of his shoulders and thickness of his pecs gave him a very solid look.

“Isn’t that right, Elisabeth?”

“Kurosaki Keigo...!”

She recognized him. She instantly extended her metal claws from her hands and prepared for battle.

She was willing to take off his head no questions asked.

“Heh heh... Why the scary look? I created the Schwarze Laboratory. So you could say I am the father who raised you.”

At the moment, FeTUS saw him as a greater threat than the angels or demons. He was the head of Kurosaki, an old Japanese family and an organization that had rebelled against Miss A and attempted to hold absolute authority over the hidden side of the world.

“Now, Elisabeth, come to me. I can pat your head for the first time in a long time.”

“! Sh-shut up!”

But when he defenselessly held out his hand, she pulled back instead of moving in to attack. And yet she could have taken off his head then.

The man continued chuckling.

“You are so rebellious, Elisabeth. But fine. A pet cat that loses its wild side would be a bore.”

His behavior remained entirely calm and composed.

For some reason, Schwarze felt herself trembling due to a strange tension rising from within her.

“Don’t call me Elisabeth... I am Schwarze. I am FeTUS Witches Miss C. I am Schwarze Katze!”

“...A black cat, you say?”

The warrior threatened him with bared teeth, but the man was unfazed.

“Do not be ridiculous. You are indeed as capricious as a cat, but the name on your collar is Elisabeth.”

He only held out his hand and he was entirely open to attack.

“I should know since I put that collar on you.”

“Sh-shut up...shut up, shut up!”

The mention of a collar made her self-conscious about her throat which of course had no collar.

She was painfully aware of how dry her throat was.

“Heh heh. You’re breathing heavily. A true testament to the Schwarze Laboratory.

Your sense of smell is remarkable if you can detect my scent from this distance.” The man approached. “You’ve heard from Miss A, haven’t you? Every single homunculus created by the Kurosaki Laboratory – including you – has a safety installed, preventing them from defying me.”

“ ... ”

She had not heard that, but she had guessed as much. That was likely why her job as Fujita Mutsuki's bodyguard had been given to Miss B recently.

"This is that safety."

He approached only slowly, but Schwarze found herself unable to attack or flee.

An instinctual part of her was interested in that outstretched hand.

*—I want to smell it.*

"Pheromones."

"Gh..."

The slowly approaching hand slowly grabbed her mouth.

She breathed on his palm and he had her inhale the scent of his sweat. Particles of his bodily fluid entered her nose, passed through her windpipe, and reached her lungs.

"Mhhhh...≡"

Not even she could believe how sweet her voice sounded.

"Heh heh. That worked better than I expected. Even your vomeronasal organ must be more effective than a human's."

"U-uuh."

Black Cat could not even move anymore.

Like a drug addict, she could not stop sniffing the man's hand.

Most of what is commonly known as a "sixth sense" refers to a sensation coming from a mammalian organ that has degenerated in humans.

But with all of her organs reinforced, Schwarze was not like your average human.

The vomeronasal is a sensory organ that still exists in cats and horses.

It is primarily used for the detection of sex attractants and the transmission of arousal substances. In other words...

For the detection of pheromones.

“And yours is special since I injected you with my cells during early childhood.”

“Gh...nn, nnhhh≡”

“As you grow, your brain shuts off information from the vomeronasal organ, but due to the so-called dormitory effect, my cells had embedded themselves deep inside your sexual senses. So instead of shutting out everything, it refuses to accept anyone but me.”

Black Cat was so focused on the man’s hand that she could not hear what he was saying.

“How many times have you had sex, Elisa? Have you experienced orgasm?”

“Hhh...hhh...hh...”

She felt dizzy and incredibly intoxicated.

“Heh heh heh. Then this will be even harder on you. All of your arousal is brought by my cells...my pheromones. Everything you feel when having sex and orgasming is inextricably attached to my scent.”

“Ahhhh...ahhhhh.”

The intoxication was joined by euphoria. Her mind grew distorted and was filled by a baseless feeling of happiness.

Just as he had claimed, simply smelling his hand brought all the sexual pleasure and climaxes she had ever experienced rushing back into her mind.

From her first time to her most recent time with Mutsuki.

And all of those sensual feelings were tied to her memories of this hand...this scent.

Her memories were being rewritten to say all of that pleasure had been brought by this hand.

“Stop!”

She gathered her focus and brushed aside the hand.

Kurosaki Keigo’s eyebrows twitched.

But Black Cat wrinkled her brow even more as she jumped back. They pressed together in an upside-down V and she looked on the verge of tears.

(Blood...there's blood.)

Her metal claws must have touched him because three wounds ran across the man's hand.

She had attacked the enemy. That was all, but she shuddered like this had been a horrific act.

The same unnecessary guilt felt when crushing an ant rushed in at her like a surging wave.

She just about apologized. She just about prostrated herself before the man who owned that hand and that scent.

"Not to worry. The Bioroid tech that forms the foundation of your body has already

been applied to me as well."

The wounds instantly vanished. The surrounding cells wriggled and sealed them.

He reacted just like Lucia who could shrug off being bisected. The man already had demon cells residing in his body.

This was clearly the power of Kurosaki...of the enemy, so Black Cat felt a new wave of hostility rising within her.

"But I suppose a disobedient cat needs to be disciplined."

"Hyah!?"

It happened in a split-second. The man's next action filled her with yet another mysterious feeling.

He threw a slap at her. He struck her cheek and she fell onto her butt.

She had seen it coming, but she had been unable to dodge it. She did not know why. The best explanation she could manage was that she had not felt like dodging it.

(Wh-why not...ahh.)

“How dare you raise a hand against your father.”

The man grabbed her black hair, violently yanked her up, and slapped her again.

“You belong to me! You have from the moment you were born!”

“Stop...u-uuh...”

She wobbled and her kitten hair clip fell away. Her silky, waist-length hair flowed down.

He slapped her cheeks again and again.

She could see every blow coming, but she found herself unable to dodge or even brace for them.

She felt a sharp pain deep in her nose. The next thing she knew, tears were dripping down from her angular eyes.

(Ah...ah, ahh.)

She was crying. She could not understand it for the first few seconds.

From the moment of her birth, Schwarze had never consciously cried.

“Mh.”

The tears dislodged her contacts and the impact against her cheek sent them flying from her face.

The hidden golden color of her true eyes was revealed. Keigo stopped when he noticed.

He must have remembered that she was in disguise. He grinned, reached for her chin, and peeled back a thin layer of skin.

It was a layer of foundation on which she applied her makeup. Female Teacher

Katsue Subaru had to disguise her race and age, so she used a special foundation cream that let her change her skin color, reduce its luster, and add an appropriate amount of wrinkles.

Once that was peeled away...

“Heh heh. You’re so beautiful.”

The unique milky-white skin of a white person seemed like the perfect mixture of elegance and sex appeal. The man smiled when he saw the alluring face of someone on the borderline between girlhood and womanhood.

(Kh... Calm down. Dammit, dammit.)

Meanwhile, Schwarze felt something far more unpleasant than makeup trailing

down her cheeks, so she desperately tried to wipe them away.

Why was she crying? Why couldn’t she stop it? She did not know.

That warrior was confident she would not shed a tear even if a bullet pierced her heart, so she was hopelessly shaken by this.

The man in front of her grabbed her chin and pushed it upwards. She could not stop herself from facing upwards. The damp corners of her eyes clearly rose as she glared at him.

“Don’t cry, Elisabeth. I did not hit you because I hate you.”

“Shut up. Don’t call me Elisabeth! I am...I am Schwarze Katze. I am FeTUS Witches Miss C!”

“Miss C? Heh heh. Enough of that. You are my daughter.”

She shook off the hand on her chin and stood up. She tried to move away from him, but her legs tangled together and her back hit the wall.

“Now call me father. Do it.”

Kurosaki Keigo was not concerned. He approached ever so slowly, like a father playing tag with his child.

“You know the truth, don’t you?”

“Uuh...”

He stuck his hand in her suit and tightly grabbed her left breast through her blouse.

“Every drop of blood flowing through this heart should tell you: You must obey

me.

Listen to it race. And all I have done is approach you. And touch you.”

“Kh...hh, ah.”

He squeezed the sensitive piece of flesh and Schwarze grimaced from the sharp pain.

But at the same time, she noticed her pulse racing within it, just as the man said.

And...

“Ah...ah!”

Her heated pulse sent something horribly sticky throughout her body.

Her body heated up from her blood vessels and the first part of her to react was her legs.

The long legs extending from her tight skirt pressed together so that the thighs bumped against each other.

She could not help it when she felt an intensely odd feeling running through the base of those thighs.

“...Heh heh. You can barely stand it, can you?”

The man laughed with confidence and then changed how he applied his strength.

He lovingly kneaded the bowl-shaped bulges pushing out against her white blouse.

“Ahh, kh...stop. U-uuuuh, let go.”

He tightly grasped the breasts as he massaged them, and Schwarze found herself unable to escape and brush off his hands.

All she could do was allow an endless stream of tears to flow from her eyes.

“There is nothing to worry about. You are getting worked up in reaction to this, but the one smell your vomeronasal organ can detect will calm you. Once you are used to it, the calm will come.”

The man gently embraced her as she sniffled and wiped away the tears with her wrist.

(Ah...)

Her forehead hit a surprisingly muscular chest for such an old man and she was unavoidably surrounded by his scent.

And she could not stop the extreme sense of calm rising within her.

(Wh-what is this feeling?)

Alarm bells rang in her mind. She had to push his arms away right this instant. She needed to defeat him or at least run away.

But despite those thoughts, her body went limp and she leaned into the man's chest.

"Ah...hahh, hh."

A sweetly ticklish pulse came from her breasts as he continued to massage them.

It was carried by her blood which raced around her body at an increased rate thanks to her pumping heart.

She was in the enemy's hands, but she could not put up a fight and simply rubbed her thighs together.

"Heh heh. Aroused? Even if they were to ensure your loyalty, they were originally a type of sex pheromone."

Her pure white hills of flesh bounced and a plumply sweet softness filled the already soft skin. Despite his age, the man breathed heavily and squeezed the breasts in both hands.

"Oh, oh. Groping them with both hands is truly incredible."

"Ahh... L-let...go. Don't touch me."

"Don't be ridiculous. I can see that lewd look on your face as you enjoy having your breasts groped. As your father, it is my duty to fulfill your indecent desires."

He was clearly enjoying the heated softness and the firmness pushing back at his fingers.

But he was not entirely lying.

“A lewd...look...nkh.”

His fingers arrived at her nipples and toyed with them.

Schwarze wrinkled her brow and endured the humiliation. He might have taken her ability to resist, but she still had her pride. Or so she thought.

However...

“Ah...ah, ahhhh...≡”

With a single stroke of her nipples, a strange pulse raced from her heart to every cell in her body.

She moaned, her face was sweetly heated, and the corners of her eyes were obscenely damp. If she had seen herself in a mirror, she would have thought she looked like sex itself.

“You are clearly trying to seduce a man with that look. It makes me ashamed to be your father.”

He laughed happily and must have felt freely kneading her bust was not enough because he lowered one hand.

The lines of her slender waist was apparent even through her suit, so he rubbed down along the sensual curve of her hip and then touched her butt.

“Uuh...ahh, stop...stop that.”

Schwarze had the ideal model's figure. Her hips were positioned high and everything was perfectly tight. But her flesh itself had the unique milkiness of a white woman and seemed to absorb your finger like cream when you touched it.

The man smiled even more vulgarly as he touched her sweetly plump butt through her skirt.

“Let's see what we have here. I need to know how much my daughter has grown since I last saw her. I need to know how lewdly my future slave's body

has been polished.”

“Ahh...”

When he gave her a shove, she was unable to react and fell over.

She now lay face up on her beloved teacher’s desk. Her knees were up on the desk as well, so her feet had left the floor and she felt like she had completely lost control of the situation.

(Kh...no, this is where...Fujita and I...)

She naturally ended up looking at the ceiling, which reminded her that this was the classroom she taught in every day.

Not only that, it was where she had first slept with Fujita Mutsuki and where he had changed her worldview.

The memories of that day returned to her. She had been placed on top of the desk

much like this, he had lovingly caressed her, and he had gradually made her body his...

“Hee...”

She felt an entirely different sensation in her skirt.

“So you’re already wet. You must have known quite a bit of pleasure for someone who isn’t even 20 yet.”

He stuck his hand in her black skirt and used his four fingers to press against the crotch of her panties.

The searching movements were more like an examination than a caress. He was seeing just how soft and puffy the vulva below was.

(Ahh... ah, no. This is...too much. I can’t stand it.)

Even this mechanical movement was enough for her feminine land to grow hopelessly swollen. The inside of her panties was already drenched and she could feel her flesh bud growing.

“Heh heh. You’ve spread your legs. Hm? I seem to have raised quite a slutty daughter.”

“Ah, ahhh...no, nooo.”

Her legs had already been too weak to stop the man’s hands, but now they grew even limper.

They moved to the left and right as if to accept the sexual monster’s fingers.

“A would kill for flesh like this. Heh heh. I need to enjoy it for myself.

It was not just the type of caress that differed from Mutsuki. This man only observed her reactions and gave no thought at all to whether she was enjoying it.

He abruptly unzipped his pants.

He got up on the desk, adjusted the position of his hips, and brought his hideous cock next to the woman lying on her back.

“Uuh...”

Schwarze grimaced at her first sniff of the aged and matured male hormones.

The manhood she saw to her side was grotesqueness itself. It had discolored almost to a purple, it was enormous, and it had a few large bumps that may have been what was known as pearling.

This was not an organ meant to impregnate a woman. It looked more like a tool used to violate and enjoy a woman.

“You can start by sucking it. Heh heh. But mine is pretty big, so make sure you don’t dislocate your jaw.”

“Go to hell... I-if you don’t want me to bite it off, you’d better keep that nasty thing away from me.”

Schwarze twisted around and growled at him, but...

He mercilessly slapped her. She was lying down, so the back of her head hit the desk, increasing the pain.

He grabbed her black hair and forced her head toward the penis.

“Don’t talk back to your father.”

“Uuh...uuh.”

Just like before, that one hit caused tears to well up in the warriors' eyes.

It was not the pain; she was afraid. She was hopelessly afraid of making this man angry.

And he seemed to know exactly what state of mind she was in.

"C'mon, Elisabeth, start licking it. I know you'll like it. Your DNA was designed to accept mine."

"Hh...gh."

Just as his tone grew soft, he pushed the precum-oozing head against her lips.

A film of tears covered her angular eyes and she was horribly confused.

The kind tone so soon after the violence softened her heart. But even more frightening was what she felt instead of nausea when the penis head touched her mouth. Her lips and flesh did not reject that slightly salty flavor.

(Th-this flavor...is the same as the smell from before...)

The softness in her chest spread to her head, and in no time...

"Ngh...m-mhhh."

She swallowed its extra-large size that pushed her jaw to the limit.

"Yes, yes. Ohh, so you can swallow it."

The man looked satisfied as Schwarze's soft breasts jiggled within her suit and she desperately moved her head back and forth.

The faint moonlight was enough to see the luster of the straight black hair that fluttered behind her. He likely enjoyed the gap between that silky beauty and the raw sensation of his vulgar thing shoved inside her mouth. Keigo's lips twisted into a grin.

(U-uuh... Bite it, bite it... B-but...)

No matter how much her warrior's instincts demanded she fight back, she only obediently pleased him. The pride remaining in her mind had already succumbed to her fear.

And...

“Nh, nmh, hn, nn, nn.”

The hard cock moved in and out of her soft red lips with warm saliva rubbed all over it.

“Is this your first time sucking one with pearling done? Fun, isn’t it?”

“Nn, nnn.”

“Enjoy it while you can. Once a woman has been penetrated by this bad boy, the feel of the pearls is enough to get them soaked, so a blowjob is enough to drive them insane. Before long, this won’t be something new and fascinating to you.”

The man narrowed his eyes when he felt her wrap her tongue around the bottom

to feel the bumps.

“No? This is already more than just fascinating for you.”

“Nhh≡”

The hand still on her panties sensed the change there and his smile grew.

“You’re even wetter than before. You whore. Seeing the pearling made you more horny than scared, didn’t it?”

“Gh, kh, khhhh.”

The flesh between her shamelessly spread legs grew hotter and dripped with more nectar. Schwarze groaned at having her embarrassing secret pointed out.

But she could not resist with the strong scent of male hormones filling her mouth.

The male DNA she had sensed in her hand earlier was now setting a fire in something built into her body. Her foggy mind had decided she must not defy this man.

“Heh heh. How does my cock taste? You seem to be enjoying it.”

“Nhh, hhhh≡”

And she had never experienced a manhood this large or with those bumps in

it, so as it reached her throat, she found herself enthralled in sucking it.

It applied an almost painful level of pressure on her jaw and it pierced her throat.

Her womanly instincts reacted to it by creating a sharp throb in her womb.

Keigo gave a satisfied smile at the masochistic blush in the corners of her eyes and he stuck his fingers inside her panties.

“Uuh, hhhhhn≡ Mhh, pwah...ahhhhn≡”

“You’re soaked. Your desire for me has you dripping with juices.”

“Kh...”

Moans of obscene pleasure escaped the corners of the mouth filled with his penis and she wrinkled her brow in frustration.

He was exactly right. Her body and her womb would not stop its female reaction to the maleness filling up her mouth. Her vaginal walls were loosening and growing wet to allow for a better penetration. They kept wriggling as if begging it to hurry up.

(...l-l...l...)

Through her tears, she saw the ceiling...the classroom.

This teacher’s desk was the site of a few turning points in her life as a born warrior.

In April, she had stood here and taken the name of Katsue Subaru as a teacher. In June, she had been loved here and become Fujita Mutsuki’s lover.

But the massive shaft in her mouth dredged up another memory.

It was from before becoming a lover, before becoming a teacher, and before becoming a warrior.

From the moment of her birth, she had been a slave to this cock.

The man pulled back his hips and removed the large penis from her mouth.

At the same time, he pulled out the fingers he had snuck into her panties. The crevice gate produced an obscenely wet sound as its contents stuck out as if to

pursue the finger.

“Pant...pant...”

She had so despised Kurosaki Keigo’s touch, but now that it had ended, she felt so forlorn that new tears wet her eyes.

The man only waited. He could predict what she would do next.

He simply waited...just like a father disciplining his daughter.

“Please...put it in.”

Schwarze forced out the words of her defeat.

“Please, ahh, I can’t wait any longer. Please show my dirty body some love.”

“...Heh heh.”

“...Father.”

She accepted it without him having to force her.

She accepted that he was a father with absolute power over her.

“Well done, Elisabeth.”

“Ah...≡”

Like he had offered before, he reached out and touched her hair.

He patted her head.

Schwarze narrowed her eyes and accepted the ticklish feeling. Hers was the look of a daughter receiving her father’s praise.

As delight filled her mind, nothing else remained there. Not FeTUS and not Fujita Mutsuki.

Black Cat got up from the desk and placed her hands on the floor.

She pushed up her tight skirt and lowered her panties. Her round ass looked like a juicy white peach and she stuck it out toward the man.

Both her precious sex organ and her asshole were spread open and exposed. It was the completely submissive pose of a wild cat.

“Look how wet you are. Even a virgin boy would not hesitate to fuck that

horny pussy.”

“Ahh...I’m sorry, father.”

“Not to worry. As I have been saying, you are my daughter no matter how much

of a slut you are.”

The man took his time and slowly rubbed her butt.

“Ahhn≡ Father, don’t tease me.”

That was enough to fill her with ecstasy and send new fluids dripping down her inner thighs. She indecently wiggled her hips to beg him for more.

“Father, please give some love to your Elisabeth.”

She lowered her hips while even her anus twitched. Her pussy flesh swelled out when it touched the flesh sword.

FeTUS Witches Miss C, aka Schwarze Katze, had been reborn as Elisabeth, daughter of Kurosaki. After confirming that, the man pushed in his penis head.

“Ah, ah, ahhhhh!”

“Oh? You’re wet as can be, but you aren’t loose. In fact, you’re very tight.”

“Ahn, ah, father, that’s because...you’re too big, hyah

≡ Hahhh!”

The giant thing sank inside of her with a rapist’s lack of restraint.

The female flesh was warm, stickily wet, and wonderfully tight. The folds seemed to catch at the cannon barrel as they traced across its contours. Any man would

have hurried to complete the union.

But even though he was rough enough to make her scream, Schwarze had no hint of pain on her face.

“How do you like the pearling? Intense, isn’t it? Hm?”

There were some artificial bumps rubbing at her internal flesh and they transformed the man’s girth into an even more brutal weapon.

“~...Hhhh≡”

But she still showed no sign of rejecting him.

This was not due to a warrior’s pain resistance. There was something masking the shock. The shock to her flesh was softened by his skin...no, it was something else.

“Heh heh. It seems my cells are affecting you more than the pearling.”

“Ahhhhh, hahh, father...I can feel you...inside meeee≡”

“Heh heh heh. Given how you reacted to a single hand, being penetrated must be hard to bear.”

She shook her entire body and writhed at the sensation of the massive cock buried

deep inside her heart-shaped butt. She was already tall, so taking it from behind with her legs straightened was enough for her every movement to be quite dynamic and provocative. The bulges of her breasts in her blouse bounced around in circles.

“Have a good taste. Your vagina was born, raised, and grown to contain me contain my DNA.”

“Ahhh, ah, ahhh...yes...ahhh.”

Sure enough, Schwarze’s honeypot was reacting differently than to any previous sex she had had.

(This is...ah, ahh≡

Too good. It’s going to...change me. Change me forev-...ah, ah  
≡)

Her mind went blank.

She had smelled his hand, touched it, and had it shoved in her mouth. Those devilish instincts had been enough to shake her thoughts from foreplay alone, but now they were inserted inside her vagina. By allowing it to dock with her womb – with the core of her womanhood – it had entered the final phase.

“Your slutty honeypot can’t get enough of this, can it? Have some more.”

“Ahhhhn, ahhhh, no, don’t move so much...ahhnnnn, father

≡”

He moved around as if to show off his great size and he roughly dug into her stickily melted body.

He seemed to be implanting his presence in Black Cat’s instincts.

(...No, that isn’t it.)

The corners of her angled eyes narrowed as she had sex that was mostly a violation.

(He’s...reminding me.)

He was not implanting it. Nor was she changing.

(He’s reminding me...that I’m his daughter.)

“Ohh, you just tightened up some more.”

(I remember nowwww≡)

Her internal flesh sucked at the penis more and more. Not even Keigo could believe how incredible her pussy was.

“Ahhhhn≡”

While thrusting roughly into her, he skillfully turned the tip to the right and left.

Her soft vagina tried to fight the action by latching onto the tip even more. The more he attacked her, the more she sweetly reacted. A wild look entered the man’s eyes.

“How is it, Elisabeth? Hm? Can’t stand it, can you?”

“N-no, ahhhhn≡ Father...ahh, this is...too much≡”

By this point, Schwarze was responding like a daughter being spoiled by her father.

Her black hair fluttered behind her and she looked back over her shoulder

with a deeply sensual look of feminine beauty that was also somehow juvenile.

Her flesh of course reacted as an adult. Her flushed back and her slender waist twisted as if she could not bear it. Her butt was the shiny and milky color of a white woman and it wriggled in a desperate fashion. The way her exposed anus twitched only encouraged the man's wild side.

"Ahhhn, no, no≡ Father, I'm going to cum...ahhhh, I'm going to cum!"

Even so, the look in her eyes and the tone of her voice were sweet.

"Heh heh. Is that so, is that so?"

She was roughly rubbing up against him, so he let her handle the thrusting after burying his sword into the center of that plump roundness.

Instead, he reached his hands around and grabbed at the bust bouncing around as it hung down.

"Kyaaahhn!"

He suddenly grabbed her breasts through her blouse and squeezed the tips that were solidly erect from the stimulation to her womb. She cried out in surprise.

"You're grown a lot here as well. Heh heh. Look, look. When I squeeze them, you get even wetter deep inside, my slutty daughter."

"Ah, ahn. I'm sorry. I'm sorry for being so slutty, father. Ahahhhh, but...but it feels so good

≡"

He had stopped moving his hips, but the pearling and the girth had not changed.

They rubbed at the tight vagina from within to attack her.

"Hyahhhh."

Her sexy body writhed around even with the man's arms around her.

The massage of her wet vaginal walls was enough to fill her cells and DNA

with the pleasure of meeting her forgotten master.

When he toyed with her breasts as well, even the direct sensual pleasure was eaten away from her mind.

“Ahhh, ahhhhhh≡”

Her dignified eyebrows sharply bent and her long, tear-damp eyelashes trembled.

With each rough attack from the giant stake and with each rub from the pearls, she forgot about the sweet and gentle pleasure that had been carved into her

vaginal flesh. It was overwritten.

The boy who had given her that sweet pleasure was no longer a part of her. The name Fujita Mutsuki could not be found inside her.

“Good, good. I am about to cum as well. I will fill your womb with the cells you love so much. Let’s cum together.”

“U-uuhh...yes.”

He did not say so, but Keigo was overwhelmed by how incredible her body was.

Amid the waves of pleasure, Schwarze could sense the trembling of the stake driven into her vagina. Sensing that proof of his pleasure, she opened her scarlet lips and sweetly moaned.

“Please...father. Fill your Elisabeth with your cum.”

She bent back, extended her long legs, and pressed her hips against the man’s cannon barrel.

She knew what he was about to release. Just one whiff of that scent would alter her values. This would be the undiluted version. This would be his DNA itself.

What if that entered into the deepest level of her sex organ? What if it soaked in and implanted itself? There would be no coming back. She could never defy him again, she could never fight the angels and demons as part of FeTUS again,

and she could never be by Mutsuki's side again.

If she ran away now, she might be able to recover. If this scent could not catch up to her, she could return to her usual self. To FeTUS's Miss C.

But she rejected that idea.

"Ahhhh, cum! Spray it all inside me!"

She offered her ass to the man at the perfect angle for him to thrust inside her.

"Kh...!"

"Hwah...≡"

The pure white engraving was poured inside her madly throbbing womb.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhh! I'm cumiiiiiiiiiiiiing≡≡≡"



Schwarze could tell how her donut-shaped cervix was hit by the powerful stream, pried open, and forced to expose the inside of her womb. Her DNA

made sure to examine and taste the DNA of the owner who had been imprinted into her from the moment she was born.

“Mh, ahhhh≡ Ahahhhhh, father, fatherrrrrr≡”

The sexual impulse was so great that Black Cat succumbed to a corrupting orgasm.

This was entirely different from what she had experienced with Fujita Mutsuki. The pleasure did not fulfill her like it had then. This pleasure seemed to make her vanish away. It worried her somewhat.

But she noticed something sad.

From the moment of her birth, her body had yearned to be melted by this roiling pleasure.

From the moment of her birth, it had been her owner giving her this pleasure.

“...Hello? Papa? What is it?”

The bell of an old-fashioned phone rang loudly in the darkness.

It was answered by an arm that reached out from below the sheets of a king-sized bed. The arm was so fat that it could be mistaken for a part of the down blanket in the darkness. The arm's owner spoke into the receiver sleepily.

There was more movement in the sheets and two girls stuck their heads out. They were both young and slender girls who looked skinnier than the man's arm.

One had purple hair and the smooth skin of a white person. Overall, she was slender, but her breasts alone were obscenely large and gave a sexual aura to what was otherwise just a child. Her name was Riselle.

The other had red hair that had recently been cut to shoulder length. Other than that, her face and body were indistinguishable from the angel's. She was the demon created from Ange's human body. Her name was Enju.

None of them was wearing any clothing, so they had likely fallen asleep after some wild lovemaking. They rubbed their eyes and scratched their heads at the sudden phone call.

“Tomorrow already? ...Yes, yes, understood.”

The call did not last long and the man set down the receiver before rolling back onto the bed.

“Who was it?”

Since they were awake, Riselle used his arm as her pillow like usual.

“Papa. He says he’s defeated Black Cat-chan.”

“...Ah≡”

And also like usual, the man reached his arm around her slender shoulders and to her chest.

Her breasts looked quite large, but she was only a child and had the small body to match, so he could fully cup one in his hand.

Gravity had pulled her bust to the sides, but her cheeks flushed as he rubbed them.

“Heh heh. That stubborn Black Cat-chan didn’t even take him a full night. Papa is quite the lady-killer.”

“Ahn...nhh. Well, he is...your father.”

Her reply was a quiet one.

Her voice was filled with masochistic joy. It was the voice of a slave.

“Heh heh. Elisabeth Nee-san is pretty loose, so of course she didn’t last a full night.”

Enju lay on top of Riselle’s twitching body as if asking to join in.

She kissed Riselle’s belly and rubbed her thighs. The childish body continued to tremble and the pleasure loosened her small legs, so Enju slipped her body between them.

“Ahn...”

Riselle tried to close her legs, but she only managed to place her thighs around the red-headed girl’s belly. She uttered an embarrassed moan.

Enju giggled at how her every reaction was so cute.

“FeTUS is done for. I can’t wait to absorb their weapon’s research. Kurosaki’s tool development leaves something to be desired.”

“...They still have my sister and my teacher,” said Riselle in reference to Miss B and Miss A. “We can’t let our guard down yet.”

“Oh? Riselle, whose side are you on?”

“...”

The two exchanged a look of challenge.

Then they pressed their lips together. They moved their chins to the left and right as they sucked at each other’s lips as if it was a contest.

Enju and Riselle were both less than 140cm tall, but when viewed side by side, their bodies and the personality on their faces could not have been more different.

Enju had strong-willed and slanted eyes with bright cheeks. She was short, but her body already had an adult liveliness to it. As an alternative body to Jiyuuni Ange, the strongest angel, her body and expression gave off the selfishness of a capricious wildcat.

On the other hand, Riselle was harder to describe. Her body did not look fully grown, her expression lacked confidence, and she oozed a childish helplessness, like she was a doll.

Their temperaments were simply split between *seme* and *uke* respectively.

“Siding with FeTUS, Riselle? What a naughty girl.”

“Ah...nhh.”

Their kiss found its winner soon enough as Enju stuck out her tongue and unilaterally violated Riselle’s mouth.

“And naughty girls...must be punished♪”

“Nooo, nn, nhhh.”

Their kiss continued as Enju leaned over Riselle even further.

Her lower stomach had been between Riselle’s legs before, but now it was

her hips there.

“Hh, ah, wait.”

A hot sensation pressed against Riselle’s unguarded crotch and the girl blinked her deep purple eyes.

Enju clearly had a girl’s body, but a fleshy organ as thick as two fingers grew from the top of her labia – exactly where her clitoris should have been.

As a demon girl, she could use her demonic power to change the sex of just a portion of her body.

“N-not that. I’m...I’m for master’s use only...”

The penis applied pressure to her vaginal flesh and she moved her hips in protest, but...

“Heh heh. Just this once.”

The man helped while grinning at the cute girls’ embrace. He spread the juvenile gate to reveal the location of the hole.

“Noooooo! Master, you dummy!”

She had sworn her love and body to this man, but he immediately betrayed her and she screamed before she could complain.

The male organ was hardly skinny, but her juvenile hole accepted it surprisingly easily.

It was not that she was loose. She spread open with surprising flexibility and then wrapped tightly around the penis once it was inside her.

This man had made her his hundreds or even thousands of times, so she now had technique that would put a prostitute to shame.

“Ahh, ah, no, hhn≡”

Yet she maintained the sensitivity of a virgin, so she moaned loudly when Enju began a cruelly rough rhythm.

“Ah≡ Ahn≡ Ah≡ Ah≡”

Riselle was at her female friend’s mercy. Which meant being fucked, in this

case.

The rubbing at her inner flesh produced enough pleasure for her expression to melt.

“You really are a masochist, Riselle. What happened to being for our master’s use only?” Enju remained calm as she thrust her hips. “Heh heh heh heh. How about you come out and tell the truth? Say you’re a slut who will spread your legs for any penis that comes along. Say you’re overwhelmed by pleasure as long as there’s a penis inside you.”

It was cheating, but Enju had lowered the nerves coefficient in the penis she grew.

That allowed her to keep her cool no matter how much stimulation it received and it was a lot like using a strap-on made of flesh.

On the other hand, Riselle only had her own body which had its most sensitive weak point mercilessly stimulated. Even now, her breathing grew heavier as she rose toward climax.

However.

“...That’s not...true.”

There was a light in her eyes other than pleasure.

“I belong...to our master. He’s special.”

She did not give in even as she was unilaterally fucked.

Briefly, Enju was overwhelmed and widened her eyes.

“...Heh heh.”

The man got up as if to say he already knew that.

“Hee...!”

“Hee...!”

The connected girls gasped in unison.

His hands reached toward their hips and then moved to their butts. Enju’s was slender with little excess flesh. Riselle’s was soft and plump. He spread

them both at once and stuck his middle fingers inside.

“Hwaaaaah≡ Ahh, wait...master, you dummy!”

“Nkh, hey, s-stop th-...hwahhhh≡”

Their red anal flesh was tensed as they pounded their sex organs together, but this surprise attack broke through and the two girls forgot all about their fight as they cried out.

“Wait, no, no...”

Each middle finger used a skillful beat to stir up that secret garden.



“Kwaaaaaaaaaaaaahhn!”

“Kwaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhn!”

The two girls reached climax before they could prepare at all. They swung their hips toward their butt, which twisted their point of union until it came apart. The flesh strap-on slipped out and unreliably sprayed a translucent fluid that was likely a girl’s love juices.

“Heh heh. Enju-chan, you can’t just play around forever.”

The man pulled his fingers out like it had all been nothing.

If what those girls had been doing was “sex”, then what the man had done was “conquering”.

He controlled the girls by their pleasure with the ease of someone hitting a switch.

His name was Kurosaki Shuntarou. He was Kurosaki Keigo’s only son and the heir to the Kurosaki family that had made its fortune with research into black magic – the combination of human knowledge and demons.

He had been developed as someone to conquer the bodies and minds of the Witches as women.

“Papa needs you, so go help him.”

“...Okay.”

She seemed a bit miffed at being interrupted at the best part, but Enju brushed back her red hair and got up. Her penis had disappeared and she wrapped a sheet around her crotch as she got out of bed.

Riselle seemed satisfied that it had ended as a draw and she rested her body for a while so her heavy breathing could calm down.

“ ... ”

Finally, she seemed to remember something and her expression clouded over.

“What is it?”

The man rubbed her hair.

“Tomorrow...do we have to go to that Adam boy’s school?”

“That’s what he said. Papa can be so impatient.”

“Even though they’re having a cultural festival?”

“Oh...that’s right. You might end up ruining that.”

“And after my sister put so much effort into it. I feel bad.”

She frowned.

No matter how much he corrupted her, that girl remained the cousin of Lavriel Baran, aka Miss B.

The man chuckled at how worried Riselle was about her beloved cousin.

“Well, whatever happens happens. As long as things go well with Black Cat-chan, I can’t imagine the festival will be outright canceled.”

“Good...”

“More importantly, Riselle-chan.”

“...Ah≡”

He showed the somber girl the thing that had grown big and swollen watching the two cute girls’ embrace.

All melancholy immediately vanished from Riselle and she turned toward it in delight.

The aroused look in her eyes showed no sign of the kind young girl worried for her cousin’s festival.

“...Heh heh.”

While she remained Miss B’s cousin, the girl’s thoughts – no, her very worldview – valued nothing higher than this manhood.

Ruling thoughts and overwriting worldviews.

Those were the Kurosaki methods.

Keigo, the current head of the family, did the same thing.

He had defeated Black Cat. The phone call just a bit earlier meant that a

member of FeTUS had had her life entirely remade.

Yes, it was just as Enju had said:

“FeTUS is done for.”

## Chapter 5

“Ahhhhhh!”

Ange had arrived below the parking lot for the SeeDWalk shopping mall.

Technically, she was at a secret facility Machina had made in the space below the parking lot. At this hour, the large facility was closed, so no one was there and it

was safe to shout loudly underground.

A space of nearly 50 square meters had been hollowed out 18 meters belowground. Ange had started using it as a training ground.

The tungsten walls were lined with superconductive material and were magnetically controlled, so the room could survive temperatures of several million degrees for a short period. She never could have come by something like this without FeTUS's assistance.

Metatron's firepower normally came at the cost of burning away her own life, but

Adam's command had carved the inability to kill herself into the core of her being. So she had recently started taking advantage of that by trying to control the firepower on a level just barely below the bursting point.

Metatron's flames possessed the same traits as normal flames, so they were more difficult to control than an angel's flames that only burned her enemies. That meant she needed a facility that kept the flames from spreading even when she was only training.

“Hahh!”

Wings the same gold as the sun burst from her back like jet streams.

She had learned to release Metatron's power quite freely.

This was all thanks to Machina who had provided this location that covered already

heat-resistant walls with heat diffusion waves.

—*Ooze*

“Ah?”

—*Gloop! S-sizzle, sizzle!*

“They’re melting!?! Ibekusa! The walls are melting! There’s not enough power!”

The crucial heat diffusion waves were not strong enough. The heat had gone well past the walls’ melting point of nearly 4000 degrees, so she would be buried alive in magma mixed with metal at this rate.

“Tch!”

There was no response to her calls, so Ange had no choice but to eliminate her flames and make a jump.

She broke through the ceiling and arrived aboveground. She felt heat on her head where the melted ceiling had gotten on it.

Machina stood blankly in the asphalt parking lot with a memo pad in one hand.

In exchange for supplying the training facility, she was allowed to record data on Metatron to create weapons to resist it. So the memo pad was fine. However...

“What do you think you’re doing Ibekusa!? I was nearly buried alive! If you’re declaring war here, I’m ready to go at any-...”

“...”

“...Ibekusa?”

Ange was furious at what she thought was an obvious attack, but Machina just stood there while full of openings and showing no sign of counterattacking.

Machina looked dazed.

She finally reacted when Ange waved a hand in front of her face.

“Ah, are you done, Jiyuuni-san? ...Hm? I thought I told you to call for me when

you were done. If you break a hole in the ground, it will change the color of the asphalt and someone might notice the oddity.”

“Y’know...”

She did not seem to have meant any harm, so Ange’s shoulders slumped down.

When she realized her mistake, Machina bowed down in apology and they ended the day’s training there.

While training, Ange wore only her angelic underwear that was more difficult to burn, so now she put on some other clothing she had prepared.

“Something happened. You always seem out of it, but this was-...”

She trailed off there and changed her mind.

“No. You’ve been weird a lot recently.”

“Nn...”

“I mean, you were always weird, but your weirdness has gone up by like 50%.”

She sat down on the spot.

There were no cars in the large parking lot and a refreshing wind blew directly down on them from the sky. It felt good on her heated skin.

“...”

Ange immediately regretted what she had said.

Mentioning that Machina had been weird recently made her think about the biggest sign of that weirdness. And after she had been avoiding the subject while trying to pretend it did not bother her.

She thought about dodging the issue, but...

“Something happen with Stupid M-Mutsuki, didn’t it?”

She ended up addressing it.

She focused on the kissing commotion between Machina and Mutsuki.

“N-not that it matters to me since it’s completely harmless. It’s just that...if

there's something there, just tell me. It makes me curious. As his bodyguard.”

“ ... ”

Until today, Mutsuki had dealt with the issue simply by making sure they did not do it where anyone could see them, but she got to the heart of the issue while he was not around.

(Although I'm not sure what to do about this, whatever she might say.)

She knew that, so she was already blushing.

“The thing is...”

Machina opened her mouth.

She trailed off but then opened it again. She was probably going to tell Ange the whole story of whatever had led to this.

And in a way, the answer Ange received was a helpful one for her.

Because it was something she could not respond to as a guardian angel.

“The Holy Grail is complete.”

“!”

“We were attempting to create a womb that matches as closely as possible to Eve's and it has finally adapted appropriately.”

“...I-I see.”

The angel somehow managed to respond calmly despite gasping at how Machina held her lower stomach.

She had a lot of thoughts on this matter, but...

“Science really does make a mockery of the natural order of things, doesn't it?”

She first gave the rational response necessary of an angel.

“Kurosaki, was it? The ones creating the artificial demons. You're not much different from them.”

“Science is the power of progress given to humanity. If there is a god who

defined the natural order, then expelling the bearers of knowledge was the same as giving the world the possibility of encroaching on his territory. And if the natural order is perfect, then our mockery of it is no more than another part of that natural order.”

“You always have an argument, don’t you?” Ange shrugged. “Well, I’m not going to bother you about it. Angels are the arbitrators of the commandments, so it’s not like I know what to do about something that’s unprecedented from the creation of heaven and earth. In the end, the choice is Stupid Mutsuki’s.”

“I see.”

They both fell silent for a bit.

She could not just ignore this, but she could not interfere either. Angels were meant to correct abnormalities, but attacking FeTUS now would create an abnormality. Even if she made a request to the will of heaven, it would be rejected in the deliberation phase.

“...”

She had only learned to use Metatron’s power with Machina’s assistance.

But she could not deny that Machina might be the first person she used it against.

“A-anyway, what are you going to do now?”

She was more curious about something else.

“If you have the womb to match, then is the next step to get, um, Mutsuki’s...”

“The implantation of the child will presumably come next. The birth of a true descendant cannot be rushed.”

“I-I see.”

Machina readily answered as she was wont to do and Ange blushed again.

They were keeping it from Mutsuki, but the discovery of Adam and the completion of the Holy Grail were only the necessary steps toward creating a child from the two.

That meant the implantation – the impregnation – had to come next.

Ange was unsure how to respond to the idea of Machina and Mutsuki having a child.

And she was curious about something else too.

Machina and Mutsuki had been kissing more than necessary recently, but they showed no sign of the crucial “baby-making”.

“Is there some kind of problem?”

She tried coming out and asking.

Machina looked somewhat troubled as she answered.

“Miss A is hesitating.”

“Miss A... You mean that little kid?”

Ange had fought her once before. Miss A was an old woman of several hundred years who looked like a child. She was Machina’s boss.

“I do not know why, but she will not give me the instruction. She only says to wait and see what happens.”

“Wait and see? After all this?”

Even Ange was puzzled by that one.

They had everything they needed. Given FeTUS’s past actions, they should have been carrying out the rest of the plan immediately.

She could not imagine why they had not.

“She said Fujita-kun and my feelings were of the utmost importance and she left it with me.”

“Your feelings?”

“She said two people should love each other before they make a baby, so she left the decision to me.”

“...Huh?”

This was not just beyond Ange’s expectations. It was completely out of left field.

FeTUS pursued Adam as the representative of the entire human race. Their final objective was to place his child in the womb they called the Holy Grail.

They were a step away from accomplishing that, but this was their reason for stopping?

“Because two people should love each other before they make a baby?”

“Positive.”

“...How romantic.”

Even a hostile angel was shaken by this reasoning. They had been logically sounding out the other's intentions, yet Machina had suddenly pulled out a textbook on morality.

Machina did not seem to understand either because she fidgeted like a lost child.

“When I asked Miss D what to do, she told me to flirt. So in order to make a baby with Fujita-kun I have been, um...”

“Flirting? ...Oh.”

Ange briefly did not understand, but then she saw Machina pressing her lips together.

“That was supposed to be flirting?”

“Flirting is a way of conveying your appeal to the other person. ...And Fujita-kun likes it when I do that.”

“...Yes, he does seem to like kissing.”

For the second time, Ange's shoulders slumped down. She could not believe the recent commotion had come from something so silly.

“But our situation has not changed in the slightest. In fact, he seems bothered by it.”

“Of course he is. You've already done far more than kiss him, so being a serial kisser isn't going to change anything.”

“Really?”

Machina tilted her head.

Ange felt herself relaxing after her recent worries came to such a ridiculous end.

“Then...what am I supposed to do?”

To Machina, this was a serious attempt at baby-making. She was apparently attempting to complete FeTUS’s final objective. Ange went limp.

“I mean, the issue is whether you love each other, right? So don’t you only have to confirm that?”

“Hm? What do you mean?”

“Just ask Mutsuki if he loves you.”

(He’ll obviously say yes.)

She chose to keep that last part to herself.

Machina herself was probably the only person left who had not noticed Mutsuki’s feelings for her. Ange, Lucia, Saya, and their other classmates all knew.

Ange then realized she had forgotten something important.

“Hey, I bet it isn’t just for Mutsuki’s sake that Miss A hasn’t ordered you to do it.”

“Eh?”

Mutsuki’s feelings were so obvious anyone would notice, so FeTUS would have caught on while monitoring him.

The only way they could not “love each other” was if Machina did not have feelings for Mutsuki.

“How do you feel about Mutsuki?”

“...”

Machina’s eyes widened.

“How do I...feel about Fujita-kun?”

She must have never thought about it before. She repeated the words as if

pondering them.

“Do you love him?”

“Love is...not quite the right term. I exist for him, so it would be better to say I am his possession.”

She stated that plainly.

And it did not seem to be a way of hiding any embarrassment. She really did think that.

(I see.)

That told Ange what Miss A was trying to do.

Which meant she could have said nothing more. However...

“That possession stuff is only in relation to your position in FeTUS, right? What do *you* think? What are *your* feelings?”

Machina seemed to be hesitating, so Ange could not stop herself from saying more. She took a step into the territory Miss A had stayed out of.

“*My* feelings...?”

It seemed she really had never thought about it before. She once more repeated back the words.

After some hesitation, she seemed to realize that was the fundamental issue.

“What does it mean...to love someone?”

“Don’t ask me. Go check a dictionary.”

“Love. I still do not really understand.”

She apparently had the contents of a dictionary in her head, but that was not enough for her to make a decision.

“C’mon, you know. It’s like when you feel your heart racing and time passes so quickly when you’re with them.”

“Time always moves at a fixed rate.”

“Not what I meant...”

“...Ah.”

But something must have occurred to Machina because she suddenly held a hand to her chest.

“It is true my pulse accelerates when I am with him.”

“See, your heart races.” Ange stared directly at that expressionless face. “Think about it more simply. Ignore all that FeTUS stuff. How do you, Ibekusa Machina, feel about him?”

“Nn...”

She clearly heard that.

But Machina’s expression remained unchanged. And she spoke as mechanically and plainly as ever.

“He is an important person.”

But that plainness ended there.

“He is a kind person and I feel at peace when I am with him.”

“Then you have your answer. You love him.”

“Do...I?”

“Don’t ask me.”

“I see...”

The tone of her voice kept dropping.

The conversation was rapidly growing more embarrassing for Ange as well, so she too was saying less. She stood speechless in the quiet parking lot for a while.

“...Love.”

The only sound was Machina repeating the word under her breath.

“I love him...”

“...”

“I love Fujita-kun.”

“...”

She spoke quietly in the stillness.

And a few seconds later...

“...~”

“Wait!?”

Machina had been standing straight up like a machine, but she suddenly sat limply down.

Her hips had given out, so crouching Ange quickly supported her.

“What was that all of a sud-...wait.”

“~”

Ange was more surprised by her face than that she had collapsed.

“I love him...”

Machina was still muttering the words and she placed her hands over her cheeks to hide her face.

Her face was redder than Ange had ever seen it.

“I love...Fujita-kun.”

“Did you only just now realize it?”

“...”

She had lost both her plain tone of voice and her expressionlessness. She looked on the verge of tears as she nodded.

(She sure is cute.)

Ange gave an exasperated shrug.

“Then there’s no problem. If you love him, you can make a baby with him.”

“! A baby...with Fujita-kun?”

“That’s what this whole thing is about, isn’t it?”

“...N-not possible. Body temperature rising, pulse abnormal. Continuing the mission would be difficult.”

Her voice was trembling.

Then her voice faded away, she covered her head while practically curled up on the ground, and she tore at her already messy hair.

Ange had no idea how to respond.

This was due to her meddling, but she had no obligation to cheer up an enemy.

Plus, cheering her up would mean getting her and Mutsuki to...

“...I-I am leaving.”

After a few minutes of doing nothing, Machina finally calmed down and turned her back so Ange could not see her.

She disappeared into the darkness on unsteady feet.

“...Phew.”

Left alone, Ange looked up into the sky.

A refreshing wind blew down from the perfectly clear and starry sky. But unlike before, it felt a little chilly.

“Mutsuki and Ibekusa...hm?”

Ange thought back on the topic that had come to the forefront.

She had ended up pushing things in that direction for Machina and Mutsuki.

“But that’s fine. It’s...not a problem.”

Assisting an enemy organization was careless, but heaven still had not settled on a course of action vis-à-vis FeTUS. She would not be reprimanded for this.

“...”

Only then did she realize she was thinking about this in relation to her position and not her own feelings.

Just like Machina had been prioritizing FeTUS’s decision over her own feelings.

(How do I feel about him?)

How did she feel about what she had just done?

How did Jiyuuni Ange feel about supporting Machina and Mutsuki?

“...”

The girl gave a lopsided frown.

The wind once more brushed across her skin.

It had to be as refreshing as before, but she could not feel it.

The feelings roiling inside her kept her from feeling any kind of refreshing feeling

that only went skin deep.

“I don’t care what Mutsuki does.”

## Chapter 6

It was the day of the cultural festival.

Megutono Academy included an elementary, middle, and high school, so events like this always had tons of participants.

They were blessed with nice weather and the school was filled with students and visitors hoping to enjoy the day.

The helicopter in the sky may have been for publicity purposes. That was how busy it was.

Working your way through the waves of people could be difficult.

“Gwohhhhh, Mutsuki! Mutsuki, I’m gonna be crushed! Get the takoyaki to safety!”

“Yes, yes.”

“Okay, okay. Good job, Private Mutsuki-kun! Next up is the crepes by the third years. I hear they’re good.”

“R-right. Yes, sir.”

Of course, it was primarily the students enjoying themselves.

Mutsuki had been busy visiting stands all morning since Sakae and Saya had dragged him around.

“Ah! They’re selling cotton candy over there...and it’s cheap!”

“Wait, Miss Round and Jiggly! Cotton candy is as voluminous as you. Try to walk around with it in this crowd...and you’ll be in trouble!”

“I-I see. It would be painful to lose my mobility here... Not bad, Tomono-kun.”

“Heh. I’m Tomono Sakae, *the* man with an observant eye. Predicting a friend’s future is a simple task.”

“For once, your big mouth was actually useful. But.”

“Hm?”

“Who are you calling round and jiggy!?”

Their usual routine was even more energetic than usual.

The three of them worked through the crowd to visit the stands. They were mostly ones Saya’s research said had tasty treats.

Ange had gone to do the play and Lucia was with that band, so Mutsuki was alone with Sakae and Saya today.

“Here, Mutsuki-kun. This takoyaki is amazing. Say ah.”

“Um, yes. Thanks, Kurikara-san.”

“You put too much mayo on it. These are more like mayonnaise balls than octopus balls.”

“Shut up. They taste great this way.”

Mutsuki ate one of the takoyaki that was indeed covered in mayonnaise. Then they continued on to some other promising stands.

Saya and Sakae were not the only ones enjoying themselves. The entire school was having a blast.

You could really tell that a long-awaited day had finally arrived.

“Oh, Katsue-sensei. Hi!”

Saya noticed someone and waved over at the school building.

There was a map posted at the passageway they came across. The teachers would go on regular patrols to look for anyone needing directions and their homeroom teacher was standing by that one sign.

She seemed to be on the job because she was speaking with a small child in a mask who must have been a visitor from outside the school. It was a girl in a fox mask. Their teacher must have been giving the girl directions because she ignored Saya.

Sakae and Saya continued on without thinking much of it.

But it bothered Mutsuki a bit that Schwarze of all people had not noticed

someone calling out to her.

“Phew...”

At midday, Mutsuki went inside their school building.

Saya started helping another class and Sakae said there were some other things he wanted to check out, so they were not with him. He was alone now.

This school building was being used for preparations, so it was off limits for outside visitors and there were not many people inside. It was the perfect place to relax.

Everything felt different while a step removed from all the hustle and bustle of the festival.

Some people said they most enjoyed preparing for a festival and Mutsuki was exactly that type of person.

He did enjoy the actual festival, but he would pour all his energy into the preparations and feel the exhaustion during the festival itself.

Especially this year because there had been some trouble related to the Serpent’s Eye and some conflict with the Student Council President.

He wanted to go see Ange’s play and Lucia’s band, so he used this time to rest. He made his way to their classroom which he assumed would be empty.

However...

“Ibekusa-san?”

Someone was already there.

Machina sat in her usual seat all alone. She was not doing anything and she showed no interest in all the noise out the window. She just stared blankly forward.

“Want to go enjoy the festival?”

“Nn. No...yes.”

“?”

She was being unusually noncommittal, so Mutsuki tilted his head.

And the girl closed her mouth.

Mutsuki briefly tensed up. Since they were alone, he thought she would kiss him again.

But she made no attempt today. She just stared quietly at him like she used to.

“Umm.”

He did not know why, but he could tell she was not going to do it today. He relaxed and approached.

She said nothing and it was impossible to tell what she was thinking. In a way, that was completely ordinary, so he did not think about it too much.

“Um, if you don’t have anything else to do, how about it? Why not go around with me after this?”

He knew he was meddling, but he felt it would be a waste if she stayed here for the entire festival.

“Nn...um.”

“Let’s go watch Ange’s play. And we can get a bite to eat first.”

“...Okay.”

She did not decline.

Since they had a plan, Mutsuki gestured outside. He was sure to enjoy doing this with Machina, so he was all for it.

“ ... ”

And he failed to notice the tension on the girl’s face.

He considered himself lucky.

He knew where all the best stands were after Saya showed him earlier.

He could not imagine what Machina would enjoy at a festival like this, so he decided the food stands were the safest option.

The two of them each held a crepe in one hand as they wandered aimlessly around the festival.

“There sure are a lot of people, huh?”

“Yes.”

It had been busy in the morning, but just walking around was difficult now that it was the afternoon. Even when they parted the crowd, more people would press in and they were nearly carried away.

And they had to avoid people even more now that they had crepes.

“Whoops...oh.”

“Wait.”

When he was nearly swept away by a wave of people, he felt a tug on his elbow.

Machina was pulling on his sleeve.

He naturally followed her guidance and oddly felt like the wave of people had weakened. There were just as many people around, but it felt like she was calculating out the location of the next obstacle and then avoiding it.

“Ha ha. That sure is convenient.”

“There is a pattern to the flow of densely-packed people.”

It was a lot like a witch’s power and it was honestly quite helpful.

That was all well and good, but...

(...Sh-she’s a little close.)

Because Machina had pulled him to her, they were now close enough that her hair tickled his face.

(She smells so sweet... Ah, Ibekusa-san uses the same shampoo as Ange.)

His face grew red and he desperately tried to focus on something else.

Just like during the test of courage from before, he could not help but tense up when walking alone with the girl he liked.

“...”

He did not notice that Machina’s expression was similarly stiff.

“Th-this crepe sure is good.”

The silence was painful, so he attempted some small talk.

“Ibekusa-san, you got apple cinnamon, right? It looks good.”

“It is.”

“I got blueberry. Ha ha. I had strawberry earlier, but it’s amazing how two berries can be so different.”

“ ... ”

“Oh, do you want a bite?”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah. ...Ah.”

Mutsuki froze up when he realized he had just offered to give her an indirect kiss.

But before he could panic, Machina made a further suggestion.

“Then here.”

She took his blueberry crepe and handed him hers.

“Th...thanks.”

They had traded crepes.

That did seem to be the natural thing to do after he said hers looked good, so Mutsuki smiled bitterly at his careless suggestion and he took the apple cinnamon that Machina’s lips had touched.

“Ahm...yes, it is good.”

Machina did not seem bothered as she took a bite.

It would be weird if he focused on it too much, so Mutsuki made up his mind and took a bite.

“Do you like it?”

“Y-yes. It’s good. You can really taste the cinnamon, can’t you?”

He feigned calm and scolded himself for trying to find the flavor of her lips within

the apple and cinnamon.

(I’ve gotten a lot more daring.)

Until the spring, he would have been too embarrassed to do anything. He smiled bitterly at the thought.

It had been less than half a year since then and he thanked the Serpent’s Eye power for allowing him to grow like this.

And...

“Fujita and Miss-...and Ibekusa. You’re together?”

“Senpai.”

They ran across Shirohara Ren.

She called out to them, but she also could not look them in the eye after the previous kissing incident.

It could be hard to tell when he mostly interacted with her as FeTUS’s Lavriel, but she was popular as the Student Council President. A lot of friends were following

her as she went around inspecting things.

“Hey, hey. Ren, is this the Fujita boy you’re always talking about?”

“Ha ha♪ He’s so cute.”

The third years surrounded him. Mutsuki had intended to just greet her without intruding much, but he was trapped now.

“Hmm. I thought Ren wasn’t interested in boys at all, but this is the exception, huh?”

“But I understand how she feels~ This looks like just the kind of boy she’d fall for.”

“U-um.”

Ever since his experience with Micha, Mutsuki had trouble around older girls, so he was overwhelmed while completely surrounded like this. With as popular as Ren was, it was apparently well known that he had been hanging around with her.

Machina and Ren were left outside of the circle of girls.

“I do not recommend letting others know about your contact with Fujita-kun.”

“I-I know that. I didn’t mean to let anyone know. It just kind of came up in conversation.”

Machina’s tendency to completely shut out others was a problem, but this seemed to be a problem as well.

“...Where are Jiyuuni and the others?”

“At the play. We are on our way to watch it.”

“Oh, right. I’ll be patrolling around, but you keep him safe, Miss E.”

“Positive.”

They left no opening as FeTUS members.

“By the way, that crepe looks good.”

“Have a bite.”

“Yes. Ahhh.”

Ren took a bite of the blueberry crepe that had originally been Mutsuki’s.

Apparently Saya and Sakae were not the only ones overly excited about the cultural festival.

They walked around, ate, and enjoyed themselves.

That was all there was to do for those like Mutsuki who had finished their jobs in the preparation phase, but the students performing had to take today especially seriously.

“ ‘Wh-where is the crosswalk?’ ”

Ange was the most prominent example as the lead in the play.

“She’s kind of nervous.”

Mutsuki watched from an audience seat a short distance away. Machina nodded in the seat next to him.

“But that is not a problem. It is not enough to affect the performance.”

“Right. ...Break a leg, Ange.”

It was a short traffic safety play.

But even if it was short, it was nerve-racking when someone he knew was performing. He quietly cheered her on.

It was the standard story of Ange, who was playing an elementary school girl, breaking the traffic rules, having a scary experience, and learning the importance of the rules. But the effort that went into it behind the scenes made it a moving performance for Mutsuki.

It was already hard to find a girl willing to play the part, so Ange may have been the perfect choice since she took any job seriously. The play was performed twice in the morning and thrice in the afternoon. People had enjoyed the two morning performances, so there were more people there for this afternoon one. It was not exactly a play worthy of a standing ovation, but rumors of the lead girl being cute were spreading through the high school.

“Oh, yeah. Ibekusa-san, you adjusted Ange’s costume, didn’t you?”

Ange had moved off stage for now, so he whispered to Machina.

“Yes.”

“Thanks. I could have done it, but Ange wouldn’t have asked.”

Everyone had been in charge of making adjustments to their own costume. Ange could not sew, so she had let Machina do it. That had probably happened while

Machina was helping with her nighttime training.

They were enemies, but those two were training together and looking at clothes together.

“You sure are getting along well with Ange.”

“...”

There was no response that time.

As a FeTUS member, she may not have been able to say any more. Still, it made him happy enough that she did not deny it.

“Oh, right. You were with her last night, weren't you? Ange was acting a little weird when she got back, so did something happen?”

“Nn...”

“Oh, Ange is back.”

The play's lead was back, so he focused on the stage again.

He failed to notice Machina hanging her head next to him.

There were still two more performances, so Mutsuki only waved to Ange as the curtain lowered and then they moved to the music room.

It was approaching time for the performance by Silvia, the band Lucia was helping.

Unlike Ange, Lucia had insisted Mutsuki come watch, so they showed up early and got a good spot.

The band only clumsily played existing songs, which was about what you could expect from a student band, but it was enough to get people excited. It was said the visual was 90% of what mattered at a live performance, so having a cute boy like Lucia in a unisex costume seemed to have gathered a lot of attention.

“That seemed like a success. I'm glad.”

He had not been worried, he was glad to see how well it went.

“Lucia-kun is a really good singer. ...Oh.”

He did not know when Lucia had practiced or if he had even needed to practice, but his performance had been incredible for someone who only joined on recently.

“Heyyy, Mutsuki-kuuun!”

“...H-hi.”

The way he had readily waved to Mutsuki after spotting him in the middle of a song was adorable, but it had been awkward for Mutsuki when everyone’s attention gathered on him.

And that had not lasted long. Niki Hozumi, the bassist, had given him a sign and he had immediately returned to singing. As a classmate, the girl knew how to work with him.

“ ... ”

That scene had made Mutsuki happier than the singing.

The concert had been extended by 5 minutes due to the encore, but they walked outside after watching it through to the end.

“Um, what should we do now?”

“ ... ”

They had already gone to both of the events they were invited to.

It would be sad to just say bye now that that was over, but it would be rude to keep her with him just to wander aimlessly around. He was not sure what to do.

Especially when...

“ ... ”

“Um, Ibekusa-san. That’s backstage.”

“Oh.”

Machina seemed somewhat out of it.

She was acting weird. She had been acting weird a lot lately, but especially today.

Even dense Mutsuki had noticed by now.

“You kind of zoned out there.”

“Sorry.”

With this and the fact that her sudden obsession with kissing had gone away, something had definitely happened. He also realized she had been blatantly

avoiding eye contact for a while.

“Wh-what is it? Um, did you feel like I forced you to do all this festival stuff?”

“It isn’t that.”

She did not seem to be sparing his feelings. She simply would not tell him what it was.

Now he was not sure if he should ask her to keep going. But he was also hesitant to leave her, so they were just kind of stuck there.

“Oh, Mutsuki-kun and Machi-nyan. Perfect timing.”

They were saved by a familiar cheerful voice.

“Kurikara-san. ...What is that?”

Mutsuki sounded puzzled as soon as he turned to face their goddess of salvation.

He could not help himself. That girl had been her usual high-energy self that morning, but she had shed her skin in an odd way this afternoon.

The skin-tight white dress was certainly part of it, but she wore wings that strapped onto her shoulders and a halo made of wire that floated over her head.

On her back, she wore a bow and arrow seemingly made of silver paper. The arrowhead was shaped like a heart.

“Eh heh heh~ Amazing, isn’t it?”

“Yes, it is...but what is it?”

“You can’t tell?”

“Not a bit.”

“I’m Cupid. Cupid of Love.”

“...”

It could be easy to forget when you lived with angels, but the wings strapped to her shoulders did indeed look like the usual depiction of an angel.

“The wings are small so they won’t be a danger when I move around, but this

café is so amazing. It's called the Cupid Café and it's for couples only."

She pointed to the café with one of her usual over-the-top poses.

There were a lot of places with showy exteriors for the festival, but one place still managed to stand out. The entrance was made into a heart-shaped papier mache gate and the inside was almost entirely pink. There were lamé heart stickers all over and the tablecloths were pink.

"Cute, isn't it?"

"It looks like a brothel."

"They asked me for some help and I said yes since the outfit is so cute. It's an amazing place. There's a jinx that says a couple will have a lifetime of happiness if they overcome the embarrassment of the Cupid name and go in."

"Even though it's only open today?"

"This is perfect. I'll take you to a table for two."

She forcibly pulled on their hands.

Mutsuki and Machina were both unable to fight back at times like this.

"There's a special seat called the miracle happy spot, but no one was willing to sit there. But it's so great. Just sitting there makes you happy~"

She even designated a specific table for them.

Entering the café was fine given the atmosphere with Machina. It gave him a reason to continue the conversation. But...

"I'll show you two to your miracle happy seats."

That was a "recommendation" based on this café's style. True to the bad feeling in Mutsuki's gut, they were taken to an incredible table indeed.

A small heart-shaped table sat on a large space built a step higher than the rest of the café. The chairs were close enough together that their knees would touch while they sat across from each other and everything was of course pink.

Worst of all, it was right next to the window, so everyone passing by outside could see them.

Mutsuki gave Saya a look that said this simply was not going to work.

“Please use it~ They spent a lot on this, but the festival is going to end without a single couple sitting here.”

Saya clapped her hands together.

Mutsuki had to wonder why they spent so much on punishing their customers, but...

“Then I will have the recommended tea.”

“Yes!”

Machina generally could not refuse any request, so she sat down.

There was no escaping it now. The boy had no choice but to sit down across from her.

...Their knees were even closer together than he thought, so he turned his a bit to the side.

“Thank you too, Mutsuki-kun♪ I’ll pay, so order whatever you want.”

“Sure. Then I’ll have the café’s most expensive drink and a bunch of other stuff that will leave your wallet hurting for a while.”

“...Gh.”

The waitress obediently wrote down his order and left.

Mutsuki and Machina now had to obediently wait.

Perhaps luckily, the people walking by could tell how bizarre the café was just by looking at the entrance sign, so no one gave any curious looks to the special seat.

It was only the other customers and the staff that gave them weird looks.

“Here’s your Darjeeling, Machi-nyan. For both of you, I have our most expensive item: the Lovey-Dovey Mixed Parfait with everything on it. And here’s my recommendation: the Angel Mayonnaise Toast.”

They were served more and more and the small table was quickly filled.

“Okay, Machi-nyan, Mutsuki-kun. You take your time. I wish you some lovey-

dovey happiness. Bakyyuun

≡”

It was not clear what that meant, but it was apparently required. She mimicked shooting them with her bow and then left.

“Okay...we sure got a lot of stuff.”

Was she apologizing for this or did they have a lot of extra ingredients? The parfait was especially amazing.

The large glass container contained melon juice with ice cream floating on top and it was decorated with lots of sweets and fruits arranged like a parfait.

“It’s big and looks tasty.”

“Y-yes.”

There was no way they could eat it all, but Machina readily started on it.

The ice cream and fruits were store-bought, so the sweetness and tartness were just right. They both used their spoons to bring down the mountain of ice cream.

In a way, this gave them a chance to talk.

“I had completely forgotten that angels are supposed to look like that.”

Mutsuki smiled bitterly as he looked over at Saya and the other waitresses.

“It is unclear how they ended up like that as Cupid is supposed to be a god, but that is the general image of an angel.”

“Yet Ange would look completely normal if she didn’t shoot out fire.”

“Angels are a shape that forms around a human’s Fruit of Knowledge, so their view of themselves greatly influences how they look. There are apparently some that do have wings.”

“Really...? Ha ha. When I first met her, I just assumed that meant angels don’t actually have wings.”

Fortunately, they were blessed with something to talk about.

“...It’s been nearly half a year since I met Ange.”

“Yes.”

That meant it had been that long since heaven, earth, and hell had started fighting over him.

...And since Ibekusa Machina had become more than a classmate he was interested in.

“It went by so fast. It doesn’t feel nearly that long.”

“A lot of it had to have been spent in danger.”

“That’s true, but now that I think back on it...”

“?”

Machina did not seem to understand.

“Time always moves at a fixed rate.”

“Well, yes.” He smiled bitterly at that nearly emotionless response that was so much like her. “But I can’t help but think about it. In spring, I never would have imagined I would be eating a parfait with you like this, but it feels like almost no time has passed since then.”

He took a bite of creamy ice cream.

“...”

When he changed his phrasing, Machina must have somewhat understood because she stopped eating for a moment.

“Oh, this is really cold.”

Then he changed the subject. The ice cream was sherbet and it made his tongue tingle.

Machina had tea, but Mutsuki had juice. And the toast was covered in mayonnaise.

He looked around for something to warm his mouth.

“There are wafers over here.”

“Oh, I’ll take that.”

There was something good by Machina, so he reached out for it.

“Here.”

“Uuh...”

But the girl took the stick-like object and held it out towards his mouth.

Mutsuki briefly hesitated, but she was only being nice, so it would be weird to get too worked up over it.

“Th-thanks.”



He let her feed it to him.

It really did feel like no time since spring.

Back then, he could not even speak to his crush, but now she was feeding him sweets.

“Um.”

She returned to the parfait as if nothing had happened, but the boy was blushing.

He reached for the salty toast.

“I-if only things could stay like this.”

He returned to the previous topic.

“Ange and Lucia-kun are getting more and more used to life here. I hope nothing happens...”

The play and the band had nothing at all to do with their jobs as an angel and a demon, but the two of them were enjoying their everyday lives. Watching them had become one of Mutsuki’s favorite things to do lately.

He wished nothing ever had to change.

From the bottom of his heart.

“...”

“Ibekusa-san?”

But when he said that, something changed with Machina.

She stopped eating the parfait.

She stared at him with a troubled look on her usually expressionless face.

“...You would prefer that nothing happens?”

“Eh?”

“Sorry. But I must cause a change soon.”

She spoke quietly.

Mutsuki was confused. She usually agreed with anything he said, but now this.

He could tell this was no trivial matter.

“S-something happened, didn’t it? ...You’ve been acting weird. Are you worried about something?”

He decided now was the time to ask about everything, including the kissing.

She must have been hesitant because she bit her lower lip.

“Um, is it about those people? Those Kurosaki people?”

That group opposed FeTUS and they had attacked before, so he assumed that would be what was worrying her. However...

“Negative. That hastens things, but they are not directly involved.”

“Then...what?”

“The problem is FeTUS’s...no, it is me.”

She spoke calmly.

Her tone was plain, but she was clearly not her usual self. She was usually businesslike and did not allow emotions into even the difficult things she had to say. But now she was hesitating.

This was not like her and she could not hide the emotion of hesitation.

“I must cause a change. To you and to me.”

“Wh-what?”

Puzzled by her unusual behavior, Mutsuki told her she could tell him anything.

“...”

But that kindness made her hesitate even more.

“I doubt you will refuse once you have heard everything. You will be unable to. So you should make your decision before you have heard everything. Or at the very

least, Miss A thinks so.”

Her voice was so quiet he had trouble making it out. And he was not sure what she was talking about.

“I agree with her.” Her voice was quiet and she did not sound at all confident.  
“But  
I am afraid to ask.”

“...?”

“I have never felt this way before. It is a necessary thing, but I am afraid to do it.”

“...”

She said nothing more.

Mutsuki tilted his head and stared at her hanging head.

She was facing down and her expression was as stiff as a Noh mask.

Her long eyelashes would occasionally waver, so she may have been shaking.

“...Ibekusa-san.”

Fortunately, the past half a year had taught the boy what to do at times like this.

“Sorry, but I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

He gently wrapped his hands around hers which had frozen with the spoon still in its grasp.

“But you can tell me anything. I’ll help you in any way I can.”

He was grateful for how close together the seats were. He could easily hold her hand on the heart-shaped table.

“If something is giving you trouble, I want to help you.”

“...Fujita-kun.”

She looked up.

She was back to her usual lack of expression, so he could not tell what she was thinking.

That was enough. Having her back to normal was enough.

“Oh, but does this have to do with the recent kissing?”

“A bit.”

“Then, um, I can’t say I’ll do anything, but I’ll do what I can.”

He did not sound all that reliable anymore, but he got it out there.

Machina thought on his boyish words and then nodded.

She did not seem afraid anymore. Her expressionless face really was back.

She could once more face him more directly than anyone.

“The wind sure is strong.”

“Yeah, I can’t hear what people are ordering.”

Saya held her hair down against the strengthening wind and returned her tray to the kitchen.

A break in the work had just arrived. She set down her bundle of sales slips and

took a break with the other Cupid-cosplaying waitresses.

More than just the foot traffic outside, there was apparently a helicopter flying nearby.

“Saya, the two you invited seem to have hit it off.”

“Hm? ...Wow, you’re right.”

“They’re holding hands. What’s with that? I thought you said they weren’t a couple.”

“I didn’t think they were...but maybe they are.”

She had forgotten all about Mutsuki and Machina in the special seat.

They were holding hands and looking each other in the eye.

There was too much noise to hear what they were saying and she did not want to interrupt them by getting closer. Then again, it looked like they were only staring at each other without talking.

(Those two really do make a cute couple.)

The wind grew even stronger, so she narrowed her eyes as she thought.

She had noticed during their summer break camping trip that Mutsuki and Machina had a good atmosphere together.

After all, Mutsuki had always been looking at her since the spring.

(It's a little too late for Ange-chan to join in. Although I personally would have preferred it if he hooked up with Lu-kun.)

She brushed her hair out of her face.

(Those two must already feel the same way about each other...)

“Saya! Run away!”

“Eh?”

Only then did she realize the wind was too strong. It was so strong it was about to blow her away.

And things were far too noisy. It was more than just people enjoying the festival.

The sound of a helicopter's rotors was abnormally loud.

And both the wind and the noise were coming from directly overhead.

The helicopter seemed to be military. It was oddly angular and it was flying this way at only 5 meters up.

And the Gatling gun below the cockpit had its three muzzles aimed her way.

The helicopter's rotors, the wind, and the screams were all drowned out by the roar of gunfire.

## Chapter 7

That was a painful mistake. Machina regretted allowing the enemy to get so close.

The reason why was obvious: She had been holding hands with Fujita Mutsuki.

Her mind had gone blank and she had failed to keep tabs on her surroundings. She could not believe she had overlooked such a large enemy.

The attack was made by an AH-1Z Viper attack helicopter. There was no one in the cockpit, so it had been made into a Springloaded. She could tell that much, but...

“Eek...”

She had thought the Gatling gun was targeting Fujita Mutsuki, but it turned toward the surrounding customers and waitresses who were unrelated to any of this.

This was an indiscriminate attack.

“Summon hard carbon. Forcibly inject the target with the all-range anti-lithography code.”

Golden threads left her hand and just barely reached the gun in time. Bullets were launched from the flame-spewing machineguns, but their direction was smoothly changed by the solid threads and they only punched holes in the ground.

The heated wind pushed at them and the ground shook as it was turned to Swiss cheese, so Saya and the others fell onto their butts. But luckily, no one was hit by a bullet.

“Mission failed. Switching to Plan B...positive.”

The helicopter did not give up on its massacre. With the central gun neutralized, it instead ignited a missile on each of the wings.

But by then, Machina's threads had already reached the helicopter as a whole. She overwrote the machine's command for an emergency shutdown of the missiles.

At the same time, the helicopter itself was given new orders and it slowly descended where it was.

A military helicopter was one of the greatest weapons of the publicly-known world, but a mere Springloaded was no match for a Witch.

"Fujita-kun, this way."

And because she won so decisively, she knew this had to be no more than a diversion.

The enemy would be on their way to reach Mutsuki. She had already sent another thread to the seat where Mutsuki sat in a daze and she attached it to him to bring him to safety...

"———!"

But the enemy was faster.

Another girl stood on the heart-shaped table.

She was short, her red hair was cut to shoulder length, and she wore a fox mask.

She held a strange sword in her hand. It looked like human and animal hands, legs, and faces sewn together into a rod shape with a blade crudely attached to one end.

It had already cut away the golden thread meant to secure Mutsuki.

"Hee hee. I'm impressed you took care of my Viper in just 3 seconds. I guess that means I'm still not as good with tools as a Witch."

The girl giggled while pointing the tip of the blade toward the boy's paled face.

Machina knew he had been taken hostage, but she did not panic.

It was true she had taken care of the helicopter in 3 seconds, but 5 whole seconds had passed since the attack.

She had bought plenty of time.

“Move away from Fujita.”

With a rude noise, the girl’s horrific sword was deflected. The face visible on it wailed as if in pain.

It had been struck by a short sword beautifully decorated with a platinum color.

It belonged to Ren who immediately pulled Mutsuki to her and sent her sword toward the girl’s mask.

The girl dodged at the last second, but...

“I have to agree with you there: Don’t touch my Mutsuki-kun.”

Her foot hit something as she dodged and the parfait float fell over on the table.

The unfinished juice seemed to have grown dark red and then it shot out in the shape of a blade and coiled around the girl’s neck. The hilt portion grew to form a scythe and Lucia had appeared on the other end to hold it.

Ange had apparently been in the middle of changing. She was still fixing her uniform’s ribbon, but she was already just outside the café. That was 10 seconds since the helicopter attack began. The attacker already had Ren and Lucia right next to her with Ange and Machina in place to cut off any route of escape.

“Kh...tch. Looks like your bodyguard layer is perfect, Fujita Mutsuki. And here I thought I could take you pretty easily.” The girl clicked her tongue below the mask.

“I have to say, that was some nice teamwork. Angels and demons working together and getting along with FeTUS? Aren’t you embarrassed as representatives of your respective worlds?”

“I’m not getting along with anyone.”

“This is no more than a job.”

“I’ll use anyone if it’s for Mutsuki-kun.”

The human, angel, and demon were all unfazed by the provocation.

Even if they were enemies, they would not be shaken when it came to protecting Mutsuki.

The teamwork that Fujita Mutsuki had built up between them was not going to be broken, so the girl raised her hands as if to surrender.

But then her body rapidly floated upwards.

She had golden threads wrapped around her hands and the other ends were attached far, far overhead.

There was apparently a second floating object waiting up there. By attaching threads to it, she could escape into the sky.

“I won’t let you escape. ...Hey, human, make sure you protect Mutsuki-kun!”

The girl shot up to a height of 500m and Lucia was the first to respond.

Angels and humans required some preparation to fly, but a greater demon who was familiar with all sorts of lifeforms could easily use the same movements as a flying animal.

The back of his band outfit split apart as his shoulder blades swelled out. Then they spread out to the side like a transparent membrane.

They were wings. Insect wings. They moved so quickly they seemed to just be vibrating.

“Hold on! Taxi!”

“Wah! You’re way too heavy, idiot!”

He wobbled when Ange climbed onto his back, but he still managed to ascend.

Left behind, Machina and Ren considered finding another route into the sky, but...

“We can leave the pursuit to them. Miss E, we have another job.”

“Yes.”

Ensuring Mutsuki’s safety came first, so they could let the other two handle

the enemy.

30 seconds had passed since the helicopter arrived. The cultural festival was in complete chaos now. People were screaming and something had to be done about it.

“What happened? Miss B, was it an enemy attack?”

“Miss C...you’re late! The people are going to panic, so bring out the illusion tool.”

Subaru arrived quite late. The enemy targeting Mutsuki seemed to have left, so she worked with Ren to settle the situation here.

“Kurikara-san, are you hur-...ah.”

Since he was not hurt, the boy ran over to his friend who had been shot at.

She had avoided being hit by the bullets, but she must have been hit by a few fragments sent flying in the attack. Her white clothing was covered in dust and had a few small red stains.

Saya had tears in her eyes from the pain and the shock of the abnormal situation.

Mutsuki was somewhat used to these things, so he called out to her to calm her down.

“...”

Machina stood behind him while entirely expressionless.

She stared at injured and frightened Saya.

Almost like she was trying to suppress some kind of intense emotion welling up within her.

It was not another helicopter waiting 500m up in the sky.

It was a transport plane. It was a proper aircraft with no propellers. It could not hover in place, so it had a masked pilot keeping it in a slow rotation.

“Tch. Get us out of here! Hurry!”

“Understood!”

The plane flew off as soon as the masked girl arrived and climbed inside.

Lucia and Ange pursued with all the speed they could muster, but while the insect wings allowed them to ascend rapidly, their top speed was limited. The enemy's transport plane could move at 400km/h and they could not keep up if it used even half of that.

"This isn't going to work. ...Sorry, Satowa."

"Eh...?"

Ange kicked off of Lucia's shoulders.

"I really do feel bad about this!"

"Dwah!"

Metatron's flames burst from her shoulders.

Metatron used physical flames, so she could use it as a rocket engine that launched her small body weight forward at Mach speed.

Although that surrounded her with an explosive blast, so she had been afraid it would half-destroy the school if she used it in the schoolyard. But now that she was this high up, she would only do damage to a single demon boy.

Ange caught up to the transport plane without even glancing back at Lucia who was fried and fell from the sky.

She kicked through the door the masked girl had jumped through and she climbed inside.

"Hi≡"

The bizarre sword immediately grazed her throat.

She avoided the tip with shocking reflexes and squeezed the wing pendant that was already in her hand.

"Prominence!"

It grew into a large sword that deflected the enemy's weapon.

There was nothing inside the transport plane except for 12 black cylindrical objects standing in the back, so they had plenty of room to fight.

That was perfect for Ange who was confident she could win any fight.

“Loop!!”

She split the sword in two, spun around, and sliced at the masked girl waiting for her there.

Prominence was a heavy sword, but the enemy easily blocked it and made a counterattack.

That was not possible with human strength. And based on the horrific weapon she used...

“A demon. ...You’re one of those rumored Bioroids, aren’t you?”

The human organization known as Kurosaki had developed the Bio Springloaded, a new variety of Springloaded that incorporated demons into their design.

Micha had mentioned that one had shown up that had grown to the level of a greater demon that possesses human-level intelligence.

So it made sense this girl could match an angel’s strength like this.

“Wah!?”

The floor suddenly tilted. Ange quickly worked to regain her balance, but she could not keep up the attack and had to move back.

The airplane was rapidly descending. She had forgotten that the ground they fought on was the loyal servant of this demon.

The enemy was both a demon and a human who could freely control machines.

That was a Bioroid.

“Tch...what a pain.”

Whoever this enemy was, the situation was not in Ange’s favor.

The plane rapidly descended and ascended. She was naturally tossed around by the unstable footing and the rising and falling gravity. As long as the enemy had control of this place, fighting here was too reckless.

That said...

“Perfect. I had wanted to test this out, but I didn’t want to use it on Ibekusa.”

She had plenty of options.

Metatron’s golden glow filled her blue eyes.

“Let’s see how useful this is in practice. ...Helio!!”

Golden jet streams burst from her back and then formed particles.

“Gyah!”

Those balls of light exceeded a million degrees and they all flew toward the masked girl. Mere contact was enough to vaporize her flesh and they filled her body with holes.

A human would have been killed instantly...but she only flinched back a bit and did not seem to take much actual damage.

She really was a demon. Ange prepared to continue the fight. The girl’s body began filling in the holes and regenerating the scorch marks as if that were perfectly normal.

“Eh...?”

But the mask could not be regenerated. The fact that it melted and dripped away was enough to decide the battle.

Ange found the girl’s face was the same as hers. She also realized the red hair was the same as hers, albeit cut to shoulder length.

“Kwah...! Waaaaahh!”

The girl released a golden thread in that moment of hesitation and it wrapped around Ange’s arm. Electricity immediately passed through it and filled her with an angel’s greatest weakness: a heat-radiating current.

But that pain was not the worst part.

“M...me?”

“Nee hee hee hee hee. I had heard we looked a lot alike, but it look like that’s true.

I'm cuter, though."

The girl's smile contained a mixture of playfulness and toxicity not found in Jiyuuni Ange. She was Kagari Enju.

The structure of angels and demons could be seen as two sides of the same coin.

An angel was born from a dead human's soul (i.e. the Fruit of Knowledge) and a demon was born when the Fruit of Life resided within an empty shell of a body.

That meant it was theoretically possible for a single human's soul to become an angel and body to become a demon.

It was possible, but the odds of both being reincarnated were so low that it was astronomically unlikely. Unless the process had received some outside help, that is.

That aside, it was impossible not to be shaken when "what you used to be" suddenly appeared before you. The thread was tangled around Ange's hand before she could even struggle.

(Wah...gh! Oh, no. I need to focus...aaaaah!)

Angels were weak against heat reduction, so she was neutralized before she could even tremble in fear. Once she had challenged an enemy to combat, she had known that even an instantaneous opening would cost her her life.

"Hee hee. We just met, but I guess it's goodbye already. The world only needs one of us."

Enju mercilessly aimed her sword at the girl who could only writhe from the electricity.

With both her hands restrained now, the angel had no way of dodging it.



So the sudden intruder saved her life, no matter how much she hated that fact.

“Uuh, I’m glad this thing descended so much... Oh? So she *was* your pair.”

Lucia had kicked through the opposite door from Ange and jumped inside. He must have caught on earlier because he was not shocked to see two identical faces wielding deadly blades against each other.

His burns had already healed and his insect wings had been replaced with large wings that were probably based on a bird of prey. Those wings provided decent speed while gliding, so he had easily caught up with the airplane as it wildly descended.

“Oh, dear. Your friend showed up.”

The airplane had descended too far, so it began to rise once more to stabilize its altitude. Meanwhile, Enju aimed the tip of her sword at him. Ange was already neutralized, so she ignored the angel and made sure she did not show an opening

to Lucia.

“She’s no friend of mine. Why not go ahead and finish her off?”

“Hmph.”

“Why wait? Just go ahead and do it.”

Lucia shrugged and it was impossible to tell if he was joking or not.

But after waiting for the plane to return above 500m, he snapped his fingers.

“Wha-!?”

When had he gathered this? Blobs of black water vapor burst in through the broken doors.

“You must be crazy to challenge a demon to a fight here.”

“Kwaaaah!”

All of the cumulus clouds at this altitude had been turned to Succubi and sent inside the plane.

A greater demon like Lucia could bring all water within eyesight to his aid – and water vapor was no exception. The cargo bay was quickly filled with black vapor.

It did not approach Ange because the flames bursting from her body shielded her, but the other girl was easily swallowed up.

And the attack had yet to truly begin.

“Gh...! Gah...hah!”

Scythes identical to the one which had shot from the juice were now filling her surroundings. They shot out from all of the Succubus-possessed air, including what was in her lungs. There were far too many to deal with, so her entire body would

be sliced to pieces in an instant.

The entire plane made a wide turn to shake free of the black cloud. The vaporized Succubi were not sticky, so that maneuver managed to eject them.

“Hee hee♥️”

Except for the black fog that moved with a will of its own.

The extra-thick mass of cloud gained flesh color while still tangled around Enju’s body. Lucia reconstructed his body after having fused with the black cloud.

“How amateurish.”

“What...?”

He appeared behind the girl.

Enju could not turn around even though she heard the voice.

“As your senior, let me tell you something: we are not savage angels or humans.

Only an amateur demon would get so delighted about swinging around a weapon.”

Lucia must have worked his way into the moisture in the girl’s cells. His arms stabbed through the girl’s body without harming her.

Perhaps it was better to say they sank through her. His right hand sank into her right elbow and his left hand sank down to the wrist inside her shoulder blade.

“A demon needs to start by attacking the heart♥”

He grabbed her heart with his left hand.

She was now restricted from more than just turning around. The slightest movement would tear an artery.

“And then you thoroughly change them from within.”

“...Ghhh!”

Enju screamed.

The right hand inside her elbow instantly robbed it of all moisture so it dried out like a mummy.

A Bioroid had a demonic body and human techniques. But even if that gave her an advantage against an angel like Ange or humans like FeTUS, she had no such advantage against a demon like Lucia.

“...I see. Thanks for the lesson.”

But the same was true of a demon against a Bioroid.

“I’ll have to try that out myself. Like this?”

The girl drew a golden circle with her left hand. That was a FeTUS technique, so Lucia should not have needed to worry about it. However...

“Gh...!”

His knees unexpectedly gave out.

He had not been attacked, but he collapsed on the spot and his arms pulled out of Enju.

“Impossible... Lilith Ether?”

The magic circle did not produce a sound or image. It could only be described as a “presence” and it forcibly stopped his attack. It also caused his hips to collapse out from under him.

He fell to his knees.

“That’s right. Your mother commands you to do nothing more.”

“Kh... Curse that old hag. Has she hit menopause? She has no patience

whatsoever.”

Lucia could not do anything as the girl mocked him with pigeon-like laughter.

The very life that constructed him as a demon had submitted to that “presence”.

Just like a trained dog.

A thread from her left hand bound the boy and she tugged with her mummified right arm that she could somehow still move.

“Gwah!”

Ange was captured by that right thread. Pulling the angel’s body over turned her into a deadly weapon spewing demon-roasting flames.

“Again, thanks for the lesson. Now get lost along with my dregs here.”

Enju used both her hands to keep her two enemies bound as she kicked them out the cargo entrance.

With threads wrapped around them, Ange and Lucia could not avoid crashing into the ground.

But only if they remained bound.

“Oh...thanks.”

“Wah, wah, wah, wah.”

Just before they fell, the golden threads came undone and they were grabbed by something nearby.

Enju looked puzzled. She had not ordered the restraints to stop and it should have been impossible for those two to break the threads.

Realizing that only a FeTUS human could have done this, she could guess what had arrived down below.

A rising helicopter had arrived alongside the airplane.

It was an AH-1Z Viper. She had used it as a distraction and left it at the school, but

it must have been made into a Springloaded again because it was matching

the transport plane's speed even while facing the plane.

Ange and Lucia hung from the wings.

Machina stood in the cockpit with had the glass removed.

"I am detecting a more than 99% match with Jiyuuni-san. And yet I have also deemed her to be a demon."

"That was my toy..."

Enju pouted her lips. The control system had been entirely hijacked and the helicopter's "owner" had been overwritten.

"If you are the same as Jiyuuni-san, I doubt there is any convincing you...but I will give you one warning. Disarm yourself and prepare to land in the next 5 seconds."

The Witch's voice remained entirely calm.

The demon girl shrugged, but Machina still calmly counted down from 5. The helicopter was far louder than her quiet voice.

The sound of the rotors...

"I have concluded you have no intention of heeding my warning."

...and the roar of the engine both drowned out her voice.

"Hwah!"

"Hwah!"

Ange and Lucia both screamed when the countdown ended. They were holding onto the helicopter's wings and the objects attached to them had started to move.

"I will shoot you down."

Those attached objects were 16 missiles.

"Eh? Wait just a-..."

Enju panicked because she had not expected such an extreme measure, but Machina did not hesitate.

"Hellfire."

Every last one of the air-to-surface missiles was fired at close-range against an unarmed transport plane. The blast nearly sent Lucia and Ange flying.

“You...are completely insane!”

Enju must not have expected such a powerful attack because she shouted in anger while protecting the plane with a shield formed from golden threads.

But her face was soon dyed in the colors of further panic.

Machina held a small revolver in her hand. If that was all, it would have been like a peashooter against the shield that had stopped the missiles.

But the Springloaded helicopter’s parts had gathered around the barrel like living creatures.

The barrel grew thicker and longer, until it looked as brutal as an anti-tank rifle.

To the shield, the difference between an armor-piercing round and a revolver round was like the difference between a peashooter and a BB.

The problem was the fact that it had also swallowed up the battery that supplied power for an entire helicopter.

“Forming magnetic field. Magnetic flux density restrictor setup complete. Beginning Lorentz processing...positive.”

The battery must have been sucked dry in an instant because it fell away from the long cannon just as Machina mercilessly aimed it at the transport plane.

“Sublight railgun, ready to fire.”

“Ibekusa...”

“...Are you angry?”

Ange knew nothing of science, but she realized what was about to happen and covered her ears just like Machina.

“Fire.”

With a dull sound like the air itself exploding, the transport plane tilted far to the side.

“Kwaaah!”

The revolver bullet was fired at near light speed. Enju had known it was coming, so she gave up on protecting the plane and concentrated the entire shield down to the size of her palm.

The length of the barrel made it easy to predict the ballistic path. By catching the bullet on the concentrated golden thread shield, it did not break through, but her small body was sent flying.

Without even a second's hesitation, Machina cocked the long cannon's hammer.

She loaded the next bullet and aimed at the transport plane's cargo bay.

She mercilessly fired a second and third shot to keep Enju pinned down, and...

“Shoot it down.”

She gave a command to the Springloaded helicopter.

The Gatling gun that had attacked Saya, a powerless normal person, produced a great roar like it finally had a chance to fulfill its proper role. The three barrels rotated while firing armor-piercing rounds that hit the transport plane from nose to tail.

Enju was too busy protecting herself to stop it.

The fuel tank must have been hit because the rear of the plane noisily burst into flames. The plane rapidly lost propulsion.

“Capture complete...positive.”

The Springloaded helicopter's landing skids grew outwards like living things. They struck the transport plane like a scorpion capturing its prey and supplied the lift needed to avoid a crash.

At the same time, the revolver railgun finished firing all 6 of its bullets. Machina stopped firing, and...

“I will repeat my warning: Disarm yourself and surrender.”

Her tone remained plain.

Ange and Lucia were already regaining their strength and the plane's engine had stopped. It was impossible to fight or flee. However...

"Hee hee."

Enju was unharmed. Or rather, her hole-filled body and mummified right arm had easily regenerated. And she cutely stuck out her tongue.

Ange could not believe her own face could look so hateful.

Then she heard a sound like chains being pulled out.

Machina had opened a hole in the cockpit and pulled out the entire Gatling gun attached directly below. The magazine rattled from the several hundred shots still remaining.

At the same time, she reached a hand behind her.

"I will shoot you down again."

Golden threads wrapped around and pulled off the helicopter's rotor.

It abandoned its job of providing propulsion and become the simple and deadly weapon that was four rapidly-rotating metal panels measuring more than 7 meters long.

As the two connected aircraft slowly descended, Machina jumped into the cargo bay with the Gatling gun in one hand and the rotor in the other.

"...Waaahh!"

She sent the rotor toward Enju's face.

She switched from the scientific railgun revolver to a much more primitive weapon that tore apart the narrow transport plane's entrance and was swung toward Enju.

But that was not going to break the golden thread shield that had withstood the sublight bullets. She could still protect herself. However...

"Checkmate."

The repeated blows from the heavy metal panels kept her from moving, so she could not prevent Machina from aiming the Gatling gun at her.

Machina did not hesitate to pull the trigger.



That machinegun was meant for use against an army or a tank, but it fired on a girl who stood less than 140cm tall. And at close enough range that even the flames bursting from the muzzle reached her.

“Gwah, ow, owww, wait, I said wait!”

Of course, she was not just a girl.

Enju’s body was filled with holes and transformed into shreds of flesh, but only an angel’s flames could kill a demon. The holes would instantly regenerate and the process would repeat.

“Ibekusa, give us a turn.”

Ange and Lucia had hopped into the cargo bay too.

An angel and a demon could do a lot more against a demon than a human from FeTUS. They would be more suitable opponents for the demon girl, but...

“Negative. FeTUS will capture this unit.”

Machina held out a hand to stop them.

And it was true she had saved the other two, so they did not interfere.

“Ah ha ha. Capture me? I don’t think it’ll be that easy.”

“...”

Enju cackled and Machina clearly frowned for once.

The demon girl knew FeTUS techniques and had all the traits of a demon, so it was true FeTUS had the greatest disadvantage against her. Enough so that everything Machina could use against her would be burned away in a ball of fire. At the very least, capturing her for research would not be possible with her current

techniques.

However...

“I will capture you. I will use you for that experiment.”

Machina abandoned the Gatling gun and returned the rotor to the helicopter.

Enju regenerated while forcing out all the bullets fired into her. But before

she could stand up, a golden magic circle spread out at her feet.

“Analyzing molecular sinusoid within target space. Confirming presence of particle fluctuation...positive.”

Machina held her hand out toward the opened circle with the coldness of someone dissecting a frog in an experiment.

“The reaction has begun. ...Jiyuuni-san.”

“Eh...?”

“Thank you for your cooperation.”

The circle containing the target emitted a pale and still light.

But that was all. The cold light of activation was a standard effect, but there was no other visible change.

There was no sound, smell, wind, or anything else.

“Anti-Metatron Tool: Dimensional Transfer...activate.”

Not that anyone could detect, anyway.

If you divided all elements down into their smallest units like molecules, atoms, and leptons, it was said you would end up returning to unobservable quantum fluctuation in the same dimensional space.

The movement of all matter came from that fluctuation. So if you could interfere with that unobservable realm, you could essentially influence another dimension.

In this case, it was unclear if that other dimension was higher or lower than the third, but...

At the very least, it became possible to control the molecular movements in the specified space.

Not even FeTUS had proven this and it was still a theory in the experimental phase.

This was a method obtained during Machina’s training with Ange.

By analyzing the phase difference between the unobservable angel flames

and Metatron's standard flames, she could predict the sine wave of the unobservable fluctuation.

By applying that, she could then control any molecular movement. Theoretically, she could apply a phase transition to a vacuum and create a new three-dimensional universe.

Of course, the equations for that were still unknown and there was no need to work them out later.

She was doing the same thing Ange had. She was applying the formula for the "non-fluctuating" elements within the angel wings that could not be physically interfered with.

"Gh...!"

Enju realized there was something wrong with the space around her, so she turned her body around.

But no matter how much she tried to flee, her body would not move. In fact...

"I'm frozen...? Wah, wahhhh!"

Her body had filled in the holes, but it was too numb to even stand up. Her body felt terribly cold and frostbite visibly spread across the newly-healed skin.

The osmotic pressure of her cells must have changed because the liquid burst from them while half of it froze and half of it vaporized. The vaporized portion froze in midair and sparkled there.

"What is this...? Ah, it's so cold."

Ange and Lucia noticed the change as they watched. The temperature in the cargo bay was dropping and fog was forming.

Even though the engine was still spewing flames from its newly-created holes.

"I see. Even an immortal demon requires water and osmotic pressure to maintain the fluidity of their flesh, so extremely low temperatures will cause the cells to necrotize. She can't create the cells needed to heal her wounds."

"Wh-what does that mean?"

As a demon, Lucia seemed to understand the principle behind it. And...

“Capture complete.”

Machina calmly summed it up.

What would happen if that space underwent a phase transition that eliminated the elemental fluctuation? The effect was not as great as the complexity of the formulas would suggest, but one result was the elimination of molecular friction.

The concept of heat would infinitely vanish from that space.

“Gh...gwaaahh!”

Enju screamed as she realized she had been closed in a room at absolute zero. She clawed at her chest because the moisture of the oxygen in her lungs had frozen.

No matter how much they hurt her, Machina lacked the power to kill this lifeform.

But she could leave her with an eternally unmoving body.

At some point, humans had reached the point that they could threaten demons, so Lucia gulped.

“...You’re taking Metatron too lightly.”

Even Ange felt a cold sweat.

Machina had called this an anti-Metatron tool, so it was meant to resist angels, not demons.

She could predict what its effect would be. A temperature of less than -300 degrees could easily be negated with their flames, but the problem was the creation of a space without any heat whatsoever. That would block all heat energy, physical or otherwise.

That would likely negate Metatron or even a flame that contained all the energy of the sun.

“At the moment, I have no intention of using this against you.”

Machina maintained a passive hostility.

More importantly...she looked to Enju. That immortal lifeform could

regenerate, but she could not recover.

“She should be useful in revealing Kurosaki. Do you mind if FeTUS holds onto her?”

“Hmm? Well, I’m not really interested in those Kurosaki people anyway,” said Lucia.

“You saved me today, so I’ll let you have this one. ...But make sure you report on what you find. She looks just like me, after all.”

“Thank you.”

Now that they were all in agreement, they knew what to do with their enemy.

However...

“...Hee hee. No, let me thank the three of you.”

Despite the frozen hell she was experiencing, Enju suddenly gave an eerie laugh.

“Now I know just what you can do. The angels, demons, and FeTUS are all worthy of caution. However,” she grinned. “You do not pose a threat to Kurosaki and their Bioroids.”

Then she fully froze over.

“Eh...?”

The three stared in confusion, unsure what had happened. The unmoving demon girl turned into a literal ice sculpture covered in white frost.

Lucia hesitantly touched a portion not covered in frost.

“...She’s dead.”

“A-a demon died?”

“She voluntarily stopped regenerating. This isn’t hibernation or a deep freeze. She

ended her own life functions.”

“...So suicide?”

The three were shocked that an immortal being would do that so readily.

But they soon learned why.

“Hee hee.”

Laughter identical to the ice sculpture’s reached them from the back of the cargo bay.

One of the round cylinders loaded there had opened and a girl had stepped out.

A girl who looked just like Ange.

It was Enju.

“There are two...?”

Lucia was touching the one that was undoubtedly a corpse, so he panicked. He found it hard to believe there had been two from the beginning.

And he was half right there.

“Hee hee.”

“Hee hee hee.”

“Hee hee hee hee.”

The laughter multiplied. More and more and more of them opened. All 12 of the cylinders in the cargo bay were opened.

All 12 of the dolls that revealed themselves had that thin smile on their face.

There were 12 Kagari Enjus.

Once you developed something, it was human nature to attempt mass production next.

There was more than one Bioroid. In fact, the Bioroid research had been about mass production from the beginning.

“You’re kidding.... This many?”

“How cheap do you think my appearance is...?”

“...”

The three prepared for a fight.

They looked worried. They were far too outnumbered. This had been a difficult opponent when it was just one of her, so with this many...

“Time to withdraw, Miss E!”

Fortune reached them a moment later.

Ange and Lucia could only count themselves lucky that they were standing next to Machina. With a familiar voice from outside the plane, a circle was cut in the cargo bay floor where Machina stood.

The three of them and the frozen corpse all fell out of the transport plane.

The 12 Bioroids tried to pursue, but golden fire rose up to plug the hole and they could not get out.

That artificial holy fire was Miss B’s anti-demon tool.

The transport plane flew into the distance while taking the helicopter with it.

Megutono Academy stood atop a hill and its clock tower stood even higher.

From that highest point, it was easy to track something in the open sky.

“Fwehh, what if the students see?”

“Just hurry up, Miss D.”

“Yes, yes.”

Ren – aka Miss B, aka Lavriel – had kept the academy’s commotion under control and then immediately made her way to the tower. Once at the top, she had

climbed onto the shoulders of 190cm Miss D who had come with her.

“Kaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

Then every last part of Miss D’s body had rapidly expanded. She grew to 5m tall and her arms and torso became thick masses of muscle to match.

Lavriel climbed down from her shoulder and landed on her giant palm, which was plenty big for a person to stand on.

“Seiyaaaahhhh!!”

Then Miss D used her powerful arm as a catapult.

She was strong enough to toy with an Indian elephant, so when she threw someone of Lavriel's weight, they easily reached the speed of sound.

"Time to withdraw, Miss E!"

It only took her a few seconds to catch up to the transport plane.

They landed outside the residential district, so there was fortunately no one around to see.

"The enemy was so quick to retreat that I assumed they had an ambush planned and came to assist...but that was more than I expected."

"Thank you, Miss B."

"Hmph... I'm not going to thank you."

"No need. Rescuing you was just happenstance."

Lavriel and Ange got along as poorly as ever, but...

"More importantly."

Lucia had no interest in others, so he glossed over the fact that he had been saved.

He was only interested in one person.

"If you're here too, I hope Mutsuki-kun is all right."

"Not to worry." Miss B proudly puffed out her chest. "Miss C is protecting him."

## Chapter 8

“Uuh...”

Mutsuki awoke in darkness.

He was on a bed...he thought. It was soft and comfortable, but it was not his usual one. When he realized that, he looked around the area.

There was no light, but he was oddly able to make out the outlines of things. It was probably daytime but with the lights off. There were a few heaters and small lamps around the large bed.

It seemed to be a bedroom. There were lace curtains on the window.

When he saw the solid-looking bars beyond that, he rapidly woke up.

He tried to get up, but found his hands were handcuffed to the bedposts and he could not move.

(Wh-where am I? I'm trapped in here...aren't I?)

The restraints and the bars over the window were enough to tell him how serious the situation was.

He had apparently been kidnapped.

He had been a target since spring, but this was the first time he had been kidnapped in such stereotypical fashion. He had been prepared for it, but that did nothing to fight the fear.

(H-how did this happen? Um, Shirohara-senpai went to help Ibekusa-san. Then Katsue-sensei showed up and...)

He had no memory of anything beyond that.

What had happened to Subaru? He doubted they would have been caught off guard with her as his bodyguard, but the fact remained that he had been kidnapped by someone.

And as he thought about that...

“...Eek!”

He realized his legs were bound just like his arms. And they were spread wide.

There did not seem to be a sheet over him, but he also could not feel any pants.

His lower body was nude. And...

“Oh, it went in≡ Hm...is it here? Or maybe here?”

“Move a little lower than that. Yes, around there, around there.”

He felt an unpleasant sensation from behind his exposed penis.

“That is the prostate. Now massage it gently.”

“Yes, master.”

There was something in his butt.

It was a somewhat curved rod made of a springy hard rubber. There was no pain since vaseline or something was used as a lubricant, but he could feel a throbbing sensation run through his hips when it hit his penis from behind.

He looked toward his feet and saw two people in the darkness.

One was an abnormally fat man. His cheeks rose up in what seemed like a permanent grin, so he looked something like a toad.

The other was...a girl.

She seemed to be foreign, her most noticeable trait was her light purple hair, and she was about the age of his little sister Chiaki. It was the same girl he had met at the campground before.

...He had not noticed it at the time, but she looked a bit like Ren.

“Ha ha. He’s getting hard.”

“Nhah, ah, ahhh!”

The sheet had been removed and his lower body was fully exposed. He gave a yell when he found he really had been stripped.

The object in his butt pushed in some more and his embarrassing organ grew despite the horrifying situation. He writhed from the shock and embarrassment

of having a stranger see this biological reaction and of being seen getting an erection in this situation.

“What, ah, please stop. Who are you people...nhah.”

He desperately twisted his body, but the bonds on his arms and legs would not budge. And even if they had, moving his hips caused the inserted object to move and shake his insides. He could not resist much at all.

“Now, now. Calm down. We are only taking a sperm sample.” The man spoke in a creepily friendly voice. “And you can handle it. You’re young after all. ... Riselle-chan.”

“Okay, master.”

“Ah, wait...”

They ignored his opinion entirely and the girl called Riselle wrapped her fingers around his shaft.

Her hands were nothing like Micha’s or Machina’s. They were the springy hands of a child. They had the perfect elasticity to poke at the head’s nerves just by touching it.

“Nee hee hee. It’s so cute. Unlike master’s.”

She had to be younger than him, but her tone of voice and expression were those of a whore.

She was an undeniably cute girl, so that smile was enough to bring out a man’s sexual side. Her young age gave it a coquettish twist, so it felt like the ultimate form of Lucia’s provocative atmosphere.

“I’ll do oral as a special treat...nn.”

Her pink tongue crawled across her lightly colored lips.

That one lick of the lips was bewitching enough to send a chill down Mutsuki’s spine. And that sweet-looking mouth did not even hesitate.

“Hh...”

She wrapped her lips around the head.

He had known it was coming, but his mental preparations could not keep up

with the pleasantly sticky sensation and he ended up groaning.

“Heh heh. Riselle-chan, it’s been a while since you sucked someone other me.”

“Nn. Master, yours is big and lovely, but this one is cute.”

The man and the girl had a pleasant chat while she gently licked all over the penis head that was dyed the dark red of a ripe strawberry.

She attacked him with the same skill as Micha and Lucia. Mutsuki felt pathetic being kidnapped and then having this done to him, but he wrinkled his brow at the undeniable pleasure.

The movements of her tongue were incredible, but at the same time...

“Do him from behind too. Take too much time and that woman will catch on.”

“Okay, master.”

“...Hyahh!”

One hand on his shaft moved down, brushed against his balls, and continued on down toward something.

She grabbed the rubber tube attacking his prostate and she gently shook it.

“Ah, ahhh, nn, ahn, ahhhh.”

The small teasing elicited a powerful reaction from the boy. The stimulation to the head had been bad enough, but now lightning-like pleasure shook his penis from below.

The heavy pleasure started below his navel and spread all across his crotch and hips.

He could tell she already had her hand on his ejaculation switch.

“S-stop...please stop...”

“Oh? Your prostate is feeling that good already? Have you messed with it before?”

“Ahh...”

Mutsuki blushed when she guessed at what Micha and Lucia had done to him.

The man laughed at the boy's behavior.

"Then once that hole can open a little wider, I'll teach you how to really enjoy it.

Heh heh. You do have a cute face, after all."

He softly stroked Mutsuki's cheek.

He looked like someone who would be into abnormal things and he did indeed seem to swing both ways. Mutsuki could not take issue with that in and of itself since he would do it with Lucia, but he still felt a reflexive shudder.

But that disgust and fear both faded away.

(Ah, ah...no...I can't think...at all...)

The head of his penis was stickily rolled around. Unlike with Lucia, the girl focused only on the one weak point as she massaged his prostate. He was melting with pleasure from the front and back.

"Neh heh≡ Go ahead and cum. My mouth feels amazing, doesn't it?"

A pink veil covered his vision, but he still saw a bewitching smile on the girl's lips.

That proud expression was the only one that seemed suited to her young age. That lolita charm introduced an odd feeling to the pleasure.

(N-no...I'm going to cum, ahhh...)

Mutsuki was afraid to do what those two said. He felt a need to resist. He curled up his toes and gathered strength in his hips, but the desire to ejaculate continued to rise.

The hits to the prostate seemed to push up at his penis. More blood flowed into

the flesh stake and the warm feeling of the tongue crawling across it felt all the more intense.

"Nch, slurp, nmh, slurp."

Unlike with Micha or Lucia, Riselle maintained a set tempo while pleasuring

him.

Instead of hurrying him to ejaculation as his arousal grew, she only gently, gently licked him. She had decent technique in moving her tongue and applying force, but she seemed less experienced than Micha or Lucia.

But that set tempo seemed to tease him and was impossible to bear.



“Ah, hwah...please...stop...nnh.”

“Hee hee≡ Quit lying. I can see your hips wiggling.”

“Uuhh.”

Sure enough, he could not keep his body from wiggling.

And that shook the tube inserted in his anus, which just about caused it to press against his prostate.

He was unable to bend backwards and the urge to ejaculate continued to rise.

Mutsuki had made several girls his, but he was not acting much differently from a virgin here.

“Ahh, nhaaahn, stop, no.”

“Not a chance.”

He succumbed to the pleasure and just let the girl have her way with him.

He barely managed to keep control of his mind and tried to keep his body from moving at all, but that did not last long. The proof that he was at his limit continued to flow from the tip and it dripped down Riselle’s childish face.

“This sure is taking a while. Hurry it up.”

The bedsprings creaked as the man sat by the pillow.

He reached for Mutsuki shirt, traced his fingers along the boyishly flat chest, and pinched at the nipples.

“Kwaaahn, n-nooo.”

He then began a massage.

Micha had teased him like this a few times and he knew how pleasurable it could be, but this was not Lucia, so the boy’s mind rejected pleasure provided by a man.

Even though he knew that rejection would only breed more pleasure.

“Heh heh. What a cute chest. It’s so soft. It’s not just your face that’s girly.”

“No, not my chest.”

The boy’s voice cracked and he writhed on the bed.

But the rubbing and occasionally grabbing hands provided the perfect caress. The pleasure it produced left his male pride in shambles.

That joined with the sensations at his lower body and the combined torrent of pleasure broke down his rational mind. Even the fact that a man was doing this could not stop his instinctual desire to ejaculate.

“Nn, you’re about to cum, aren’t you? Master, where should I put it?”

“In that bottle. Make sure to seal it as soon as it’s inside.”

“Okay, master.”

The two of them exchanged a smile wickeder than a demon’s and accelerated their violation of the boy.

His deeply penetrated anus trembled and his meat stick twitched with the same rhythm. His face flushed with frustration and ecstasy and he approached the most pathetic moment of his life.

“Ahhhhhhn!”

“Oh.”

His heart was exposed to a masochistic pleasure that threatened to tear it to pieces. His mind went blank and his spine arched back as a line of heat raced along it.

The substance that erupted out drew a white arc in the air.

And...

“Wah, wah...”

The force of his bouncing hips and the force of the ejaculation were shockingly youthful. While sticking out her tongue to continue teasing him, Riselle cried out in surprise.

The milky whiteness flew through the air and landed all over the sheets.

But because of that, barely any of it got in the bottle the girl held. There was a lot

of it, but she had failed to collect much at all.

“Ahhh... What are you doing, Riselle-chan?”

“I-I’m sorry, master. But you saw what he did.”

“Kwah...ahhh.”

Coincidence thought it was, Mutsuki had managed to protect himself while woozy from pleasure. The girl glared hatefully at him as the afterglow left him dazed.

“Ha ha. Well, I suppose that’s what you get with the original man. He’s so very young.”

The man was not angry, but he frowned at the failure.

However, he soon returned to his toad-like smile.

“So very young indeed. It looks like he’s still ready to go, Riselle-chan.”

“Eh? ...Ah, you’re right.”

The ejaculation lost its intensity as he finished firing the last few shots, but the erection’s intensity had not reduced in the slightest.

Because he had gotten in the habit of enjoying girls many times every day, one ejaculation was not enough to satisfy him.

That meant they had several chances to get a sperm sample. Mutsuki had managed to defend himself once, but that good fortune had only led to further defilement.

His leg restraints were loosened, the handcuffs were twisted around, and he was

laid face down. This time he was restrained while on his knees.

He was on all fours, but since he was not up on his elbows, his face was buried in the pillow below his chin.

That forced him to stick his butt out behind him. With the tube still buried inside it.

“Riselle-chan, don’t remove that bottle.”

“Yes, master. Oh, c’mon. Quit struggling.”

“No...no.”

Mutsuki writhed due to a different sort of embarrassment from before.

A new disgrace erased the post-ejaculation lethargy. This time, the girl held the bottle to his penis from the beginning.

That meant nothing but the bottle could touch his penis.

“I’m better at attacking the prostate than Riselle-chan is, but I’m so good at it that your testicles respond right away. Don’t expect to feel much pleasure.”

The man pulled out the tube and stuck his middle finger inside.

With all the vaseline, there was no pain.

But Mutsuki was being violated by a man. By only a man. He did not like the idea of homosexuality with anyone but Lucia, so he felt pain in his tear ducts.

And there was an even greater reason he wanted to cry.

“Ha ha≡ You’re already rock hard.”

“Uuuh...”

“I can immediately get any man off by stimulating them here. It’s called a prostate orgasm. I’d rather not have it done to me, though.”

Just as Riselle had excitedly stated while on bottle duty, the boy easily regained an erection as the man fingered his anus.

In fact, he already felt a tingling deep in his balls. The urge to ejaculate was rising.

When doing it repeatedly with Ange or Machina, he would sometimes cum quickly the second time, but never this quickly.

It felt like the command for ejaculation had been entered before the one for pleasure. The rising urge to ejaculate sent up a sweet sensuality that blanked his mind.

(N-no. This is...this is...)

His pride as a man fought his biological reaction as a man. He felt like giving

into this would break something important inside him.

“C’mon, hurry it up. Don’t resist it.”

The man continued skillfully moving his finger to massage the prostate.

“If you don’t hurry, that woman will find out. And you’re the one that will be in trouble then.”

The man seemed somewhat impatient. He moved his fingers like a machine and he seemed to have a reason beyond tormenting Mutsuki.

That was still no reason for the boy to abandon his pride, but...

“That woman...Lilith really does have an excellent nose.”

“...”

His reaction changed once that name was mentioned.

(Lilith...?)

He had heard that name before. He could not remember when, but he had heard it a lot recently.

No, he did remember when. He had just forgotten for a second.

In his dreams.

He often heard that name in his dreams.

(No. Not just the name.)

He had met her.

He finally remembered.

Before...yes, he had wandered the border between life and death when he was given a lethal amount of poison and just barely avoided death with Lucia’s help.

He had heard her voice in the depths of the darkness at death’s abyss.

The light of life and all information vanished in that place.

That was where he had first seen her.

“Gh, uuh, uuuuuuuuh.”

“Oh, here it is. Riselle-chan.”

When the boy’s voice crossed a certain line, the man gave the instruction.

But...

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

Mutsuki let out a scream and began to ejaculate on his prostate’s orders. His penis shook as cum burst out.

“Ah?”

It shot outside the bottle and once more rained down on the sheets.

“Ah, wait, Riselle-chan.”

“I-it wasn’t me.”

The man’s voice conveyed criticism this time, but the girl frantically shook her head.

“It jerked away from the bottle. Almost like...”

The ejaculation soon ended and she could not pursue it with the bottle. Then the boy collapsed from the prostate orgasm and gasped for breath.

Lying face down must have been suffocating him because he turned to the side.

“...It looks like his penis is getting small.”

“Eh...?”

Shock colored the two’s faces when they looked to the source of the ejaculation.

It was small.

But this was more than just going flaccid. The penis was literally shrinking.

The shaft pulled back and vanished into the balls and the balls stuck to the skin and disappeared. Then it split to the left and right, creating a slit.

It became a vagina.

When they looked back to his face, something was not right. That was still

Fujita Mutsuki lying there, but his face was smaller and rounder and his hair had grown by more than 10cm.

His shoulders were rounder and his thighs were plumper and softer. They could also see a bit more flesh on the chest below his shirt.

“...He’s a girl now.”

Riselle was dazed.

The man, on the other hand, figured it out more quickly.

“His cells had a demon’s-...I see. That Lucia set this up, didn’t he? Now not even that woman won’t be able to mess with him for a while.”

In the end, he grinned.

“Hey, Miss C.”

He called to someone behind them.

Mutsuki had not noticed, but there was one other person in the dimly-lit room. He could not be blamed for overlooking her since she had been hidden in the shadows.

With her military training for covert operations, it was impossible for an amateur to locate Black Cat.

“Go tell papa we failed to capture Adam.”

The man heavily climbed onto the bed and grabbed the boy’s...no, the girl’s shoulders.

After cumming twice, Mutsuki’s mind was clouded and he kept panting. He had yet to notice the change to his body.

“I’ll make this girl my slave for a while.”

The man pulled up those moaning lips and kissed them. Like a beast biting its favorite to declare ownership.

“...”

Black Cat – Schwarze Katze – looked to the man and then at Fujita Mutsuki.

“Understood.”

She calmly turned her back on Mutsuki.

“This is why you can’t trust humans!”

“I-it is still only a possibility at this stage. ...I refuse to believe Miss C betrayed us.”

“That doesn’t change that Mutsuki isn’t here. ...Hello, Micha? It’s Situation D... yes.

“I’ll listen to your lecture later. Just send Nii-san and the others.”

Fujita Mutsuki had gone missing.

They had no idea where Miss C was, the four GPSs on him had been destroyed, and they were beginning a search and investigation.

The surveillance cameras showed Miss C making contact with Kagari Enju during the festival, so the most likely possibility was that she had kidnapped him.

As an angel and a demon, Ange and Lucia had to determine whether this was FeTUS infighting or an act they were putting on to capture Mutsuki. Their brief cooperation had vanished in a puff of smoke.

However...

“Don’t hang up.”

Machina called out to Ange and Lucia as they turned away to leave the school.

She pointed to the frozen corpse they had agreed to leave with her.

“Using the contents of her stomach, the fibers in the air, and the moisture contained in various materials, we can quickly determine the location of the lab she came from, assuming it is within the country. But they will likely begin leaving there soon.”

“And?”

“Once we know the location, we will attack immediately. And we could use as much help as we can get.”

“Miss E, you would rely on angels and demons?”

Lavriel frowned, but there was no doubt in Machina's eyes.

Once they knew where Mutsuki had been taken, an all-out war between FeTUS and Kurosaki would begin.

But as long as Mutsuki was in Kurosaki's grasp, there was no reason for these three to fight each other.

That was of course a convenient interpretation for FeTUS and it would threaten their position in the future if they asked for help here.

"..."

"..."

Ange and Lucia stopped walking.

They turned around and looked Machina in the eye.

An angel and a demon could not just trust FeTUS.

Yet Ange and Lucia did trust Machina.

"...I'll accept an email."

"Positive."

Ange gave her usual lopsided frown and Machina breathed a sigh of relief.

Lucia hesitated longer and scratched his head, but he must have ultimately decided that this was for the best even if he was only in it for what benefited him.

"You have 5 days. Find his location within 100 hours."

"100 hours?"

"I sent some of my cells into Mutsuki-kun's body, so a safety will activate if he's really in trouble. His 'masculinity' should be sealed away for a little over 100 hours."

When he was poisoned and burned, Mutsuki's body had been regenerated with

Lucia's power, so this had already been set up.

“A demonic safety...? I see. That helps for now. Kurosaki should have trouble removing demonic power.”

That worried Lavriel since it meant FeTUS could not do anything either, but she was relieved regardless.

Machina and Ange focused in on a different part, though.

“...What counts as ‘really in trouble’?”

“You seem to know something.”

Lucia was only ever interested in Mutsuki, so it was unnatural for him to be so helpful all of a sudden. They could sense his impatience.

The boy lowered his shoulders.

“...It will automatically activate if he approaches the other Serpent’s Eye.”

“!”

“!”

“The other one...? Are you saying *she* is with Kurosaki?”

“Probably.”

When they heard that, the other three realized why Lucia was so impatient.

The Serpent’s Eye was the power given to Fujita Mutsuki that allowed him to unconditionally control just half of heaven, earth, and hell.

Both humans and snakes had two eyes.

Just as there were two sexes.

“We can’t just wait around for 100 hours. Miss E, begin the analysis immediately.”

“Positive.”

“I’ll tell Micha and the others to see if we can use the full forces of heaven.”

“Tell me once you have it narrowed down at all. Even if it’s just a general area, I can sense Mutsuki-kun’s scent if I’m nearby.”

They knew what to do. Lavriel, Ange, and Lucia. Three members of three

organizations turned away from each other.

But not as enemies. This time, it was so they could regroup once more.

So they could work together to rescue Mutsuki.

“...Jiyuuni-san.”

After Lucia and Lavriel left, Machina suddenly called out to just Ange.

The angel turned around and the girl spoke in her usual plain voice.

“I am almost certainly the cause of this.”

“What do you mean?”

“Kurosaki is rushing things because they know the Holy Grail resides in my body.”

This continued what they had discussed the day before, so Ange fell silent.

Machina continued on regardless.

“If the enemy is using their full strength, we cannot wait any longer. Once we rescue Fujita-kun, I will tell him to use this Holy Grail.”

“...”

“I will tell him I want to make a baby with him.”

The Holy Grail. That referred to Eve’s womb.

And there was only one way to use a womb.

Bearing the child of Adam, the original man, was the purpose of the girl born to hold the Holy Grail. That was the reason Ibekusa Machina existed.

“So you’ve made up your mind.”

“...I’m not sure.”

Something still bothered her, though. It was the same thing that worried Miss A.

Whatever her body’s purpose was, there was still the issue of her feelings.

“But I will say it.”

Machina’s tone was decisive.

What feeling was behind that? The expressionless girl did not know if she had a mutual understanding with human-hating Ange.

But she said this to Ange alone.

“I will tell Fujita-kun that.”

“...I see.”

## Chapter 9

When I, Kurikara Saya, woke up, it was the evening after the cultural festival.

A helicopter had apparently crashed and I was apparently directly below it, so everyone said it was a miracle I only got some scrapes on my legs.

But my mind was cloudy and I couldn't remember what kind of accident it was.

I kind of remembered a helicopter appearing in front of me, but the picture in my mind was shaped differently from the wreckage I was shown. And I also remembered hearing a really loud noise that didn't sound like a crash. It was more like gunfire.

Then there was the weird dream I had. A blonde girl of about 5 went around to everyone who was lying on the ground and said, "I will only alter your memories slightly, so worry not. Just go to sleep."

Well, the doctor said that our memories can get confused after an accident, so that's probably what this was.

At any rate, I had miraculously escaped with no more than some slight wounds to my legs.

But I'm worried about Mutsuki-kun and the others.

Mutsuki-kun and Machi-nyan must have been near the crash. Same with Ange-chan and Lu-kun. They were apparently badly injured and hospitalized.

Their injuries aren't life threatening, but they won't be back to school for a while.

And they aren't allowed any visitors.

Hmm, I hope they're okay. I'm really worried.

...And what do I do? Mutsuki-kun and Machi-nyan were only there because of me.

If only I hadn't invited them to the café.

Oh, no. It's all my fault.

And it was those four friends who got so badly hurt. Does that mean Angechan and Lu-kun were there because of me too?

Uuh, please come back soon, everyone.

I hope they're okay. Surely they'll be okay, right? We'll be able to laugh and hang out together like before, right?

"..."

I hope so.

While I was thinking about all that, the doctor told me I was free to go and my mom came to pick me up.

All the while, I was praying that we could all return our normal lives soon.

But just a few days later, I would learn that that enjoyable time spent with those four would never return.

# Afterword

Hello. Eh? It's been 3 years and 9 months since Volume 6!?! This is Sakaki Kasa.

Yeah, sorry about the wait. This one was really late, but I somehow managed to get Adolescent Adam Volume 7 released.

You might wonder what I've been doing for the past 3 years, but I haven't just been goofing off. I've had a lot of jobs writing game scenarios lately. So you might think I've been cheating on you with the game industry, but that only happened because of an offer to turn Adam into a game.

But it turns out this series doesn't work very well as a game, so over the past 3 years, 3 different projects (for an all-time total of 4) have fallen through. The manga adaptation is going well, so Volume 2 of the Adam manga (drawn by Amagi-san who does the novel illustrations) is going on sale at the same time as his. Make sure to buy that too!

Now that the advertisement is out of the way...Amagai-san, thank you for more wonderful illustrations. I'm relying on you for the other jobs as well. And I've been causing trouble for my editor T-san again.

Now, let's hope you can see the next one faster than that. I'll do my best.

[Translator's Note: Volume 7 came out in early 2015 and there is still no sign of Volume 8 here at the beginning of 2018. The most recent mention of it was in the afterword of a different novel released in early 2017 where the author said he had Volume 8 halfway written, so we'll see what happens.]