

(Dis)enchanted

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“God is dead. God remains dead. And we have killed him. Yet his shadow still looms. How shall we comfort ourselves, the murderers of all murderers? What was holiest and mightiest of all that the world has yet owned has bled to death under our knives; who will wipe this blood off us? What water is there for us to clean ourselves?”

– Friedrich Nietzsche, 1844 – 1900

“The fate of our times is characterized by rationalization and intellectualization and, above all, by the disenchantment of the world.”

– Max Weber, 1864 - 1920

CHAPTER 1



Broken Family

Alexei grumbles when he makes his way down the stairs, heading to the coffee machine. It is still early morning, and while a bit of sun has already shown itself, air throughout this house still feels cold to inhale.

“Shouldn’t have forgotten to close my window...” he sighs while warming his hands on a filled coffee mug. It is winter on this side of the world, but be it winter or summer, a window always stays open for a couple hours every day for some proper ventilation. Yesterday was no exception, but there being various things on his mind, Alexei simply forgot to close it again. Ah well, won’t be for long. The familiar sounds of a radiator heating up and its metal adjusting to a drastic temperature change is the only thing audible, other than an occasional car passing by outside, no doubt belonging to some poor sap who had to get up even earlier. Not that Alexei would have bothered to turn on the heater just for himself, since he has to go out for work soon enough. No, that was meant for one other

person still sleeping upstairs in her own private bedroom. His twelve year old daughter, Sasha. Somewhat of an unusual name for a girl perhaps, as Sasha is traditionally a boy's name in Russian. Though it does get more often used for a girl as well these days. Not that anyone would know the difference here, nor where he grew up. Alexei left Russia for Western Europe many years ago, spending most of his life including his childhood there, only to move once more a couple years ago. Ending up in his current stay, Japan.

After searching through the storage, he picks out two packages with *melonpan* written in Japanese. It's some type of local bread, pretty light on the stomach but not a bad taste at all.

"I'll miss these..." he mumbles silently.

One of the packages gets opened right away for himself, another one gets placed on the kitchen table for when daughter - dear wakes up. Which is not going to be before Alexei has already left for work. No morning greeting, no hug before leaving. Only a single note left on the table for when she comes down, placed right next the still packaged bread, saying only one sentence. "Don't forget to bring luggage downstairs." There is not really a need yet, since they're only leaving on a journey tomorrow afternoon, but it should remind Sasha to say goodbye to her school friends at least. That is, if she actually has any. Alexei certainly wouldn't be the one to know, a direct result of their father - daughter relationship being rather strained. Though perhaps "estranged" would be a better word to use.

With a couple big bites Alexei finishes his breakfast and gulps it down with a last bit of hot coffee. Warming himself up for the biting winter cold that awaits outside as he prepares to head out for his normal weekly routine.

"Time to leave."

After putting on a jacket over his traditional office worker's suit and picking up an old-fashioned and equally traditional leathery case he opens the front door and heads out. Not forgetting to lock that door first and putting the key in his pocket. After all, Sasha has her own key that sees plenty of use. Only thing left to do now is make a boring commute to work using the punctual-as-always Tokyo railway system. That too will come to an end tomorrow, as all things do eventually. Somewhat of an empty feeling dominating this train

ride while the only thing to do is aimlessly stare through a window and observe a city still going through its process of waking up. Or alternatively take a look at numerous other people inside this train either heading to work or returning from it. Some dozing off in their seat or simply lost in their own thoughts, others occupied by placebo companionship of a smartphone, connecting its user to a mass gathering of monologues and soliloquies that is commonly known as the internet. Naturally Alexei only observes them in silence and with a passing glance, similar to how they do in turn, as anything different might be considered rude and inappropriate, any occasional eye contact by either side quickly broken to crawl back into one's own comfortable shell like an introvert. A train filled with life to a point where it has to be crammed into a metal box like sardines, yet strangely absent of social contact. Such is the norm in a modern developed world.

This commute certainly won't be missed, but the workplace itself wasn't half bad at all. A teaching job at a local high school. Obviously not the same school his daughter attends, as she is still too young for high school. Would she even get world history classes in that last year of elementary? Probably not. So there you have it, teaching world history, not exactly the typical kind of job one would expect from a Russian who grew up in Western Europe and now lives in Japan. And to be fair, the only reason Alexei got that job in the first place was through some strong connections with the school's board of education and his impeccable track record on his previous job.

Impeccable... though it certainly doesn't feel like that to him. That's why he left after all.

Another sigh while silently reminiscing about the long road that lead him to this current day. Some of it good, plenty bad. Still, the present is always a result of both, so there is no need in contemplating about what could or should have been. One simply moves on.

Two big mileposts mark his life up to now. First one being the day he met his wife. Or more appropriately described as ex-wife, may she rest in peace. Well, not really. He honestly doesn't give a shit what happened to her. Not anymore. That relationship soured surprisingly fast. And it all started out so well, with plenty of dreams and expectations of the future they had together. Until she got radicalized into some communist group with a massive hate-boner for all that is a norm or a standard. Where and how did that even

happen? It completely blindsided Alexei. Was it her narrow circle of friends? Or through the internet? Who knows? Not that it really matters, end result is all the same. She filed for a divorce, back when Sasha was only a couple years old, and to Alexei's dismay the family court system was heavily stacked against him so he lost custody rights. Even with all evidence present that Sasha's mother had turned into an ardent alcoholic on top of what people generally tend to describe as being "bat-shit insane". Regardless of any appeal, he couldn't even get the courts to interfere when his ex-wife denied him the right to see his daughter. Oh well, that is what happens when one brings a Y-chromosome into a family court. In hindsight, he really should have known, being a detective at the time and thus having some understanding on how a judicial system works in practice compared to how it should be.

All of that happened back in Europe still, being young and naive. And around the end of that period, where he spent more of his free time inside courts than outside, is a point marked as the second milestone in Alexei's life. A milestone in the form of his change from detective in Europe to history teacher in Japan. The move began as a sort of exchange program between Japanese and Western police bureaus. On the Japanese side it was construed as a method for bringing experienced detectives over to their country to share methodologies and experiences with their local police force. For the Western side it was about reaching quotas. Not that reasons mattered to Alexei, as he can remember clearly how enthusiastically he took that opportunity. This came right after his defeat in family court and subsequently being isolated from Sasha. The thought of starting a new life in a new place seemed like the perfect chance thrown in his lap. He never felt a personal connection with that country he grew up in anyway, like being an eternal tourist in some random nobody's land. He'll never be Japanese either, and he would never even consider it possible to earn the right to call himself that, being ethnically too different to ever be a part of their people. But at least this place has a self-identity it seeks to protect, making him feel like a welcomed guest rather than a lost bystander.

Regardless, that police job ended unexpectedly, and what was to be a new chance became more of a constant nagging in the back of his mind which haunts him to this day. Officially, his last case was a success like any before, but to Alexei it felt like a complete

disaster. Enough so that he resigned and used his connections with both the bureau and board of education they were in touch with at the time of that last case, settling for life as a teacher. Thankfully he had all necessary credentials from that time he spent coasting through university, way back when standards were still a part of the academic world and a degree of higher education was rarer, thus still holding value as a proper measurement on one's skills. Combined with an excellent grasp on local language, courtesy of having some good natural talent, and having built up a decent bit of renown through local newspapers for being that foreign detective who got plenty of bad folk off the streets and straight into open arms of the justice system, his current educational workspace was more than happy to take him onboard.

Technically one could say there is a third milestone that happened recently. Sasha entering his life once again, though he doesn't personally consider it a big turning point since in practice hardly anything changed. Having been separated for most their lives, Alexei is nothing more than a stranger to her. And to be honest, she almost feels like a stranger to him. If not for holding up a piece of paper that had her name written on it at the airport's arrival lounge they would have simply passed each other without recognizing. That change of events did come out of nowhere though. Apparently her mother had become such a die-hard alcoholic that one morning she was found dead from alcohol poisoning, body covered in dried puke, discovered by her own daughter no less. Who according to follow-up reports didn't seem to give a single fuck and simply walked off to school that day, only letting a teacher know during the last class, simply because he inquired about her family situation. To feel so indifferent about that entire happening, Sasha no doubt must have had a rough life during those years in Europe, alone with her mother. But that makes it even harder to try and bridge the gap between father and daughter. Would she blame him for abandoning her, though he did try to get custody? A twelve year old's mind would probably not really comprehend this entire situation.

There is another reason for why his relationship with Sasha feels like a pair of strangers living under the same roof, who only know how to ignore each other to the best of their abilities. But Alexei's train of thought gets interrupted when the commuter service slowly comes to another crowded station, a sound signal already having indicated their imminent

arrival indicating he has finally arrived at his destination, a light above the train's doors giving a clear sign which side of the carriage will open. Coming to a complete stop like Alexei has come to expect in this country, doors lined up nearly perfect with markings on the ground where people wait to board in orderly fashion.

The high school is only a five minute walk from here. Should be a calm day for sure. In fact he doesn't even have to teach any classes for the entire duration. In a sense, today Alexei is the student who has to attend a lecture. Yet another preparatory meeting for tomorrow when his temporary new assignment starts. That is after all why luggage has been packed already. Both Alexei and Sasha will be going beyond the Gate for at least half a year, probably longer. What to expect there? Hardly anyone would even know. These preparatory information sessions are not exactly doing a fine job of providing any useful information. One might wonder what their point even is other than a giant waste of time, but hey, the usual wage is getting payed all the same. This lecture was not much different. At least he learned that it's around late-spring beyond the Gate. Or more specifically, at the location they will be staying. They sure could have been earlier with that nugget of information. Packed baggage is already filled with winter clothes. Changing will be a hassle when coming back home. Having crammed everything in a mere couple suitcases for such a long stay is already a miracle in itself. Even more so than with his move from Europe to Japan, where it was not that hard knowing what to expect.

Alexei puts a grimace on his face. He only now realized Sasha will have packed the wrong type of clothes as well. She is going to be so annoyed.

Having finished lunch in the dining room, he walks back to the teacher's office. Technically everything is over for today and that informational morning lecture was all he needed to attend, leaving his afternoon free to prepare for their move. But he doesn't feel like it just yet. Not before this full stomach has settled down somewhat. Usually that is not an issue, but a move like this always comes accompanied by some healthy dosage of stress.

A couple newspapers are lined out on a desk in the office. Grabbing one, Alexei slowly looks through them. Some propaganda about a war in the Middle-East... A hit-piece on a politician who doesn't fall in line with desired policy, based on anonymous sources that probably don't even exist... An opinion piece masqueraded as journalism that is basically

scaremongering people by stating the world will come to an end within right about a decade if we don't drastically change our way of life, and more particularly spend a lot of money. The usual stuff that gets printed on a daily basis.

Alexei chuckles. What is it this time, another Millennium Bug hoax where the solution is to buy everything anew? He can't contain his laughter after reading the article. Yet another generation of young narcissistic and naïve fools in the making who will happily encourage everyone else to part with their money, so they themselves can roleplay on a comfortable couch or chair about living during the end of times, getting high on an elusive sense of some actual worth in their lives while recklessly stuffing their bodies with an overabundance of sugars. Has to be a tradition throughout human society by now, to always predict the end of the world within our expected lifetime, always near enough to sound urgent, but far enough removed that when nothing happens nobody cares anymore and they can simply move on to their next desired apocalypse. Probably not a single generation who escaped that wonderful example of efficient albeit crooked business sense and salesmanship, whether it be about a product or an ideology.

"Hmm?" something has peaked Alexei's interest when turning the page, quickly erasing that smile on his face.

"15 year old girl found dead, last seen in Kabukichô."

Alexei can't help but read articles like these. Maybe a remnant from his days as a detective? However, in this case, there is something else that has caught his interest. Something that brings back memories to the front of his mind. Memories that can't be forgotten no matter how much he tried these past years. The article describes how her body was found ashore in Tokyo bay. A vision flashes in his mind instantly. Two empty eyes staring at him, as if blaming him for what happened, belonging to the corpse of a young girl about that same age.

It happened years ago, relatively short after his transfer to Japan. Still a detective, Alexei was working for a unit that specializes in crimes concerning children. Nothing unusual there, that had been the majority of his career as a police officer. Though even then he already had doubts sometimes on whether they were always doing the right thing. Sure,

most cases were obvious. But occasionally there was this case where a bad taste was left in his mouth afterwards. His last case was one of those. Young girl, older partner, both were seen together in Kabukichô, the adult district of Tokyo. Coming out of a love hotel hand in hand no less. Naturally that raised some suspicion when a bystander recognized the younger girl but not that older man. A subsequent report had landed on Alexei's desk, like had happened so often before. It was his choice to investigate or drop the case as merely a baseless rumor. He chose to investigate. Didn't even have to go himself for the house search and following arrest, when that same couple was caught together in passionate embrace. Only having to provide an official stamp on a couple equally official and neatly printed out documents. Not even having seen the accused in person throughout this entire case, with only a single picture of his official national registry file being in that stamped report. That was about the extent of Alexei's involvement. But he certainly did get all credit in newspapers and broadcasts the following day, with his name explicitly mentioned, being that young Russian detective who caught yet another dangerous predator.

What he can most vividly remember is loud yelling and screaming that could be heard from the girl when she was brought in for questioning. Again, he didn't even bother to go look. Surely the department's officers were doing their job properly. That a victim didn't feel like a victim at all, consistently and loudly protesting against arrest of her partner, wasn't the first time that occurred after all, neither in Japan nor Europe. That was honestly the real reason why Alexei didn't even go inside that room to begin with, leaving it up to some other officers. Better not to be confronted when already having doubts on whether you're doing the right thing or not. Usual procedure would be this girl being sent over to a psychiatrist to ensure she comes out of that room feeling like a properly traumatized victim, so she can then return for regular counseling to cure that newly-discovered trauma. Usually, that's where the case ends for him... Usually.

Until they found her body on that same shoreline, having jumped from a bridge in a successful attempt at suicide. Leaving only a single handwritten note at home, a manifest of sorts, where she insisted on her partner never having done anything wrong. Ironical in a sense, that Alexei was not there for the arrest nor any interrogations, but did end up being there in person for dragging her cold bloated body out of the water. The look of those dead

eyes will never leave his mind again. Staring into his very being as if he was the one who personally condemned her to death.

That was when he resigned.

Having finished reading the article, he puts down the newspaper.

“Kabukichô...” Alexei speaks in a soft tone.

On top of being the same location where his last case started, there is another connection which gets immediately drawn in his mind. The location where both singles and couples go for some adult entertainment. A location that is basically nothing other than a glorified pick-up spot and prostitution den. And simultaneously that same location where his daughter Sasha often goes to spend her free time.

There is a strange sense of irony in an ex-detective, who handled cases concerning children, having an underage daughter whose hobby involves prancing around in some adult district. Yet, that is the very reality Alexei finds himself in, and there is nothing he has even tried to do about it. Oh, he knows what Sasha is doing over there. An activity that in Japanese would be called *enkô*, translated as arranged dating. The practice of finding some older partner, more of a client really, and having him pay with gifts in exchange for dating. Though everybody knows what “dating” actually means in this context. And Sasha does not exactly bother much to hide the numerous video games, jewelry and that recently acquired expensive smartphone she has in her possession. The allowance she gets is not even close to being sufficient for affording those. Gifts that were no doubt all received from her “dating partners”. Yes, plural. Alexei is sure of that. He did take a sneak peek at that smartphone when Sasha was showering some weeks ago. Newest model, most expensive too, and notably filled with an address book and message history that holds multiple male names while not leaving much room for imagination.

And yet, this ex-detective does not step in. Only a complete lack of taking action, something those feelings which came to the front when reading that article have a lot to do with.

What if he *did* try to stop her?

What if she doesn't *want* to stop?

What if Sasha ends up on some shore bank because she committed suicide?

They may not be very close, but the mere thought horrifies and paralyzes Alexei. Still, this recent case in the newspaper is concerning. He should at least warn Sasha about it. The girl in that article did not die from suicide. Cause of death has not been mentioned at all actually, but they do mention strains around the victim's neckline. Any detective worth their salt would know what that means. She got strangled, probably where last spotted in Kabukichô, and subsequently dumped into the water. Turning this into a case of murder. Or potentially manslaughter, if it was unintentional through sexual asphyxiation or something similar. But a murder scenario seems to be way more likely, as they did find a piece of soaked paper with a half-faded message tucked in her clothes. It said a simple short sentence.

"Innocence proves guilt."

Reminiscent of a similar case last week, also in that same area, where another girl was found stabbed in a love hotel with that same message written on a wall. A potential serial killer? Or maybe a copy-cat? Doesn't matter, that's no longer up to Alexei for solving. But Sasha should be warned for sure. Not that she will stop her activities, he is not so naïve to consider such a desirable outcome, but at least his daughter can be more careful and picky in her selection of partners.

Alexei sighs when raising himself to grab his stuff and heads towards the exit.

"What a dysfunctional family we are..."

Whether out of curiosity or because those flashes from the past still resonate in his mind, Alexei finds himself walking through that same adult district. It's only a short detour from where they live in Shinjuku anyway. The typical scenery unfolds. Some young women trying to lure customers inside, a couple bouncers in front of an assigned door, men and women of various ages walking around looking for a pick-up, and the occasional girl who looks too young to be anywhere near this area.

Alexei stops walking. Ahead of him is an older man who leaves through a shabby looking door, probably leading to one of those upper apartments with its curtains closed. Some other guy is standing next to the door, who seems to be a bouncer of some kind. It's only a

guess, but Alexei assumes beyond that door must be an improvised love hotel. An unofficial place where one can take their picked up partners who are of the not-so-legal kind. But what actually caught his attention was the one young girl coming out right behind that old man.

Long blonde hair in lush twin-tails, neatly tied on the sides of her head. They hang out pretty wide and lively bounce with every move she makes, some curls visible throughout as always. The girl is still wearing her elementary school uniform, the stereotypical one that resembles a traditional white with blue sailor's outfit. Her facial complexion is devoid of any imperfection and betrays through its paleness that she is not a native, but ethnically belonging to a people more to the North-West of Japan, in a place known as Russia.

It's Sasha.

Not that surprising. School isn't out yet, but since they move tomorrow she has permission to leave early today. A pair of light-blue eyes peer in Alexei's direction. They belong to Sasha who has noticed her father's presence. Looking still for a moment, before returning all attention back to the man beside her, while he is handing something over in a package. No doubt that will be her compensation for this "date". After waving the stranger goodbye she returns a look towards her father and simply seems to wait for his response.

"Hey there..." a short greeting from her father, as if nothing happened. Shortly after, Sasha starts walking to follow her father and both of them head home together, one some distance behind the other while not a single word is exchanged along the way.

Entering the doorway, Alexei starts removing his shoes to place them on a designated shelf. A habit that was formed while living here in Japan, no shoes inside the house. Sasha follows shortly after and does the same in silence, placing that little bag she received earlier on the shelf as well to start removing her shoes. While she sits down to do so, Alexei picks up the bag and looks inside. Sasha seems surprised for a moment when realizing what her father is doing, but then silently continues removing her shoes. The contents of that bag is a brooch, and quite an expensive looking one, as is the norm by now.

"You like these?" he asks.

"M-hmm..." is the only response given.

A pointless question really, as the answer was already known. Of course she likes this kind of stuff. That much has been obvious already, since she has gotten multiple types of jewelry. Mostly necklaces, brooches and hairpins. There is an entire collection of these expensive buggers building up in her room. Though her interest seems to be more for looking at them rather than wearing.

“Aren’t you going to ask?” Sasha inquires with a more subdued tone than the few words she usually puts forward imply. There is a hint of insecurity in those words. It seems the girl is not as comfortable with being spotted on her naughty excursion as Alexei had thought.

“About what?” he simply plays dumb.

“Nothing...” Sasha grabs her gift from his hands and rushes off towards her room.

Alexei picks up one of his suitcases that holds baggage for tomorrow’s journey through the Gate. Time to start switching all those winter clothes for something more suited to warm temperatures. At least he has something to occupy his mind with. After switching the contents, which didn’t take as long as expected, Alexei stops before the door leading into Sasha’s bedroom. A double knock before opening, as no reply will ever come anyway. She is laying on her bed, tapping on that expensive smartphone. Something she will have to do without once they leave tomorrow, as there is no reception at all where they are going, if she would even be allowed to bring it past security checkpoints.

“Um... You’ll have to change outfits in your travel suitcase. Apparently it’s a warm spring over there.”

Sasha doesn’t look nearly as annoyed as Alexei had expected at the thought of opening her suitcase and changing. In fact she doesn’t seem to mind at all. The prospect of heading towards a warm weather spot rather than this freezing cold must be more than enough good news to compensate for some extra inconvenience. When her father tries to leave, she stops him with a single word.

“Alexei...”

The typical way of addressing him during those rare moments when she actually does so. Simply calling her father by his given name. Alexei did try at first to make her call him

something cutesy like “papa”, or simply “dad” or “father” when that didn’t work out, but to no avail.

“Could you bring up my suitcase?” she continues, “It’s too heavy.”

He nods and heads down the stairs, carrying the suitcase towards her room. Honestly, it doesn’t feel all that heavy to him, but then again, he is an adult male who kept himself in good shape. For a mere twelve year old girl who doesn’t exactly manage to reach the expected average for strength, this indeed must feel like a heavy weight to carry. Thoughts cross his mind he really should have been more aware of that to begin with. Entering her room again, he places the suitcase on Sasha’s bed and opens it.

“Want some help?” he asks.

A vague mumble is all she returns. Not quite a yes, but not a clear no either, so unsure what to do Alexei sits down on the bed and lets her pick out what she wants to bring along.

“This okay?” Sasha asks suddenly, making Alexei turn his head towards her in surprise.

She is holding some skimpy top, not really meant for going outside of the house. It looks way too mature for a girl her age. Where did she even get this? Maybe other than jewelry, those old men bought clothes too?

“A gift?” he asks, in an odd attempt to get some interaction going. Odd, since this is not exactly the right type of topic one would expect. But Sasha doesn’t seem to care much and plainly answers.

“Yeah.”

After she places it down to look for some more clothes, Alexei takes a closer look at that top. Yeah, a piece of clothing like this is certainly not for her age. Though size definitely matches. Where do they even make this stuff without attracting unwarranted attention from authorities? This is clearly meant to be arousing. Too low cut and most of her belly would be revealed when wearing it. Even if he has to admit that kind of inconsistency and plain contradiction seems to be a common occurrence in society. Though any normal parent would automatically throw this thing out and give their child a stern lecture. But then again, this is far from a normal household, so he folds it back up and places it neatly inside Sasha’s suitcase.

Maybe this is as good a time as any to bring up that topic?

“So, hey...” he begins.

Sasha keeps on searching for clothes while her father tries to broach what is on his mind.

“Today I read this article... Apparently there is some bad guy on the loose in this area.”

She stops moving and listens more closely as he continues.

“Two victims were found. Both young girls. Probably the same bad guy behind it.”

Alexei intentionally leaves out any details or words that directly infer they were murdered so as not to upset a young mind, but the message should get across.

“Both girls were seen hanging around Kabukichô,” he explains.

Sasha gives a short mumble indicating she has got the message and continues packing. As expected, there is no hint that she will change her behavior. Though at least his daughter knows now, and will be more on guard... Yeah, she should be...

Sasha picks out another piece but places it next to her suitcase rather than in it.

“Not going to pack this one?” Alexei asks curiously.

“No, that is for wearing. I’m going out.”

“Oh...” he answers, understanding what she is implying.

It was to be expected. Since his daughter left school early, there is still a couple hours to go before it is dinner time. There is no way Sasha would stay in here together with him for that long. She never did before.

“Be home before dinner, okay?”

“Sure.”

The suitcase gets closed and Alexei carries it back down, placing it right next to his own two pieces of luggage. Sasha comes down the stairs herself and heads towards the bathroom. From what she is carrying in her arms, those clothes she had picked for going out, it seems she is going to take a shower first. That is how it usually goes.

“Oh well, one more day and we’re out of here,” Alexei sighs. The odds of something bad happening in only one short afternoon is extremely small. Especially if she knows to avoid danger. And Sasha did mention afterwards that she would meet up with a friend from school, so his daughter won’t be alone. These things combined manage to ease Alexei’s mind somewhat.

So she did have friends at school after all? Or one at least.

A voice comes from the bathroom.

“Alexei!”

It’s Sasha calling for him. There is no urgency in her tone, so it’s not like she slipped and hurt herself or whatever. Probably merely forgot something.

“What?” he asks while entering the bathroom, getting a single word in return.

“Towel...”

The sound of water running in their shower fills this room. A silhouette belonging to Sasha stands underneath running water. A single bar that is supposed to hold a towel for drying oneself when getting out is empty. As expected, she forgot to grab one before heading in. Alexei places one over the aluminum bar and lets his daughter know before heading to the exit. Then he suddenly stops.

Glass of the shower is a semi-transparent type for added privacy and is running wet with water falling down, but behind stands a figure that is unmistakable as a girl. A very young one, but a girl no less. Easily noticeable especially by her movements. The way she lets both hands flow through her hair, the pose in which she stands, the manner in which she lets those same hands slide over her body, washing it thoroughly and noticeably sensual with soap. A young charming girl.

It’s not the first time this happened. Alexei has experienced that same feeling of being charmed by a younger girl before, in this very same room, or those few times he saw her half naked in pajamas in the morning during weekends. An aspect about himself that has been known for a while now, but this happening while observing his own daughter did come as somewhat of a shock at first. Aren’t people hardwired to avoid that from happening? Something about those who have similar genetics being naturally repelled from each other? Maybe them being separated for so long has a role to play? Regardless, it’s another piece of pure irony for an ex-detective like him to get turned on by children.

Sasha is washing her chest before sliding a hand down between her legs. Probably cleaning up after her previous partner before meeting a new one?

Her worn clothes have been scattered on the floor. Alexei picks them up and goes to place them inside a bin for dirty laundry. Her top and skirt, that default school outfit. No

need to wash it urgently for tomorrow since there's a spare in the closet. A pair of socks is next to get picked up. Plenty of those left.

He stops when holding the last piece. Sasha's panties. They feel... worn and moist. There is a stain inside. It doesn't look like cum, but something has definitely stained the inside. A subtle aroma is coming from it. It smells strangely alluring. The sound of water running continues. Sasha is the type who spends a while underneath the shower. There is still time... Alexei's heart is starting to beat faster. Still time? What did he just think about? Time for what? Though he knows the answer.

A different sound... one muffled by running water. It is his zipper opening. How is this possible? His own daughter no less, and he is already erect. Thoughts cross his mind how he can only be a societal reject for doing this. The panties touch his penis as he wraps the cloth around it, still warm inside, feeling that moist sticking to his skin, making a thrill run through his body. Would she notice? There would be a clear cum stain if he ejaculates inside. It would be safest to switch to toilet paper right before he can't hold it anymore.

Soft strokes, rubbing the inside of Sasha's panties over his skin. The thought that mere moments ago this same cloth was in direct contact with her most private area running through his mind. The knowledge that vaginal fluids stained in this tiny moist piece of cloth are frothing over his tip and shaft...

It doesn't take long before he peaks. Good, because that shower isn't going to last that much longer either. He should switch now to toilet paper.

Right now... Before he...

Alexei contains his voice as best he can while his daughter's panties soak up all cum that pours out.

The water stops. Alexei quickly drops those panties and leaves the bathroom. It will be fine, she won't notice. A part of him is shocked. He knew what inner feelings of lust he harbored, but certainly didn't expect to lose himself in the moment like that. But what's done is done. At least those lusts are gone for now, satisfied. Sighing while sitting down on a sofa and turning on the television to distract his thoughts from what just happened.

Tomorrow can't come soon enough.

CHAPTER 2



Seeking Thrills

Sasha leaves the shower and begins drying herself with a towel before brushing her hair and applying a hair - dryer to it. That always takes a notable while. Such a giant amount of long hair may look beautiful, but sure takes a lot of work and care to maintain. Though she doesn't mind putting in the effort all that much. Her long blonde hair draws attention, feels so soft and looks so nice. That woman would never have allowed Sasha to have feminine hair like this.

Yes, that woman... Those are about the kindest words Sasha will ever use to describe the person who was supposed to raise her. That woman who never had a single nice thing to say in her entire life. Never allowed Sasha to have fun with friends. Never allowed her to have the kind of toys she wanted or wear the clothes she liked. No, always the complete opposite of what Sasha desired. Something about role - patterns and traditions or such, and how that woman hated them to a point of drinking herself to death. No tears were shed that

day. Done are those times of having to cut that pretty hair shorter than the tip of her little pinky. Forever in the past that she was only allowed to wear pants and shorts. No more being dragged to some random street corner where that woman stuffed a piece of wood into Sasha's hands with some random slogan on, while screaming at everyone who passed them by. After that wench died Sasha was finally free. As if liberated from a prison she could not escape. For half a year afterwards she spent time in some government facility. Parental custody crap, something or other, that had to be worked out. Eventually that administrative nonsense got done and she was put on a plane to Japan, finally allowed to meet Alexei.

Honestly, Sasha had no idea what to expect from her natural father. After all, she couldn't even remember what he looked like, or even having ever lived with him to begin with. Fears of being pushed back into a similar kind of life as with that woman were the only thing on her mind during that plane trip, since such was all she ever knew. Thankfully things turned out reasonably okay. From what she learned by looking at how others at school interact with their family, her relationship with Alexei is far from optimal, but to Sasha it feels like heaven compared to what life used to be. Though recognizing him as her father is not something she can do just yet. It's not that Sasha hates or dislikes Alexei, not at all. However, as much as she understands life with that woman was not his fault, it still turned out that way in the end. If only they hadn't divorced... Or if she could have lived here to begin with... And yet she can't really blame him for it either. She does remember that woman screeching more than once about how annoying it was he tried to file for another lawsuit again to "take Sasha away". She knows during that half year without an actual home Alexei was often in contact with the administration to try and get things settled. But still... Knowing and coming to terms with it are two entirely different things. Eventually, after some more time maybe.

Sasha bends over to pick up the last remaining piece of worn clothes on the ground. Didn't she throw them all on the ground? Only her used panties are left.

Something feels sticky...

She would recognize this sensation on her fingertips, even if it weren't obvious by looking at her panties. The same stuff that comes out of her partners wee-wee when they

finish. Is this Alexei's? It can't be from earlier today, having definitely noticed if any had spilled outside of her.

Sasha shrugs her shoulders and throws the piece of cloth into a laundry bin. It's not like she hadn't noticed him staring at her from time to time. She can recognize that look by now. It's the same one her "dates" have. No big deal. Sasha rather enjoys being desired. It makes her feel like a girl, something she was never allowed to be until recently.

Sasha leaves the bathroom and joins Alexei in their living. He has turned on the TV, not for actually watching it, but more for background noise like happens so often. Some cartoon is about to end. She has seen this episode before, about a detective having to solve a bunch of trials. This is the one where he has to light up oil or something to create a path of fire that opens a secret door. School should be finished soon for all regular students who couldn't leave early today. Sasha was an exception, since their family leaves beyond the Gate tomorrow, so she had time to prepare for that move. Not that any preparation is still necessary, but hey, free time is always welcome. Maybe there's a message already from Kasumi, her one friend at school?

Sasha grabs her recently gifted expensive smartphone and lays herself down on the long couch while browsing through her message history. The texture of this couch feels a bit cold at first, but quickly adjusts to her body heat. Right as she notices there is no new message yet, her phone signals the fresh arrival of one. It's from Kasumi.

"Meet in 30?"

Sasha quickly replies she will be there, as was agreed upon earlier today. Kasumi is the only one who she can be herself with at school, not having to hide those after-school activities or where those expensive trinkets come from. In fact, Kasumi is the one who invited her into this arranged dating thing to begin with. Somewhat of a girl with a troubled past much like Sasha herself, Kasumi recognized that same mindset and interest in Sasha and found it a safe bet to befriend the young Russian. A good girl she is, albeit naughty according to society's standards. Taught this blonde a lot about picking up the right type of men, to always ask for a condom, to always keep each other informed when they go out as safety insurance. Though the condom part of that advice gets ignored recently. To be

clear, Sasha went along with this dating thing out of plain curiosity at first and mostly as a form of rebelling against that woman she shared a roof with until recently. What better way to prove she is a girl, than this kind of activity where she gets courted by men and boys alike all the time? That rebelling aspect was only at first though. By now she has learned to thoroughly enjoy herself on all adventures into that part of the city. Though Sasha's way of enjoying things is slightly different from her trusty friend Kasumi's. For Kasumi, all fun is purely about the sexual aspect. And for sure, that specific part holds true just as much for Sasha as well, but there is one other aspect that is unique to her...

Something catches her eye on the TV. The detective cartoon has ended and now some police officer is talking about a case. Has to be that murder Alexei was talking about. He didn't call it as such, but she is old enough to know people can kill each other. Then again, age didn't have all that much to do with it. After all, that woman often jumped from news broadcast to news broadcast for her mandatory daily dose of hate-fueling. Plenty of deaths were to be seen from some random war zone in a far-away continent or the occasional murder locally.

And that just happens to be the one aspect that is unique to Sasha amongst all people she knows. Everything dangerous has a strange allure to her. It is more than only fascinating, the proper word would be thrilling. That too was a reason why she went along on that first time when Kasumi invited her. That was the reason why, when they learned recently about STD's and pregnancy, she successfully enticed her partner later that very same day to not wear the usual condom. It made her heart beat so much faster, made her feel so alive, unlike anything before. It is far from normal. That much Sasha is well aware about, but who cares? Some school councilor once described her as showing signs of self-destructive behavior, but what does any of that matter? You only live once, may as well enjoy it while you can. Who knows when she will be trapped again in that same symbolic cage as during those years with that woman?

Another buzzing sound on her smartphone, another message. Expecting it to be Kasumi again, she is surprised to see a different name pop up. "Mask". That would be her new partner for late this afternoon. Not unusual for a fake name to be used, in fact such is the

norm, which is to be expected since this entire arranged dating activity is all supposed to be kept hush-hush.

Contents of the message fill Sasha with a strange sense of intrigue. He is letting her know the meeting spot for their little date. Usually that would be some restaurant first, then going out to buy a gift before eventually ending in a bedroom in one of those unofficial outlets in the adult district. There have been variations, but they all follow the same overall lines. Kasumi explicitly warned about never heading to someone's private house, or straying from the usual dating areas. This new partner however has chosen some place she never heard of. Probably a private room. That would be a no-go under normal circumstances. Sasha is not a normal girl though. A tingly feeling is entering her stomach. It's those thrills again. What if she were to go? That would be exciting. First to confirm the exact location using a map service, the wonders of a modern phone having all these things freely available. Well, "freely" as in given on a previous date.

Sasha's eyebrows form a different shape out of intrigue by what she noticed. This result of searching for that particular address into a map application has shown something unexpected. This is not a private residence at all.

It's an abandoned factory.

That tingly feeling is getting stronger as she once more throws a glance at the TV still showing that same police officer describing a corpse they found. Apparently some girl was strangled and dumped in the water afterwards. Wow, how would being strangled even feel like? Impossible to imagine. Authorities have their eyes on a likely suspect. The victim was last seen around the area Sasha often visits, caught on a security camera while accompanied by some unknown older man wearing a red *tengu* mask. A *tengu*... That is some kind of mythological humanoid creature with avian features that lives in mountainous areas. Not that rare to see masks if there is a festival going on in the neighborhood, though it's not exactly the right season for those. She looks back at her smartphone. This new date is suspicious by any definition. The rational thing to do would be turning it down and breaking contact with this guy. Also warning Kasumi about him, just in case. He must be waiting for a reply for sure. What should she do?

"Okay, see you soon," followed by a smiley face. Then she presses the send button.

Sasha jumps up from the sofa and heads towards the exit.

“Don’t forget...” Alexei states out loud.

“I know, back for dinner,” she answers.

That will be at seven. It is four o’clock now, leaving plenty of time for what is planned. First thing on the agenda, meeting Kasumi.

Sasha arrives at their planned meeting spot. Kasumi should be here soon. Plenty of people are passing by, some gazing in suspicion about what a girl so young is doing close to the adult district. And a couple gazes belonging to those who have no suspicions at all since they know why she is there. One attempted to pick her up, but Sasha had no choice but to turn him down. Being that type of girl who frolics around with just about any type of man she may encounter, but certainly not one to break her promises. She decided to meet up with Kasumi and afterwards head to that more than suspicious meeting with a person only known as “Mask” in her contact’s list. So there is no way she will let her skirt be chased by someone else right now, as much as she enjoys all attention received.

Mask... Wasn’t that suspect wearing a red carnival mask in the shape of a *tengu*?

Sasha’s heart starts beating a bit faster again. The anticipation of a thrilling adventure is making her impatient. Repositioning while sitting on a little wall surrounding some private property, both thighs rub against each other. Another feeling than merely a combination of anticipation and impatience is rising up. Sasha is getting rapidly turned on to a point that her new set of panties are already stained with fluids.

“Hey -ya!” a voice calls out from her right side, coming from the nearby station exit. A girl the same age is approaching with one hand raised as a greeting. Sasha raises her own hand in turn, a little slap audible when they come together, immediately followed by a good friendly hug. This newcomer is the one she has been waiting for, Kasumi. The type that is easily recognizable in a crowd, and only reason Sasha didn’t see her only friend coming were all those thoughts she was lost in. Kasumi is looking as happy and energetic as always. Though that happiness is more of a façade most of the time. Only when hanging out with Sasha and during their after-school adventures, like now, is that smile a genuine one. At home or at school that’s an entirely different story. Her family situation is a complex one,

and far removed from being anything resembling happy, though Kasumi doesn't talk much about it. Sasha understands though, thanks to her own experiences, and doesn't stick her nose where it doesn't belong. After all, Kasumi did the same for her ever since first arriving in Japan. Simply being there for each other at times like these is more than enough to make this world a better place

It is this same girl who noticed Sasha isolating herself from the very first day onwards at school, and who recognized that look on her face as belonging to a potential soulmate who also didn't have much luck in life. In addition, Kasumi was quick to recognize that same rebellious attitude in her newly found friend. That was when she decided to share her secret hobby and invited Sasha to join on an arranged date. Something that Sasha very quickly learned to enjoy to the fullest. Rather than being chided for showing even a hint of femininity, Sasha was now praised for that same thing. No, praised is too soft a term. Desired, needed, admired and loved. All of it combined. Never having received even a single hug or caress from that woman, she now gets all the intimate physical contact one could hope for. Hugs, embraces, kisses... and something that feels way better than all of those...

Sex.

And Kasumi is the one who taught her that joy. Sure, these gifts are nice, but even without them she would gladly keep this arranged dating activity going.

Both of them are now sitting on a little wall, Kasumi placing her hand on Sasha's without even being aware of it.

"You left early today. Because of your journey tomorrow?" this newcomer asks.

Sasha nods. It's not exactly the happiest subject to bring up. Sure, a part of her is excited about moving to a new location, especially one so foreign. Since Alexei is coming along her private life won't change all that much and there will surely be new adventures to be had. But at the same time it means leaving this place, at least, for a while. And that means leaving Kasumi. The one sour note about all of this. If only her friend could come along as well, if that were even possible. The girl in question surely wouldn't mind being away from her family. Oh well, they both know it's only temporary, so they are not making that big of a deal out of it. Wondering what kind of souvenir gift to bring back will soon become her biggest worry. Something related to fashion maybe? Kasumi is a fashionable girl for sure.

Sasha's friend brushes her hair in place. As always, she looks pretty and trendy. Her hair is a brown with some pink colored meshes here and there. Her parents got really angry when she had those put in, but they do look great. At the back it's all tied up into a ponytail, placed high-up and reaching to right over her shoulders. The ponytail is somewhat off-center to her left, though that is on purpose. Both her earrings are clearly visible. They are the type that get clipped on, since she doesn't have any pierced holes for them. Damn expensive too, as they have been given by one of her numerous patrons. That large pair of ruby embedded chandelier earrings cost about as much as Sasha's high-end model smartphone. Finding a clip-on model was apparently quite the search. But there was no other choice as having actual holes put in her earlobes would stir up too much trouble at home for sure. These she can easily remove before heading back home and hide them like the rest of her quite vast collection of jewelry.

"Let's have some fun today!" Kasumi is trying to keep the mood from getting gloomy and puts their subject back towards the goal of this meeting, meanwhile taking out her phone from a purse. This is what they always do before setting out on their usual sexy adventures. A safety measure that was proposed by Kasumi. When not sharing the same partner at the same time, they pass contact information with each other. Exchanging stuff like location they will be visiting and all data concerning their chosen partner. Intent being they let this little fact be known to those partners ahead of time, to make sure nobody gets any weird ideas. There are loopholes in such a method for sure, but it should keep most people from trying anything dangerous when knowing a good chance exists of information being traced back to them, in case anything were to happen. Both girls are after all aware what they are doing is considered illegal, and the possibility always exists a partner may panic afterwards and decide to intimidate them or even worse. That is also why Sasha received a certain object from her dear friend, to be hidden away for a potential worst case scenario. A little knife, small and thin enough it can be hidden inside a pocket, the side of her shoe or even in a sock. Small it may be, it certainly is sharp enough to be used as potent defense. Not that the need was ever there to use it. Up till now all encounters have always been quite comfortable and pleasant and there is no apparent reason why that will change.

Well... to be honest, today is different. Sasha understands that with this next partner she will be taking a significant risk... A gamble... Something Kasumi would no doubt object to. That's why it is best to keep her out of the loop this time.

"This is my date for today," Sasha shows her phone so Kasumi can see the screen.

"Hmm? Isn't that the same one you were planning to visit earlier this afternoon?"

Kasumi replies, confused.

"Well, yeah. But something came up with the other one, so I'm visiting this same guy again."

It kind of hurts Sasha to tell a lie to her friend, but it is better this way. Wouldn't want her friend to worry for nothing. She did visit this mentioned guy earlier today, that much is correct. In fact, that was when Alexei spotted her when she left the building where they did it. But that's not the same person she is visiting this time. No, now it will be this mysterious "Mask" fellow, in an equally mysterious location. An abandoned factory. "Crazy", Kasumi would call it. And she would be right to do so. That is exactly why she shouldn't know of it.

"If it is the same guy, no need to register any info then. I can simply use the same from before," Kasumi concludes.

"Oh, right..." Sasha giggles a bit nervously. Yup, still feels bad to lie like this.

Then Kasumi shows the information from her chosen partner in turn.

"This guy? I know him," Sasha replies instantly. "He likes cuddling afterwards, nice guy and pretty skilled too."

"Likes cuddling? Neat! So do I," Kasumi answers. Sasha can't help but think that's another aspect they have in common. She too likes that entire cuddling thing. Makes it all the more intimate. There is always something comforting about being held in the warm embrace of a strong partner who affectionately caresses her. That close proximity of another living being and feeling a tingly sensation of naked skin gently touching and sliding against someone else's naked skin. A feeling so simple and natural yet strangely hard to acquire in this world, where society seems to encourage people to construct an invisible wall around their bodies, imprisoning themselves into a cage of isolation.

Anyway, no need to worry about Kasumi's partner. Sasha does have his information just in case, but Kasumi will be in good and capable hands for sure.

After their information exchange both girls spend some time together talking about various things. The mood is light and energetic all throughout. After about half an hour has passed, Kasumi finally stands up. It is about time to go meet their respective dates.

"Oh, wait up, one more thing!" Sasha calls out to her friend before she can leave. An important matter, one she didn't forget about but was waiting for the right time to mention. She holds up her phone again to exchange one more crucial piece of information.

"See this Mask guy? He's suspicious, stay far away from him."

"Got it. I'll straight out add him to my block list," Kasumi replies without feeling a need to ask why. She trusts Sasha completely. If this guy is considered suspicious, then there must be a good reason for it, simple as that. After some tapping and swiping on her phone, this dude's contact data has been added to Kasumi's block list. Actually, it's the first name on that list. For the entire year she has taken up this hobby, there was no person who ever earned a place on it.

Sasha shows a satisfied smile. That feels so much better than that lie from earlier. She will be taking a big risk, but certainly doesn't want her close friend to do the same. Even after leaving tomorrow, Sasha can rest assured this same suspicious guy won't be a potential threat to Kasumi. After all, she won't be there for a while to receive their usual safety net exchange. And knowing that girl, she isn't going to pause her hobby until Sasha is back either.

After a close hug the two say goodbye and each go their own way, in search of some joy in life.

It's getting chillier outside, though the thick coat Sasha is wearing is doing a good job of keeping her warm, with only exception being all ten slender fingers who are starting to feel cold. Holding both hands to her mouth and blowing some warm air over them while rubbing hands together. A single thought crosses her mind, that she really should have worn some gloves. With this cold it wouldn't feel out of place to see snow come falling down at any time. What a difference it will be tomorrow. Spring at their intended destination?

That came unexpected. She doesn't really understand why different locations can have a different season, but whatever. A nice warm sun will be better than this. Not everybody enjoys hot weather, but Sasha does. Certainly preferable over this freezing cold. Anything is, except heavy downpours. Those are simply the worst.

Now, who could this Mask guy be? Curiosity is getting stronger with every passing minute. It helps set the mood that this place is practically completely abandoned. Tokyo is a bustling city, but rare places like these do exist where you hardly see anyone around. Unexpected how such a place isn't all that far removed from where she met up with Kasumi. Only a fifteen minute walking distance away.

Sasha stops in front of a large factory complex. Multiple steel pipes are coming from this place and going into either the ground or a number of old looking storage vats towering above her. Or would that be aluminum rather than steel? What even ran through those, water maybe? Or steam? As expected, nobody to be seen around here either. When doing that map lookup it did say the factory was closed two years ago. That is before she even came to this country. There is a strange feeling when looking at this place, almost like sadness. A feeling sprouting from the knowledge this area was once lively, filled with people coming in and out, leading a significant part of their lives in here. Yet now it is all empty, deserted, abandoned. If buildings had feelings too, this place would no doubt feel lonely. Even more so, since it is surrounded by such bustling neighborhoods.

A look at her smartphone. The most recent text said something about entering a certain door. Which one was it again? Oh right, a double metal door along the side of this building. Sasha walks along the side, away from view of anyone who would pass by the street. Not that anyone except her was there to begin with.

"Ah, there it is."

An old and rusted steel double door, though still sealing the entrance properly. Grabbing the handle, it takes some strength to lower it. Sasha grumbles about both the heaviness of this door and coldness of its metallic handle as she uses her entire weight to help pull it open. With a loud constant creaking sound it automatically closes itself behind her after entering, until with a bang that must have reverberated throughout this entire building it falls back into its lock.

Not much lighting. Dust everywhere. Parts of a plastered wall that are starting to peel. At least it doesn't seem like there are any rodents. Almost a miracle in a place like this, thanks to those few entrances still neatly sealing off the entire place and most of it being made of brick and metal. Temperature is not too bad, warmth quickly starting to return to her fingers. Surprising how decent it is in here really, since past these metallic grates at the side that once held numerous ventilation and heating systems, nothing is functional anymore.

Now what? The texts on her phone don't say anything about where to go after entering. Sasha slowly walks forward. Some parts of the floor crumble under light weight of her delicate body. She grabs her left giant twin-tail and lets both hands flow through it from top to bottom, brushing it all neatly back into place after the wind outside played around with it. Then doing the same afterwards with the right side. As always, these twin-tails hang out thick and wide. Amazing how a girl so small can have such a lush amount of hair on her head. Kasumi has complained more than once about how envious she is, though Sasha doesn't really understand why. She quite likes that stylish look from her friend. No matter. Now that she has tidied herself up, it is time to go explore further into the depths of this place. Almost feels like some dungeon from a video game. Most people would find it a scary place, and let there be no doubt, Sasha does feel some small tingling over her body, but that is part of the fun she is seeking by coming here. Or rather, it is the main reason for choosing this date over another one to begin with. Heart beating faster, hairs on her skin standing upright from tension. She loves this entire experience already. That school counselor who called her self-destructive would scold heavily if he knew about this. And what would the usually silent and permissive Alexei do if he knew? Would this be going too far for him, or would he simply not care? Hard to get a read on him.

Making her way through some empty hallways, the route forward is really not that difficult. There are doors here and there, but they either lead to a smaller empty room that obviously can't be the right spot, or they are sealed off. The remaining path is straightforward enough. Though what will her destination even look like? Surely it can't be just another empty room.

Sasha crosses a corner. Something feels different here. There are no windows so the entire area is darker. Only one doorway to be seen, at the very end of a long brooding hallway. There's not actually a door there, only some kind of white curtain or drape. There seems to be a light shining behind it as a glow is barely visible seeping through. If this path has a destination, without a doubt that has to be it.

Excitement is peaking. Sasha slowly walks forward and pushes open the drape with the back of her hand. There is nobody inside, but this is definitely the correct place for her thrilling date. Like the preceding hallway, this place has no windows. That lighting she noticed is coming from a myriad of candles burning a soft yellow light. Plenty of more white drapes are hung around this entire room, covering the walls or simply hanging somewhere throughout as a divider for no apparent reason. They make this place look less spacious than it actually is but does set quite the atmosphere. Like what one would expect from some cult-like movie setting. Surrounded by some of those drapes is an area that holds a large mattress lying on the ground, the sort used for a double bed. It is strangely warm in here.

The rational thing to do would be turning around immediately and leaving as quickly as possible. Sasha knows that... She knows, yet... Slowly makes her way towards the mattress. An old crate stands upside-down next to it, like a bedside stand. On top of that crate lies something that makes her heartbeat be felt all the way up to her throat.

A large and sharp looking knife with finely detailed and decorated handle, sort of ceremonial looking, surrounded by two candles and a single thick book. Sasha stands before the crate and reaches out. It is no longer the knife that grabs her attention, but that book. There is something almost magical about it. Fitting, for a room that looks like it came straight out of a fantasy cult story. A crest covers the front of this book, looking like some kind of magic circle. Tiny but detailed figures of humanoid shapes can be seen crafted inside the circle's design. Human, yet not quite human at all. One at least, Sasha can recognize as a mermaid figure, and there is some kind of octopus-like figure as well.

She picks it up with one hand... Heavy... The cover is a leathery wine-red while its crest is golden. The entire book looks very dated. Even without opening it, its pages have clearly turned brown from age. Carefully opening it with one hand, she slowly flips through some

pages. Here and there a figure visible, belonging to one of these demi-human creatures as on the cover's crest. What's this? It's like some kind of hybrid between a human and a snake. She flips the page again, and her mouth opens somewhat in response.

Another depiction, filling the entire left page. The same being that resembles a humanoid snake, but this time an atmosphere in this picture which is not as neutral as the previous one. It is filled with... eroticism. Text fills the right page, though none looks legible. Not that any text is worn out, not at all, but it is a language Sasha cannot read. Never even seen anything like it before. She flips further into the book. More of these pages, more of that same unreadable text, more erotic depictions of half-human half-animal beings. Many of these pictures straight out displaying the obvious act of copulation.

Sasha instantly closes the book with a sound loud enough it can be heard throughout this entire room and turns around. She heard something behind her. Hiding the book behind her tiny body, she stares at a man who stands there silently. She would look him straight into his eyes if possible, but he is wearing a mask. A white *kitsune* mask, with some orange decorations. She recognizes the type, having seen them before at cultural festivals, made to resemble a mythical type of fox. Messengers of the Shintoism harvest god Inari, supposedly. It is large enough to cover the man's face. Even his eyes aren't visible, as those tiny slits in that mask cover them too efficiently.

"Did I scare you?" the man speaks calmly.

"No..." Sasha lies to him, while continuing to hide the book behind her. This man looks on the older side, though it is impossible to get a precise impression of his age. Could be anywhere between thirty and sixty really. Surprisingly hard to see without a clear view of someone's face. She had partners on both ends of that age spectrum before, but that is exactly why she knows it is impossible to determine his age like this. Some bodies look a lot older than they really are, or the other way around. Face is usually the big giveaway.

"No need to worry," the man says. "I am your partner for today."

Sasha searches for words, but the man is ahead of her by offering a simple greeting.

"Nice to meet you."

She greets him in turn. As he comes closer, he sits down on the mattress, inviting her to do the same. Trying to do so discreetly, and horribly failing at it, Sasha slides the book back onto that crate where it was found.

“Shall we get started?” the masked man asks.

This is the entire reason Sasha came here for. To have a thrilling round of dangerous sex. There is no way she will back down now. Don’t get her wrong, she certainly got caught by surprise when this masked man snuck up on her from behind. She certainly felt the shivers run through her body earlier when seeing that knife. But somehow she is loving this experience. Stopping now? Absolutely not. Continuing forward is the only direction she wants to go. All the way to the end, wherever it may lead.

“Mm...” she mumbles in agreement.

The man moves his arms forward and takes hold of her left twin-tail, kindly, almost soothing, sliding his fingers through its curls.

“Such pretty blonde hair... and so much of it.”

A different feeling enters Sasha. She is being praised. There is no more helping her now, whatever little doubts there could have been left have been wiped away instantly with that one mere sentence. Only desiring him to praise and appreciate her some more. He gently strokes the back of his hand over her cheek.

“Belonging to such a gorgeously looking girl...”

All tenseness in her body instantly relaxes at those words, melting like snow under a hot summer’s sun. Almost like the man could do whatever he wants with her and she would happily oblige, as long as he keeps admiring her beauty. Almost? No, that is exactly how it is. By this point she is already fully his to take whenever, wherever or however he desires. A subtle odor of tobacco filling her nose, faint, almost fleeting. Not a smell she minds, finding it somewhat appealing even, as it is a smell more evocative of a well-aged and probably experienced man like this, contrary to a mere clumsy boy. Not that Sasha can’t appreciate the latter, but definitely has a preference for an older touch.

“How old are you?” he asks her.

Oh right, he never even asked in those text messages. Only knowing she is underage.

“Twelve...”

The man lets a pair of fingers slide down along her side, next to her chest, running down Sasha's waist and over her thigh.

"So young... Like a beautiful flower only beginning to blossom."

Then he removes his hand and grabs hold of the top button on his own shirt, opening it. Once removed, he throws it to the back of that mattress while the young blonde waits in silence, still charmed by his words of admiration. Snapping back to reality, Sasha realizes why he is undressing himself and wants to begin undressing as well, but he stops her.

"I would like to undress you, experience unwrapping the best of gifts... If I may."

Sasha doesn't answer. Not that she doesn't want to, but because she is too mellowed by his words. Sure, plenty of men have praised her, but there is something different about this one. She can somehow tell he genuinely means this praise he is bestowing onto her. And she has never felt so desired before. Not that there is a need for her to answer. All body language radiating from her entire being speaks for itself. Every cell in her body is pleading this man not to stop, to please undress her, to look at everything she has to offer in its natural naked beauty. Immature that body may be in physical development, only having departed recently from a start line known as the onset of puberty, still very far removed from reaching that finish line known as maturity, yet already perfect in every single way.

He zips open her winter coat and removes it. Underneath is a thick blouse. Sasha watches in silence as he opens the buttons of her blouse one by one, grasping the edges and opening them. A naked chest is revealed as the blouse slowly slides down her narrow but smooth and round shoulders by nothing other than gravity.

Sasha waits, expecting some more of those words. Hoping for them.

"Beautiful skin, seemingly untouched."

Sasha holds both arms closer to her body, successfully hoping that doing so will help her blouse slide down even lower, all the while basking in his gaze. Ever since her first time, this girl has always been proud of her feminine charms, confident in them as well. But she never felt as confident, as acknowledged like now. Her thighs are already subtly rubbing against each other in anticipation of what is to come, her skin's sensation of touch boosted to the maximum, pheromones showering throughout this candle-lit room for no other

reason than to tempt its sole male occupant to admire her rounded smooth curves and pale skin without even the slightest of birth marks or imperfections.

Having removed the blouse, he moves his attention to that thick winter skirt. Sasha wants to tell him how to open it, since this skirt is a rare type that closes at the side with a tiny flexible zipper, but he already figured that out. Zipping it downwards along its entire side before opening it. Sasha regrets not having picked something more traditional, as the thought of him pulling down a skirt sounds more arousing, but that thought gets quickly buried and forgotten when he strokes his hand over her bared thighs.

“So soft, with just the right amount of give...”

The only thing she wears now, is a pair of dark winter socks up to above her knee, and her very light shade of pink panties. The last one being noticeably stained already by all fluids being released. Not a hint of embarrassment to be found on Sasha’s face about that. In fact, she wants him to notice how wet she is already, and can’t contain a soft moan of pleasure when he lets a single finger flow down her crevice. She can smell the alluring subtle odor herself, aware that this man can surely do so as well, even from underneath that mask.

His finger slides over the upper edge of her right sock, before gently digging into her skin to get underneath, slowly pulling that sock downwards. Sasha willfully raises her leg to make the process easier. Not every partner removes socks, some actually prefer them staying on. She herself doesn’t mind either way. If she were to have a choice, it would depend on their chosen position. If they go off, she certainly wants that feeling of her naked legs brushing against those of her partner for an increased sense of intimacy. Maybe that is why she is laying herself down, now that both socks have been removed? Seeking a position where this masked stranger will enter the warm inviting embrace of both her arms and legs.

With a bit of strength in her hips, she lightly raises them, making it easier to remove one last piece of cloth remaining. Her panties slide downwards to reveal a naked pussy that is wetter than it has ever been before, a stretching fluid still hanging between the cloth and her sticky wet slit, as if that single piece of clothing refuses to separate from her comforting touch.

Sasha holds both legs together while keeping them down onto the bed, patiently waiting for the man to admire her revealed vagina, face showing a happiness rarely seen. Proudly showing how her body is practically begging this man to have sex with her already. The touch of his fingertip caressing her lower lips causes a short sigh of lust to leave her mouth, feeling like this could go on forever and she would never get tired of it. Though it would be a kind of torture at the same time, as she certainly wants something else to touch her down there.

“Simply delicious...” he describes the taste of her fluids after taking a lick over his coated finger, admiring the sight of a pair of neatly pressed together vaginal lips belonging to a twelve year old child. Lips that are noticeably drooling at his presence, asking him to do much more than merely observe their temptation, and come partake in all physical comforts they have to provide to any lucky man who finds his way into that loving honeypot which lies beneath.

The masked man is lowering his pants, underwear and all at the same time. She is clearly not the only one hoping for what is to come. An erect penis is standing upwards, testament to what strong influence her childlike yet feminine charms have on him. Is he going to keep that mask on during sex? Sure, she doesn't mind. To be taken by an anonymous mature man for nothing other than pure and raw sexual desire.

He grabs something from the ground. It is a long white ribbon. What is that for?

“May I?” he asks. Holding its firm cloth stretched out from one hand to the other, while making a nod towards the back of this mattress. Sasha takes a quick look and understands what he wants. There is some old piping running down over there for whatever purpose they may have been. She needs not think, the answer has already been made.

Pushing herself closer to the piping, she raises her arms over her head and holds both wrists together next to its cold metal. A subtle smile offered to her partner in approval. Eyes focused at the ribbon as he comes closer, understanding very well what it signifies.

This is it... He is going to tie her up to that piping. Allowing this would be the same as willfully offering herself to this stranger, removing any remaining option for defense. She would be totally helpless, surrendering to whatever whims this masked man may have. The little knife received from Kasumi won't be able to offer any help. That one is left in her

shoe, unreachable. The ceremonial looking knife within hand reach, right next to her on the crate, won't be of any help either once tied up. In fact, the only one who can use it would be its rightful owner, this masked man. Sasha realizes fully well. Letting herself get tied up would be the moment where her fate gets decided. She could be murdered... Stabbed by a knife... Choked by his bare hands. All power to decide would lie with him.

She moves her wrists over each other while letting her body sink completely into the soft mattress in total surrender, all strength leaving her body. A touch of that white ribbon being wound around those wrists causing a short moan from excitement while the realization of what is happening is making a short spasm run through her entire lower body, resulting in even more fluid running out of her slit.

The man is done. Her hands have been restrained. As he takes place between her legs, she happily spreads them voluntarily, offering the strong temptation that lies between. He is scooping some of her fluid and coating his entire shaft with them. No intention of using a condom? Good... She wouldn't want him to. Sex should always be experienced raw and natural. Those fluids actually serving their purpose as connecting lotion between her raw vaginal walls and whatever raw penis gets invited inside.

“Girl, what is your name?”

He doesn't know? Oh yeah, of course not, she uses an obviously fake name on her texting profile.

“Sasha,” she whispers to him.

He gets further between her legs.

“I'm going to take you now, Sasha.”

If letting herself get tied up willingly wasn't enough, then that soft mumble overflowing with eagerness she just made in response would be plain obvious that this girl wants nothing more right now than to be taken in passionate embrace.

The older man's penis kisses the lips of her pussy, some pre-cum running down her slit to mix with her own juices. Without hesitation, he simply lets his bodyweight do the job as his tip gently pushes those lips apart and sinks smoothly and steadily inside the wonder that is a twelve year old vagina, until she can feel the hair around his manhood get pressed airtight between both their lower bodies.

“Ha~ah...” she moans softly.

There are two things that compete for Sasha’s most favorite part when it comes to the numerous joys of sex, those two best things life has to offer in all the known universe. And this is the first one. That feeling of a still unknown hard penis completely digging its way inside of her for the first time with every micrometer of its entire length. The longer and fatter, the better. Since she came to this country Sasha has experienced that feeling countless of times with countless of partners, but every time it feels fresh all over again. This time is no exception. Mind completely occupied with a surge of pleasure running through her entire body as it gets invaded by a new and foreign living object claiming her as a home. She can feel her vagina accommodating its new burning hot inhabitant for every bit further it entered. For the entire duration, she exhaled deeply and clearly audible in pure relief of built up sexual lust.

The masked man thoroughly enjoys the full depth of her twelve year old girlhood for a couple seconds, taking in the overwhelming feeling of a most warm and slippery wet inside desperately grasping onto his entire shaft for dear life. Then he pulls back and starts thrusting. A mild squishy sound filling the room every time he shoves it back in. For the short time his shaft is visible before every thrust, it is fully covered in a delectable shiny sticky coat. The mattress is getting wet from excess fluids Sasha is spilling. She can feel it running down the inside of her legs every time more gushes out from the tight grasp of her entrance around him.

He lowers himself more towards her. If she could, Sasha would have grasped her arms around him by now to draw her partner even closer, but being tied up prevents that. No matter, the feeling of completely surrendering herself to an unknown masked man who can take her as he sees fit is more than enough pleasure. She knew it from the very beginning. That it would be so worth it to come here. And she was right.

“Nnn~” her voice flows past the man’s ears.

The masked man is upping his pace. He is no longer merely thrusting, but quickly pounding into the young child. She can smell sweat running down his chest, hear his heart beating fast and feel his tense muscles. Fast, heavy breathing can be heard from underneath the mask, like when he spoke earlier, distorted in sound by that piece of plastic

covering his mouth. But voice clearly filled with great enjoyment at all stimulations Sasha provides his older body.

She looks sideways towards the crate. That knife is still laying there, conspicuous since the very beginning. It won't be long now, for that other thing that competes for best of life's offerings. The moment a man pours his seed into her. Something she only learned to fully appreciate once Sasha stopped using condoms, a hot smothering of a man's fluids all over her insides. If he truly is the murderer from that case Alexei warned about, during or right after is when he would use that knife and drive its cold hard steel through her fragile body.

Sasha pulls her legs closer. Any time now it can happen.

"Aa~h..." There it is...

A harder thrust than any before and the masked man rams his pelvis into hers, leaving it there firmly inside, while a throbbing feeling permeates throughout her vagina. Fertile semen is pouring out into her womb. A feeling Sasha is very familiar with by now, but never gets tired of. On the contrary, her pussy gulps up all seed like starving for more, soft tiny legs pressing into her partner's sides in total appreciation of what he is doing, encouraging him to not hold back and simply let it all out straight inside a child's womb. She is holding her breath for the entire duration. Naturally Sasha orgasms simultaneously. That is the type of sultry girl she is. The mere smutty act of a man dumping sperm into her is enough to peak every single time. For its entire duration the masked man has his arms wrapped underneath her shoulders, lifting Sasha's head against his chest while thoroughly enjoying her raging orgasm caressing his meaty shaft all over.

It is over... This is it... The moment her fate will become clear. Will he end up being the murderer or not?

The man raises himself upwards, still breathing heavily, a trickle of sweat appearing from underneath that mask, recovering from physical effort that was oh so rewarding. Sasha is still catching her own breath herself, even if she reaped those same rewards without having to do any of the "work", though that would be a misunderstanding as even in a passive position like this she always gives her all at providing the height of pleasure to any partner.

Once more Sasha looks towards the knife. With his penis still firmly inside of her, the man reaches out for that metallic object. A spasm can be felt running through her pussy, something the man must have felt as well no doubt. A weird thought enters Sasha's mind. That she is actually getting turned on by the growing possibility of her getting killed right here, right now.

"Ah... Is this it?" she mumbles silently and strangely apathetic, not meant for any ears other than herself.

The man stops, knife still in hand. He takes a good look at her, then towards his knife, before turning back towards her.

"Not scared?" he asks in a calm tone.

Sasha is confused about what is going on, yet feels a strange sense of calmness herself.

"Not really..." she answers honestly.

It is odd. Before this moment, when she was still exploring this building, there was some hint of fear lurking somewhere deep inside of her. It was actually part of the fun. Even during sex, it was partly still there. But now that she actually stares death directly in the face? Nothing... Like it doesn't really matter if he uses that knife or not. After all, didn't part of her fully expect this to happen even before she came here? Wasn't that the real reason why she told Kasumi to stay away from this guy, because Sasha herself expected to meet her end here?

"Not that anyone would care..." Sasha continues.

"Not even your parents?" the man asks.

"Alexei? I don't know... Maybe if I was some detective case he would care more."

She regrets saying the last part straight away. That was not really meant.

...

Silence fills the room. Even all candles have stopped flickering as if the air in this entire place has become stagnant. It is impossible to see because of his mask, but it seems like the man is staring with intense focus towards Sasha. A full thirty seconds have passed before this tense silence is broken.

"Alexei?" he asks.

"Yeah, my... biological father."

There wasn't really a need to add the biological part. Doing so makes him seem unnecessarily distant. More than she actually feels, yet it is still hard to call him simply father.

"He's a detective?" he inquires curiously.

"He used to be. Not anymore."

"Say, Sasha, what country are you from? You're not native, are you?"

"My parents are both Russian, but I was born in Europe."

Another moment of silence. Another feeling like he is staring into her soul from behind that mask. He finally leans forward, hunching over her, knife being brought closer. Sasha closes both eyes, not really sure what to expect. Will it hurt? Some of that earlier fear is finally returning. Not really fear of death itself, but the possibly painful process of dying that brings it on.

A cutting sound... Something moves around her arms. When opening both eyes again, she notices the man has cut the ribbon tying her arms together. Then he places that knife down on the case and lays himself down next to Sasha resting with his head on both arms and looking towards the ceiling. She is confused. Was she mistaken? So he isn't the murderer after all?

"Could you tell me more? Maybe I can be of some help, or offer some advice?"

Sasha thinks for a while before answering. Help? What could he help with? What advice would she need?

"You know, about your father. Don't you want to be closer with him?"

More confusion fills the young girl. Closer? With Alexei?

"Does he know you are here?" he continues.

She nods.

"And what you are doing here?"

Another nod.

"You don't have much of a functional relationship with your father, do you?"

Sasha looks away, but the man puts his hand over her cheek and turns her face towards him, gaze seeing nothing but that white *kitsune* mask. Even from such a close distance she can't quite see his eyes.

“No...” she answers in a whimpered voice.

“How well do you two get along?”

It’s not a topic Sasha would usually be open about. But strangely, it is easier to talk about it to some random stranger hiding behind a mask than talking about it with anyone else, even her best friend. Maybe the fact she won’t even be in Japan anymore by tomorrow evening makes it easier to talk. So Sasha starts explaining. About that woman, her subsequent life with Alexei, and how distant they are. Like two strangers living under the same roof. How she discovered arranged dating, thanks to a certain school friend with pink meshes in her hair. How Sasha’s father cautioned about a potential killer on the loose. And finally, how tomorrow their life will change again as they will be moving beyond the Gate.

“Hoh? That is quite a trip ahead of you. Only a chosen few get that opportunity,” he answers with a sense of suddenly discovered enthusiasm. “But you know, girl? That could be an opportunity in more than one way.”

Sasha looks at him with eyes that inquire clarification.

“Coming to Japan set you free from the legacy of your mother. Going beyond the Gate could be a similar step forward,” he explains.

Curiosity flares up inside the young child.

“A step that could be the start of your new life. A life that brings you closer as a family.”

The man pulls her a bit closer into the warm embrace of his body immediately after. Like giving her a sign she can take some time in thinking over his words. “After all, if your father really didn’t care, why would he have warned you about a bad man being around?”

The young blonde ponders in silence about all meaning behind what she just heard...

Sasha’s eyes open. What happened? Oh... She fell asleep. Looking up she can see the masked man lying next to her, laying on his back. In his hand he is holding something familiar. That wine-red leathery book. He is writing something in it. Flipping a number of pages, seemingly looking for a specific page, and writing down some more. What is he doing?

“Ah, you’re awake?” he says out loud. “You’ve been asleep for half an hour or so. Didn’t want to wake you up.”

Half an hour? Sasha does some quick thinking. When did she arrive here again? Okay, she should still have enough time to make it back home before dinner. At least, if she doesn't spend too much longer delaying or lingering around. The blonde girl raises herself.

"I should be going now."

"Going home?" he asks.

"Dinner at seven..." she answers.

"Then you definitely should go home, yes."

When she starts dressing herself, the masked man does the same. Seems like he will be going out too. Does he even live here? Probably not. Once dressed he calls her name. When she turns to face him, he gives a nod in the direction of that mysterious book lying on the mattress.

"Interested?" he asks her.

Unsure what to reply, Sasha searches for her words. Yes, she is interested.... But...

"I can't read it."

He beckons her to join as he grabs the book once more. When she sits down on the side of this mattress, he places the book on Sasha's lap and puts his arm around her while opening it.

"There is a magic trick to reading books like these," he speaks in an enticing tone.

The first page is visible. There is only one line of text with some kind of magic circle drawn around it containing strange runes, but all lettering is in that same unreadable language. He puts his finger underneath the first word and begins speaking words she has never heard before.

"Scio tra vortoj."

His finger slides underneath the sentence as he speaks the corresponding word but doesn't touch the page itself. Taking Sasha's finger afterwards and placing it down underneath those words, touching a part of that rune-filled magic circle that surrounds the sentence.

"Repeat these words after me, pronounce them clearly and loud."

Then he says the same words again. Sasha repeats them as he instructed. Trying her best to properly replicate each vowel as he pronounced them. Once the last vowel leaves her

mouth, a strange feeling overcomes her as the circle on the page seems to light up in an eerie glow. A sensation like a flood of information is pouring straight into her mind. She would get dizzy and possibly fall over but the man seems to have anticipated that and is therefore holding his arm around her to keep the girl steady. After a couple seconds, the feeling lessens and dissipates.

“Look at the words...” he says in a voice anticipating a reaction of sorts.

Once Sasha does, the strangest thing happens.

Scio tra vortoj.

It still says the exact same thing. Yet, she can actually read it this time. Even more than that, she understands its meaning!

“Knowledge through words,” Sasha mumbles silently.

The man removes his arm and stands up, knowing his “magic trick” worked.

“You can keep the book. Consider it a gift.”

“Oh, right...” Sasha wonders. This is still supposed to be an arranged date. Of course there would be a compensation. She totally forgot about that part.

The man lifts up a curtain covering the entrance to the room and waits for a moment while he states his final words.

“If you want things to improve with your father, don’t be content with simply remaining a passive spectator. You too will have to put in some effort yourself. A strong bond between two is always forged from both sides.” And with those words he leaves.

Sasha is still sitting on the edge of that mattress, pondering over the meaning of those words. Sudden sound of a phone brings her back to reality. It’s that expensive smartphone marking the arrival of a new message. It belongs to Kasumi, letting Sasha know that her date ended and all is fine. Another arrangement they made, just to be safe. Sasha smiles and sends a message back that she too is heading home now. Grabbing hold of this mysterious book, Sasha stands up and walks towards the exit. Leaving this building from the same way she came, no hint remains of a masked man being anywhere around. Even after all this, she still has no idea what he looked like underneath that mask.

INTERLUDE



It is seven in the evening by now. A man is walking through some smaller side alleys of Kabukichô. He is wearing a white *kitsune* mask. Occasionally a passerby gives him an odd look, but most don't pay any heed. He seems to be in high spirits for some reason, sometimes skipping along merrily rather than walking. Looking around to observe all people around with a keen eye hidden underneath that mask, he seems to be in search of something or someone. Then he stops and peers, attention suddenly caught by what meets his gaze.

A single girl is standing at the front of a store. A girl with meshes in her hair in a light shade of pink, back neatly tied high in a short ponytail. It is somewhat off-center, as intended. She doesn't seem all that interested in the store. Actually, she appears to be distressed, with eyes that are freshly red from tears.

“What is the matter, young girl?” a voice speaks softly. Surprised, the child looks up and notices a strange man next to her wearing a mask.

“Nothing...” she answers, while wiping her eyes dry once more and turning around to face the store. Giving a clear hint she would rather not be bothered.

“Hmm, dear me, I could have sworn there was something troubling you,” the man follows up on his earlier words, but doesn’t inquire further. Instead, he simply looks through that store window himself. It’s a jewelry store, and an expensive one, way out of league for the wallet of a girl who looks to be around twelve.

“That would suit you well,” he states after a while. When she looks up curiously, he is pointing to a hairpin.

“You know, for here...” and he points to the same spot on his hair as where the girl has her ponytail tied.

The girl remains quiet. That hairpin does look beautiful, and he is not wrong, she has been thinking before that it would suit well at that point where she ties her hair.

“Want it?” he asks.

She remains silent and looks away again. Knowing it’s a better idea not to go along with offers from strangers like this. Not without proper preparation. It’s simply not worth taking a risk.

“Well, I understand. A stranger with a mask is not exactly the most trustful encounter,” he responds to her silent rejection. “But if a stranger won’t do, how about a possible patron?”

This guy is persistent. And how does he even know what she was doing here? As if he has read her mind, he makes a subtle gesture to her ears.

“Those are very pretty, but very expensive.”

Oh, so that is how... These ruby embedded chandelier earrings she is wearing are certainly not what one would normally see on a girl her age.

“Clip-on... Because your family isn’t allowed to know? Well, that makes sense...”

This guy is more than just persistent, he has some damn good intuition and ability to notice details. He got it right for sure. That is exactly the reason why she uses clip-on, not even having the necessary holes punctured in her ears.

“Say, girl, what is your name?”

She doesn't really have a reason to address him. Actually, it's probably better not to.

But...

“Kasumi...”

But she just can't be bothered anymore. This was a pretty good day up until a short while ago. Until after texting Sasha that her date was finished, when Kasumi received an unexpected call from her father. A call that quickly turned into a heated argument. Oh my, there's going to be a lot of trouble waiting for Kasumi when she gets home. They found that stash of jewelry, and not being dumb, both parents have a good idea on how she earned those. Might even get kicked out of the house at this point. Her father especially was raging mad on the phone. And she yelled in return, refusing to go home and hanging out over here. At this point, it's not like they are going to get any angrier. Maybe... Just maybe... They will be worried if she is late? And her punishment will be lowered?

Kasumi sighs. Yup, it's all over. No more hanging around on arranged dates after today, that's for sure. She will get a close leash put onto her from now on. At least her parents didn't find out about Sasha having that same hobby, heck, they didn't even know their daughter had a friend. So as long as she doesn't spill the beans, seeing that friend should still be possible. Well, at least once Sasha returns from her trip whenever that may be.

Another sigh... This persistent guy still hasn't left, simply waiting in silence while looking into the store. A patron huh? What if she did accept his offer? It would be the last one anyway. She never would go along under any other circumstances, but what else is there to do? It's cold outside, she isn't dressed as warmly as Sasha was back during their meetup, and stores will start closing soon so it will be impossible to warm up inside those. I mean, what could go wrong? Just another patron like so many others. And only for this once...

“The red one...” she lets silently spoken words escape her mouth, a sense of insecurity still lingering in them.

“Oh, a fine choice,” the man answers, before giving a little understanding nod and offering his hand to lead Kasumi inside the store. Usually her partners go alone inside this store after she tells them what to buy, but this should be fine. The saleswoman behind the

counter will simply think they are father and daughter. After performing the transaction and coming back outside, the masked man takes that hairpin outside of its bag and holds it up.

“Let’s put it on.”

Kasumi quietly turns around and lets him pin the jewelry piece right to the side of where her hair is tied.

“Mm, perfect. It matches your earrings,” he answers.

Then he silently looks at her. Of course... He has done his part of the bargain, now it’s time for hers. Normally this girl with pink meshes would never accept any of this, considering it far too dangerous. And if she caught her one and only friend doing so, would get really angry. After all, Kasumi is a good girl and genuinely cares about Sasha.

Ah... She realized... Could that be why her own father was so angry on the phone? But even so, she is too afraid to go home right now. Yeah, not right now... a bit longer...

“Where to?” Kasumi asks.

“I know just the right place,” the masked man answers.

Candles are burning throughout the entire room. White drapes cover the walls and divide this entire bit of space. A repeating sound can be heard. The meaty sound of a man’s pelvis slapping against the soft round butt cheeks of a young and beautiful twelve year old girl. The occasional moan coming from her mouth, and subtly audible the squishiness of a naked penis digging into a dripping wet pussy.

Kasumi can’t believe she is doing this, having unprotected doggy-style sex with a masked stranger. Neither could she believe at first how exceedingly good it feels. A trickle of drool is running down her mouth. Sure, she thought about pulling out a condom stashed in her purse, but in the end she remained silent when he approached her. If she won’t be able to do this anymore after today, then only this once she wanted to experience sex as it is meant to be. Not feeling any regret from the moment that pre-cum dripping cock started digging its naked flesh into her moist vagina. It should be fine... She can’t get pregnant yet... At least, she thinks so.

The man speeds up.

This feels so damn good. Screw those pieces of rubber. And this guy is pretty skilled too. Sure he is a weirdo, you know, with the mask that is still being worn even now. And he did scare the living daylight out of her when bringing the girl into this place, but all is fine now. Apparently he knows Sasha, and knew she had a friend with pink meshes. He did mention her name earlier, accurately guessing Kasumi was that friend. It did ease her mind. If Sasha knows him, there is nothing to worry about. Did they fuck on this same mattress? It certainly did contain some fresh stains.

“Nnn~”

Ha~h, this truly is the best sex ever. So worth it to come here. Her earrings and newly acquired hairpin are the only things she is still wearing. Kasumi can feel them swinging on her ears. A soft metal sound reverberating in her eardrums when its different metallic parts hit each other, like a subtle wind chime in a decent amount of turbulence.

Kasumi gasps from ecstasy and closes her mouth afterwards to prevent another trickle of drool from flowing down. Looking between her own legs afterwards and noticing a thick string of her vaginal fluids slowly dropping before falling onto the bed. That bed happily soaking up her fluids and adding them to those already there from both herself and whoever enjoyed the act of sex on this same mattress before. This young child in the midst of being taken falling in love all over again with the act that is known as a good casual fuck.

Mm, what would it feel like to have a man cum into her for the first time? No stupid piece of rubber to catch it, instead directly flowing its warm broth into her. Would she feel it pouring out? Will it spill out afterwards when she walks? Kasumi is extremely excited to find out. Though that would mean the sex has come to an end... No, she doesn't want it to end... Not yet... It feels far too good for that. Already determined she will have to come up with whatever excuse possible to please her parents and better hide such carnal activities in the future. Giving up on them? No way... Never... Not now she discovered the true joy a man can provide when no longer obstructed by rubber.

The masked man grabs her shoulder with one hand, putting some pull into it. Kasumi stops resting with her arms on the mattress and arches her back, raising herself upwards. The different sensation flowing through her pussy from this change in position is making jolts run through her body. This is it, she simply can't hold it in anymore. A flood of

pleasure shooting through mind and body as her vagina starts to contract, locked in the strongest orgasm it ever had.

Her partner is about to peak as well. He is moving the hand from her shoulder towards her mouth, covering it, feeling her lust-filled saliva running over his fingers while tilting Kasumi's head backwards somewhat.

Then his other hand appears from her right. For a short moment something metallic shines in the corner of her dreamy eyes while that strong orgasm works its magic. Then the knife in his hand drives effortlessly through the side of Kasumi's neck, its blade disappearing into one side and the tip effortlessly reappearing outside the other. Her eyes open wide in shock, pupils dilating. Hand holding that knife making a quick three-slice saw movement to the front with rapid force, as the blade cuts itself free through the entire front of her throat. The man's hand around her mouth pulls the child's head back, opening the gash widely.

The man thrusts with vigor and stops at the deepest point, cum shooting out into the girl's still contracting vagina. Vivid colored blood spurts out wildly all over the mattress from her opened throat in huge quantities. The moment that Kasumi was so looking forward to, her pussy receiving a man's seed, is finally here for the first and last time in her life.

The man lets go of her mouth and both his hands hold onto her hips, the knife dropped next to him. As her upper body falls onto the blood-stained mattress in complete shock, voices from underneath his mask betray how much this man enjoys the feeling of her inner vagina wrapped around him as he pushes in deep to pour out all last bits of cum.

The voices coming from Kasumi revealing nothing more than a deep gurgling sound coming from both her mouth and the opened gash, blood still streaming out of both in non-stop large quantities. The child's young mind and body locked in two opposing extremes. On one hand she can feel a rush and euphoria of the single best orgasm ever running through her lower body. Fully aware of her vagina trying hard in an utterly pointless effort to prevent even a single drop of all that warm sperm she can feel entering her body from leaving a womb which will never bear children. On the other hand, her mind is terrified like never before, while the entire upper body is struggling and shaking with

hard irregular spasms coursing through. As she lays down on the mattress, pink meshes turning a deep dark red, a warm liquid starts running down both her legs. Kasumi's bladder is emptying itself. The girl wants to grab hold of her gashed throat, but arms aren't responding. She wants to cry, but slowly dimming eyes are frozen in shock. All that blood entering her lungs would make her cough hard if she could, but a constant hard trembling is all her body can muster while forced to endure the feeling of choking. Simply laying there, powerless, hearing her own horrifying death-gurgle, feeling the warmth of her own blood as it spurts out of an opened throat, flows from her mouth and runs down her nose. Only one single fading and mortifying thought buried underneath overwhelming fear.

That there will never again be a tomorrow for the child called Kasumi.

As the man pulls out, he slaps that fine ass in front of him and casually sits down on the mattress, not paying any attention to what little sounds are coming from right next to him. His thoughts are somewhere else already. The blood eventually stops, and so do all sounds. Two hardly noticeable spasms still run through Kasumi's body. Then the few remaining tense muscles completely relax forever.

The room is silent. Odor of sex that permeated this area has been replaced by a strong smell of fresh blood.

The masked man takes a step back. He just finished writing something on the wall.

"Innocence proves guilt."

It is written in blood belonging to his victim. He laughs in an overjoyed tone of voice.

"What a wonderful day... Alexei... Sasha... Surely this must be fate."

He takes a couple steps backwards to appreciate his work.

"I am so looking forward to our future. Let us meet our destiny together."

CHAPTER 3



Beyond the Gate

Right at that exact moment when the microwave gives its usual beeping to let Alexei know dinner is ready, he can hear the front door opening. No need to look who it is. Sasha has come back, perfectly on time as was agreed upon. He didn't expect anything else. While they may not be very close, he does know plenty of his daughter's behavioral traits after living with her for all these months. Being punctual for one. Like he is also aware what she went out for. No doubt having finished another meeting with some client, similar to how he spotted her earlier today. It would be any good parent's duty to question her where she went, and provide proper punishment for a twelve year old basically selling her body for gifts. Yes, that's what any proper parent would do starting right this very instant.

"Dinner's ready," he says as Sasha enters the room.

"Okay... I'll be right there."

Alexei raises his eyebrows. A full sentence? Normally she only responds with some mumble or a grunt. His daughter has to be in a damn good mood. Maybe she got something really nice as compensation? Though Alexei knows this girl isn't all that interested in the stuff she receives from those partners. Does that mean she simply enjoyed herself?

He stops and remains frozen in position for a couple seconds while placing down food on top of the kitchen table, lost in thought. The sound of Sasha coming back downstairs after leaving her bag in the bedroom brings him out of it. She is looking at him curiously, wondering why her father was simply standing there, but sits down without asking. Alexei follows her example, beginning to eat in silence while pondering about what went through his mind when standing there earlier. It was his imagination going to places he hadn't expected, forming a concrete picture in his mind of what she must have been doing not that long ago to cause such a good mood. A clear image of the girl called Sasha, his own biological daughter, thoroughly enjoying the act of sex. An image that was... alluring to say the least.

Alexei shakes off that lingering thought. Better put his mind on something else. Perhaps now that his daughter is in an exceptionally good mood is the right time to try and get a conversation going?

"Tasty?" he asks.

"Same as always," she answers after swallowing her food.

Yeah, that was to be expected. At least he didn't get ignored.

"Not bad..." Sasha unexpectedly follows up on her earlier statement, with a sense of hesitation in her voice.

Alexei is unsure what to do now. He didn't think that conversation part would actually get going. A tiny spark it may be, but letting it go to waste now would be a shame.

"Thanks. I tried... Even if it is only cheap instant noodles." He did make an effort to add some extra spice and cut up some vegetables, putting them into the broth. Sasha is not responding, but doesn't seem to be annoyed either. Maybe he can push it a bit further? "With the trip and all..." Alexei begins speaking, Sasha looking up in response. "If there is something specific you want to eat tomorrow morning... I'll make it."

She remains silent while continuing to eat her food.

“You know, since we don’t have a clue what ingredients are available over there.”

Did it fail? She is still eating without saying a word. Alexei knows it’s an odd thing to offer, since breakfast is usually just bread. What could she possibly ask for that isn’t weird as a breakfast meal? Ugh, what a dumb thing to ask.

“Cheese croquette...” Sasha answers almost inaudible while looking down at her plate.

Cheese croquette? Early in the morning? For breakfast?

“Sure. I’ll make some.”

There is a strange sense of accomplishment entering Alexei. A proper conversation, short it may have been. It does mean having to go out later tonight to buy those croquettes, but thankfully there are plenty of stores in all of Tokyo who remain open for the night.

Today is the big day. Alexei arrives at the school gate where he is to pick up Sasha. Today, they will be leaving Japan for about half a year, maybe longer. Today, they go beyond the Gate. What will that place even look like? Hardly anyone knows. And the preparatory lectures certainly didn’t help much.

When was it again that the Gate first appeared? Or more precisely, when was it made public knowledge? It must be about two years now. That sure caused an upset throughout the entire globe. A portal that leads to another world, suddenly opening in Japan. The military quickly established a secure perimeter around that entire area. To prevent international escalations, multiple countries have a military company located nearby and the perimeter has been designated land that cannot be claimed by any one party. Though Japan still has an advantage naturally, since that entire area falls within its borders. Plenty of high political tensions were had, especially the first year, but that calmed down more recently. It was to be expected that every country would try jumping to get a slice of this cake. An entire new world, think about all potential resources and discoveries to be had over there.

Turned out this new world was already inhabited. In fact, it was that side who first discovered our world, and apparently had already been making visits for the purpose of exploration and scouting for a while, though nobody knows an exact timeframe. How they managed to keep the Gate hidden from sight and let their scouts blend in with society,

nobody really knows. Though it seems they found the time was right for revealing themselves to us. After plenty of political shuffling from both sides, a treaty was finally signed to ease tensions.

First thing to be approved was a sort of embassy building on either side. After that came approval for a trading post, though the actual construction plans and proper location took a while to work out. Our trading post has been functional over there for about a month now. The one that is to come on this side is still in construction, after some delays caused by fire breaking out. Not a case of sabotage or something, merely an unfortunate accident. Anyway, it should be finished in a couple months. A cultural exchange program was next to be approved, which happened around a year ago. Technically that was after the trading post agreement, but turning it into practice happened a lot sooner. The other side insisted on this project focusing on teachers being sent over. Over here they preferred scientists, but they settled for their demands eventually. Understandable, since any knowledge is more than welcome in this early stage. It seems in that world beyond the Gate, teachers hold a higher regard in society.

Anyway, the first small group of selected individuals went about half a year ago, with a similar sized group coming over from the other side. And now, by some kind of miracle happenstance, Alexei has been chosen to become a representative in this second group. To become a teacher of world history, our world history, to a class of students over there beyond the Gate. Close family members are welcome to join, so Sasha will come along, having received the opportunity to attend schooling in this unknown foreign land. Honestly, Alexei doesn't expect her to actually learn much there, but he does see value for her credentials. Having this experience will no doubt help Sasha get into a proper high school and university later on in life. Language shouldn't be an issue from what has been told in those preparatory lectures, though how or why remains nothing more than a mystery for now. In a sense, it is understandable those lectures were only half-assed. There is still very much a sense of secrecy surrounding what lies beyond the Gate, so divulging too much information to an applicant who can still cancel out of the entire thing is probably a wise choice.

Sasha arrives at the school gate at their agreed upon time.

“Said your goodbyes?” her father asks.

She gives a vague answer. Honestly, no, she didn't. The only person Sasha wanted to talk to was Kasumi, and she is not at school today. A total bummer, but her friend probably has good reasons. Didn't respond to a text message either. Hopefully she is not sick, but knowing her family situation, something will probably have come up. It happened before that Kasumi missed a day at school. No matter, sure it is sad she can't say goodbye in person, but Sasha will be back eventually. Then there will be lots to talk about. After a good warm hug, some tears of friendship and plenty of gossiping and giggling. Yes, as she thought about yesterday, soon enough the biggest worry will be deciding what souvenir to bring back.

No need to go pick up any baggage, Alexei already got those shipped off before coming to pick Sasha up. No doubt a complete search is being done about right now through all those suitcases, including going through a bunch of scanners before a thorough manual check. And for their ride that is standing outside the school gate right now? They couldn't have picked something more obvious. Plenty of gazes from people passing by, and boys still in class getting scolded by a teacher as they are pressing their nose on the window glass from the school's top floor in curiosity and excitement. No surprise. Alexei was expecting something with a camo at most, and sure, it has one. But that is an armored vehicle standing here, with actual gunner sticking out on top. A Komatsu LAV.

Sasha is staring with her mouth half open when seeing it.

“Is that...?” she mutters out of her mouth.

“Yeah, that's our ride.”

Alexei's daughter is feeling a sense of excitement rising up, wanting to board this thing right now. There is only one problem, where is she supposed to even get in?

The ride itself took longer than expected. Not exactly the most comfortable either or with the best view. Didn't help that there were three checkpoints that needed to be passed, each demanding identification and answering a bunch of questions. Tiring is about the only description that Alexei can think of. For him, at least. Sasha certainly enjoyed herself the entire time, that gunner in their ride even letting her have a seat in his spot. The level of difference in how they questioned him compared to Sasha was day and night as well.

Understandable, since his daughter is only a child. By the time they finally pass their last check and enter the innermost circle, it is already getting dark. What would time difference be over there? Even that is secret. The hassle still isn't over yet. A meeting with the base commander, some more documents to be signed, and a reminder not to forget writing that daily report their government wants handed in at least once a week. Simply handing it over to a contact person in the embassy or base camp on the other side should be enough, as once entered through the Gate, there is no going back until either their determined end date, or an official request for special leave has been permitted.

Then the moment has finally arrived. Alexei and Sasha are standing in front of a military hangar, constructed around the Gate. A crap-ton of soldiers are guarding this place, both inside and out. A strange construct stands in the middle. The Gate itself looks like some bizarre magical portal, around it a huge military built structure, reaching up all the way to the top of this hangar. A single straight walkway leads up to a blue surface that forms the portal to another world. It almost looks like water, but more dense, a sort of liquid metal. No transparency at all. Is it even safe to walk through this? Getting closer to the portal, it becomes clearer what the purpose is of that construct surrounding it. A large set of steel shutters has been built, probably meant for an emergency when they want to seal it off so nothing can come through from the other side.

A small hand is grabbing hold of Alexei's shirt. He is not the only one finding this wall of liquid metal-like substance creepy. Placing a hand behind her back, he slowly nudges his daughter forward while walking one step ahead himself. Extending the other arm, he carefully pushes through this eerie portal. A tingly feeling... Then he pulls back again. His arm is still there at least. Time to take a plunge into the unknown.

"On three..." and he begins counting.

Once he says three, Alexei gives another little push while walking through, though it didn't seem to be necessary as Sasha walked forward herself at the same time.

It only lasts for an instant. A flash of light with a tingly sensation all over, and his view turns dark. Eyes begin to slowly adapt to their new environment. It is much darker on this side than that heavily illuminated hangar. Both of them are inside a large room filled with

some torches. A couple guards greet them. Judging from their outfit and gun they are carrying, those are from our world.

“Huh, I thought guards here would be locals?”

The man in charge begins to explain the situation. A detachment of guards from back in our world is allowed to act here as a defense force and have a small base present. A token of trust, apparently. That isn't to say there aren't locals defending this place either, but they are more situated in outer perimeters, not seeming too concerned about leaving the Gate itself to these armed otherworldly folk.

No large construct to block the portal from this side. Then again, it's from this side that it got opened to begin with, so these locals will no doubt have all necessary knowledge to close it as well, maybe even remotely. That capability certainly would explain a lot about lax security here compared to the other side. While the mechanism behind that portal itself is shrouded in mystery, this world doesn't seem to have a same level of technological capabilities as ours. But if you can close it remotely, what does that matter when you don't really have to worry about a large invasion force barging in anyway? The most they will have to deal with is a couple dozen soldiers at best. Those will run out of ammo fast. Yeah, Alexei thinks that is probably the reason why.

“What time is it here?” he asks one of the guards.

“It's about twenty two o'.”

So ten in the evening, Alexei mumbles, realizing immediately afterwards that this doesn't mean all that much, since he doesn't know total amount of hours in a day over here. But that same guard clarifies before Alexei can ask.

“Time runs very similar in this place. Only about twenty minutes difference in a day.”

Alexei hopes that is twenty minutes longer, not shorter. That would mean some more time to sleep. At least they won't have to worry much about their regular sleeping pattern getting disrupted.

Sasha pulls out a little bag from her hand luggage, opening it and starting to munch on some more of those left-over cheese croquettes from this morning. Normally they weren't allowed to bring any food along, but guards turned a blind eye to a young child's snack when they found it. Seeing her biting down with hunger makes Alexei wish he had received

that same treatment. His stomach could use some filling as well. Who knows what unfamiliar stuff they feed people with here. It does ease his mind to see his daughter happily munching while skipping up and down on her toes, long twin - tails bouncing along energetically. Someone is getting excited about having entered a foreign world. Probably feels like a big adventure to her. Honestly, it feels no different to him as well, and Alexei can't deny a decent amount of excitement is present in his own mind and body.

“What about our luggage?” he asks the guard.

“Some people from the Academy have already picked it up. It should be at your room when you get there.”

The Academy. Has to be that place where he is to teach world history. So he has a room there? A boarding school, where even teachers live?

The guard brings them to a location outside a small security check zone, and tells both father and daughter to wait here until whoever is to pick them up arrives. Alexei can see into a town that is built right next to the Gate from here, they are practically in it already. Technically it is the other way around, and the Gate was built right next to town. Still surprising how lax security is here.

The town gives a proper impression of this world they are in. It looks dated, like eighteenth century dated. They do have a form of street lights, but they are basically numerous stands throughout the roads holding torches. It gives an impression of being old, yet picturesque at the same time. Though roads and houses look way more properly maintained and cleaned than one would expect from something that radiates the atmosphere of an older time period. Even in the dark, that much is noticeable. A quaint little restaurant on their left with plenty of round tables on its terrace, each holding a candle and a menu held under a decorative weight. A bell tower belonging to some communal building, plenty of decorative arches with relief sculptures depicting nature detailing all four sides of that tower. A coquettish storefront on their right with a warm inviting hue coming from its windows as that store seems to be opened still, a soft clanging of a bell audible when a customer opens the door to walk out. All buildings facing a neatly paved set of streets, with a wide central road dividing town, white stone pavement forming the middle while detailed mosaics make up its outer edges. They are close to the ocean, its

fresh air gently flowing through town, multiple lights visible somewhere in the distance where fishing and transport boats are still hard at work.

“Good evening.”

An older man has approached them. He looks around the age of fifty. A normal human, though Alexei knows he won't be from our world. His attire is blending in with that picturesque scenery. He almost looks like coming straight out of a movie about sorcery and wizards, wearing some deep-blue robed attire, reminiscent of a Roman toga, with quite detailed motifs on its bottom and top edge. That wizard feel comes mostly from a pointy hat in matching color he's wearing. He introduces himself as a man called Oldor Ravenbeard. What a name, couldn't be more fitting for someone cosplaying as a wizard.

Sasha chuckles and says out loud what Alexei has been thinking.

“Like a wizard!”

Alexei wants to start apologizing, but Oldor is ahead of him.

“That would be because I *am* a wizard,” he says in an enticing tone, clearly trying to grab the interest of this young girl before him.

Sasha looks up in surprise. A part of her finds it impossible to believe, another part wants to believe it with every cell of her being. Then she enthusiastically asks for confirmation.

“So you can do magic?!”

The man pulls some type of thin stick from a belt around his toga and waves it around like a magic wand, emphasizing his movements to please the girl. Then he says a strange word in a loud and clear voice, like a command.

“*Luma!*”

Outer end of that wand suddenly begins to glow a bright light, illuminating the entire area. Almost blinding when staring at it directly. Sasha begins to squeal in joy. Magic! Real magic, not some silly trick! Alexei can't believe his own eyes either. Is that really not some trick? Certainly didn't look like it.

Oldor starts to explain all about this world and some information about himself. Meanwhile he invites Alexei and Sasha to join him on a twenty minute walk to the Academy. This world doesn't have much in technology, but what it does have is magic. He cautions

his guests about not getting too hyped about it, since their level of magic is really not that spectacular and as an invention still relatively in its infancy. The Academy where Alexei will teach and Sasha will attend is a school that has classes in magic on its curriculum. Sasha started skipping in joy when hearing she too will learn to use a wand. Sounds early to Alexei, beginning such classes in the equivalent of elementary school, but he then accepts that this is not his world and standards can be different here. Besides, what would a proper age to learn magic even be? He does admit secretly, learning some of that himself wouldn't sound like an unpleasant idea. On top of it all, it pleases him to see that Sasha is clearly all hyped up about her upcoming life in this place.

"So is that not your real name?" Sasha asks, one of many questions she fires into the general direction of Oldor, after he explained he too once graduated from that same Academy she will attend, and got his wizard name there.

"Oldor is, but Ravenbeard is not," clarifying afterwards that is his wizard name, chosen because of his raven black hair. A sort of combination between a professional name and a title that only a graduate of this Academy gets bestowed with.

"But it's grey..." Sasha answers, confused about his short grey stubbles under the light of a torch.

"Aye... Age tends to have that effect," he replies with a nostalgia filled voice, before picking up an energetic mood again and insisting that until not so long ago it was as black as a raven's.

They have left town for a while now, it really wasn't very big at all, and now they have been walking next to a river for several minutes. Behind them the lights of town are still visible. Ahead looms the shape of a giant building that could come straight out of a horror movie, like a huge haunted mansion. It even has gargoyle-like statues visible on top of its roof, though they are anatomically not exactly the same. Once getting closer, that spooky atmosphere starts to change into one more fitting for a giant fairytale mansion. Certainly gets the magic school vibe going.

"First thing's first, some necessary formalities," the wizard states while guiding the pair into a large room. A giant multistory ceremonial area. In the middle stands a pedestal

with a single old book on top. An old man in a similar toga-styled outfit and wizard hat, though both a lot more elaborate in design, is standing behind it.

“Welcome, welcome...” the old man beckons them closer. He introduces himself as Tudor Emberspark. Obviously another wizard name, though not just any wizard, this guy is the Headmaster of this entire Academy, highest authority in this building and most respected member of the faculty. Someone who earned his fame at a young age by developing a new form of magic, used to create a spark of fire with a traditional wand, hence the name Tudor Emberspark. Though Alexei already confirmed to himself he’ll simply call him Tudor.

Both Alexei and Sasha get presented with a piece of parchment that they have to sign in order to start their new life here. But Alexei hesitates. He has always been taught to never sign something you haven’t properly read, including and especially any fine print. And with this parchment, reading in general is out of the question since it is in a language he cannot comprehend. Headmaster Tudor realizes why his guest is hesitating and eases his mind.

“Oh, don’t worry... You’ll be able to read it soon enough,” he coughs afterwards when opening the one book on that pedestal. “Repeat after me, with a loud and clear voice, properly pronouncing every syllable.” Then he coughs again to clear his throat and begins to speak.

“Scio tra vortoj!”

Alexei repeats the words, and suddenly feels dizzy. Knowledge is flowing into his mind at rapid pace. Oldor who has taken place next to him makes sure he can offer support if needed were dizziness becoming too much.

“Now take a look at the parchment once more,” Tudor states.

Alexei is amazed when he looks at that exact piece of unreadable text from earlier, yet he now somehow understands every single word written.

“From now on, you can read, speak and understand our language. That is how some of us learned your language as well, like the Headmaster and I,” Oldor clarifies.

Alexei responds how it must be easy if one can learn like this, to a degree that school itself hardly has any purpose other than to infuse a brain with whatever knowledge needed.

But the Headmaster corrects that misunderstanding. While technically possible, it is a practice that cannot be used safely when applied too often too fast. Twice is about the limit a brain can handle before slowly becoming insane. Alexei suddenly feels reluctance. Is this practice even safe? Letting Sasha go through this process doesn't sound very appealing. But the Headmaster insists that this one exposure is not a threat at all and all effects have been studied since the time of his grandfather, around when magic was first practiced.

"Now then, for our new prospective student..." Headmaster Tudor beckons Sasha to come forward for this same process, but she responds in an unexpected manner.

"Hmm? But I can already read this," she holds up the piece of parchment and begins to read out loud. Alexei knowing every single word is accurate, thanks to the knowledge he just received.

"Hoh..." the headmaster states with curiosity. "Where did you learn that?"

Sasha shuffles her feet over the ground. The answer is well known to her, but she can't simply start speaking about how a girl like her got in possession of a strange book from that equally strange masked man. They will want to know details. Inventing some story would be possible to avoid talking about her arranged dating, but lies are hard to keep straight over time.

"I don't know," she answers. Considering it safer to feign ignorance.

"Most peculiar," Tudor says, but he accepts her reply.

The documents have been signed. Those were really nothing more than an agreement they would be living under this roof and thus be covered by jurisdiction of the Academy, and would not hold this place responsible in case something were to happen. The usual bureaucracy to insulate a company or organization from consequences is obviously a thing in this world as well.

"Congratulations, you are now both officially a part of this prestigious Academy. So that means the young lady now has to go to her chambers. Curfew is in effect at this hour after all."

Sasha looks annoyed at the Headmaster's words, but honestly, she doesn't mind that much. This day has been interesting for sure, and she has plenty to look forward to with

these magic classes coming up. It is going to be so much fun to talk about this with Kasumi when all is done. That girl sure is missing out on an adventure.

When walking through multiple hallways guided by Oldor, heading towards the girls' dormitory, Alexei can't help but wonder at the beautiful architecture of this place. What a difference to those cold and ugly concrete jungles from our world which are built to be as devoid of artistic merit as possible, reducing living and working places to nothing but barebones postmodernism that would make any architect from any age before spin in their graves. Instead, this Academy has finely crafted stone walls, with plenty of alcoves holding statues and paintings. Lush carpets make the floor comfortable to walk on and exude a warm atmosphere. How they are kept clean is a mystery to Alexei, but they sure are doing an excellent job at it. Not a spec of dirt to be seen. Maybe they use magic to clean? Or they simply have a sizable and disciplined cleaning crew making the rounds every day. One other detail certainly doesn't go unnoticed. About all those statues and paintings? This culture sure isn't very prude. Many of them are nudes, in a similar style of ancient Greek Hellenistic sculptures and art. Like those old statues of Aphrodite that do a fine job of displaying the beauty of a well-maintained human body. Some of them going even further and showing full eroticism. Though in this case what gets depicted is not always fully human. Regardless, all these efforts put into architecture are truly breathtaking and reminiscent of a time period where people still cared about longevity and communal purpose behind their buildings, constructed to stand the test of time and dedicated to a higher purpose than mere bland utilitarianism.

They arrive before a wooden door. Oldor knocks and opens the door after a couple seconds. Two girls come outside to take a look.

"These two shall be your roommates. Do get along now."

Sasha shyly steps forward and gives a little nod. Both girls do the same in return.

"Go on inside, don't be shy. I'm sure you three will have plenty of questions to ask each other, but do try not to make it too late." Then Oldor closes the door again once Sasha has joined those other two girls inside, directing his attention back to Alexei. "I'll give you a

short tour. Don't worry about your daughter, her roommates have been instructed to give her a hand in getting to know this place, starting tomorrow.

With this day reaching its end, Alexei is relieved that everything turned out okay without any unexpected issues. Looks like their life here will be somewhat of a change for sure, but nothing hard or upsetting.

"Nervous about working here?" the old wizard asks.

"I would be lying if I said no, but I'm looking forward to it as well," Alexei states honestly, getting some assurance from Oldor afterwards.

"If it can be of any help at easing your mind, there is one other individual in this Academy who comes from your world and has been teaching here for half a semester already. From some country called Japan if I remember correctly. He'll come back tomorrow from leave."

Alexei is surprised to hear that. Another one? And from the same country no less? Wasn't everyone selected from different countries? But then he realizes that even though he was living in Japan, originally Russian at birth, his nationality still belongs to some European country he couldn't care less about. It certainly will be nice to have a fellow adult to talk to who is familiar with that good old land of the rising sun. And since he has been here for a semester already, this guy should know all ins and outs of Academy life. Neat.

"Here, take this," Oldor hands over some thin booklet to Alexei.

He gave the same to Sasha when she entered her room, saying what it was for, but Alexei wasn't paying much attention back then to catch his words, distracted by the gorgeous scenery.

"It's a brochure," the wizard explains.

A brochure? What is anyone supposed to do with this crap?

"It holds some crucial information."

Alexei can't help but wonder if this crucial information involves advertisements for some overpriced five star restaurant or such. Then something suddenly catches the Academy's new world history teacher's attention to a degree that he comes to a complete standstill, simply staring in bewildered amazement. Oldor understands what is going on and simply waits in silence for Alexei to process what he is seeing.

A girl is walking through the crossing hallway, heading towards a staircase leading upwards. Though rather than climbing up those stairs, it is more accurate to say she is scaling the wall instead. That girl is far from human... Eight large spider legs move in perfect union underneath her... Eight legs attached to a large black spider's body... And yet at the front of that body is a regular girl, almost like sitting on a spidery throne, fused into her body.

"That would be an arachne, one of our students," Oldor clarifies.

"She... She went up the wall..." Alexei stutters.

"Indeed, an arachne is perfectly capable of scaling any surface with ease."

"A... spider..."

Oldor laughs at Alexei grasping for words.

"Indeed, a half spider, half human," he confirms.

Alexei has to ask. His mind needs to be put at ease after seeing this.

"Is she... dangerous?"

"No, not at all. And a model second year student as well."

Alexei's hair is still standing on his arms. That felt so otherworldly. More than anything else encountered in this place so far.

"As long as you don't enter their special dormitory," Oldor adds to his statement.

Now he is making things sound ominous again.

"Why?" Alexei feels a growing urge to know.

"It's in the brochure."

Alexei's grip on that little booklet is fastening. Better not throw this thing away without reading it properly.

As the tour ends, both men are heading towards the upper floor where Oldor will show Alexei his private room. When going up these stairs, a sound enters Alexei's ears. It's a sound that seems hard to mistake, and Alexei can't help but give a little peek around the corner past this staircase.

A young couple around Sasha's age is in the midst of enjoying the intimate art of mating. One is a human boy, the other seems to be a cute human girl... No, never mind that thought. That is no human girl at all. She has only one large eye in the middle. A cyclops?

The girl has noticed him while still leaning against the wall, one leg raised, lifted by the boy as he happily plows his little soldier into her, too absorbed with all physical pleasures she provides to pay any attention to those observers passing by. She doesn't stop her partner and simply keeps on looking at Alexei while clearly enjoying being seen, a nearby light source reflecting in her yellow lust-filled eye.

"Oh, her again?" Oldor speaks silently and with a sense of calmness, like nothing out of the ordinary is happening.

Alexei asks if they are not supposed to stop this couple, but the wizard shrugs his shoulders and gestures for them to move on towards their destination. Saying it is no big deal. While technically there is a curfew going on, and it indeed gets enforced under most circumstances, there is one exception where bending rules is standard policy. Both genders freely mingling amongst each other for what he describes as "comfort" being that exception. It is the natural way of things after all, Oldor clarifies. As long as it is kept somewhat discreet. Alexei can't help wondering what could be possibly discreet about having sex out in the open hallway, but then again, it is right past midnight by now. If it weren't for him being a late arriving newcomer, that hallway would have been basically deserted.

Finally entering his room, Alexei is left all alone. It's a sizeable room. A torch is burning inside, throwing a soft yellow hue around the entire place. The temperature inside is nice, like it was throughout this entire building. It is late-spring here after all. Even if he were to open a window it would still feel warm. As promised by those guards at the gate, his suitcases are present inside the room, neatly placed next to a wardrobe. A large bed with mosquito curtains faces the wall next to the window.

"Great... even in another world they have mosquitos."

A desk with some candles against the wall opposite the window, a closet, a nightstand. The usual one would expect.

Alexei takes the torch and lights some candles on his nightstand. After placing that torch back he plops down onto the bed. First impression? Pretty soft and comfortable. Now, for that one truly important thing left to do...

He flips open the brochure.

Arachne... Arachne... Where is this stuff written?

Another page flip and he finds what is being looked for. A small picture of an arachne and some information written about them. It certainly states that exact same thing Oldor mentioned. Never enter an arachne's layer. Or in the case of this Academy, never enter their special dormitory. The brochure lays out a sensible reason. Being inside their nest, particularly at night, seems to stir primitive urges of this species a noteworthy lot. To the point that when someone enters, the arachne may lose control over themselves and see the intruder as a fine fresh meal.

A most convincing argument indeed.

Better read the rest of this brochure.

CHAPTER 4



Many Meetings

Sasha enters her new room. Two other girls have already gone inside, they will be her roommates from today onwards. Not exactly the moment she was most looking forward to. With meeting new people always comes that uncomfortable uncertainty what they are like and if it is even possible to get along. Having only had one friend so far, Sasha's expectations are about rock-bottom. Getting along isn't really necessary either as far as she is concerned, simply not being a bother is enough, even if a part of her is hoping for something more.

The other two girls seem to have that same sense of discomfort, being confronted with the sudden arrival of a stranger in their private quarters. They will have known no doubt that somebody was coming, since Sasha's luggage is standing against the wall.

Now what? One of this room's earlier occupants breaks the silence.

"That bunk on the right is available."

Sasha walks towards it, wanting to drop down her backpack, and hesitates between the top or bottom bed. Would any of these belong to someone?

“Pick whichever one you want, it’s only the three of us. And we already have the other bunk,” the same girl as earlier says.

Sasha puts down her backpack on the bottom bed. A part of her wants to have the top one, but scaling a small wooden ladder for getting on or off every time seems like it would turn into a bother quickly. Besides, if there is no fourth person that option to change her mind still remains.

“I’m Elenor,” the girl who has done all the talking up to now introduces herself. “Elenor Fairchild.”

Light brown hair down to right over both shoulders, a bit wild and ending in curls, a single short pigtail sticking out from the side. Dark brown eyes look lively at the newcomer. This one sure was quick to overcome any social barrier.

She seems to be the more social of these two roommates. Straightforward, and judging from how she is eagerly waiting for a reply, seemingly the curious type. Probably talk-active as well and with a bit of a playful side to her. That would sum up the first impression Sasha gets from this girl named Elenor. Not to be mistaken as a bad impression. In fact, behavior-wise this girl reminds her of how Kasumi behaves when she is around, which is a welcome thought in this foreign environment. Maybe that nightgown Elenor is wearing plays a role as well at creating such an impression. Kasumi would love to wear that, though she wouldn’t be allowed to by her parents. It’s even in her favorite color. A light pink expensive looking nightgown, more reminiscent to a luxurious transparent baby-doll with plenty of frills, tied close by a single button over her chest. One of Sasha’s dating partners once dressed her up in something similar, even if it wasn’t an appropriate size. She did like wearing that oversized garment, recognizing a sense of femininity combined with eroticism radiating from it. Her partner at the time certainly enjoyed it, which in turn helped a lot in making Sasha enjoy the experience as well.

After introducing herself in turn, Sasha looks towards that other girl. A similar nightgown, except much longer and not as revealing. A deep rich purple with just as many frills as Elenor’s, elegant more so than erotic, with a matching pair of warm looking furry

slippers. A damn expensive piece of evening wear for sure, giving that type of impression she must be the daughter of a very rich family.

“I’m Serenia of House Nightengale,” she says politely, more subdued than her fellow companion.”

“Yup, rich girl for sure,” is the thought that crosses Sasha’s mind instantly. Is this Serenia merely being shy, or has she been raised to act more classy and refined? Hard to tell. This girl too has a feature that reminds Sasha of her friend back at home. Something about her hair. It is a dark brown, neatly tied in a long free-flowing ponytail. The location where it is tied is that exact same spot where Kasumi had her shorter ponytail, high-up and deliberately off-center. Biggest difference being its impressive length, all the way down to halfway Serenia’s thighs. It seems she ties it into a braid for the night, as she has taken place on a chair and has started combing and braiding in silence.

Sasha takes in the view of this room. They are on the second floor, with one double window leading outside opposite the entrance. Both beds are on opposite walls to the left and right of the window. While there is room for four people, there are only two desks and a single bookcase.

“No wardrobe?” Sasha asks.

“Tada!” Elenor yells out loud, probably too loud for this hour of night, while she slides out one of two massive drawers underneath the bottom bed belonging to her own bunk. It is filled with clothes. Presumably one drawer for each bunk’s occupant.

“Is this yours?” Elenor asks while poking at Sasha’s backpack, who nods in return.

“Hmm, looks different,” beginning to ask questions about what these shoulder flaps at the back are for. Sasha demonstrates by putting it on her back. Meanwhile Serenia watches in silence, attention caught by a cute design of a little cartoon pig on the closing flap.

Sasha feels a sense of relief. First contact is going a lot more smoothly than expected. Rather than an obstacle, she quickly learns that both their worlds being different is actually a boon. One question after the other about this place called “Earth” gets fired off by the curious Elenor, while the more silent Serenia doesn’t waste any opportunity to listen, betraying she is far from disinterested in this topic herself. There won’t be much sleep tonight, if any, but none of them feel fatigue anyway.

Eventually, Sasha feels comfortable enough to start asking more questions of her own. What she most wants to know right now is more about this thing called magic. When will they learn about it? What will they learn? How? Do her roommates already know any? Once one question flows out, others quickly follow. Turns out Serenia and Elenor don't know any yet. They have only been here for a week it seems, at the start of a new school year, and there haven't been any practical classes yet. What is instantly obvious is how they share in Sasha's excitement at the prospect of getting to learn magic. A rare treat that is only for those few who manage to get one out of a limited amount of spots available, decided upon by getting into a list of top rankers through a set of entry exams. Only those who show high amounts of academic prowess and discipline get admitted.

"Wow, so you got a spot too?" Sasha asks Elenor.

Serenia can't contain a chuckle at the earnest question aimed at her companion, who fakes being emotionally hurt before laughing it off.

"Of course I did. I'm a good student too."

"Even if you don't look like it," Serenia follows up while being amused.

Sasha has to admit it does come unexpected. All students she knows from her former school who are the curious and playful type tend to have below average academic results. Not necessarily because they are dumb, but more that they can't be bothered or feel unchallenged by the one-size-fits-all subpar mediocrity of education there. At least that's how it was in her home country, not having spent enough time in Japan to get a better idea how it was in that place.

With things finally starting to calm down and most questions answered, Sasha rolls on her belly while grabbing a thick book out of her backpack. Fatigue is finally starting to set in and lighting isn't that great with only some candles, but only for a short while...

"What's that about?" Elenor asks, looking down from her top bed at the other bunk.

"Humanoids. It's really odd, I got this book back in my world, but it has to originate from here. Oh, a werewolf?! Do these live here?"

Serenia gives Sasha the answer as she passes after coming back from a quick toilet visit.

“Fox technically, not wolf, though they do get mistakenly called werewolves in that form quite often.”

“Sera knows a lot about stuff like that. She had to study a whole lot from her parents. You know, she can’t disappoint,” Elenor adds.

Sasha looks confused about what there is to disappoint. And “Sera”? Is that her nickname?

“Prestige,” Serenia clarifies. Apparently her family have high expectations from their daughter. Not graduating amongst top of the class would be seen as a disgrace for a family as prestigious as hers. That is why she received plenty of preparatory private schooling. “Fox-kind transform into wild beasts during summer solstice. They can’t help it,” she flaunts some more knowledge. Once more the girl from plain old planet Earth is confronted with how different this place is.

Ever-curious Elenor comes down and sits on the bed next to Sasha as she flips through the pages. Suddenly holding both hands over her mouth as she gasps in surprise and a hint of excitement.

“That picture... are they...?!”

“Mating...” Sasha finishes the sentence while simultaneously answering, flipping back to the book’s title page for an instant. “A wholesome guide to cross-species mating.”

“What does wholesome mean?” Elenor asks, only receiving a shrug from Sasha indicating she doesn’t know the answer, before leaning over more closely as all attention has been grabbed by this book’s contents. As they flip through the pages an occasional sound of surprise and girly giggling can be heard.

“Heh? How does that work?! Where is he putting his wee-wee?!”

That enthusiasm coming from right next to Sasha is quickly evaporating any lingering sense of unease whether things will end up fine between the three of them. Looking through this book together feels exactly like it would if she were to do so with Kasumi. Fun and filled with a sense of naughtiness, feelings that are clearly shared by Elenor. And while Serenia may be remaining silent, a glance is headed towards the book out of plain curiosity every time a new sexual picture is revealed.

Early morning. While hardly gotten any sleep, none of these three girls feel particularly tired, excited for their upcoming classes. Apparently it will be Sasha's roommates' first actual school day as well, having spent this week on simply getting used to living here. After a knocking sound on the door, an employee enters to deliver a set of clothes. It is Sasha's new school uniform. The other two are already wearing theirs, so the blonde has a good idea how it will look on her when she will wear it. A clear resemblance to a witches' outfit is striking.

The cloth is soft and velvet-like to the touch in a two-toned color pattern. A short double layered skirt in a rich and dark brown color, with frilly bottom layer in a particularly light shade of beige slightly sticking out underneath. A short brown corset that covers up to about right below her breasts, leaving entirety of the girl's subtle chest exposed, with the sides consisting of nothing but a couple cross-faced thin laces. Breast are partially covered by a beige small bikini top. Not quite a micro one, but not exactly a full size bikini either. Majestically revealing that fine transition where a child's chest changes into a pair of soft and squishy budding A-cup breasts. Leaving a good amount of bared cleavage, side-boob and under-boob visible, courtesy of this lovely piece of garment not providing the least bit of actual support. A truly commendable designer's choice.

Over her shoulders a short beige cape that runs down to around the waist area. The cape is a type that runs around both shoulders and covers their front as well, but leaves the chest area exposed for the charms of that bikini top to fully shine. Thin skin-tight beige gloves that run all the way up till right over the elbow. Similarly colored socks that go all the way over the knees. A set of brown, sturdy yet feminine laced boots that stop a bit under the knee. And one remaining piece that simply cannot be absent from an outfit like this, a brown witches' hat.

According to some trivia from Serenia, there are custom versions of this uniform, since not every species that attends the Academy can wear the default one as a direct result of differing physiological features. Its overall design does stay the same as much as possible.

"The hat is only for ceremonies," Serenia clarifies when Sasha puts it on.

There is one such ceremony today. An opening ceremony that marks the official beginning of a new schoolyear. The first year in this place for all three. Other times they are

not required to wear it, during classes not even allowed to. Most who use it do so during weekends when being free to go outside the Academy, as a decently effective sun blocker on top of being a status symbol.

Walking through a hallway heading to the opening ceremony, Sasha can't help but look around with the utmost of curiosity at various humanoids walking, crawling and creeping around. After the ceremony they have half an hour before first class begins. All three children are strolling around, heading towards the southern garden as Sasha is being presented with a tour by her new friends. The way - too - sexy - for - a - twelve - year - old witch outfit these girls are wearing is drawing eyes, especially from boys in higher years. Elenor and especially Serenia are oblivious to it, but Sasha can easily recognize that same type of look those patrons back in her own world often had. Not surprising as they are at that age where hormones begin to rage hard, and these uniforms do leave plenty of naked skin at all the right places. Whichever adult designed these must be a secret admirer of female beauty in its younger form. Then again, that painting they just passed of a very naked and very young maiden washing herself in a blatantly exposed way hints strongly at a culture where sexuality is not considered as something to be ashamed of.

Having lived in a world where this type of outfit or decorations would only draw frowns from any respectable adult at best, and a full scale police force at worst, does make it all feel strangely odd to this cultural newcomer. The looks she receives certainly are appreciated though. Sasha had already wondered how she could possibly make up for the loss of her arranged dating hobby, but an environment like this is bound to offer some opportunities. Keeping it a secret from Elenor won't be necessary, she is the type who could get dragged into any kind of sexual play without much effort. Her healthy interest in that book's contents made that much clear. Serenia will be more difficult. Doubtful she would go along even if holding signs of slumbering interest, but would probably not be the type to tattle behind their backs either.

A poke from Elenor's elbow nudges Sasha's side.

"Hey, over there, are they looking at us?" she asks while discreetly nodding in the direction of a small group of older male students. Sasha gives an understanding nod in

return. Seems like Elenor has finally taken note as well of all attention their half-naked chest and bared thighs are drawing.

As they finally reach the inner garden, another group of boys is already there in the half-open hallway. Something seems to have caught their interest inside the garden.

“I swear, I saw one over there!”

“I can’t see anything, are you serious?”

“Dude, you should have seen...”

Sasha takes a look herself. Beautiful plants that she has never seen before, plenty of flowers, various sizes of trees. A well decorated and huge garden that stretches out as far as the eye can see. Which, admittedly, is not very far at all with how densely populated this garden is. But Serenia assures her it runs all the way towards the end of this Academy’s southern circumference, a surface area multitudes larger than the Academy building itself.

“Aw man, I wanted to see too.”

“Yeah, you missed out.”

These boys are still going on about that same thing. Sure, the garden is very pretty and Sasha would love to take a walk through it, but somehow doubts these guys are talking about some plants or trees. With one of them clearly disappointed for missing out on whatever it was, the boys take their leave.

“This garden changes every day, I’ve been told,” Elenor opens her mouth.

Serenia confirms that to be true. “See those vines over there? With red flowers on.”

Sasha peers in the direction Serenia is pointing to, noticing instantly what Serenia is indicating. “Yeah, I see them. There are a lot of those, and in different colors too.”

“Those are creepvines. They move around in early evening hours, when the last sunlight dims, changing the garden layout.”

“Heh?! Won’t you get lost inside? Do they attack?!” Sasha wonders out loud.

“They are harmless. But you will get lost for a while, that’s why only the caretaker is allowed in after eight.”

Then again, not that this would change much for the students themselves, since that’s when curfew begins. Though Sasha would love to see it happen. Plants moving around as if they are alive? Who wouldn’t want to see that?

Then her mouth suddenly falls open in surprise. Half hidden behind a large bush, something unusual is staring at her in return. That which held the full interest of those boys earlier, for reasons that are immediately clear to Sasha.

“A fairy...” she mumbles.

A slender figure about a meter tall, or around thirty-nine inch, with large butterfly wings on her back. Both wings are connected around the shoulder bone area down to her waist, large enough that they stick out wide and above the fairy’s head while reaching down to halfway her lower legs. The outer edge of these wings are almost a pure black, with inner side being a gradient that goes from vivid light blue at the top to equally vivid dark blue at the bottom. Other than two butterfly antennae sticking out on top of her head, ending in twirls, her main body is perfectly human. And perfectly naked, hence the reaction of those boys who spotted this fairy earlier.

“Oh, how rare... That’s Layla,” Serenia says, spotting the fairy herself.

Layla looks curiously at all three girls, then gives a beautiful and mysterious smile before disappearing again into the garden. The way she floated and turned around looked bedazzling and elegant, like a natural temptress who knows how to seduce with every subtle move. Her pitch-black straight hair became easily noticeable once she had turned around, reaching for the full downwards length of her giant wings.

“How does she fly?” Sasha asks. Sure, those wings moved and are huge, but there is no way they were moving fast enough to hold her afloat. But she undeniably floated through the air.

“I don’t know exactly...” Serenia says with a disappointed look that she can’t provide a proper answer, “but it has something to do with magic.”

That would make more sense, yeah. So they are magical beings? Well of course she is a magical being.

“That was a fairy. A fairy!” Sasha repeats enthusiastically, still amazed.

Serenia explains how she knew Layla’s name, since her family was the one who arranged for that fairy’s transfer to this Academy to begin with. Something about the Headmaster requesting one for whatever reason and the Nightengale family having all

necessary connections to arrange the presence of one. Going on about more details like how fairies can become crazy old, reaching over two thousand years.

“She is *that* old?” Elenor asks.

“Oh no, not at all. Layla is only seven if I remember correctly,” Serenia replies, doing some pondering before continuing. “Hmm, when was it again... I think fifteen when they become an adult? Yeah, it was fifteen.”

So Layla is still very much an infant. Those mannerisms she had certainly didn’t seem like that. Maybe such seductive movements really did come completely natural to her? And that body shape... While a head-size smaller than Sasha and more slender, she had the leg and hip proportions of a girl reaching mid-stages of puberty. Her naked chest too had some more volume than Sasha’s. A pair of perky breasts that were somewhere around the lower end of a B-cup in proportion with the rest of her body, nipples angled slightly upwards. Still far smaller than a human equivalent in breast size though, purely because of her limited height.

“She was so~ cute and small and pretty!” Sasha squeals in excitement, before the bell tower signals it is time to go to their first class.

Well... After coming all the way to their class, this trio is following the rest of their classmates back to where they came from, the garden. Today’s class is about hominid bestiary, and the topic for this lesson is to be found somewhere in here. Sasha wonders if it could be about Layla, but the teacher seems to be talking about a sort of plant more like. That teacher being Oldor, the wizard who guided Alexei and her to this Academy. He seems to know exactly where he is leading his group in this “moving” garden. Then again, being a wizard, that is not so surprising. Serenia sure wasn’t kidding when describing this place as large. They have been walking for fifteen minutes now inside the garden. About halfway the distance, Sasha was sure she spotted that fairy again, just for an instant. Maybe she is curious and following them while hidden out of sight?

“Alright class. We have arrived.”

Turns out today is one of those days where one surprise happens after the other. Fairies first and now this...

The class is looking at a plant. At least it looks like a plant, or is it a sort of human?

“Does anyone know what this is?” Oldor asks.

“A norn!” one of the students says with confidence.

“Incorrect. But that mistake you are making is very much relevant,” Oldor answers. “This is a mantrap,” he gives the proper answer, beginning to explain all there is about this species. Basically a giant plant, with a naked girl in the middle. A light pastel -green skin tone, if it is even appropriate to call it skin. Some vividly colored flowers of various colors in full bloom are adorning her hair. Not put there, no, they actually grow as part of her body. That hair is in a darker green and not quite like hair at all. They are a type of long leaf and vine that with good accuracy imitate long flowing strands, the type of leafs that seem to have a soft fuzzy texture. Like she is a plant successfully giving a beautiful cosplay of a human girl. Curly vines run down along her slender arms. Thighs seem to be fused together, clearly meant to imitate human legs, but innermost side attached to each other with only a tiny triangular gap at the crotch area. It is not possible from where Sasha stands to see past the halfway point of her thighs, since that is the location where a giant flower crown of petals surrounds this green girl, colored but a tad less vivid than those petals in her hair. She is growing out of the middle of this giant flower like a human shaped stamen. Underneath the large petals is a normal plant base that roots into the ground, though much larger and wider than what one would expect, like a bowl or cup. The bowl itself is about half -way filled with some sort of yellow dense liquid, like a runny honey.

“She has boobs!” one of the guys whispers excited towards his friend.

“Indeed,” Oldor points at him. “And why would she have those?”

“Cause they look good!” another one responds.

“Fair enough,” the wizard replies to his student. “Your reasoning is closer to the truth than you might realize. They are beautiful, and are there solely to tempt you.”

The flower girl seems to respond to his words by opening her arms in an inviting fashion, a lovely smile adorning her face. Not that she could actually understand what Oldor was saying. He did explain earlier that they have very limited cognitive thought and no ability at all to speak or understand language. The green girl tilts her head sideways, making her look all that much cuter, with more than just a subtle hint of lewdness. Like

that fairy earlier, this girl seems to have some natural aura around her that oozes attraction.

“Master Oldor, why is she opening her arms?” one of the students asks.

“To invite you into her loving embrace,” Oldor answers.

The boys get understandably hyped. Then their teacher continues explaining.

“She is inviting you for exactly the reason your young hormone filled minds are imagining. However, make no mistake, unless she takes a fancy to you and considers you as a proper mate, you’ll only end up as food.”

The voices become more silent at that thought.

“Come closer and behold,” he says while grabbing a bag he brought with him. Its contents can’t be seen as that bag is properly sealed, but Oldor explains what it contains.

“Leftover pork and fish from yesterday’s lunch and dinner, all neatly stored in this digestible plant - fiber bag.”

Then he lifts it up and drops it over the edge of the bowl that makes up a part of this girl’s plantlike body. Immediately the bottom opens up like a drop hatch and the bag together with all yellow liquid that was in that cup disappears into the darkness which lies beneath, a foul smell coming out. When it hits the bottom, a splashing sound makes it obvious there is more liquid down there. The trap door closes again, bad smell of rot from inside that hidden chamber dissipating surprisingly quick, being replaced by a sugary alluring sweetness that emanates from the upper body of this plant girl. A constant stream slowly running down the girls fused legs that starts replacing all lost nectar.

According to Oldor, this being feeds like its name implies. A mantrap, feeding on men of various humanoid species. To be completely accurate, a mantrap doesn’t care if a target is male or not. But it turns out that the opposite gender, in this case males, have a better chance of survival. As they don’t immediately get trapped and have an opportunity to court the mantrap instead. If they do a good job they get to mate. And if that ends up pleasing the mantrap, their partner can get out unharmed.

“Though the easiest way to avoid getting trapped is to not get in with her in the first place,” Oldor follows up. “Or alternatively, make sure she is fed first, as they only trap

when hungry.” Then he throws in the second bag he brought along. “There, that should do it. This lovely girl is completely harmless now, and for about two days at least.”

Turns out Oldor is the caretaker of this garden, and in charge of feeding this peculiar being on a daily basis. Mentioning along the side that if anyone in this academy had the weird idea of breaking curfew to go play around while courting danger, this way they at least wouldn’t have to worry about ending up as food. Though it being a wise idea to not try at all in the first place.

“Master Oldor, are there male mantraps? I have heard of them before, do they even exist?” Serenia asks him out of genuine academic curiosity.

“There are, though they are extremely rare and the result of a genetic mutation. Don’t make any mistake though, they feed all the same with only exception that males are not capable of reproduction. That is what makes them so rare.”

After picking a single leaf from the mantrap girl, the teacher moves on with his group in tow towards their second destination inside the garden. Eventually they arrive at a similar plant girl in a different part of the garden.

“Anyone know what this is?” Oldor asks once more.

“A norn!” the same guy who guessed wrong earlier tries again.

“Correct. And can you tell why?”

Silence... Guessing was indeed the proper term, so Oldor once more begins explaining. This turns out to be an entirely different humanoid than the earlier mantrap, even if they look almost completely alike. Which is apparently the point, as a mantrap is mimicking this completely harmless girl right here. A norn doesn’t feed on other life. Instead they feed on a combination of photosynthesis and magical energies provided by fairy dust. Subtle differences exist like leaf color, as demonstrated by that leaf the wizard brought along from the mantrap, which can be used to distinguish between both species.

The master wizard scoops out something sticky that seems like a more liquid version of honey, the same kind of liquid that filled the mantrap’s cup half-way. It runs down his fingers as a thick flowing mucus.

“This liquid substance is the core of a symbiotic relationship between fairies and norn.”

Fairies feed on that honey colored substance as their only source of sustenance, which seems to hold plenty of nutrients, to a point that even this school's kitchen makes plenty use of it. When going to feed, fairies bathe in it, letting their wings get covered in that liquid. By doing so the fairy dust that fully covers those wings gets deposited, so the norn can feed on its magical energies in turn. A mutually beneficial relationship.

When his lecture is finished, the group walks back towards the entrance. Sasha has to ask one particular question, to be sure of something lurking on her mind. Not quite sure if she should call Oldor as Master like the others do, or Mister, or whatever. Deciding eventually to simply copy other students.

"Master..."

Oldor turns to her while they continue to walk.

"You said earlier that mantraps also produce some of that liquid, to lure fairies."

He nods.

"But, there is a fairy in this garden, so..."

The man smiles at her. "You are worried about Layla?"

Sasha nods.

"No need to be. As I said before, it is my task to keep our mantrap satiated. There is zero risk of this one in the garden harming anyone, whether it be human or humanoid, including fairies. That doesn't apply to any outside our Academy though, beware of that."

Relieved, the girl joins her friends again.

Back in her room, Sasha plops down on the bed. That was an interesting day for sure. One regret lingering in her mind as the only downer to everything she heard during that outside lecture.

"Why do they have to be rare?"

Elenor asks what her room mate is talking about, getting the answer.

"You know, those mantraps? I would have wanted to see a male one."

"Oh, right... Would have seen some dangly bits," Elenor giggles. Though she doesn't quite get the full meaning of what Sasha is really implying.

“Yeah, I asked earlier, it seems they are like one in a thousand,” Serenia joins in on the conversation. “Quite a miracle that there supposedly is one in the northern forest.”

An itch starts running down Sasha’s body, hairs beginning to stand upright. That same feeling as when she went out to go meet a possible killer.

“Do you happen to know... where?” she asks her knowledgeable room mate.

Serenia shrugs her shoulders. Somewhere in the forest, no idea other than that. Besides, it’s nothing more than a rumor she had casually picked up on the way back from their earlier lecture.

Sasha searches for the cross-species mating book, looking through its index.

There it is... Mantrap. Even better, there is an entire page dedicated to the male variant. Not capable of reproducing, but does otherwise have a functioning set of male sexual organs. That would be one essential piece of information cleared up. Behavior doesn’t seem to be any different from females. Feeds only when hungry. Opens the trap door instantly if a potential mate is not desired or the wrong gender for mating. Next dangerous point would be right after said mating. Only one out of ten times on average that one gets to leave, dependent on how much the mantrap takes a fancy to its mate. Or would that be girltrap in this case? Statistics being a rough estimate since they are so hard to come by. Danger rating is considered very low according to this book though, for a human girl like Sasha at least, since it is so easy to avoid risk by feeding them in advance. Casualties always come from accidents where one mistakes them for a harmless norn.

“What’s wrong?” Elenor asks. “You seem on edge.”

“Oh, nothing,” Sasha answers while continuing to fiddle with her pillow.

A couple hours have passed already and it is way past curfew. Just another hour or two and her roommates should be fast asleep...

It is ten in the evening. Not that late, but both others have gone to sleep since the night before was so short. Sasha still has one thing left to do. She wouldn’t be able to sleep even if she wanted to, body running hot with excitement. No need to dress up for sneaking out. She put on her regular clothes from yesterday before pretending to go to sleep. It is late

spring, so temperatures are pretty nice even with a window open at night. No need to wear anything more.

Sasha is carrying her shoes while walking through the hallways of the Academy in order not to make any sound. The pair she wore when first coming here. There is no telling where her adventure will lead, and getting her uniform boots dirty might not be the best of ideas. She has to contain a chuckle at that line of thought. Even she realizes her destination and what is planned to happen there are ideas that would be considered insane by any rational person. Dirty boots would be the least of any potential problems. At least it signifies one thing that is different about this little dangerous outing than the previous one. Thinking this far ahead proves Sasha actually contemplates the possibility of coming back this time, though well aware that is far from guaranteed, unlikely even.

Now where would a proper exit be? No way is she going to try and leave through the main entrance. If any security hangs around in this place, it is bound to be at its highest over there. Sasha gets annoyed with herself. Should have thought this out more thoroughly. Surely there is some back door somewhere, but none were visible on that tour earlier today.

Two hands slap together in excitement. Of course, *that* place should have a back entrance! A staff area, like the kitchen. Surely stuff like ingredients and trash don't get passed through such a prestigious looking front hall. Her old school in neither Japan nor Europe certainly did that, and those places didn't look nearly as high-class as this Academy. Forward, young maiden, to the kitchen it is!

Nobody to be seen. Certainly not for lack of lighting since every hallway and room in this entire building does have at least one torch. Or wait, there just might be someone after all. Sasha can hear some voices whispering from behind her. Crap, someone is coming? Not having a single clue about layout of this place, the startled girl runs into the next room and hides behind a door, peeking past it.

Oh... Nothing to worry about... Probably. It's only three students, no staff or teachers. A girl and two boys, about her age. One recognizable as being in the same class as Sasha, a one-eyed cyclops girl. What those three are going to do is immediately clear, as the girl eagerly and quite sensually slips out of her underwear while both boys are dropping their

pants, rushing to outpace each other at baring their little erect manhood so it can have first dibs at all fun to be had between that lusty cyclops' legs.

"Two at the same time? Not bad," Sasha thinks, feeling a gust of temptation to actually let herself get spotted and join in on their good fun, but she has other plans for now. And luck is on her side. This room she hid in has a window which leads to the outside, next to a door. And wouldn't you know it, a key is still inside the lock.

The outside air feels good to the touch. Refreshing, but not chilly. Step one, getting out of the main building, has been completed. Now for step two. Crossing this wall. Serenia mentioned the northern forest, so might as well look in that direction. It doesn't take long before the adventurous child has found her exit route. Parts of this wall are getting renovated, and a piece of scaffolding can be seen sticking out over the edge on the outer side. Conveniently a ladder has been left outside of some kind of storehouse or garden shed. A match made for each other. After some struggling, that ladder has been placed against the wall. Climbing is a breeze, and scaling down some scaffolding on the other side shouldn't be an issue either for a vigorous young girl. As long as nobody removes the ladder she can return later using these same means.

A reasonably large forest is straight ahead of the outer wall. Thankfully there is a full moon shining down, illuminating the entire area. Though that's not going to help much under these trees' thick canopies. But sight is way better than expected, thanks to weird glowing foliage decorating the place and all buzzing nightlife that resembles a sort of fireflies or the occasional tiny pixie.

There is one problem left, and that one could be a mood breaker. Knowing quite well what is being looked for in this place is one thing, having even the slightest idea where that might end up being is another thing entirely. Wandering around aimlessly doesn't sound like a wonderful plan, but what else is there to do? Yeah, next time it might be better to not jump so blindly into an adventure and be better prepared. But it's far too early to give up now.

Ah, another one... Sasha gets closer and takes a look. Nope, that's not what she is looking for either. After getting closer when noticing a general shape of a specific type of humanoid, it turns out to be yet another norn. And a female one again. Not exactly what is

being looked for. Who would have thought Oldor's class would end up being useful the very same day? Otherwise it would be impossible to even tell the difference between norn and mantrap. Slightly less vivid color palette in their flowers and leafs being such a difference, but that is impossible to tell at night. Heck, even during daylight it would require having a keen eye or a sample to spot such a minimal change in vibrancy. The other difference is far more useful. This girl here produces a metric crap-ton of that honey-like substance, to a point of almost filling up her entire bowl. With a mantrap that would be only about half as much.

Another plant-humanoid figure... Another dud? These things sure are common, the norn variant at least. Sasha comes closer, starting to lose hope of ever finding that mythical male mantrap supposedly existing in this forest. Hope that gets immediately reinvigorated at the sight of a male. Finally, a male! The first one in over an hour of searching! Well, okay, it didn't take that long, she was only being impatient. Still no guarantee it is the mantrap though.

A half-filled cup... Could it finally be? Excitement and thrills are flooding Sasha's body, skin getting tingly, hairs starting to stand upright. Now for a final test to make absolutely sure. Something that wasn't mentioned by Oldor, but written in that book.

Sasha pokes with her finger into the inner side of this cup, greeted by the touch of a soft hairy texture of plantlike fiber that makes up its being. A thick liquid starts to secrete when she does.

Bingo... Mantrap confirmed. That is not the same liquid which fills half of the cup, though it does look similar, but something specifically to prey on fairies. A liquid that mixes with the regular honey one, and carries a magic inhibiting property, preventing flight once coming into contact with even the smallest dosage. Not an issue for Sasha though. This fluid is completely harmless to her since a human doesn't have any inert magic to begin with. But secreting it so heavily does signify something crucial.

This male is hungry. Very hungry.

Heart beating faster and faster, Sasha begins to undress, almost stumbling in the dark over a branch through sheer excitement. Fully naked, she stands in front of the mantrap. The

male is already inviting her in with nothing but body language. Whether out of lust or pure hunger, who knows? Probably both. Standard procedure for any brave thrill seeker would be to throw in a bunch of meat or fish at this point, to ensure his belly is filled. More of a fake thrill really once that happens, like those hunters who go out to “hunt” lions for nothing other than a selfie picture, but shoot only after a professional has already sedated the animal.

Naturally Sasha never held any intention of feeding this guy at all, fully entrusting her fate to how much a twelve year old’s feminine charms will appease him. But getting in is going to be somewhat of a struggle. The cup that surrounds this male and holds all liquid is tall, reaching up to her neck. No way can she muster enough strength to climb in. Luckily there is a low-hanging branch from a nearby tree reaching this far. That is probably the reason these things tend to grow near trees. Holding on to it and latching her legs around should be easy, no different from some of those sport exercises back at school in our world. Getting back out again should be a simple matter of doing the same thing.

This is it. If she lowers herself now and releases her grip around the branch, there is no more backing out of this nearly suicidal leap of faith. She first sits on the branch, tipping her toes into some liquid. It feels quite good. Strangely warm, thick and sticky. Hard to imagine this much being secreted from his penis. Yet that happens to be the case. According to the book, be it norn or mantrap, male or female, the normal honey-colored liquid always gets released from their sexual organs. Only that “extra magic-inhibiting ingredient” of a mantrap comes from the cup’s inner wall. What would it feel like to stick his penis in? Would that stuff spill out continuously inside of her? Somehow that single thought is enough to arouse Sasha to a degree she can notice her own liquid dripping into the cup.

The male is gently stroking her thigh with his hands, coating it in that thick fluid. His penis is clearly visible from this angle, leaking more of it continuously. A never-ending stream of nectar that will soon pour into her vagina and womb... Hopefully.

A mate... or food? What will she end up being?

Beginning to lower herself from the branch, text from that book flashes through her mind. Oldor left out all gruesome details, but that book certainly didn’t. Underneath this cup, in that lower hidden chamber, lies a burning hot pool of gastric juices. Strong enough

that it would kill a child her size in about seven to eight minutes. An agonizing death of very potent acid, burning and eating through skin, meat and bones alike. The male is opening his arms in anticipation of her entering his cup. Arms that may drop Sasha straight away into the hidden dark lying beneath.

Sasha's heart is almost beating out of her chest as the moment gets closer to roll that fateful dice. Even if that dice is in her favor at first, there is always a possibility things take a different turn later on... As he grabs hold of the girl, she lets go off the branch and folds her arms loosely around his neck, showing a seductive smile. Revealing that Sasha is not only here to test her courage or to get thrills, but to also get completely lost in the joy of passionately mating with her chosen partner.

The first dice rolls as the tip of her toe touches the bottom and this human girl willingly and openly rests all weight immediately afterwards onto the mantrap's trapdoor. All the while staring deeply in his eyes with lust and longing.

The mantrap puts an arm around her back, caressing her gently. It seems this first roll is in Sasha's favor. It is far from the first time this mantrap has seen a human child enter its deadly embrace, or plenty of other humanoids for that matter. None ever made it back out again. Though occasionally some made it past this first stage. While not having much in the form of cognitive thought, he does instinctively understand this caressing touch of Sasha's hands, that seductive look and eagerness to court him. Hungry he may be, but mutual lust has taken dominance for now.

Foreplay is not to be expected of a mantrap, but that doesn't mean Sasha can't play around a bit herself. Both hands move over his chest and one of them slides down to his penis. It is completely covered in nectar that continuously pours out from it. Straight away it is noticeable that this green penis feels a bit different from what she is used to. Texture is not as stretchy as human skin, but it does have that same warmth and level of firmness. Carefully stroking it, the mantrap can be seen enjoying all sensations running through its body. Apparently, she is stimulating his nectar production as well since it more rapidly comes running out in larger amounts.

By only bending over a little Sasha would be capable of reaching with her mouth. Repositioning herself between his legs, she does exactly that. First a single lick over the tip.

A taste of sweet nectar entering her mouth. There is no harm in swallowing it at all, even being nutritious. Another lick, followed by her lips kissing the tip and sliding over it. Moving her head forth and back she stimulates the shaft while sucking and licking. Nectar running down her throat non-stop as she swallows it down, making the entire session feel like she is suckling on a giant candy stick constantly flowing forth sugary goodness.

See, this is another aspect that makes it all worth it to seek out danger. How else would she ever experience something new like this? The scene certainly is a weird one. A posture of a tiny young child sitting naked between the legs of a large hungry mantrap, giving head with delightful dedication while his juices are flowing in such vast quantities that they are running down both sides of her mouth, only to further flow down her body, coating it in a shiny sticky glow. Continuing until she feels satiated, Sasha removes her mouth from the plant-fiber penis. Looks like desserts are scrapped out of her schedule, since her stomach is satiated with sugary-sweet goodness already.

Standing back up, she gives a smile to the mantrap and turns herself around, placing both hands on the edge while lifting up her bum. Any male would understand the signal being giving with her body, this male being no different. As that book described, the mantrap adjusts its height to match up with his partner's genitals when deciding to mate. Some of the middle floor he is "standing" on actually lowering itself until his penis is at a proper height. With his legs merged together and being so tall it is not that easy to position himself, but bending some through his knees he can push up into her just fine as she stands directly in front of him. With the male taking up position behind her, there is not much room left, and Sasha's body is subsequently pressed between the cup's edge and his humanoid shape. Her entire front gets clobbered by all fluids leaking from the wall while the pool she is standing in up to her knees starts to slosh around a bit.

A little fountain-like sensation can be felt between her legs as he keeps on leaking while sliding his penis over her pussy. It doesn't take long to find the proper entrance and Sasha can feel that thick sticky rod of the predator behind her shoving itself into a tiny pussy. His instincts immediately command him to thrust continuously at the touch of soft vaginal walls hugging him tight. With every thrust, her little tits get pushed harder into the edge's walls, making even more nectar squeeze out.

“Nn~”

The feeling is different from regular sex, but it feels great nonetheless. A penis sliding forth and back through her tunnel has never sounded so squishy before, as her womb gets continuously filled with the male's juices to such a degree it is already spilling out, and they have only begun. This mantrap knows no restraint and simply plows into her hard and fast. One thought running through Sasha's mind... If his movements stop, her life may end right then and there. What would it feel like to die? To end up as another organism's food?

“Aah~”

The thought of being completely dominated by this predator, that could decide to eat her alive at any moment, is making sex feel all that much better.

She looks down. Right over there, underneath her two feet, is that trap door.

“Ah~!”

A loud short moan, caused by the mantrap suddenly changing its motion from thrusting to rotating, before returning back to thrusting. He is seeking the limits of pleasure, a sign that this child's inner vagina is pleasing him greatly.

Looking down once more, she is no longer focusing on the trap door, but on a large amount of nectar flowing down her legs to join the fluid around her knees. It almost looks like this little blonde is a female mantrap herself, a fully merged smaller twin to this male, with only her skin color and vocal sounds giving away she is human. Erotic fluids of a human child mixing inside this cup together with those large amounts of nectar. Mantrap constantly seeking out that fine warmth and texture of human skin belonging to a fine young bum, and all burning hotness soaking throughout his penis together with the girl's fluids his shaft eagerly absorbs.

Any moment now... any moment his instincts will decide that second dice roll, her fate.

The male suddenly cranks up the pace and rapidly smashes into her butt cheeks over and over again. Every animal in a wide area should be able to hear it. He suddenly stops after one last hefty thrust and orgasms. This is normally the moment when seed would flow into her, but that is not the case here. Although in a sense, one can say he has been doing so from the very start.

Sasha's pussy contracts around his green shaft, gushing forth more nectar in large sudden bursts. In the midst of her own orgasm, she knows this is the instant that will decide her fate. All or nothing. Dead or alive.

Both of them still feeling a rush of pure pleasure, she deliberately lets her grip go from the top of his cup's edge, placing both hands next to her body against this sticky inner wall, completely surrendering herself to the mantrap while her eyes are closed.

She can feel his penis that is still continuously pouring out nectar slowly sliding backwards and flopping out of her pussy, immediately followed by a ton of thick juice flowing out and running down the inner side of her legs. If he decides to feed now, it will happen within ten seconds.

...

One second passes.

The slippery touch of the walls... a resonating sense of bliss throughout her entire body... Sasha never feels so alive than at moments like these.

...

Five seconds.

Her breath is still heavy, seeking air. Heart beating like it's about to burst out of her chest. A massive thrill is running through Sasha's body, making it hard to find enough strength to even stand.

...

Eight seconds.

She suddenly feels something. A touch. Did something fall on her head? Not that it hurts, it felt pretty soft actually.

...

Sasha opens her eyes. Ten seconds have passed.

A canopy of trees with some moonlight shining through fills her vision. On her head lies the palm of the mantrap, patting her gently. She survived, all threat is gone at this point. If he didn't trap her by now, it simply won't happen at all. Turning around, she hugs the plant while laughing out loud from a high adrenaline rush coursing through her tiny body.

Sasha stretches herself out once setting foot back on normal ground.

“Ah! That felt ama~zing!” she yells out in joy.

With every move she makes, more of that thick nectar starts running out of her pussy. She puts both hands on her belly and giggles from inner pleasure at the thought her tummy, womb and vagina are all filled up with that sticky stuff. The mantrap is silently looking at this ecstatic blonde in approval, as if he is feeling a sense of pride at seeing his mate so happy. Up till now, the amount of girls that ended up falling down that trap door is as high as the number that got in with him. For the first time in all those years of his existence, that pattern has been broken. It probably won't be broken again, unless that same girl returns. That is how it goes for mantraps. Once they decide, they remember that decision for life. Sasha will never be at risk again with this green guy. None of those earlier cases nor this one were an act of malice or mercy. None the result of a conscious decision. With any that came before, he fed simply because he was hungry, or first mated and then fed out of nothing but a primitive and natural urge to feed. This time as well was nothing other than instinct at work, when he chose a mate for life because the experience was most enjoyable. A feeling that was nourished by that complete sense of surrender and dedication he noticed coming from this girl. Surrender of her body, future, and her very life itself.

Sasha picks up her shirt from the branch it is hanging on but hesitates to put it on. Her entire body is covered in sticky flowing nectar. The feeling itself is honestly quite pleasant and erotic, but her clothes would get stained badly in an instant. Now what? Walking to the Academy naked and hope she isn't spotted before taking a quick shower? I mean, not that she minds being seen like this, on the contrary, if those eyes belong to males, who would be free to join her under that shower. But the possibility of being spotted by a guard or such and getting kicked out of the Academy is not to be ignored.

A rustling sound catches her attention. Sasha looks around instantly. Who knows what lives here, could it be some hungry animal?

Nothing... Was it the wind? Then she notices what caused the sound. A fairy with black hair and black edged wings containing a bright blue gradient in the middle is peeking past a tree.

“Layla?” Sasha says out loud.

She waves at the newcomer. If it is a newcomer at all. Who knows, maybe she got spotted from the very beginning? Layla waves back and reveals her entire body for a while. A body that looks like a miniature version of a fourteen year old though she is only seven. Then she beckons Sasha while disappearing behind a tree, peeking once more for a short while to make sure Sasha follows.

Hiding behind one tree and on to another, each time making sure that the human girl is following, they eventually reach their destination. Clear skies with a large moon shining down into a pool of water, surrounded by that weird but beautiful glowing foliage. Having disappeared behind the trees, Layla suddenly reappears from behind Sasha, pointing at the human girl's nectar covered body with one arm, using the other to muffle a naughty but innocent laugh. Then she aims that arm which was pointing at the girl towards the pool, inviting Sasha to take a dip and wash it all off.

Getting close to the pool, Sasha hesitates to dip her foot in. This water looks chilly. Layla flies over the lake, digs her hands under the surface and laughs while splashing some of it towards the blonde human girl. Sasha laughs in turn when water hits her. It doesn't feel cold at all. Once more, Layla invites her to take a dip and wash herself clean. As Sasha wades through warm water, that playful fairy lays herself down on a rock, resting her head on her palm. Some sort of pixies seem to be gathering around the area, lighting up the small lake with various colors. Are they seeking out water, or is the presence of a fairy attracting them?

Layla had been watching Sasha ever since she entered the mantrap. Simply seeing a human girl out here all alone at this hour of the night would be enough to catch her attention, but being inside a male mantrap? That sure took this fairy by surprise. Layla may be only seven, but she knows how to recognize norn from mantrap, and that was definitely a predator. It's a skill that is absolutely essential for a fairy, one that is either learned at a young age or never learned at all. Over two thousand years their kind may have ahead of them, but whether they will ever reach that age or not gets too often decided in the first five years, few making it beyond. Conflicted thoughts had entered her mind when seeing Sasha in such a perilous situation. Should she reveal herself and try to warn the blonde? But that would come with risks too, as it would upset the erotic mood surrounding that

unlikely couple. Doing such might have triggered the mantrap to trap its prey right then and there. Waiting and hoping for the best was the other option.

She choose the last one for mainly two reasons. Layla cannot speak human tongue. Sasha wouldn't even be able to hear her, as a fairy speaks in ultrasonic vocals. Explaining the danger of that situation would have been a challenge in itself. But what really made her choose the option to wait was that entire atmosphere surrounding them. Like the human girl already knew she was flirting with death. And that this mantrap actually felt charmed by her presence. A suspicion that was confirmed when the human girl cheered at her conquest after getting back out. Layla felt a sense of admiration. Even kinship, to see a human girl enjoy adventure and playfulness even more than a fairy would. That is why she decided to reveal herself after noticing the girl's dilemma on whether to stain her clothes or not.

Lying down on this rock, Layla giggles at the realization she may have found a friend in her recently new habitat. The first ever who is not of her own kind.

Layla's expression changes. She has noticed something, feeling a presence that doesn't belong. With remarkable speed and maneuverability, she stands up and flies off into the forest, appearing again above the trees. Sasha didn't even notice how something seems to be falling out of the sky, as she is busy washing her face. The fairy comes back down afterwards and looks down on what she has just caught. An owl, though not quite an owl. It is lying lifeless on the ground, for it never had life to begin with. A familiar. What is this thing doing here? Why was it observing the human girl? Curious questions enter Layla's mind while she takes place on that rock again. The undesirable presence is gone.

A door creaks open. Sasha tiptoes back into her room after Layla had guided her back towards the Academy. She wouldn't admit it openly, but that turned out to be a stroke of luck as she had no idea in what direction to even return to. After closing the door she notices immediately there is no further point in being silent. Both Elenor and Serenia are awake already.

"Where did you go?" they both ask simultaneously.

“You were gone for over three hours,” Elenor adds, eyes revealing she expects nothing other than amusing tales of adventure.

Sasha sighs. Oh well, may as well give them some juicy details.

INTERLUDE



A man is sitting down on a bed, resting against the wall with his back. He is holding a hand mirror and peering into it with the utmost of attention. That mirror's surface is not reflecting the man's face at all, only showing a clear vision of a naked blonde girl bathing in a pool of water, right in the middle of a forest.

He begins to laugh.

"What a wonderful show that was. Seeking death in such a sultry manner and getting away with it once more. If there would be a goddess of sex in this universe, you would no doubt be under her protection," the man begins to laugh louder with excitement before looking back at his mirror. "But I knew you would, I recognized that talent of yours since the first time we met. It will take far more than a mantrap to trap the likes of you."

Then he stops laughing as the vision on his mirror shows a fairy staring straight back towards him. Or rather, towards that owl familiar he is controlling. A fairy who suddenly

disappears, quickly followed by the vision on his mirror shaking wildly and fading. Its surface has returned to being a simple mirror and the man is staring at his own reflection.

“What a nuisance. I’ll have to start thinking about some other form of observation soon. Pesky fairy-folk and their sensitivity to magic...”

Then his mood returns from annoyed to satisfied.

“But I am glad to see you are making friends already, dear Sasha. May you make many more...”

CHAPTER 5



Playful Temptations

Alexei wakes up covered in sweat. Result of the usual nightmare that recurs about once a week on average. A nightmare that ends with two empty eyes staring at him from a bloated corpse drenched in water. Yesterday morning was no different. He sighs, hoping it's nothing more than a coincidence the nightmare happened twice in such a short time span. Probably a result of that news article from back in Tokyo stirring up some memories that better remain dormant. If so, it should pass as days go by at least, back to a normal frequency of once a week.

First thing in the morning, taking a shower, or what resembles it. This room doesn't have a shower, and facilities in the Academy are rather basic but functional and well maintained. Several bathing spaces exist, including on this floor, but that takes too long in the morning. A wet towel, soap and plenty of scrubbing will have to do for now. They do have new sets of toothbrushes available, made from some type of animal's sturdy hair, but

Alexei prefers to stick with a newly-bought one he brought along in his luggage. Who knows what animal they got that hair from... or what body part it was attached to... Can't be too cautious in a foreign world.

Having finished this new morning routine and back in his room, Alexei picks up the royal-blue piece of robe he is supposed to wear as a uniform. Two pieces actually, a larger and a smaller one. How does one put this thing on to begin with? That small one looks like a shawl. The brochure described what process to go through for properly wearing this attire, but as is often the case with brochures, they are written in such an abridged form using nothing but a couple meaningless depictions that any information might as well be in moon-runes. Actually, moon-runes might be more understandable.

After replicating the final picture showing a properly worn attire as best as possible, time has come to head towards his assigned lecture room. Teaching world history to a bunch of kids, half of them being some kind of weird hybrid between an animal and a human, and who knows what traits come along with that. What could possibly go wrong? Don't enter arachne lairs alone, don't feed cat-folk after midnight, never pull the tail of a salamander. Why would he even do that to begin with? At least there was nothing written in the brochure about what not to do in this specific scenario of going to teach classes.

Curious looks from various students make the new world-history teacher wary about his appearance. Surely he got it right? This does look like a proper toga at least. Technically those are only for whoever reached the rank of Master in some form of wizardry, including the right to be addressed as such, but exchange teachers are an exception to this rule. Similar to how Sasha is an exception in not having to pass a harsh entrance exam like her fellow students. At least, it is not as embarrassing to wear this outfit as he first expected it to be. Kind of similar to traditional outfits used in Earth's universities, really. Though here they seem to be for actual everyday use rather than the usual pomp and circumstance.

That being said, the outfit female students are wearing sure is something else. Now *that* would be embarrassing. Activist groups from back on Earth would have a raging fit if they saw this spectacle, while simultaneously getting excited at the self-serving prospect of having found some new profitable windmill to fight and campaign against, validating their existence as an organization and boosting self-esteem through a mentality that is best

described as savior-complex. How to best describe that outfit... Like a horny witches' costume you would find escort girls in on some random rich guy's Halloween party of debauchery. Look at those bared thighs sticking out from that teensy little skirt. Or that one girl happily talking with her friends while not wearing a cape, revealing all of her round shoulders and upper half of her chest for everyone to see. And that pretty little bikini top which doesn't provide the least bit of support... How old would she be? Thirteen maybe?

Alexei uncomfortably waves back at the girl after she has noticed him staring at those accurately guessed thirteen year old feminine charms, greeting him with a cutesy hand wave and equally cutesy smile.

"Flirting on your first day already?" a voice addresses him from behind. Surprised, Alexei turns around and notices Oldor. Trying to find any excuse possible and mumbling them out in panicked words, but Oldor waves it away.

"No need to hide it. This is not your world after all," while he indicates Alexei to follow him for a short walk towards whatever destination he's heading to, calming down his new otherworldly colleague along the way. "Remember that couple when you came here and I guided you to your room?"

"The cyclops girl?" Alexei asks, remembering the arousing sight of her young body enjoying some hard meat of a human boy between her legs.

"Aye, that one. Quite the promiscuous girl. Swaying around practically all day and night from one male to another," the wizard states calmly, shrugging his shoulders afterwards while giving a glance to Alexei. "Nobody cares. As I said back then, mingling for that singular purpose of enjoying the opposite gender's comforts is perfectly natural. Whether that be with a student or teacher doesn't matter."

"Are you sure that's... not an issue?" Alexei stutters embarrassed.

"Definitely, no issue at all. As long as you keep it discreet. You know, social customs and all that fancy stuff. That's how it goes here."

Oldor has arrived at his destination. Some kind of shed, filled with gardening tools.

"I thought you teach?" Alexei asks.

"I do. Free-casting, alchemy and hominid bestiary to be precise. But this is my hobby, gardening," he grabs a broom and starts cleaning the floor of this shed that holds his

numerous garden supplies. “Certainly pleases the Headmaster as well, since this means he doesn’t have to hire a specialized caretaker for all his precious specimens in the western garden.” Waving his broom around, Oldor smiles like an old man who has found complete peace with the world. “A truly rewarding hobby. Calm, relaxing, and keeps my body from getting rusty on top. There is something about that sight when the first sprouts of a newly planted species finally pop their still fragile heads out of the ground after some careful nurturing.”

“Can’t you use magic to do all this cleaning work?” Alexei asks him, curious to learn more about this magic stuff.

“I could, using free-casting.”

The expression of Alexei indicates he doesn’t have a clue what Oldor is talking about, making it obvious clarification is essential.

“Remember that wand from when I picked you up at the Gate? That I used to cast a light spell?” Oldor starts to explain the basics. Magic is not inherent to many species. Only very few have that ability, fairies being most common. Therefore fairy dust is used to solve that little issue. A wand gets “charged” by fairy dust, and every time a spell is cast that charge lessens until in need of a recharge.

Oldor hands over his wand to Alexei so he can take a closer look. “See those carvings?” he asks.

Alexei can see them. Very tiny, made with precision craftsmanship, the wand’s entire surface is covered with carvings. They form some strange kind of archaic looking runes. Apparently magic comes in two forms. One form being these carvings, where a spell gets “pre-loaded” into a vessel like a wand, in the form of such a rune, activated by a simple word command. Advantage of this method being its provided ease of use and being relatively cheap in expenditure of a wand’s magic reserves. Major disadvantage would be a lack of flexibility as only what is carved on the wand can be used in this manner. The second form of magic is free-casting, where one uses commands through multiple runes forming a sequence, to create more complex chains of actions. Similar to coding in the human world in a sense. Much more flexible, yet very energy intensive.

“So you can make that broom work on its own?” Alexei asks, imagining some old cartoon he remembers from his childhood where a full set of home appliances started dancing to the tune of music.

“Indeed, that would be certainly possible,” Oldor replies, “at the expense of my entire wand’s magic supply being instantly drained by this singular task.” He takes over his wand again from Alexei’s hands and puts it away. “I still have to teach classes this afternoon you know, I would never waste my wand on something trivial like this. These things aren’t exactly as easily available as candy sticks.”

That being why the Headmaster had the presence of a fairy arranged, in case of an emergency where a recharge is needed and this Academy’s supply of fairy dust is running out.

“Disappointed?” Oldor asks his curious companion. “After all, this isn’t like some anime in your world.”

Alexei forms a frown on his face. That is the last word he expected to hear in this place.

“Anime...?” he just has to inquire, to be sure ears didn’t fail him.

“Why yes, isn’t that what you folk watch back in your world for common entertainment on that weird appliance? What is it called again... Téévéé?”

Not exactly what Alexei would describe as common entertainment, he asks the Master wizard how he came to hold that piece of information... Or misinformation.

“Oh, Master Sato showed me. He has this thingy that is all black with letter buttons on and it folds open, like this...” while Oldor makes a gesture of opening a laptop and doing some typing on it. “It isn’t powered by magic, but stored electricity. Truly fascinating!” Describing the mystical power of an object known as a battery. Alexei has already figured out that this Sato figure has to be that Japanese exchange teacher he heard about.

“I watched some episodes of *Magical Girl Pururu~n Trinity-chan* on it,” Oldor says with a sense of pride at his knowledge of our world. Meanwhile, Alexei can’t help but think there are some serious flaws in whatever selection process gets used for deciding who can cross the Gate. These folk here are going to develop a serious misunderstanding of our world at this rate. Then Oldor changes the topic, curious about one particular little detail.

“Why are you... wearing your toga like that?”

Alexei's earlier doubts about why students were giving him funny looks along the way are returning to mind.

"I got it wrong?" he asks the wizard with growing anxiety.

"That part around your neck..."

Alexei is confused. What is wrong about it? Isn't this a shawl?

A tragic mistake becomes clear once Oldor makes a gesturing movement around his hips, indicating where that piece of underwear is supposed to go.

Entering his assigned classroom, some of today's students are already there. This room has the shape of one-fourth of a round pie. Alexei will be teaching from the "tip" while the students are sitting on desks in front of him, each desk further back a bit raised like in an auditorium. A feeling of stress runs through his body. Some of it caused by this being the first time he has to teach students who are so young, most of it by knowledge that his own daughter will be present amongst them. What is a teacher supposed to do in a situation like that? When it comes to our world's history, she would know more than any of these others. Should he throw her a question occasionally? But that might come across as favoritism. Ignoring her doesn't sound like an appealing option either. But how would she feel when getting singled out? So many doubts.

Eventually he settled on asking Sasha two questions. Most of class was spent on a very basic overview, to be delved in more specifically for the rest of this semester. Honestly it wasn't as stressful as expected. This may be a magic school with some odd looking students here and there, but it didn't feel all that different from his usual job.

Done for today he walks towards the garden, while some rushing footsteps from behind make him turn around. It is one of his new students, with hair till right over her shoulders and a single short pigtail, a girl called Elenor Fairchild. Accompanied by her two friends, Serenia and Sasha, who are both keeping some distance. As they head towards the garden, Elenor continuously asks questions to Alexei about the class they just finished. In particular parts about Egypt and Rome are of interest to her. Questions that take a sudden turn when Elenor begins abruptly asking about his personal life.

"So Sasha doesn't have a mother?"

A subject he doesn't really want to talk about. A quick glance in the direction of the other two girls... Sasha is remaining quiet and looking away. She must have heard that very personal question but seems to prefer ignoring it. The other girl with long off-center ponytail is strangely distant as well, seeming to be nervous for some reason, constantly moving both hands through that ponytail.

"Yeah, it's only Sasha and I," Alexei answers, unsure how to properly describe their situation, hoping Elenor drops the subject.

"So you're single now?" she immediately follows up.

"Um... Yeah."

The girl turns around vigorously and yells out loud in the direction of those other two following behind at a distance. "Hey, Sera! He says he's single!"

The girl being addressed looks startled and embarrassed.

"Why are you mentioning me?!" she yells bewildered, with a face turning red rapidly.

Elenor only laughs in return and focusses all attention back to Alexei.

"If you met someone new, would you consider marrying again?"

"Um... Maybe?" Alexei is unsure how to answer such straightforward honest questions.

Once more Elenor turns around. "Sera! He is looking for someone!"

Serenia wants to throw her shoulder bag towards Elenor, but instead decides to hide her face behind it. Subtle it may be, but Alexei did notice right now a short laugh flowing over his daughter's lips.

Wondering what that conversation was all about, they reach the garden. Could this Serenia girl have a crush on him? Wouldn't be the first time that happens with a student, though Alexei has simply ignored it those few occasions that occurred. A part of him can't forget that conversation from earlier with Oldor. About how all is fine if a girl were to seek his "comfort", as long as they kept it discreet.

A sound disrupts his thoughts. It is Elenor responding to whatever it is she has noticed. Alexei looks up and witnesses the source of her surprise. A fairy is from a half-hidden position looking at them from within the garden. An extra-small and attractive body, naked but modest at the same time as she is hiding both breasts with one arm while her

bottom half is hidden behind that tree she is peeking from. Much smaller she may be, but those curves are those of a fourteen year old.

“Ah, Layla,” Sasha mumbles, while waving at the fairy.

Layla promptly waves back, moving that one arm which was covering her breasts, but still doing a decent job of hiding her modesty. The fairy’s smile is filled with a mixture of kindness and amusement. The former aimed at Sasha, the latter aimed at Alexei who has his gaze firmly locked onto her. A gaze betraying his disappointment that he can’t get a clear look at her. Then she disappears back into that garden.

“She guided you back last night, right?” Elenor mumbles out loud, immediately regretting her words while looking at Alexei as if having given away something she shouldn’t have.

“You went out at night?” he asks his daughter.

“Yeah,” she answers plainly.

The usual exchange would now end in uncomfortable silence. However, Sasha is looking at him as if waiting for something, unexpectedly opening her mouth.

“I went out... to have fun.”

Now comes that silence part. Her two friends knew what this fun is already, having both questioned Sasha about her late-night adventure yesterday, listening eagerly to all juicy bits. Alexei knows as well what could have been the only reason of her little adventure. But she stated it out in the open for him to hear in a way he would certainly understand. Why? What is he to do or say in return? Sasha is only standing there, looking at him, expecting some kind of response. Could it be she is seeking... approval?

“So... Did you find some fun?” Alexei asks in a subdued voice, while Sasha nods in turn.

“I see... That’s good.”

All three of them have left. It was time for their last class of today. Pondering over the meaning of that short exchange, Alexei stares at nothing in particular. Until something moving in the corner of his eyes draws attention.

It is that fairy again, peeking past a different tree than earlier. What did Sasha call her, Layla? Apparently they met last night, and from what Alexei has puzzled together, she

must have guided his daughter home. Gaze is filled with curiosity as she peers into his eyes for a couple seconds, before hiding herself again.

Alexei wants to call out to the fairy, but she is already nowhere to be seen.

“Ah, hey! Layla!” he says out loud in the general direction she disappeared. “Thanks for bringing my daughter home!” Last part of that sentence started to fade out. Is she still there? Would a fairy even understand him to begin with?

A tall clock tower signals the beginning of a new hour. He has to go now, even though the sight of that playful little seductress is still keeping his attention drawn to this garden. But he can’t stay, having an appointment with Headmaster Tudor.

A fancy looking double door awaits Alexei. A double knock followed by a voice that invites him in. The Headmaster has his back towards Alexei, still busy with putting some alchemical apparatus in place, asking his guest to wait for a bit. Alexei curiously looks around at the Headmaster’s office. Large, filled with lots of books and tomes, a chart that probably shows this part of the world they are in and a set of branches with owls on them. Getting closer, the animals don’t seem to have an interest in him, as they don’t even move.

“Oh, those aren’t real,” the Headmaster says, finally having finished cleaning up his alchemy tools. “They are familiars. Nothing more than lifeless objects.”

Alexei gives a poke at one of them. “They look so real,” he replies in amazement.

“And they look a lot more real when infused with magic so they can fly around,” the Headmaster adds.

Realizing he hasn’t properly greeted the old man yet, Alexei turns to do so. Freezing in his tracks when noticing what Headmaster Tudor is wearing underneath his coat.

“What’s that?” he asks with a dry voice.

“Oh, you recognized? Well, of course you would. This is a famous piece of clothing from your world after all.”

Famous is not exactly the word Alexei would use.

“It’s um... that TV show...” he stutters out in equally dry disbelief. The Headmaster finishing that sentence for him with enough enthusiasm for two.

“Why yes, it is your world - famous *Magical Girl Pururu~n Trinity-chan!*” Then going on a fanboy spree, explaining how Sato has revealed his world’s magnum opus to Tudor through mystery of a battery powered laptop... All six seasons... And three movies. “Ah, the moment when Trinity saved your world through pure power of friendship was so touching, wouldn’t you agree?”

“Uh... yeah...”

Then Tudor changes topic towards the real reason why he had Alexei come over. Introducing him to his fellow exchange teacher, who can be nobody other than that *Pururu~n* guy.

“Aha, just in time...” the Headmaster says when a knocking sound can be heard on the door.

A single man enters the room. Somewhat of an air belonging to a gloomy and socially awkward older fanboy covers him. This man gets introduced as Sato, someone of Japanese ethnicity. As Alexei wants to bow, Sato extends his hand. Correcting the mistake and wanting to give a hand instead, Alexei feels awkwardness rising as Sato is now the one bowing.

“Oh, is that how greetings go in your world? Fascinating,” the Headmaster looks at them with excitement.

The reason behind this meeting is a simple one. Since Sato has been here for a semester longer, he knows everyday particulars of Academy life. And questions are always easier to ask when you feel common ground with someone. Though other than coming from the same world and having lived in the same country, Alexei can’t see much in common at all.

After some casual chit-chat, it is time to leave. Offering a hand to Tudor, the Headmaster bows in return. Not even going to bother correcting his mistake, Alexei decides to simply roll with it.

Classes are still in progress and a warm summer sun is shining out onto a small bench where Alexei has taken a seat. Browsing through the brochure in hopes of finding some information on that peculiar existence that is called Layla. Throughout his meeting in the Headmaster’s office he couldn’t get the thought out of his mind he would rather have spent

time getting to know her instead. There was something weirdly... charming about that girl. And no, he doesn't mean the fact she isn't dressed in anything other than her birthday suit. Well okay, that does play a significant role. But her behavior and mannerisms had a certain innocent and natural seductiveness to them.

A man passes the bench, giving a little nod as greeting.

"Hey, wait," Alexei asks him. It is Sato, and since they have been introduced for the sole purpose of making questions easier, might as well make use of that right now. "So you know about all these different species, right? I would like to know some more information about them."

"What kind of information?" Sato asks.

How to answer that question? What *does* he even want to know? Alexei can't quite give a proper answer himself.

"Okay, so, what species?" Sato further prods his colleague.

"Fairy..." Alexei answers with a hint of embarrassment, understanding his motivations have more to do with her youthful girly charms than anything else.

A fat smile appears on Sato's face. The kind you would expect from someone who is thinking more than inappropriate thoughts. "Ooh, Layla? Is it about Layla?" he asks eagerly. Not waiting for a response, he traces the lovely shape of a female body with both hands. "Pretty little thing isn't she? And only seven years old too. I saw her once, just for an instant. Then she hid herself."

An elbow pokes Alexei in the gut. "Oh I get it... You want that kind of information?" Sato says with a smug look, followed by him nodding in approval and understanding.

Alexei wants to correct Sato, but realizes that while he may be all awkward about it, Sato is not exactly wrong about his guess. Besides, he is already grabbing some piece of paper from his notebook and writing something down.

"Here, you can read this world's language already, right? Look that title up in the library." After handing that paper to Alexei, Sato gives a wink with an unscrupulous smile on his face. Then he walks away. The paper has something written on it that is presumably the name of a book, "A wholesome guide to cross-species mating".

Could this be the right place? It did say library on the entrance to this basement. But there were two possible directions. Following one has lead into some weird circular room with multiple closed doors, reminiscent of a clock where each door symbolizes an hour. Hours don't really match what Alexei is used to, but he recognizes some from the brochure. This one to his left for example, at the equivalent of nine o'clock, is what they call here as Hour of the Wolf. With a matching animal depiction right above the door.

"Something wrong?"

Alexei looks towards the voice and notices Oldor standing there.

"I'm looking for the library..."

"That's not here," Oldor explains this is his underground workshop. Every wizard has a workshop and this Academy has most of them built underground. The total area is huge after all, plenty of room. Turns out Alexei had simply picked the wrong direction. Once entering the library he cannot prevent his mouth opening in surprise. The wizard wasn't kidding when he called these underground areas as huge. This library could house a tennis court, and is three levels deep on top. Finding something in here is going to be a nightmare.

"What are you looking for?" Oldor seems to have read his thoughts, already noticing that Alexei is holding a piece of paper. The world history teacher trying to find any excuse possible to not hand over that piece of paper, but Oldor is holding out his hand already. "I know this place like my backhand. I'll find whatever book you're looking for."

Slowly, the paper gets handed over while Alexei turns around, not wanting to witness the wizard's face when reading that title.

"A wholesome guide to... Oh..."

No time to sink into the ground out of embarrassment, as the wizard laughs it off with a chuckle and then heads out into the vast library, saying he will be right back.

"Here you go, a complete guide on how to court and mate with any species in this world, as you wanted. With all juicy bits and pieces of information included," clearly amused by rubbing it in.

Trying to forget that experience just now, Alexei walks through some hallways. Weather is great outside, so it would be nice to take a seat here and do a bit of reading. Can't use the

same bench as earlier with that brochure though. Not with the contents of this book. Simply by flipping through, it is pretty obvious what this guide is all about, in the form of plenty of explicit drawings. Nope, reading will have to happen at a spot where no passing student can see any pages. Sure, class is still in progress and this place looks deserted as a result, but that can't be for long anymore.

This spot will do. Right in the garden. Nobody seems to be around.

The book looks almost magical, with a crest at the front, all kind of humanoids crafted into it. Pages look old and worn, probably read a lot of times by horny teenagers. He flips to the correct page which marks the beginning of that fairy chapter. Yup, this depiction looks like her alright. Two thousand years old? That surprises him. Damn, she is still young. Sato did mention Layla was only seven. According to this book their puberty lasts about as long as a human's, though their body develops much earlier. So that's why she looks like a miniature fourteen year old? Playful and seductive are two main defining characteristics. Capable of understanding and reading common language, but they can't speak it since their vocal chords can't produce the proper sounds. Not in an audible way for human ears at least.

He flips the page. This one's all about sexual behavior. Highly sexual, but surprisingly picky about their first partner. Engages in sexual contact around the age of eight or nine, some earlier. Keenly developed sense at detecting if a male is attracted to them. Oh boy, would she have noticed earlier?

Another flip. The words "Sex with fairies" written in big fancy letters on top of the page. Underneath it a bunch of information related to that act. Wings are much sturdier than they look, no need to be careful with them. A body that is perfectly adapted at having sex with larger species. Not that her vagina is bigger, not at all, perfectly in proportion with her tiny body even. Making it exceptionally small and tight. But inner organs like stomach are situated higher or more to the side so a large penis has room to do its thing.

A single page-sized picture of a fairy in the midst of having passionate sex can be seen on the page next to this explanation. It draws Alexei's attention. Until he notices something is blocking sunlight behind him.

A lovely yet naughty smile greets him when turning around. It is Layla who is fluttering behind him, staring him in the eyes, before peering amused at the book's erotic picture and then back to Alexei.

He closes the book in a hurry and stands up while she flutters backwards, hiding her breasts with one arm and her vagina with the other. But she doesn't flee and simply hangs in place, subtly moving her legs and bodyline. The little fairy looks like a living manifestation of a much younger Venus of Milo with giant butterfly wings.

Her body starts to turn slowly while tempting eyes stay focused on him, then she quickly makes a little pirouette and flies at surprising speed, forming a circle around Alexei. Ending with her face right in front of his, two tiny hands touching his cheeks. He knows her body is fully exposed now, but she is too close to see. Amused at his eyes trying to go downwards, Layla lets go of his cheeks and hides her feminine features again, backing off teasingly towards the depths of this garden. With her gaze lingering for a bit longer, she disappears into that garden once more.

It is night. Alexei sighs out loud while laying down on his bed. For the entire remainder of this day he couldn't get Layla out of his mind. Playful and seductive the book says. More like a spell she has casted on him, he thinks. He had tried walking through the garden for an hour, hoping something might have happened afterwards, but couldn't find that tiny temptress in the end. Though the fairy should have known he was there, probably even amused at his hopeless attempts to find her.

He ponders on those thoughts.

Hoping something might have happened?

What was he actually hoping for?

It is a simple fact that still is hard to admit, but he is fully aware of it by now. He wants her. To mate, do her, copulate, have sex, fuck. And once done do it all over again. Another sigh. How long has it been in his life since he last enjoyed a female's body? Too long. And a girl that young? Never happened before.

He opens the book again. Did she see what he was looking at? Of course she did. That picture is easy enough to understand, and the book does say they can read this language.

And such a chapter title called “Sex with fairies” in large font would have been easy enough to spot.

Alexei starts reading some more information. Where was he again? Oh right, them feeding on norn nectar, yeah, he did look that name up earlier. Pretty plant girl. Apparently there should be a young one in the garden, though he didn’t spot it earlier. What a truly strange world this is.

“Semi-nocturnal,” he whispers. So Layla is active at night? Especially when a moon is out it seems. That being their preferred feeding, bathing and mating time... He looks through the window. An almost full moon shines bright into his window with enough light that he can read without placing any candles closer. Would she be out there, right now, somewhere in that garden?

Alexei sits up on his bed and thinks for a moment, making up his mind on what to do. Then he puts on his shoes and closes the door behind him.

The temperature is a warm summer night. Plenty of light from the moon shining down into this garden. Did the place look like this during daytime? Layout feels entirely different from that time he spent in here in vain looking for that little bundle of youthful sexiness. Alexei doesn’t know about the numerous creepvines that have already changed this entire garden the moment day turned to dusk. Expectations of actually finding what he is looking for this time are low, but in his current horny state of mind there is no point in going back and trying to sleep anyway. Even if he does end up encountering the fairy, according to that book they are very picky with their first partner. Considering she is only seven, the chances are high this Layla is still a virgin. Odds that he would qualify in her eyes must be low. But you know what people say, those who never try, never gain.

Great, another splitting path. Where to go now, left or right?

A subtle sound catches his interest. Could be the wind rustling through all these plants. It came from his left. Might as well head that way. Walking around the corner, Alexei comes to an instant stop. There is that sound again... This time coming from his... rear?

He turns around and notices its origin. Two purple shining eyes are staring at him. The way they light up, taking in all the moon’s reflected sunlight, makes it obvious this being

can see perfectly in the night. But even Alexei's human eyes can't mistake what he is looking at.

Layla is floating along the path he just came from, her skin reflecting light of the moon in turn, creating a strong contrast with all darkness surrounding her. Blue areas of both wings seem to have a subtle glow to them. The girl is not shocked or afraid. In fact, she has known he was here for a couple minutes already, having followed him out of curiosity. Aware who he is from this afternoon. The father of that blonde girl she guided back home yesterday. The man who thanked her for doing exactly that by awkwardly calling out into this garden after she disappeared. The same man who was reading a book about having sex with a fairy like her, no doubt fueled by her own presence in this Academy. No experience this fairy may have with anything sexual, but her natural instincts are saying that much quite clearly.

She flutters around him, leaving a trail of glowing dust in the night. That same fairy dust her kind is so known for and reliable source of magic. Making a turn before him with arms spread out, hands wide open and fingers stretched out, body revealed but rotating just a tad too fast to get a good view. She knows and is openly amused by that fact. Disappearing behind a plant, and appearing in an entirely different spot moments later. Alexei tries to call out for her, but she giggles in response in an inaudible manner and moves further ahead, stopping once again while keeping him in her sight.

Another split... Where did she go this time? If Layla wanted to, she could make Alexei lose her trail in an instant. Yet, there she is, on the right path. There can be only one explanation. At least, that is what Alexei wants to believe in. She is showing her location on purpose, seducing him along this path towards a certain destination.

A more open area. In the middle stands something Alexei remembers from having looked up earlier in that wholesome book. So, there is one in this garden after all... A norn. Her feminine body is hardly visible around that tall edge of the cup she is standing in, indicating this is still a young specimen. Freshly planted here two years ago. Layla can't be seen anywhere, though it is obvious this spot is where she lured him towards.

A trail of glowing dust falls down. Looking up, he can see she is floating high and above, with a large full moon shining right behind her. Arms held sideways, hanging still while

revealing herself completely in a clearly visible manner for the first time. Slowly lowering herself before him, letting the man get a good look of her beautiful naked body, turning around slowly in the process, revealing and emphasizing her tiny naked bum on purpose.

Then she flies off again towards that other individual present, the plant girl. Darting around her, sprinkling dust into her nectar filled cup, welcomed by the young norn as she gets fed with her main sustenance, magic. The fairy in turn dipping a hand into the nectar and bringing it to her mouth, drinking, before slowly lowering herself into the golden transparent liquid. Moving her arms as if she is washing herself with that nectar, covering every part of her body in it, to a point of even diving her head down into liquid. As she comes up again, that pitch-black hair looking completely normal. A result of the natural substance every single one of those hair strands is coated in, a sort of reflective layer that keeps her hair in perfect shape, unfazed by any nectar that runs off like it is being actively repelled. And that is exactly what is going on, Alexei read as much in that mating book. Apparently they make shampoo of that same substance, to be used as a sort of protective conditioner simultaneously. The Academy's supply exists out of this type of shampoo only.

Layla peers towards Alexei with both those purple shining eyes, enjoying the constant stares she is being showered with and letting it be known. Eventually flying back out of the cup and towards him, coming to a stop directly in front. Body sticking wet with shiny nectar from tip to toe, except her hair, dripping onto the ground wherever she hovers. Making a gesture as if she is about to give a hug to Alexei, but stopping right shy of doing so, making a pointing motion from his shoulders to his feet.

Is she pointing at his clothes? Wanting him to remove them maybe? Alexei is unsure, not wanting to make a wrong move that might break the butterfly girl's playful mood. Hesitatingly he grabs the top of his shirt. For this nightly excursion, he wore his normal clothes, a regular shirt with pants. Holding his hands over its top button, the girl's eyes sparkle with joy. Confirmed then, off they go those clothes.

Layla holds both hands over her mouth as she looks at his crotch area once his pants get thrown on the ground. There is naturally no sound coming from her mouth, but those eyes and facial expressions are making it crystal clear she is filled with various emotions. Curiosity, amusement, joy and a sense of being charmed by that piece of male anatomy

standing tall aimed in her direction. Layla has never seen this body part in such detail before, but instinctively knows what its purpose is. Being merely seven, a year before a fairy normally starts to explore her sexuality, Layla is feeling something that is all new to her. A permeating sense of arousal. Though she has no intention of letting herself get taken on a whim. But this male has captured her attention, and some experimenting with these new-found desires is thus too much to resist.

No longer needing to hold back in fear of staining his clothes, the playful fairy flutters behind him once more. Alexei wants to turn around, but feels a warm soft touch against his body. Layla has pressed her tiny chest against his back, holding his shoulders with both hands. Two tiny but perky tits getting firmly pressed between their bodies, the nipple on top of each poking into the surface of his skin. If he had supersonic hearing, he would be capable of hearing a little giggle right now as the fairy looks down over his shoulder, towards his manhood rising even taller in response to her body's direct touch.

She flutters in front of him once more, holding out both arms invitingly, but as Alexei walks closer she floats backwards little by little. Heading towards the norn behind her. Having reached her destination, the fairy sinks once more into that stickiness of the plant humanoid's ample fluids, still holding out one arm towards Alexei. Does she want him to join inside the cup?

He looks at the norn. Being so close he can more easily see her stamen body. A gorgeous looking young girl with somewhat of a green shade to her, standing underneath radiating moonlight. Certainly no less attractive than the fairy. A thought enters Alexei's mind and lingers. How to handle this situation? Two attractive females are right in front of him, but that makes it difficult how to decide on what action to take. Going for the norn girl could close the door on having a chance with Layla, if she were not to appreciate his attention getting drawn away. Would that be the case the other way around as well? When presented with two exotic beauties, Alexei would rather not pick at all and simply score with both. At least, getting in this "nectar tub" should be okay for starters, since he is being actively invited to do so by both.

Holding on to the edge of that tall cup, he pushes himself up and lowers into the liquid. According to that book, these green walls are more than sturdy enough to handle a single

male's weight without tearing. Space is not an issue either once having entered, with plenty of room left for a couple more adults. First thing that marks his vision after entering is a pair of gorgeous light pastel - green tits pointing his way as the girl in the middle turns all attention towards her new companion. Both arms are already opened, inviting him to come closer as any norn would instinctively do with a male around. A light nudge on his back from two small arms belonging to Layla who tries to push him closer to the girl in the middle.

Alexei lets his eyes scan over the body of this plant girl. Proportion - wise she looks about the same as Sasha. Her legs are fused together, with a small opening right underneath her vagina. Why wouldn't it be fused all the way? Looking at her from the side in curiosity, Alexei understands its purpose. It makes the girl's vaginal entrance accessible from both front and rear. From that slit in the middle leaks a constant lewd stream of warm nectar. Alexei can't resist dipping his fingers into the sticky liquid and bring it to his mouth, its taste reminiscent of actual bee honey. It's not particularly hard to move in. Certainly a lot more thick and dense than water, but fluid enough that it sloshes around when moving through. This stuff has enough buoyancy that he could float in it easily. Something Layla is already doing happily, as she uses both wings to increase her surface area, floating effortlessly, before turning herself straight again and slowly sinking to shoulder height.

The inviting body language of the norn is tempting Alexei to enter her embrace. After a glance towards Layla, trying to read what she wants him to do next, the fairy scoops up some nectar and starts to float close to the plant girl. Spilling nectar over her pastel - green colored tits with a naughty smile towards the only male around. Alexei needs not think on what to do next.

Having not nearly grown to adulthood yet, the plant girl is not very tall, so Alexei has to lower himself on his knees to reach her bosom. A pair of surprisingly warm arms surround him once coming closer to affectionately bury his face into her nectar coated bosom.

A long lick in between her breasts... Another one over the inner side of her left breast. While she may look like a plant, a heartbeat can be felt, or at least something that fulfills a similar purpose. Should have been obvious really, considering her total size and having to keep that entire body active and moving, that she would be warm blooded with a heart to

pump it around. If whatever flows through her technically counts as blood, but purpose should be similar.

Detaching his mouth to take a look at her feminine chest, the nectar keeps sticking between his lips and her chest. This time he bites down on her tasty looking nipple, unsure how much force he is allowed to put into it, but comforted and encouraged by a careful embrace around him to continue satiating himself with the green girl's body.

Why would she even have nipples to begin with? The book described a norn's reproduction, and breastfeeding is not a part of it. In fact, these will never be functional, only there for esthetics and the sheer fun of it. But that too makes sense, as this girl looks like a human for one reason only. To seduce a male... any male... into mating with her. And these two delicious little hills are more than up to the task.

Layla can't help laughing when she notices how absorbed Alexei has become, like a child being coddled by his mother in a naked embrace. The plant girl herself not having the mental capacity to understand or think much about what is going on, but enjoying a strong surge of dopamine from both a sense of close intimate contact and the experience of a male being captivated by her sole purpose for existing. Even if a partner were to simply stay like this for the rest of her lifespan, she would happily coddle him for that entire duration.

Layla is enjoying the sight as well. Once more floating on her back while keeping vision focused on that sexual display of a man replacing the earlier spilled nectar over those small tits with his own saliva. A picture is forming in Layla's mind on what it would feel like if he were to do the same to her. But not yet... Driven by playful curiosity, she wants to see with her own eyes first, before experiencing something similar.

Alexei's eyes lower as he moves his hand over the plant girl's body, sliding over her belly. Her mimicking of a human goes so far she even has a belly button, some of that stickiness filling it before he licks it clean. Once more, the girl is eager to let this man do as he pleases, moving her body in subtle ways to bring whatever part that captures his interest in perfect view, letting him know without a single word that her entire being is his to take.

Going even lower, Alexei's chin touches the surface of that nectar pool surrounding them. Hovering right above its surface, lies something that looks tastier than anything before. A pair of small labia neatly pressed together, nectar running out non-stop. There is

no resisting this scenery. Alexei's tongue slides over her slit from bottom to top, a sweet full taste entering his mouth. This stuff is simply delicious. Pushing his tongue inwards, a thick stream starts pouring out, some of it flowing into his mouth, remainder spilling out over his tongue and chin. An overwhelming feeling is coursing through his entire body. Containing it getting increasingly harder at a rapid pace. A feeling growing of wanting to stick his cock right into the full depth of this wonderful juicy cavity and fill it with a taste of his own. His breathing getting heavier with every passing second.

As he stands up, the flower girl gives Alexei a seductive smile while showing all smooth curves of her young body. Having understood purely on instinct what this male wants to do with her, she seals the deal by lifting her own breasts with one arm while placing her other hand invitingly over her entrance. A smooth subtle hip movement forward and backward indicating she is fully okay with being taken either way.

Another quick gaze from Alexei towards the fairy that guided him here, noticing how she holds both hands over her mouth again to contain excitement. No need to worry about any hints of jealousy it seems. Only course left is to decide on a hard dilemma unlike any he ever had to choose from before.

Front or back?

He already had a taste of her soft chest, might as well check out how soft and supple her butt cheeks are. Realizing what he has chosen, the flower girl bends her back with the flexibility of a gymnastics athlete while keeping a longing gaze focused on him from the corner of her eyes. Mouth having shaped in something far more than merely a seductive smile, but a realization that she is about to get her one largest and strongest desire.

It has been ages since Alexei last had sex, and never with a being such as this. Neither with a girl of such a young physique. Though her technically only being two years old does make her look older than she is, in a sense. Two years old... How much would that even be in human years? He doesn't quite know, but does realize that just like Layla, this green girl is far from mature.

His penis is pushing up into her triangle, trying to find the entrance that she so graciously offers, but when pushing forward with ever growing eagerness, he slips into that gap between her upper thighs.

It is a kind of torture for Alexei, wanting to enter her desperately, but repeatedly slipping over her entrance rather than entering its caressing inner warmth. Layla already splashing her hands into liquid nectar from entertainment at his failing attempts, simultaneously encouraging him to keep trying. Then she moves those tiny hands to her mouth again in wonder, as that penis she is looking at suddenly gets the angle right and starts to push into the flesh of that dreamy looking flower girl.

Slowly this time, afraid to slip out again, Alexei pushes those two lips apart and digs in deep. A long sigh of pure joy and relief leaving his mouth as he can feel the touch of her warm round cheeks getting increasingly pressed against his body. Holding it in at its deepest for a while to take in the girl's inner warmth and touch, no longer aware of anything else in this entire universe. His few previous experiences in life erased from his mind as they get overshadowed by being fused into such a young girl, understanding straight away why this species is described as specifically built for nothing other than pure sex. Inside a tight little spot that the universe has created to serve as single most comfortable and pleasurable home for any man's pride. Leaving the permanent mark on Alexei that nothing less than a slippery wet child's pussy will do from now on.

Even deeply connected like this, built up fluids inside of her are still flowing from all around his shaft. Visibly drenched in it on every square millimeter of his penis once he pulls back. Immediately shoving it gleefully back inside that smudgy goodness, only to pull back once more. Time after time. Very slowly, enjoying the feeling of her grip sliding over every bit of his shaft. A sound more squishy than any ever before. An intense sweet - sultry aroma filling the area. A feeling of sloshing liquid around his lower body as the bottom of his penis is just low enough to break the surface of this nectar pool, making thick waves flow over the area where male and female are intensely connected. Sticky strands constantly visible between his pelvis and her butt cheeks every time he pulls back from perfectly spooning her as skintight as possible. Strands that are thick enough to not break before he slaps his body back into those soft and wet cheeks, capturing sloshed-up fresh nectar to stick between them like glue.

Another slow pull outwards, followed by an even slower push back in, turning his pelvis clockwise around her slippery bum. The girl unable to make vocal sounds, but expression

showing the height of ecstasy with eyes half-closed. Heavily anticipating the moment of receiving a man's seed, but dreading it simultaneously as it would signal the end of this overwhelming combination of desire constantly meeting satisfaction. While her upper assets are only for tempting men, her lower one is fully functional and compatible with seed of any humanoid. Though they had closed for the night, colorful flowers all around her body and hair opening up as wide as possible as a symbol of her flowery mood.

Alexei pushes in once more, this time different from before. Even having reached the deepest end of her pussy, pressed into her cheeks as much as possible, he still continues to push forward with strength. The girl holds onto the edge of her own cup in support of all pressure she feels behind her. Pressing down her own rear in turn with what force she can muster, right into the pelvis of that man digging into her. Feeling the rewarding sensation of a foreign substance shooting into a womb that only turned fertile a week ago. The sperm of a man. Possibly the father of her first offspring just over half a year from now.

Alexei is catching his breath, still holding himself inside the girl in front. Aware from the book's provided information that he could be fathering a child at this very moment. But that subconsciously being the main reason he doesn't want to pull out, afraid his sperm would run out with this nectar without doing its intended job.

Eventually he reluctantly pulls out of her inner cradle, sitting down in the cup to let his heart calm somewhat. The pastel green girl raising herself while basking underneath moonlight in the satisfaction of a strong orgasm, showering the male sitting next to her with gratitude in every fiber of her body.

A deep breath. Strangely enough, even though his desires have been thoroughly satiated in the best of ways possible, his erection doesn't subside. Could this be a result of that liquid? The book did mention something about it being a potent aphrodisiac.

A soft clapping sound comes from the other side of the cup, where Layla is giving him a small applause. The fairy is clearly amused by all of this, not hiding her fun at all. Seeing her tiny naked body combined with this aphrodisiac running through his own, Alexei gets turned on rapidly once again. The fairy notices his response and stops clapping, lifting herself up halfway out the nectar bath. Breasts deliberately pressed together between both

arms for emphasis, as she uses her hands to cover her lower area with a naughty smile while proudly displaying those nectar covered tits in their glossy coated glory.

Then she flutters slowly closer to Alexei...

Closer...

He could touch her by merely reaching out. Layla seemingly waiting for exactly that.

Hands move towards her, hoping to feel the naked fairy plop down in his arms, experience her rubbing those smothered tiny tits against his chest. But with a playful smile she uses both hands that were hiding her womanhood to splash nectar towards Alexei. Once he opens his eyes, she has flown out of the bath already. Looking around for her location, a pair of purple shining eyes teasingly laugh at him from behind a tree. Then she disappears.

Walking back to his room Alexei sighs. While not what he had in mind, this has been a most enjoyable night for sure. Though he can't help but feel sad at having missed out on all unique comforts this fairy could have provided. A raging boner that refuses to go away, no doubt caused by aphrodisiac, isn't making it any easier. One could make a fortune out of selling that nectar stuff. Tasty, nutritional, good fun and excellent for staying hard as well. Then again, they probably sell it for such explicit purposes already.

Was it left or right? Finding the exit of this garden isn't as simple as it sounds. Thankfully, that tall main building of the Academy, its clock tower specifically, is always visible in this moonlit night. Acting as a landmark to orient his bearings on. Somewhere out there has to be Layla, definitely amused at the by now fourth time he took a wrong turn. Walking around naked no less, since he is fully covered in liquid nectar. Not really sure if a good wash could prevent this stuff from permanently coloring his clothes. Saving grace being this hour of night, where chances of encountering someone should be practically zero.

Or so he thought. A sound comes from the hallway he is to cross. Taking a peek, a familiar sight enters his view. It's that cyclops girl again. Sitting on her knees on a bench while some kid does her from behind. Sure is the active type. And that is not the same partner as last time either. Though impossible to say if this is the norm for her species. The

sight of a young elementary student getting sensually fucked by some other student couldn't come at a worse time. Already turned on by this aphrodisiac, desires are welling up even more now. It is hard to draw his eyes away from that spectacle. Even when the girl has noticed him peeking, he keeps standing there. Not that she seems to mind, in fact getting turned on even more at being seen. At least she shouldn't be capable of noticing he is naked. Probably...

The kid is ejaculating. Alexei reluctantly turns around and begins to walk away. Having her know is one thing, being confronted afterwards is another entirely. Though a part of his mind did fantasize about the alluring possibility of that cyclops being slutty enough to come and seduce him afterwards. An offer he definitely wouldn't be able to resist.

After a short detour, he finally makes it to his room. Going to sleep right away is a no go. The sheets would be honey-brown colored for sure and who knows how angry cleaning personnel would be. Better make use of that washing tub he brought in here first.

Having only cleaned his feet so far, a sudden subtle sound catches his attention.

What was that?

There it is again, a short instant ticking sound. This time, he knows where it is coming from. Curious, Alexei stands up and goes to take a look at the window, opening it. Two small pebbles are visible against the window sill. Looking outside, nothing can be seen. Disappointment becomes the dominant thought quickly. Somewhere he had hoped this would be another chance with Layla, but there is not a hint of that fairy anywhere. He sighs again.

Right when he wants to close the window, a figure comes up at fast speed from right below the window sill, making a loop in the sky and hanging in front of him, a meter or two of distance remaining between them. There she is... that devious little temptress. Laughing seductively as always. Is she here to tease again, or can he expect something more?

Her body is shining in the moonlight, noticeably still covered completely in that same sticky stuff he is. Once more she is hiding the area between her legs in a similar manner as before. Both nipples temptingly pointing towards him. Once more she is drawing closer slowly. Will she fly away again at the last moment? Whatever she will do, Alexei doesn't mind playing along.

The fairy gets closer and closer, a mysterious look on her face. If she is going to cock - block him again, it will be any time now...

Any time...

She is now so close he can feel her breath over his face. Unaware that he himself is already leaning out the window to close that last bit of distance.

Then she suddenly moves fast, like before, though in a completely different direction. Rather than going upwards again, she has now closed the short bit of remaining distance in the blink of an eye and gives Alexei a soft kiss.

Surprised by what happened, he takes a step back, while the girl giggles visibly once more. Then she shoots past him into the room, taking a quick look around before flying to his bed. Alexei's heart is starting to beat faster again. Could it be? Is she here to finally make it happen? Layla keeps staring at him, tilting her head somewhat sideways. As he gets closer, she darts off behind one of those mosquito curtains, peeking invitingly from next to it. Alexei wants to go to her side of the bed, but once he reaches, she quickly flies to the other side, grabbing two curtains and pulling them in front of her, only her face visible between them as she beams with joy.

Feeling a desire to play along rising up, Alexei quickens his movements, starting to jump on the bed to close that distance when she changes place again. Eventually, he stands right in front of the fairy child, with only a single curtain dividing them. He can feel it, she won't run this time. Her eyes are saying that much.

Slowly pushing a mosquito curtain aside, the butterfly shaped figure is now fully revealed. Arms hanging close to her body, hands stretched out horizontally like two tiny wings at the hip, for the first time a clear long view possible on all her feminine features. The girl slowly fluttering both wings while hanging in the air, enjoying a pair of eyes gliding over her chest, down to her very tiny and very tight looking pussy, lingering on each of those locations. How is he even going to get it in there? Her body is already so small, and that pussy is no exception. Even if the book says a fairy is made to fit any size, it still seems surreal. Yet he would do anything at this point to get a chance at slipping inside that sweet honey covered little slit.

It's like she can read that thought, as Layla laughs again while looking at his still erect and nectar-coated member. With a sudden flutter of her wings, she is spraying fairy dust around her. The particles are glowing in various bright colors and shaping into a heart that she pushes towards him where it fades as he reaches out.

No need to finish that bath, as the girl in front of him is not bothered by any honey covering either of them. In fact, the thought of having their bodies smothering against each other is only turning Alexei on even more. Whether those stains will last in the sheets? He is destined to find out.

Extending his arms towards her, this time the seven year old fairy child doesn't fly away and comes closer, touching him first with both hands, gliding their tiny palms over his manly chest. While not exactly a seasoned body builder, Alexei is not some softy either like there are twelve in a dozen these days back in his world. And Layla is noticeably interested in his physical prowess, prodding and touching his chest and stomach muscles with her feminine fingers, never having seen any from this close. And certainly never having felt any. Then she presses her body against his, doing that entire smothering thing they both fantasized about moments earlier.

She feels so small in his arms, with weight that is hardly there. Though that last part is also because of her wings still keeping the fairy afloat. Something that becomes quickly obvious once she stops flying and entrusts her entire being to the man in front of her. The man who she has chosen to be her first mate. To be fair, while fairies may be particular about their first experience, Layla had already made up her mind on this guy being that first. The only doubt in her mind remaining for how long she would keep him desiring more. Until her own desires and curiosity became too much to endure. Not regretting that choice in the slightest, cuddly close sensation of her supple body being completely encompassed by a man's firm embrace making her feel all fuzzy and fluttery inside. A feeling that is only matched by that remarkable sensation Alexei experiences from youthfully smooth children's skin belonging to a small fairy body tightly pressed against his own rough chest.

Carrying her on top of the bed, Alexei places the fairy down onto his no-longer-white sheets. No need to worry about those wings. That's what the book said, as they are more

than sturdy enough to last a rough night of intimate passion, and repeating that pattern for as long as two thousand years. As she is sitting down, her legs held together, Alexei bends over to reach her face. Wanting some more of what she gave earlier. A kiss.

This time their lips connect for much longer, eventually her tongue finding its way into his mouth to exchange saliva. Those two spiraled antennae on her head standing tall as if receiving waves of pleasure. A soft breath that comes through her nose tickling his. The girl disconnecting to giggle about his stubbly shaved face while stroking her finger over his upper lip, and connecting once more straight after. Holding the back of Layla's head, Alexei can't help but notice how smoothly soft and silky her raven-black hair feels. That protective coating it has against getting dirty from her favorite food, nectar, is doing an excellent job.

Speaking off, as she is sitting down, the fluids that cover her entire body are slowly running down and forming a little puddle between her held together legs. She has noticed as much, and after their long kiss, she leans backwards on both arms as support, giving a naughty smile while making a quick nod towards the fluid in her lap.

No words need to be spoken, even if she would be capable to. Alexei lowers himself and hovers his face over that tiny seven year old vagina, taking a single lick before placing his mouth inside her equally tiny nectar-filled triangle. Different from the normal norn liquid, there is another liquid mixed in. One this lusty fairy herself is leaking from nothing other than pure arousal. Her own pussy juice. Once the nectar has been licked clean, Alexei does not cease and continues licking and sucking over her slit and clitoris. A taste different from nectar, but no less delicious. No longer capable of containing himself, he quickly raises by licking his way upwards and places his mouth over her entire right breast. With a loud smack, he separates from it.

Two tiny hands once more touch his chest, pushing a bit backwards. Alexei sits down as she seems to guide him to do. Layla then flies once more, hanging right ahead of him, legs bent backwards and spread somewhat. Bright glowing purple eyes staring deep into his with a hunger permeating them. A hunger for what she is touching with her right hand, the tip of his penis. Slowly she lowers herself and that large tip kisses her seemingly way-too-tiny pussy lips. That mystery of the universe on how it will fit shall soon be no longer a

mystery. At least, that is what Alexei is hoping for with every cell of his body. A fear lingering that it actually might be impossible after all.

She lowers herself slowly. An at this point hardly visible slit rubbing against him, resisting entry.

It is too small... He is too large... It will never fit...

Thoughts run through his mind. That fear getting stronger together with growing desire to simply bash his way in with brute force already.

She is pushing harder. Still her child's vagina seems to refuse opening up to that fat adult cock underneath. But the girl doesn't seem to panic and simply keeps on pushing harder. Until finally, something very tight and very hot can be felt wrapping around the tip of his penis, swallowing it slowly but surely. A deep breath can be felt over his chest from the girl, as she can feel her first cock ever sliding deeper, little by little. Layla is almost halfway covering the shaft and pauses for a moment, looking her partner in his eyes once more, before taking another breath and continuing. For Alexei it feels like any millimeter deeper he should be able to feel the end of her vagina and knock against her womb, but to his surprise and much to his pleasure she keeps sliding deeper and deeper. Until two tiny wet pussy lips kiss the base of his manhood. As the book promised, perfectly capable of fitting any size. Entering was somewhat of a struggle, but once in the rest came naturally.

Layla is breathing heavily. She has never felt her body being invaded by a foreign object like this, and she never expected it to be this intense. Mind trying to grasp all new sensations running through her body. Feeling his entire cock as it has nestled cozily into her body. Hips automatically starting to move slightly, then rapidly increasing once that new sensation becomes overwhelming, thirsting for more.

This... This is what fairies love most of all. A big fat penis diving in and out of their bodies. Preferably of their chosen first mate, but any will do. For seven years until now she has lived without, but for over two thousand will she do this on a daily basis from now on. Such is the normal life of a fairy. Two thousand years that she is now looking forward to more than any other time of her life so far, having finally learned the best it has to offer. And she couldn't be more satisfied with her chosen first partner.

Alexei is pushing up repeatedly, grinding into her at a fast pace. Her tightness feels perfect. Damn tight for sure, but exceedingly comfortable. Then again, that is to be expected from a species whose entire body is specifically made to accommodate a penis in any size or shape. That he is still covered in juicy nectar does help as well, as the smut of slippery sounds filling this room make clear she is well lubricated.

Her wings are starting to react to all excitement and pleasure running through that tiny body. A bright gradient of blue starting to shine vivid, illuminating the entire room in a soft glow as the magic powder they are coated in comes to life.

Layla herself starts to grind more actively as she has lowered both thin legs and placed them beside Alexei's, resting on her knees to move those hips more actively. Up and down, rotating in various angles, searching for ever more pleasure. Slender arms grasping around the broad chest in front of her for as far as they can reach. Wings fluttering more and more, sprinkling glowing fairy dust all around the bed. Alexei in turn holding one arm around her waist right beneath where those large wings are connected, other arm holding her head close. The feeling of having sex with a girl who has such a small child-like body pushing his senses to the limit.

Layla tilts her head upwards in a conscious effort to seek more closeness to her partner's face. Knowing that their union is about to reach that same moment which captured her attention most, back when watching him mate with the norn girl. Their orgasm. Aware of what happens during said moment, semen entering her body, but not really sure how it feels like. Remembering from their actions and faces, it must be even better than this current feeling rising ever higher. A thought she cannot even comprehend. Better? How can something be better than this? And yet, she has to constantly adjust that line of thought, pushing the goalpost ever higher as exactly that is happening, it getting increasingly better. With somewhere deep inside of her something building up that is about to erupt.

An eruption that is happening in more than one meaning, as Alexei thrusts up inside of her at the same time she clamps down hard. Hot thick semen pouring out into a womb too tiny to hold it all, thick cream starting to foam out from where they are connected. While her voice cannot be heard by human ears, her moan of ecstasy is still filling the entire room. Heart beating faster than ever before. Pussy clinging hard around that large meaty object

in her body, grasping strong in an effort to firmly keep it there, while feeling that rod pump forth more sticky fluids. Wings spread out wide and illuminating the entire room with their blue glow. Shining purple eyes overflowing with the greatest of lust and joy. Drool running down her mouth, trickling down onto her own little tits she has pressed hard into that firm manly chest she is clinging to. Nipples that are having repeated spasms as if they want to release milk even if they don't produce any yet.

Alexei falls onto his back with a tiny warm bundle of love resting on his belly and chest. The feeling of her chest seeking much needed breaths as a constant presence.

While a large caressing hand brushes through Layla's hair, earlier thoughts got confirmed.

She did choose right for her first partner.

CHAPTER 6



Humanoid Affairs

Early morning. Sasha stretches out before wiping lingering sleepiness out of her eyes, sitting down on the edge of her bed, reluctant to get up and seek the cold of a usual morning shower. There is not really a need to rush, and getting out of these warm soft sheets doesn't have much appeal to begin with, but on the other hand waiting too long to enter this dormitory's shared bathing facilities isn't all that enticing either. Once too many students start using them for their respective morning rituals the air tends to get filled with moisture. A humidity that Sasha doesn't particularly like as it makes her feel sweaty all over again, making the act of dumping water over her for washing feel utterly pointless.

The sound of Serenia entering the room after taking her own shower and greeting a still sleepy Sasha with a soft-spoken good morning is the deciding factor to get up. As one companion sits down to brush her hair and the other is only starting to wake, Sasha stands up to go get some energy pumped into her body through some not-too-cold water.

Twenty minutes later all three girls are back together in their room, packing their bag for today's necessities, any hint of lingering fatigue flown together with water down a small drain in the shower. Replaced with growing excitement about spending another day in this strange new world. Only small annoyance remaining, the thought that this place could really use a good old - fashioned functioning hair dryer. If only they had electricity, then that one Sasha brought along from Tokyo would work... Maybe... If the socket would even be compatible. Thoughts enter her mind that next time she should stick with local shampoo and not use her own, as her room mates seem to have no wet hair at all while still being properly cleaned.

"Hey, Sera..." Sasha hesitates before continuing what she was about to ask, waiting to see the response from Serenia on being called in that shortened, more intimate manner like Elenor often does. Assured by an accepting response from her room mate, who as soft-spoken as always inquires what Sasha would like to know. "Why are you stuffing normal underwear in your bag? Aren't you going to pack a swimsuit? I mean, don't we have special classes today?"

Serenia flips up her own skirt in response to Sasha's question, revealing that she is already wearing her swimsuit underneath this regular outfit.

"That clean underwear is to switch into after those classes are finished," Serenia adds as explanation.

"A peculiar arrangement," is Sasha's only thought, but whatever works. It saves Serenia from having to fully undress more than once. Maybe she doesn't like to be seen naked? Or it could simply be a matter of avoiding wasted time by culling an unnecessary activity in her daily planning.

"You forgot to bring yours?" Elenor asks Sasha, who shakes her head in return. That earlier question was purely out of curiosity. Though looking at Elenor who is stuffing her own swimsuit in her bag is bringing another question to the foreground, together with some sense of growing worry.

"Elly, you mind if I take a look?" Sasha asks while nodding towards the swimsuit.

"Elly...?" Elenor repeats, looking a little confused for a moment at an unfamiliar way of being addressed. Then a smile appears on her face, and with renewed vigor she pulls out

her swimwear again, handing it over to Sasha who takes a closer look. “Something odd about it? Maybe a swimsuit looks different in your world?” Elenor asks, a glint in her eyes revealing she is hoping for exactly that to be the case, so Sasha can pull out something all new and strange from her own clothes drawer.

“Not really odd, no,” Sasha replies, a subtle disappointment beginning to show on Elenor’s face at the sound of those words. That swimsuit doesn’t look odd at all. Actually it very much reminds Sasha of a modern swimsuit with somewhat of an old - school vibe to it. Unexpected for a place that looks from an older age like this. A frilly layered bikini. But then again, what should she have expected? A one-piece prison suit styled swimwear? This certainly isn’t as overly prudish. Or on the other hand something more like their way - too - sexy - for - a - child witch outfit? But Elenor’s swimsuit is more on the cute side rather than sexy. And that is the source where this sudden sense of worry is coming from. Sasha only brought one swimsuit... And it is not exactly subtle. Would it even be tolerated? What if she is going to get scolded for not following proper attire etiquette? Unlike their daily outfit, there is nothing provided as official attire, but that doesn’t mean there are no potential guidelines to follow.

A pair of curious eyes snap her back to reality. Elenor obviously wants to see what this blonde newcomer will be wearing. Eyes that only start to get more excited once a thin piece of cloth is the answer to that curiosity.

“This wouldn’t be a problem... right?” Sasha asks while looking at Serenia, expecting more of a trustworthy answer to come from that mouth rather than the one directly in front who is holding that micro bikini against her own body with glee.

“No, why would there be?” Serenia answers, not really understanding why Sasha felt a need to ask at all. A soft “Oh” leaving her mouth as she suddenly grasps the underlying meaning of that question. “It will be fine. Many of the aquatic species even go naked. Think about it, isn’t that perfectly normal?”

Relieved, Sasha takes the swimwear from Elenor and puts it in her bag. Feeling excitement peaking once more as a direct response to what she just heard. Aquatic species... What would those look like? Mermaids?! There has to be a mermaid for sure!

All three girls are heading towards this morning's class. An all new location, very much unlike the auditorium. The reason why a swimsuit is necessary. A destination that in this Academy is simply known as the aquarium. A part of this prestigious educational institute where all aquatic species get taught, and where occasionally shared classes with other students are given, like today happens to be such a case. The dressing area has a peculiar arrangement. Sasha was expecting either individual cubicles or group rooms divided by sex, but instead she is presented with multiple smaller group rooms, meant for four or so people each.

Having finished putting on her bikini, Sasha takes the little triangles covering her nipples and not much else, putting them properly in place, and taking a look at her two companions in the dressing cubicle afterwards. Serenia is wearing a two-piece like Elenor, but more of a sport-bra looking type. Somehow it strikes Sasha as odd, having expected Serenia to be the one wearing a frilly cute looking piece and Elenor the sports type.

A sudden bump against Sasha's back gets immediately followed by a pair of arms moving to her chest. They belong to Elenor who is putting both hands underneath those little triangles while addressing that specific topic.

"Hey, Sera, wouldn't you rather wear this? Think about all the looks you'll get."

"I'm not really interested in getting looks," Serenia replies to her teasing friend.

"Why not? Sounds fun to me, right Sasha?"

Still getting her tiny breasts fondled by the girl behind, Sasha agrees honestly while not being particularly bothered by this close contact she is subjected to. But Serenia stays with her own conviction.

"I'm not interested in boys."

Elenor gets a smirk on her face. "M-hmm... You're not into boys? So what about girls then?" Massaging Sasha's breasts in the process. But Serenia remains calm and doesn't respond while removing a final crease from her bathing suit. "Or perhaps you're more into older men? Hmm? You know... Someone like ... Sasha's father?"

This time the girl being teased freezes, wanting to deny but not knowing how to.

"Aha... Right on target..." Elenor giggles out loud, amused while finally letting go of Sasha's breasts, leaving Serenia with a face that is rapidly getting red. The daughter of said

father doesn't say a word. She enjoyed this little moment of bonding between all three of them, but this is still about Alexei after all. A complex matter. Still, it is confirmed then, like Sasha already expected. Serenia does have a healthy interest in him.

Coming out of their cubicle they seem to be among the first to be ready.

"Hey, hear that?" Elenor whispers.

They can all hear it. From a cubicle in front of them are sounds coming that they all recognize the meaning of. Seems like at least one of this class' girls has decided to share her cubicle with a male and the couple is in the midst of enjoying each other's touch. Serenia pretends not to hear it, though doesn't seem to be particularly bothered by it either. Some more people leave their cubicle further in the hallway. One of them curiously comes to take a listen at the arousing sounds from behind this closed door. A sound that is reaching a crescendo as whoever this female may be is mounting the peak of orgasm.

After some silence the door opens and both culprits reveal themselves. The male was one of Sasha's classmates, the female is as well and a known face for an all different reason. That cyclops girl she witnessed having similarly good fun with two boys in a kitchen, on that one night Sasha went out into the forest in search of thrills. The cyclops grabs a hand of that other guy who was listening in and slowly, flirtingly, drags him into the cubicle with her. Signaling to all three girls with a finger over her lips and a devious smile to not talk about this to whoever is in charge. Then their door closes again and those same arousing sounds from earlier quickly resume.

Sasha can't help but chuckle. Two guys again? "This cyclops girl sure is active," she blurts out loud.

"Siera? Yeah, we have both spotted her before. I think everyone did at this point," Elenor replies. Seems like her name is Siera.

"Because she is a cyclops?" Sasha asks, wondering if a large sexual appetite is normal to this species, but Serenia shoots down that assumption.

"No, that's simply Siera being Siera. By now she has sought comfort from practically the entire male half of our Academy," it sounds like she is critiquing the cyclops, but that would be a wrong conclusion as there is not a hint of scorn in her voice. Merely stating facts.

Leaving the dressing area, all students are presented with a choice between two doors, marked by a sign hanging above the doorway that plainly states “Aquarium A” and “Aquarium B”. In the middle of each door is a small hook that holds another sign, this one removable. The type that can be flipped around with the words “available” on one side, hung on the left door, and “off limits” on the other side, hung on the right door. Serenia starts explaining what she knows about this area once noticing a curious look of Sasha about what lies behind those doors.

As these markings indicate, there are two separate aquariums. Technically they are not one hundred percent separate, with some connecting water canals for aquatic species to easily move through, but each side corresponds with two general types of categories all those species can be divided into. The easily understood categories of predators and prey. Naturally a barrier exists between both when it comes to their everyday lives, and safety was a primary concern when constructing this wing of the Academy. These facilities themselves should be seen as more than a mere aquarium, and are complete miniature biotopes with non - intelligent lifeforms like fish and anemones, in addition to all kinds of aquatic plants being present that fit the corresponding A or B aquarium.

“There is even a huge man - eating anemone plant in there!” Elenor tries to scare Sasha, immediately corrected by Serenia.

“Anemone. And that is an animal, not a plant. Also they don’t eat humans, only certain form of aquatic species like mermaids.”

Sasha finds it hard to contain her excitement. So there *are* mermaids! Already wanting to meet one. “But how does an anemone even know the difference?” she asks about the topic at hand.

“Something to do with different types of vibrations in water, caused by swimming with either limbs or fins. That’s what I’ve been told at least. Don’t worry about it. There won’t be a giant man - eating creature in aquarium A we are going to. And even if that specific one were there, you could go poke it and it still wouldn’t do anything to any girl with a pair of human legs.”

Not that there was a need to guarantee safety for Sasha. On the contrary, that girl is having a moment of disappointment at realizing no extra-curricular fun and thrills can be had at the hands of such a dangerous creature... Or tentacles, whatever it may use.

“Name check!” a voice calls out loudly. It’s Headmaster Tudor who will be giving this class, clumsily grabbing some piece of paper and a magnifying glass to start reading names of all students to mark their attendance.

“Sasha...”

“Present,” she replies, as he goes down the list in alphabetical order.

“Siera ...”

Silence.

“Siera...!” the Headmaster repeats.

After another moment of no reply, the voice of Sasha suddenly breaks the silence.

“Siera is still in the dressing room, to check up on someone who slipped on the floor and hurt his knee.” That was the first excuse she could come up with. Not a very good one either. Still, she felt a need to cover for this cyclops girl, like she did a couple times back in her own world when Kasumi was late for class, often for a similar reason.

Right on cue, the cyclops and her willing partner in crime are finally exiting their dressing room. Headmaster Tudor addressing the boy instantly.

“How is you knee, son?”

“Uh... Fine?” he replies, not sure what to make of this question. Nor understanding why the Headmaster approvingly nods to his cyclops partner who is busy trying to form an excuse, but gets interrupted before getting more than two words out.

“I already know, all is fine. Sasha told me what happened. Good job helping your fellow student. I’ll mark that down as a plus next to your name.”

Confused, Siera takes place close to Sasha and gives a look of gratitude with her large singular eye, not quite sure what excuse was used, but that it definitely worked out. Recognizing this human girl from earlier in the dressing room when changing partners, as well as having spotted her the other night on some kind of adventure. With a playful and

naughty smile on her face, the cyclops moves closer to Sasha and whispers some words in her ear before moving back into place as class is about to begin.

Morning class in the A aquarium is basically nothing more than an opportunity for land and aquatic species to meet each other and learn some tidbits about their respective habits. All kinds of hybrids get introduced by the Headmaster as he gives a sign for them to come in one after the other. Seahorse, jellyfish, whatever exists as animal also seems to have a humanoid equivalent. Meanwhile Tudor explains some more about these facilities as well.

Similar to land species' facilities, aquatic dormitories are separated for safety measures, since many of these boys and girls have some peculiar characteristics that require either special attention, or being careful under certain circumstances. Sasha can't help but wonder what a dormitory for an aquatic humanoid would even look like. How do they go to the toilet? Where do they sleep? How does one even begin to study? How do they move around throughout this building? And really, what about that toilet? At least one question got answered without needing to ask. Apparently there is a large internal waterway network running throughout this wing of the Academy. Not that most of these humanoids can't crawl on dry ground if they have to, but it is so much easier for them to swim. So that's what some of those outside water canals that she noticed these last couple days are for.

"Next up... Lorelei!" Tudor calls in the next humanoid by her name. Sasha, who is standing in a shallow portion of the aquarium with her classmates, puts both hands over her mouth and gasps in surprise like she did a couple times already. A mermaid, like she was hoping to see since this morning. Lorelei darts through the water with ease, twisting and turning on a dime before coming up next to a wooden platform where the Headmaster is standing. Serenia said some of these species prefer to swim naked, and this mermaid seems to be one of them. Yet there is not a hint of embarrassment from the girl as she receives plenty of stares from all eagerly looking boys, seeming flattered at all attention being received.

Lorelei does not fit the usual depiction of a mermaid, that type where a lower fish body runs about halfway down, ending into a singular rear or caudal fin. Sure, her upper body is

similar and basically no different from a regular human girl, and that lower fish body is there as expected, but color is already different and those fins certainly are.

Lorelei's upper human-like body is much like Sasha's in color. She could pass as a northern Russian easily if one were not to look below the waistline. That amount of hair elegantly flowing through water as she made those twists and turns is about the same volume as Sasha's as well, but in a vivid red copper color. Still retaining its feminine waviness as she is leaning onto the wooden platform Tudor is standing on, and somehow seeming dry already, like that hair never got wet to begin with.

Around the waistline a transition begins into her fish form. A coat of scales covers her lower half, but they seem to be very small, smooth and flexible, almost hard to make out individually unless looking at them from up close. They are a mixture of a pure white with bright vivid red. Rather than just one hollow moon shaped fin at the end, she has numerous fins of the long and elegant free-flowing type, starting at various areas of her lower body, even from the hips already. All together it's like they form a sort of dress.

Tudor goes on to explain how this girl is a well-known and beloved sight amongst sailors, since mermaids are a symbol of luck and protection for their trade. Instinctively driven to help any sailor who is unfortunate enough to fall into the ocean or be victim of a shipwreck, yet fortunate enough to encounter a mermaid immediately afterwards. A protective instinct that has grown as a direct result of mermaids being dependable on other species. They do happen to be all female after all, and thus requiring a mate belonging to a different species. Which makes them also quite loved for willingly breaking those lonely nights during a long ocean voyage, as Tudor describes it in somewhat vague terms.

After her introduction, Lorelei dives underwater again, forming a large circle while maintaining eye contact with the blonde twin-tailed human girl who also dived underwater to get a good look from that angle. After a friendly wave, the mermaid joins her aquatic companions as instructed while class continues.

"And that concludes this morning. Don't forget your assignment for this afternoon." As Tudor leaves, Sasha immediately starts waving to the mermaid to get her attention. Their assignment is to seek out someone from those who were introduced and meet in their dorm

room later this afternoon, after lunch break. Nothing in particular they have to do there, simply getting acquainted with life in that place and maybe establishing some friendships along the way. Naturally, Sasha had already made up her mind on who to visit and now tries to get first dibs as quickly as possible. With success, as her wave gets returned by the mermaid, who instantly dives underwater and nimbly navigates her way through the passing crowd, popping up right next to all three girls. Clapping her hands together in excitement and giving a little nod as a greeting, trying to communicate through hand gestures.

Like Layla, who can speak but not in a way that is audible for a human ear, a mermaid has a similar issue with communication. Rather than having a tone of voice that is too high pitched to hear at all, Lorelei's is too low, only parts of it are audible with the rest getting lost and only a song-like continuous sound remaining. Though they seem to be gifted at getting meaning across through signs and body language as Sasha can somehow puzzle together what Lorelei is trying to convey. Fish dorm, second corridor and third room down the hallway. That has to be her room. Lorelei eagerly nods when Sasha correctly guesses these directions received while clasping the girl's hands with excitement, who giggles in return. After holding hands with Serenia and Elenor as well, the mermaid swims back to an entrance leading into those waterway canals that connect all places in this wing of the Academy.

Another girl is already waiting there for her. Stoic looking, seeming to keep a distance from everyone else who swims by, and definitely someone who was not part of this class. Her bottom half that of an octopus. The mermaid certainly knows this stranger well enough since she immediately hugs that girl, who actually seems somewhat uncomfortable with such a gesture, before both head off. Merely shy maybe? Though why wasn't that stranger part of this class? Could it be a member of the B aquarium?

All three girls look around with curiosity as they walk through the aquatic wing. Even the usually quiet Serenia finds it hard to contain her excitement. They walk through similar kind of hallways as their part of the Academy, with a same kind of erotic imagery in a form of statues and paintings. But these hallways are wider because a water canal runs through

the middle, with a small well -decorated bridge at every intersection. White stone sections that support railings at these bridges are carved into the shape of various humanoids. This one has nude mermaids like Lorelei holding the handrail's bar on top. Occasionally they pass one of the aquatic students swimming down that canal, or some other landlubbers in the process of doing their assignment.

"This should be it," Serenia says while they stand in front of a door. There is a second door right beside them, the type that has a sliding mechanism, visible in that small water canal which branches off into this room. That has to be an entrance for anyone who prefers a swim. Technically all three girls could enter through that area since they are wearing their swimsuit once more, unsure what to expect in here, but when given an option a regular door sounds a lot more practical.

A double knock on the door, and a voice calls to enter.

"I thought mermaids can't speak like us?" Elenor says, beginning to doubt whether this is the right place. But Sasha is already opening the door.

Inside they are greeted by two faces, one of them indicating this is indeed the correct room. Lorelei waves at them with a friendly smile on her face as she leans out of a water basin that fills the right side of this room. On the left side, which is a normal dormitory floor, sits that girl who was spotted earlier with octopus tentacles. Visibly uncomfortable at three strangers entering their private space.

A soft song-like voice fills the room as Lorelei is talking to this strange girl, who seems to be capable of understanding every word, having ears that are shaped a bit less tall and just a tad wider from a human's.

"But..." she answers in normal human tongue with a clear hesitation in her voice, but the mermaid holds onto her hands and seems to encourage her.

"I'm Nerine... Nice to..." and then her voice gets too silent to properly understand what she is mumbling, though it is easy to guess. Lorelei seems to congratulate her immediately after on properly introducing herself.

After the trio of newcomers introduces themselves in turn, Sasha gets her first closer look at the room and both aquatic girls in it. Noticing she is being observed, Nerine quickly turns her own face away like an introvert crawling back into her shell. Contrary to the

mermaid who is once more fully naked, this girl is wearing a regular style bikini top. Other than lower half being an octopus, she looks not much different from Lorelei. Similar skin color, same smooth human-like skin and features, likely to be warm blooded as the mermaid turned out to be when she touched Sasha's hands after class... Maybe her ears are different, but that is impossible to compare since Lorelei has too much of that red copper colored wavy hair to even get a glimpse of them.

Is Nerine really a girl from B aquarium? Weren't those supposed to be predators? She certainly doesn't give off any hint of danger, seeming completely harmless. Maybe that was a wrong assumption and Nerine is just a regular of the A aquarium and didn't participate in class for some reason? That makes more sense to Sasha. Her hair is not all that different either, having a similar volume and waviness. Its root being the same color as her mermaid friend, but quickly turning into a dark brown with a gradient. Biggest difference being how she wears it. Tied up at the back in a ponytail, that being only reason those tips of her ears are even visible. Ponytail tied up high near the crown of her head and spreading out very wide, ending in countless curly strands. The front is half covering her face, like she is hiding behind it, only her left eye visible as a result. A gentle looking eye, constantly scanning the area around with a sense of insecurity, revealing discomfort at being around strangers. A single hand covering her chest in a protective manner. A chest that is almost flat, unlike her mermaid companion who has ample bust for her age in the form of a full-fledged proud and bared A-cup somewhere stuck into making its transition into a worthy B.

"So uh... I didn't see you during this morning's class?" Sasha inquires.

"We weren't part of it. I'm from B aquarium."

Sasha is surprised. So this Nerine *is* a predator then? She doesn't seem dangerous at all.

"But you're allowed in this part of the dorms?"

"Not really... But Lorelei often drags me here."

The mermaid lifts herself up and takes place next to Nerine, putting a hand on her friend's while leaning closer, that soft singing voice audible again.

"What is she saying?" Elenor asks without any restraint in privacy, even though whatever was said was clearly aimed for Nerine to hear.

“That I should make more friends,” the octopus girl answers hesitatingly.

“You don’t want to?” Elenor continues prodding.

“It’s too dangerous...” Nerine states in a downtrodden tone.

The room has fallen silent after that little exchange. Meanwhile Sasha does some looking around. The water side of this room is basically nothing more than a single basin with a smaller detached area in the corner. There’s soil and plants at the bottom, some type of seaweed mostly. Parts of it seem to be missing or eaten. Could it be what mermaids consume as their main source of nutrition? The other half of this room has more distinctive features. They are sitting on the floor near water’s edge. Against a wall is one large bookcase holding plenty of literature. So they do study in here. But not getting those books wet has to be a hassle. Mold won’t be an issue somehow, as air is strangely normal and not as damp as one would expect in a warm room with plenty of water. Further ahead near the corner, close to a high-placed window that lets in plenty of sunlight, is a seating area consisting of a fluffy carpet and some large pillows to sit on. Combined with a low height table, it reminds Sasha of a traditional Japanese seating area where one is supposed to take place on the floor.

Noticing one of her visitors is looking in that direction, Lorelei invites her guests to go sit over there using a gesture, rather than remaining seated on this hard floor. The carpet is warm and soft. When the still wet mermaid crawls onto it, it appears that both cloth and pillows are actively repelling water.

“Huh, it doesn’t get wet?” Sasha is surprised.

Lorelei shakes her head and gestures Nerine to explain, who hesitatingly does so. Detailing how this cloth gets a regular washing with that same type of substance as they put in local shampoo. A water repellant ingredient that is based on the same coating that both fairy-folk and all aquatic species naturally have. At least the conversation is picking up now and all kinds of questions get thrown out, culminating in that absolute must-know mystery.

“Where’s the toilet? How does it work?”

Lorelei seems a bit embarrassed at this particular question, but points to the corner of her room where a small area exists next to that main water basin. Taking a closer look, it is

entirely separate and has water constantly flowing past, according to the following explanation leading to an outside area somewhere next to the forest, where filtering plants clean all water again before it merges into a river leading to town and its nearby ocean shore.

After that essential piece of trivia, Sasha pulls out her wholesome guide to cross-species mating while Serenia continues asking questions. Sasha's curiosity peaked by what could possibly classify this timid octopus girl as dangerous, and if one book has that answer, this one would be it. Though she stops first when reaching the mermaid chapter.

A warm touch makes her realize she has a companion looking into the book. It is Lorelei who has hugged Sasha's arm and is leaning against her while peeking at its pages with curiosity. The mermaid is clearly amused and intrigued at these pictures in the book detailing her kind doing other things with sailors than only saving them. Taking a look and feel at her own chest after seeing a picture of a man playing around with an adult pair. As Tudor had explained, the book confirms that mermaids are beloved by sailors. A sentiment that goes both ways as mermaids, indiscriminate at choosing who to rescue while driven by an irresistible urge to always help those in need, often mate in quite the loving manner with those who they just saved if those happen to be a male of practically any species. A treat that the lucky victim no doubt happily accepts, with stories of people jumping into water willingly.

Flipping some pages, they reach the chapter about Nerine, who isn't aware what this book is about and silently tries to avoid any attention. Some parts written down were already known thanks to their verbal exchange earlier once the ice was broken. Such as scylla, as their kind is known, being a semi water and land humanoid. Spending half their time in or on either surface. Explaining why Nerine is capable of speaking human tongue, while her friend who is mostly a full aquatic species cannot. Capable of moving around easily and surprisingly quick on hard surface thanks to those strong tentacles, though not at the speed a pair of legs is capable of. According to the book, those tentacles are strong enough that even a child such as Nerine could easily overpower an adult human male. Described as apex predator of the ocean and highly dangerous to choose as a mate, courtesy

of a secondary feeding mouth hidden somewhere underneath those tentacles which holds an extremely powerful beak that can turn any target into mincemeat in an instant.

“Huh? That dangerous?” Sasha asks in wonder, since the girl sitting a bit further away being oblivious about this topic doesn’t seem to be an apex predator in the slightest. But this book has proven by now it can be trusted. Furthermore, it explains the strange disconnect between what is written and what is witnessed in this room. Scylla don’t normally prey on humanoids, but are prone to losing control over themselves during the mating process, resulting to what is commonly known as “a feeding frenzy” after the deed is done. When coming back to their senses, nothing remains of their partner. This is the reason why Nerine is part of aquarium B. If she were to get turned on and lose control, things could get ugly fast.

Nerine has finally paid attention to what is being talked about and interjects herself into the conversation. “That’s why I try to avoid coming here... But Lorelei always insists and drags me along.”

The mermaid crawls to Nerine and throws herself with a smile onto her back, resting her entire weight on the octopus girl while hugging her from behind. Eventually rubbing Nerine over the head while keeping eye contact with these three visitors. Her message is clear. She trusts Nerine completely and has full confidence nothing will go wrong. Confidence that seems to be absent from Nerine herself.

Having finally returned back to their own room, Sasha plops down on her bed. Wearing that revealing witch outfit after going to get dinner. Today was filled with excitement, with their assignment ending in success. In the end they got along just fine with these new girls and made some plans for tomorrow. But she has an arrangement for later tonight already that is now getting to the forefront of her thoughts.

“Where are you going?” Serenia asks, as she notices her roommate preparing to go out.

“Looking for danger again?” Elenor asks excitedly, half expecting Sasha to say something ludicrous like going to look for a scylla partner to seduce and make out with.

“That’s for some other day. I already made plans since this morning,” the blonde girl answers. After getting some curious stares she gives a clarification. “Remember what happened with Siera when she was late and came to whisper something?”

The girls both nod at Sasha.

“She invited me to join her tonight.”

Both roommates understand instantly what Sasha has been invited for, considering Siera’s reputation as being this Academy’s biggest child - slut. A girl whose image has been accurately cemented as the type whose only reason for not spreading her legs with the utmost of eagerness and joy when confronted with the erect penis of whoever it may belong to, is because she has chosen to bend over invitingly instead. That same twelve year old girl whose inner vagina already intimately knew the private parts of almost every male in this Academy and half of nearby town before Sasha even arrived here. With the last couple days having been lacking in that kind of fun, Sasha is hoping for some good old casual sex more than she expected to.

“Want to come along?” she asks Elenor, who is showing obvious interest.

“Nah, maybe next time,” the girl responds reluctantly. A part of her really wants to, a rather large part actually, but she is a bit afraid of making that final jump. That “maybe next time” was meant more of an assurance to herself that it won’t be long before she gets a taste of man - meat, and is already beginning to regret having said no. Serenia meanwhile simply braids her hair as usual. Not interested in young boys, but hiding a face that has grown somewhat red by turning away as she can’t help but wonder what it would be like if a suitable male, like Alexei and only Alexei, would embrace and make love with her.

“Okay then, next time I’ll drag you along for sure,” Sasha answers to Elenor after picking up on that underlying interest.

It is late at night as Sasha closes the door to her room and heads out to her appointment. “Want to join for some fun tonight?” was what Siera had whispered this morning, followed by discreetly handing over a little note with a time and place. A dorm room, presumably belonging to Siera somewhere in this same wing, a bit further in the same hallway.

A sudden movement outside the window catches Sasha's attention. A figure on that other side has stopped and is catching her attention. It is Layla who is greeting Sasha from the other side of the glass. Opening the window, she lets her butterfly friend inside who gives her a kiss on the cheek. Making a turn round Sasha, the naked girl comes to a stop and flutters her wings in place, spreading some fairy dust around. Pointing at that clock tower outside while tilting her head, she inquires what Sasha is doing outside at this hour. Another dangerous adventure?

"I was invited by Siera to hang out."

Sasha wonders if she should give details or start explaining who this Siera is, but that doesn't seem to be necessary as Layla is already laughing while covering her mouth. Expression revealing she is well aware who this Siera girl is and what "hanging out" means, shuffling her legs together enticingly while sliding a finger over her own vulva. Bringing that finger to her own mouth and giving a lick over it. Then she winks and flies back outside, waving playfully with both hands before leaving to her own destination.

Curious where she could be going to, Sasha looks outside the still open window. Definitely not heading to the garden like was expected, but flying towards the opposite side of this Academy, stopping in front of a specific window on the same floor level. Knocking on it while waiting impatiently. When that window opens, Sasha can't contain a sound of surprise as she sees her own father on that other side, welcoming the naked fairy who immediately flies into his embrace and kisses him on his mouth. A long and arousing lover's kiss. Then both move inside while their window stays open.

Could it be? Sure, it is dark outside, but that was definitely Alexei. The inside of that room was lit well enough to see his face clearly. And that hug... that was not the friendly type, but more of a lover's embrace. Is Layla going to have sex with... Alexei?

The thought doesn't really leave Sasha's mind for some reason. She never saw him date any woman or girl. He had an interest in them for sure, as proven by those times she noticed him staring at her, but he never acted on anything. Except that one time when he masturbated in her panties maybe? So right now... he is in that room... doing the same thing to Layla that Sasha will be doing in Siera's room? Could it be that he marries her? That would mean Layla becoming her new mother.

Sasha slaps her cheeks while standing in front of a door. Enough of these thoughts, why is she even thinking about such things? It doesn't matter what he does or who he chooses.

The door opens and some student she never saw before comes out, giving an embarrassed nod while walking off, still closing the top of his shirt. Seems like Siera already had visitors.

Entering the room, Sasha is greeted by a familiar aroma. A smell of sultriness and body sweat. The smell of a room that must see a lot of bodies in the midst of copulating, where every nook and cranny, every sheet and pillow has been soaked with various juices belonging to a single girl and her never-ending list of partners new and old alike. A girl who is sitting upright on a bed that has mere moments ago seen plenty of action and is putting her hair back in place after wiping both inner thighs clean with a small piece of cloth.

"Hello!" Siera says with vigor and joy throughout her voice.

Sasha greets her in turn while entering and closing the door. It is warm inside, and lit with multiple candles giving a welcoming atmosphere. Siera is not wearing anything for obvious reasons, and has no intention of dressing herself either, for equally obvious reasons.

"Should I, uh..." Sasha points at the clothes that are hanging on a chair belonging to this cyclops girl, asking if she should undress as well. The girl nodding and telling that she can pick whatever bed she wants.

"They will soon be here," the cyclops says with a small giggle of excitement at the end. "They" obviously meaning whoever their partners will be, plural being only correct interpretation. As Sasha begins to undress, she gets her first clear look of the room and this girl in it.

Black hair almost as pure as Layla's. Well-groomed and neatly cut at around shoulder height. Technically her hair is a bit longer than that, but it spreads outwards while running down her cheeks and curls back inwards at the bottom, making her head seem wider than it actually is. The front is neatly trimmed horizontally down to right above a singular large eye, covering her eyebrow. A hair decoration of a purple with pink flower holding three vines running down, made out of similarly colored jewelry, adorns her right side

somewhere directly above and in front of her ear. A tiny little cat's bell hangs on the bottom of each metallic vine as they run down for about a short finger's length. It looks quite expensive and matches the clothes hanging on a chair in luxury. Those have to be her private clothes, as it certainly isn't the usual uniform, reminiscent of a dark purple Japanese kimono with pink flower motive.

Like Serenia, this girl has to belong to some prestigious family for sure, with the former more having a Western style of rich and fancy while this one has an Eastern style. Noticeable as well in her similarly refined mannerisms that must have been groomed into her from a younger age, as she is sitting down elegantly and almost prudishly, as odd as it sounds for a naked girl with such an insatiable hunger for men. Definitely more outspoken and upfront than Serenia though, as she is already talking about this morning, how she is grateful for how Sasha covered for her mistake of "getting too absorbed in lust" to a point of forgetting time.

"Looking forward to it?" she asks her guest with a big smile on her face, who answers in the affirmative while throwing her own shirt on a chair and plopping down fully naked on the bed opposite Siera. "You like it too, right? I thought so already when you noticed me this morning... and the earlier night."

The girl stretches herself out while laying down on the bed, looking her new friend straight in the eyes while proclaiming proudly her hobby with pure joy and honesty written in her large gold colored eye.

"I absolutely lo~ve sex. It's the best thing ever."

"It is..." Sasha replies, a bit startled at a girl who is so open about revealing her inner thoughts. "So, how many....?" she inquiries about this one-eyed lusty girl's love life, who laughs in reply while grabbing a hold of her pillow and hugging it tight to her chest.

"A lot?" Siera laughs some more while muffling the sound with her pillow. Not really sure if Sasha asks about total amount of times, or total amount of different partners. But that doesn't matter as the answer is equally valid for both anyway.

"A lot?" Sasha repeats, wanting to know a more specific quantifier, beginning to laugh herself while trying to pry the answer out.

“A who~le lot,” the cyclops laughs out loud while casually throwing her pillow to Sasha, who promptly throws it back while amused. “And you?” Siera asks in turn.

“A fair amount,” is the answer.

A knock on the door. Siera rises up with energy and looks deeply in Sasha’s eyes with pure anticipation shining through at the realization her next set of partners for tonight have arrived. A gaze that is contagious and infecting Sasha with that same childlike giddiness at the thought of them both getting a good meaty pounding.

As the door opens, two students come in. Eager and clearly familiar with the inside of this room, but surprised at the sight of a new face.

“This is Sasha. She will take part tonight,” the cyclops introduces her new accomplice, who is sitting upright on the bed naked, while stroking her hand through one of those thick blonde twin-tails. That surprise on those two faces quickly turning to excitement at the prospect of them being able to get all cozy and intimate with another top-class beauty. With record speed they both get out of their clothes.

Siera wastes no time and invites one of them into her loving embrace, laying down with him immediately after he basically drops himself onto her. Springs creaking at the weight of two bodies interlocked as one. The other kid looking at Sasha like a starved puppy, before she stretches out her hand to him. She has no idea who either of them are, nor were their names even introduced. For the sole purpose they are here, such trivialities are not needed. She can already feel his penis rubbing up to her and jumping in happiness at the touch of her bared skin, and that is about all level of introduction necessary.

The sound of Siera enjoying a mouth firmly clasp onto her nipple marks the beginning of their fun. Not really certain how to proceed with this new girl, Sasha’s partner hesitates with doing the same, not wanting to ruin her mood and subsequently his chances by possibly making a mistake. Sasha gives him a chuckle.

“Want to suckle?” she asks him with a soft inviting voice. No need for an answer as she can already feel his teeth softly pinching her erect nipple. His mind constantly in a tug-of-war on whether to go for her left one, or the right one. Going for a taste here, a lick there, followed by a grope and a squeeze before doing it all over again.

The boy eventually decides to check out the main prize by slowly moving downwards, looking at that place between her legs, those two beautiful little lips with a slit in the middle. Sasha can see his chest going up and down faster as he stares at her pussy. The bed next to them can be heard creaking louder and louder in a rhythmic pattern, with heavy breathing and an occasional moan thrown in. That hair ornament with small cat's bells making a subtle sound in erotic harmony.

Sasha lifts up her arms and touches the cheek of her partner, softly turning his head to face the other couple. A sight of a girl enjoying his friend's penis digging into her over and over again. A girl who turned her head as well and is looking at him, signaling with her pretty golden eye he will soon have his usual share of her as well. That her words earlier of adoring sex were not an exaggeration and more of an understatement. Then Sasha turns his face back towards her, and lowers her arm again so it can join the other one lying down crossed above her head, gently rubbing her thighs against his with a welcoming smile. What he saw in that other bed is what he is now being invited to do with this blonde.

He lays himself down on her and tries to find the entrance, poking with his tip between her legs like a starved man digging for a spring. There is almost torment to be seen on his face as he can't quite find the right spot instantly. Sasha's own breath is getting heavier, not keeping her gaze from his while letting her current partner know without words there is no need to hurry, as she wants this as much as he does. There never even was a mention of a condom of sorts. Do they even have such things in this place? It was pretty obvious from looking at Siera just earlier that she is getting pounded right now without one as well. Ah well, at this point, who cares? Not like she would have used one anyway. It feels so~ much better all raw. If only he were to find the entrance already.

That torment on her partner's face turns to pure bliss when he can finally feel himself sinking into this unknown but pretty girl. The moment he enters her fully, a moan leaving his mouth as he already dumps a full load into her. First of the night for Sasha, but no doubt far from the last.

The bed creaks as Siera sits on the lap of her new partner moving herself up and down. They are not the same ones they started with since Sasha arrived, nor the ones that came after,

but yet a different pair that came in even later. Sasha's bed creaks just as much as she clasps onto the sheets while her partner pounds against her soft bum. Ah yes, this position is a great one too.

A knock on the door. Whoever is outside must surely hear what is going on in this room. The door opens and another male comes in. Sasha lost count by now what number this guy would be. This one isn't a student at all, but one of the janitors. Not that he is here for complaining or scolding. No, only here to have sex with Siera as usual, intrigued by the presence of that other girl getting slapped repeatedly on her butt cheeks by her partner's pelvis. Until that partner stops pounding and holds it in deep. The girl biting into those sheets as she gets another orgasm while enjoying the feeling of even more hot cum flowing into her. As he pulls out with the utmost of satisfaction on his face, the janitor can't help but notice that thorough wet stickiness clearly coating his member, all coming from the insides of that young blonde child.

Sasha catches some much needed breath while laying down, before raising herself and seeking the refreshing cold of a window. Stretching out and sitting her bare bum down afterwards onto the window sill, looking outside by turning her head sideways. That chilly feeling of this glass feels great as she rests her back against it.

There it is... That one window where Layla went into. She can see it from here. It is on the opposite side of this Academy, on the same floor level. And there she can see it, thanks to contrast provided by a dark outside while candles lit the inside. The figure of Alexei, her father, having passionate sex with Layla. Seemingly unaware that the entire floor on this side can see them with their curtains open like that. Though she is not one to speak, as multiple gazes can be seen from that side peering at her and the scenery in this room.

Huh... She had no idea people could see them.

Oh well... whatever. Something else is occupying her mind. Who cares about those onlookers, when that scenery from Alexei's room is the only thing that draws attention? Those beautiful blue-shining butterfly wings, that tiny body moving at his thrusts, the sight of both of them in the midst of that same delightful activity Sasha experienced herself mere moments earlier.

Sasha feels so horny... so aroused... Why? From looking at her own father having a great fuck with a little girl? Hands both move down between her legs, fingers digging in. The feeling of warm fresh cum greeting them as it comes dripping out as she digs deeper. Thighs rubbing against each other.

Not enough... This is simply not enough...

That janitor looks entranced at the sight of this blonde girl who seems lost in all-encompassing lust. Siera is still getting banged by her partner so she is off limits for now, and that other girl seems so enticing...

Should he go for her? How old is this human child? She seems to be around Siera's age. That would be about twelve. A beautiful girl by any definition. But the way she is behaving right now, showering this room in pheromones, overcome like a wild animal with pure lust, makes her look so irresistible... So gorgeous... So...

He stands up. Unable to contain himself. Could he approach her? She is obviously part of this nightly orgy. If only she gave a sign. The poor man feels like his pants are about to explode at that sight of this potentially available unknown blonde masturbating herself. As if that girl getting fucked on the bed moaning seductively wasn't arousing enough already... This is pure heaven and hell simultaneously. A desire welling up to simply rush over to the window sill and forcibly spread that young child's soft legs apart, replacing that cum she is leaking with his own. God knows, she sure seems like even if he did, she would offer absolutely zero resistance. Even more, it seems like her entire being, body and soul, wants to be taken to a point of desperation. A feeling that this janitor can understand all too well as he feels similar about doing said taking.

For an instant, the blonde girl turns her head back towards this room she is in, away from whatever has grabbed her attention outside, leaning with one cheek against the glass... Mouth half open... Eyes in a daze before her pupils start turning towards the corners of her eyes, firmly focusing on that one adult male in the room. Blue lust-drowned irises reflecting light of numerous candles. Back arching as she presses both tits forward, squeezing them between her arms as she is still digging deep into her entrance. Legs pressed tight together, delicate muscles tensing. That half-open mouth slowly shaping into the most seductive of smiles, aimed at only one individual in this room. Muscles

loosening at the realization that relief of this burning feeling is available here, right in front of her.

Legs gently spreading, just barely wide enough to see a dripping wet pussy, a mixture of remnant cum and constantly increasing fluids from her own body dripping, leaking and slowly trickling down into strands that grow thinner as they drop, but thicker as she releases more. Until they snap and fall on the floor. Slowly pulling her fingers from inside that deliciously inviting cavity, fluids seemingly glued to them as they refuse to let go for a while. Bringing these fingers to her mouth and enjoying the taste of her own insides as she puts them in and suckles. Finally placing both hands on the window sill next to where she sits.

The janitor is about to burst, and lowers his pants in lust-filled fury. Rushing up to the blonde immediately after, stopping close to her only because of that irresistible sight of a twelve year old vulva leaking even more as she subtly moves her legs, tempting him with what truly wonderfully moist conditions inside of that tiny dripping-wet slit are creating such a delicious sight. Meanwhile the sounds of a girl getting close to an orgasm coming from right beside of the janitor as Siera's bed creaks faster and harder, filling his anticipation of what is to happen.

He moves closer to that enchanting blonde again, rapidly, closing the last bit of distance left towards that so temptingly smutty honeypot. A subtle long sigh of pure eroticism filling his ears, coming from the mouth of that sultry blonde as he has finally reached her. She was releasing all built-up tension in one big breath of relief, knowing he is finally about to give her what she craves. Eyes moving downwards, looking at what is going to enter her any moment now...

Any moment...

Not a penis like earlier with those boys... No...

A big fat cock that is rock-hard and constantly dripping pre-cum.

"Ah~" Sasha can't hold her voice as the tip of that cock kisses her genitals before it quickly and decisively slips into that perfect little place the universe has built for it. Gripping tight, yet perfectly adjusting itself to accommodate both its big head and long shaft. Squeezing them hard, yet hugging them affectionately. Burning hot even though she

is sitting on a cold window sill, against an equally cold window. As delightfully wet and slippery as she looked from the outside, yet rubbing with enough friction to caress every square millimeter of his cock's entire surface. Sucking him in like a vacuum until it cannot go even a smidgen deeper.

The girl once more turns her face towards the outside, focusing on whatever caught her attention earlier. But this janitor doesn't care to look. Too occupied with this tiny goddess of sex that has encompassed his being like she is intimately cradling his cock. As if possessed, he starts to pound, much to the girls delight. Her hot breath fogging the cold window where it condenses and runs down.

Why? ... Why does this feel so different?

Sasha doesn't understand what is coursing through her own body. Why does she feel so hot, so turned on to an extreme? It's like she is on some life-threatening adventure again, yet there is no danger or thrill at all. But then, why? Why does this round of raw sex feel so exceedingly good? Is it because she is watching her father experiencing this same feeling with Layla?

"Nn~..."

Another sugary moan she simply can't contain.

Ah... Layla has noticed her... The cause of that moan just earlier. What now? Would Alexei notice her as well? It's almost as if she wants him to notice. Layla certainly doesn't mind being seen during her own round of passion, or simply can't resist the feeling of Alexei taking her once more. In fact, it's almost as if there is a connection between her and Sasha as they both enjoy that same feeling taking over their mind and body.

Then Sasha notices...

A different pair of eyes is looking at her. A pair belonging to her natural father. Heart beating like crazy, a spasm running through her body that resonates towards the janitor as he can feel a contraction suddenly coursing through her inner grip around his shaft.

Alexei doesn't stop. Holding closer to Layla as he fucks her harder and faster in response.

Sasha raises her legs higher, fully resting all weight onto the window. She knows it is easy to recognize her, as she can easily recognize him. Alexei must be capable of seeing her

legs raised high, with an unknown man vigorously pounding between them in an intimate celebration of sex that never felt so good before.

That has to be it... Watching her father doing his taking of Layla's bare pussy... While being watched in turn as Sasha is taken by a raw cock.

Neither of them can hold it any longer. The thrusts reach peak momentum when both couples orgasm simultaneously. Her pussy pulling in the Janitor's penis with heavy contractions as his cum gushes forward harder and longer than it ever did before. Fingers digging into his shoulder and waist where she is holding onto him for dear life. Thighs squeezing into his sides with whatever strength they can muster. A similar scene playing out on that other side of this Academy in full sight.

Sasha finally pulls her look away from the window and peers down to the lucky winner who scored her prize as the janitor slowly pulls out, not really wanting to leave the warm inner embrace of this girl. His penis completely smothered in that same stickiness as that boy earlier, only more of it. Lots more. A medal that he will gladly wear with pride and honor and that symbolizes how intimately connected they were until just now. A medal that marks how her inside is now filled up with his semen as well.

Sasha takes some deep breaths and gets off the window sill, sitting back onto the warm bed. Strangely confused at what happened, but having thoroughly enjoyed every moment of it.

Siera had already finished by now with her partner and has been patiently waiting until they were done. The girl seems to be amused by how visibly Sasha had given herself into temptation to such a degree that she didn't even notice Siera looking.

"That looked amazing," she says softly towards Sasha as words of praise, while she herself invites that janitor to come into her loving embrace and score another much-desired medal, sharing some of those fluids on his penis with her. The boy Siera was with till now seems somewhat dejected after looking at the larger specimen this adult janitor is blessed with. Probably feeling some confidence issues by comparing himself.

"Psst."

A voice catches his attention. It is coming from the blonde with giant twin-tails who has laid herself on her side and made room for a second person. She is tapping on the bed with

a hand while turning her hips to give him a clear view of her vagina, inviting the boy to come get his fair share of that lovely cake.

Those confidence issues are already gone again, as quickly as they came.

CHAPTER 7



Anchor of Bonds

Alexei drops down onto his bed with Layla in both arms. Not that easy to hug her with those giant wings, but possible when hugging her around the waist. The girl has placed her head against his chest and seems like she is going to get some sleep. Alexei was half expecting this whimsical fairy to go out again, since it is night. But is then reminded by what he knows about fairies. They seem to like moonlit nights, and this night only has clouds to offer. She is probably not in any mood to go out, in addition to that long round of sex maybe having tired her out. How many times did she ask for more with pure body language? He lost count, but plenty for sure. Not that he minds in the slightest. This girl can ask for as much loving as she wants.

Feeling warm breathing of Layla while she sleeps combined with the pleasant touch of skin, Alexei can't help but ponder on what happened about an hour ago. That scene he saw

through the window when he banged Layla. A scene where his daughter Sasha was getting taken by some adult man. And she damn well knew he was watching.

“Better close those curtains next time,” he thinks to himself, not having realized till now how easy it is to watch inside from opposing windows.

Next morning. As Alexei wakes up he is greeted by soothing warmth of a small body in his arms. Seems like Layla didn't leave tonight. No need to get up early since it is weekend and everyone has the day off. Something small and warm touches his cheek. It is Layla's hand that is caressing him, giving a good morning with a smile on her face. As she gets up, the girl stretches out. No need to get dressed for her, but she sticks around until Alexei has gotten in his regular clothes. Then Layla signals it is about time to leave now and go do whatever fairies do at mornings. Though he intends to keep the window open so she can enter or leave at her own leisure. Temperatures are good enough for that anyway.

Before leaving out of the window, Layla stretches out her arms for a goodbye hug and kiss. Then she flutters off towards the garden, probably going to feed. Alexei's eyes are naturally drawn afterwards to that particular window on the opposing side. Where he noticed a scene that remains hard to forget.

“Huh...” he mumbles out loud.

That particular window is being opened by its occupant, the same cyclops girl he saw a couple times by now. And as expected, a male can be seen sleeping in the bed she must have come from. What a girl... She isn't even wearing anything.

The cyclops gives a little wave in politeness towards that Master on the opposing side, seemingly unfazed by being seen naked, and turns her attention subsequently back inside. Then another face appears to get some fresh air.

Alexei is staring at his naked daughter, who is staring back. Turns out she spent the entire night there and is now planning on getting back to her own room. Both of them seem unsure how to respond to each other. A saving throw comes from the cyclops who seems to be asking something from Sasha, drawing her attention away from the window.

Just past noon. Alexei is walking outside, not sure what to fill his day with. Until a voice calls out to him.

“Good day, Master Alexei.”

It is Serenia. He knows her well by now as one of Sasha’s friends and a pretty good student. A girl who will no doubt grow up to become a proper functional member of society. She is asking some questions about what he will be doing today. Nothing at all really. So he quickly shifts the conversation to something else, eventually ending up praising Serenia on her academic record. Something she seems to take a liking to, though it isn’t really the topic itself that makes her seem happy, but rather that being praised part. Right as she wants to continue on her walk, footsteps come from behind. Alexei’s face frowns. It’s Sasha.

“Hey...” he utters uncomfortably.

His daughter freezes for a moment, caught off guard by his presence, then returning his simple greeting with a single word of her own. Only followed by more uncomfortable silence, until she leaves without a further word, together with Serenia.

“Well, that was awkward,” another voice comes from behind Alexei.

Turning around, this time it is Oldor who is passing by with a wheelbarrow holding two bags, apparently heading towards the garden. “You know, that noticeable silence? Father - daughter issues?” he waits a bit before continuing. “Don’t worry, I won’t stick my nose in your personal business if you don’t want me to. Simply thought an older man might be able to offer some advice if possible.” After some more silence Oldor wants to pick up his wheelbarrow again, but Alexei stops him, having decided that maybe getting some advice is not such a bad idea.

“We uh... are a bit estranged. That’s all,” and he begins to talk about their past, avoiding everything to do with Sasha’s sexual adventures. That specific part he intends to keep private, naturally including what happened last night.

“Oh, I had no idea you two lived through such a troubled past. My condolences for the loss of your ex - wife. Though I guess that is not really what troubles you in this matter,” Oldor brushes his hand over his beard while he ponders on what he heard. How to get an

estranged father and daughter back together again? “Hmm... I would say you made the proper first step already in improving your family relationship.”

“And that is...?” Alexei asks.

“To admit that there is a problem. You can’t solve an issue if you aren’t aware there is a problem to begin with,” immediately pondering some more. “After that... Hmm... Having courage to make the next step. If you want to be closer to your daughter, stopping to avoid her like I witnessed earlier would probably be a good start.”

After noticing Alexei could use an extra push, Oldor offers a concrete proposal to get things going. “It is weekend. How about taking your daughter somewhere? Together with her friends if it’s too hard to go alone for now. Visiting our nearby town perhaps?”

Alexei seems to get some growing interest. Maybe it was a good idea to get advice after all. Simple advice it may be, it is something to start with and right that kind of push in the back he needed.

“And don’t forget, if you want to close social distance, you’ll have to make an effort at getting to know her better,” Oldor picks up his wheelbarrow and walks towards the garden, feeling his job here is done and everything after is up to Alexei himself.

Walking through the Academy, a father is searching for his daughter. It doesn’t take long to find her. Thankfully she couldn’t have gone far since that conversation with Oldor began. She is sitting near one of many waterways crossing through this part of the Academy. Is that a mermaid she is talking to? Both Serenia and Elenor are there as well. Taking a deep breath, Alexei gathers his courage. This is harder to do than that time he confronted some armed burglar gone crazy back in his early police force days.

“Hey there,” he lets his presence be known to the girls, who turn towards him and wait to hear what he called out for. “Uh... Since it’s weekend and all... And I don’t have anything to do... Anyone wants to leave the Academy and go explore local town?”

Not all that smooth, but could have been much worse. Now only to hope for an affirmative response. Some panic beginning to form on what to do or say when they reject his offer, that bit of courage from earlier quickly fading. A saving grace comes from an unexpected source.

“Shall we go? We do have time.”

It is Serenia who feels like accepting his offer. Another one of her friends quickly joins.

“M-hmm... Why not. But sure you want us along?”

That was Elenor who is teasing Serenia, understanding the underlying reason why her roommate feels like spending time with Alexei. No doubt Elenor is already fully on board with this idea, seeking to support her friend in pursuit of some fluttery feelings. Biggest obstacle remaining is the most important one. Sasha herself.

This obstacle won't give so easily. Sasha seems reluctant, though thankfully she isn't outright rejecting his proposal. Probably some social pressure at work with two of her friends already hyped up. In addition to Sasha also knowing about that budding romantic interest Serenia harbors for her father, forming an extra layer why she can't openly cast that glint of expectation in Serenia's eyes straight into the water.

But...

Sasha looks towards Lorelei. She made a promise to meet up with her today. Nerine was invited too, but she couldn't, or felt too stressed out about it. Going to town would mean breaking that promise. The mermaid herself is already gesturing Sasha to go with her father and friends, but it still feels wrong to leave her behind. However, Alexei has correctly understood what is going on and has come up with a solution to what he correctly thinks bothers his daughter, starting to address this mermaid girl.

“Hello there, would you like to join as well? I could carry you.”

Lorelei thinks for a bit, and happily nods yes.

Their group is slowly walking along a path that leads to town. All said and done, carrying this mermaid came with some small issues. First one being, why is she naked? That caught him by surprise when she let go off the edge and revealed a quite glorious looking but unexpectedly naked upper body, to get lifted out of that waterway. Secondly, how to even carry her? Like a princess? That would get tiring fast. Sure, she is not heavy at all, but carrying like that for an entire day? Thankfully her lower body is plenty flexible enough that she can be carried on the back, using his arms as support while hugging him around the neck. Also, why is she naked again? First Layla, now this girl? Is that a thing in this

world? To make it all worse, she has almost a B-cup. A girl only twelve for fuck's sake, with a B-cup. Going out to town naked.

That soft feeling squeezing into his back where she leans on him is more than noticeable through a thin summer shirt he is wearing. Especially since she was wet and that wetness has soaked into said shirt. At least carrying her like this isn't that tiring, and she can't tempt him with those two supple mounds visually. Even if that is regrettable at the same time. The girl herself seems quite pleased and amused about this unannounced little excursion. Pointing at various things that peak her interest as they pass by. Things that she doesn't quite often get a good look at from her usual watery environment. Even something as simple as a cat walking by is enough to bring a smile to the happy mermaid's face. And that mood is catching on, as all others are getting more cheery with every passing minute. Even Sasha is starting to laugh now and then, slowly forgetting about all awkwardness from earlier today.

Their afternoon gets filled with spending time in various small shops. Trinkets, clothes, and some imported stuff from back in Japan. Especially their stock of plushy animals were an instant attention grabber. They don't have those in this world, at least not such a soft fluffy type. Alexei told them they could pick one out each and he would buy it. That scored some cheers. Thankfully for Lorelei, they have some that are locally treated with that same water repellant stuff used in the aquatic dorm's carpets, pillows and such.

When taking a break with suitable snack and drink on a terrace-like resting area, Alexei is glad his arms can get some needed rest from carrying around a child all this time. Even if now it is pretty damn hard to get his eyes not constantly drawn to her frontal assets. This girl with long dark-brown side-tail sitting next to him, Serenia, is offering some help with that without realizing it. Drawing attention by asking plenty of questions about life back on Earth, each one getting increasingly more personal. But getting personal is at this point not an issue. In fact, that means he can ask Sasha for confirmation and try to drag her into their conversation. Something that seems to succeed with increasing rate, success rate no doubt boosted by presence of her chatty friends. Bringing them along was a good idea for sure. Maybe that old guy Oldor is smarter than he looks.

Alexei ponders on how that was actually somewhat of a rude thought, then refocuses his attention towards Serenia, before that naked mermaid in front manages to do so again without saying a single word. Said naked girl not capable of speaking herself, but happily listening and helping Elenor at folding shapes using some napkins from this place. Though sometimes Alexei gets the impression that girl is well aware her chest is drawing attention through her body language. Yes, definitely better to focus back on the one with nosy questions, who is cuddling that plushy rabbit she received from Alexei with quite some affection. A sight that he can only describe as adorable.

“Right then, I guess it’s about time to go back?” he announces after noticing it is getting late in the afternoon. Picking up the mermaid again, that same delightful squishiness is pressing into his back once more. It’s like that girl is doing it on purpose, since she is hugging him even tighter this time.

Arriving at the Academy again and having placed Lorelei back into a nearby waterway, a soft-spoken voice addresses Alexei.

“Master?” It is Serenia, who seems flustered. “Thanks for today... and the gift...” shuffling with her feet somewhat, she continues while averting her eyes. “I think offering to carry Lorelei was very manly, instead of letting her go the normal way to town... You sure are strong... and nice.”

Alexei smiles at the earnest compliment and gives her a pat on the head.

“Thanks for joining us, it was good fun,” he replies to Serenia. Honestly grateful for helping to drag Sasha along and offering that line of questions about their personal life. Then she heads off towards the dorm room, hiding her face with that plushy. Followed by her pigtailed roommate who waves goodbye.

A realization enters Alexei’s mind.

“The normal way to town?” he wonders out loud about the meaning of what she said.

Lorelei points amused at a waterway that passes through a sliding door, leading outside of the Academy straight into a river that flows to town.

“Wait, so... There was no point in carrying you all the way to and from town?”

The mermaid makes a singing sound that resembles laughter, before she waves goodbye to both Alexei and Sasha and dives into the water, heading back to her dorm.

A voice begins to laugh. Starting small, muffled, but quickly turning loud and uncontrolled. It is coming from Sasha. It doesn't take long before Alexei starts to laugh at his own mistake. When all calms down again he is confronted with the fact Sasha is about to go back to her room any moment now. Today was a success already, but maybe it is not too much to ask in hoping for something more? He got to hang out with his daughter for the first time without it feeling like they ignored each other. But that last piece of advice from Oldor is sticking in his mind. To learn about her. Right as she is about to leave, he stops her.

"Sasha... If you have some more time, want to have a chat?"

A hesitation. She doesn't really know how to respond, but eventually makes up her mind.

"Here?" she asks.

At least she didn't reject him.

"No, somewhere private."

Another hesitation, before a short, simple answer.

"Okay."

Sasha looks around as they both enter Alexei's private room. That bed sure looks large and comfy. More space in general, but that is to be expected from a Master's bedroom. A couple books and note papers are laying on the desk. Taking a quick look out of curiosity, they seem to be preparatory material for his classes. That's the first time Sasha has payed attention to such things, never even having entered his room back in Tokyo. So he takes his work seriously? Sure is different from that woman who was permanently unemployed. That's the thought which comes to mind when seeing those notes and books.

A lingering look out of the window. She can see Siera's room from here. In fact, with Siera's window open she can see the girl herself having some more of that same fun as last night. This is the same spot where her father watched her back then... Where she saw him doing the same to Layla. Turning around, she heads straight to the bed and plops down on it, testing out its springs underneath. As comfy as it looks.

Alexei takes place next to her. He managed to bring Sasha this far, but now what? All he wants is a good heart to heart conversation, but where to even begin?

“How’s it going with your roommates? You seem to get along fine.” Not exactly a great topic starter, as the answer was already part of that question, but it will do.

“Yeah, they are nice,” Sasha replies. That much was obvious after today’s exploratory trip and how they behaved around each other like there were no walls at all.

“Has to be difficult, communicating with a girl who can’t talk. Or not in a way we can understand at least,” Alexei continues. A matter he has experience with himself, courtesy of a certain fairy.

“No need for words to understand Lorelei,” Sasha responds.

“You’ll have to teach me that trick someday, I had no idea what she was trying to say half the time.”

“That’s just how girls are,” she laughs subtly.

“Didn’t you have a friend back in Tokyo? Do you miss her?”

Maybe not the type of conversation that would put a smile on his daughter’s face, but a genuine concern coming from her father.

“Kasumi, yeah. Would have been nice if she could have been here. I hope she is doing well...”

Alexei notices some worry on his daughter’s face, and wonders if this Kasumi has some issues to deal with herself. Considering the type of company she kept and what hobby they shared, good odds for an affirmative.

“Won’t be that long till you can visit Kasumi. But if you want me to, I could convince Headmaster Tudor into letting her come over here. I’m sure he can get that arranged easily.”

Sasha’s eyes begin to light up instantly in response. “Really?!”

Alexei tries to temper her skyrocketing expectations.

“Um, that won’t be for this schoolyear though. You know, formalities about crossing the Gate. But next year should be doable. Heck, maybe even after winter break already.”

“Would the Headmaster really allow that?” his daughter asks, still excited.

“I’m sure I could talk him into it... Or rather, more manipulating really.”

“Please do!” Sasha answers instantly, getting an assuring nod from her father in turn. “Manipulate him...?” she adds in curiosity afterwards. Her father shrugging his shoulders to indicate he has his ways of doing things.

After seeing Tudor in that *Magical Girl Pururu~n Trinity-chan* shirt back in his office, Alexei is certain this guy could be convinced of just about anything, as long as it gets presented as part of some social custom or whatever.

“So about these classes. How’s it going? Did they teach you magic already?” he inquires. Sasha shakes her head.

“No of course not, we need a wand first. Those should arrive one of these days. But we’ll get a preparatory demonstration next time.”

That topic didn’t go very far, but she doesn’t seem bothered yet so maybe it’s about time to get to something more serious.

“Sasha... I’m sorry. For not being there all those years,” it is hard to face her when saying those words, but Alexei feels he has to bring it up. “I’ll do better from now on.”

A nasal sound meaning she has accepted the apology eases his tension somewhat.

“That’s for Layla?” Sasha asks, changing topic again while looking at a bag Alexei is still holding on to. Confused, Alexei’s eyes trace where his daughter is nodding towards.

“Oh, right... this,” he opens it and pulls out its contents. “Yeah, I thought it would be nice to bring one along for her.”

It is one of those plushy toys he is holding in his hands. A cute little caterpillar staring back at him with large beady eyes. Sasha received a plushy as well naturally, a teddy bear, but hers was packaged in the same bag as Elenor’s who carried them to their dorm earlier.

“Not sure if she will like it...” he mumbles.

“She will, for sure,” Sasha replies with a sense that indicates the answer wasn’t thrown out without any thought.

Alexei places the fluffy bugger down on his bed stand.

“You like her?” Sasha is staring intently at him for some reason.

“Yeah. I do.”

“Would you... marry her?”

Alexei's eyes open up wider from surprise at such a question. That was unexpected. He never even thought about such things himself.

"Then she would become my mother..." Sasha mumbles more silently.

"You wouldn't like that?" Alexei asks, somewhat concerned about her response.

Sasha thinks for a while before answering.

"I wouldn't mind, I guess. Not if it's someone like Layla."

Alexei chuckles while grabbing the plushy again and playing around with it in his hands.

"I don't know about marriage. I mean, what are such customs here even? And considering her age that might be a bit too soon."

"You might even have multiple wives in this world," Sasha laughs in return, getting a similar laughing response from her father.

"Well, if you are getting a fairy mother, would that mean I'm getting a son in law?" Alexei is hinting at the janitor male who was present in that scene last night.

Sasha shakes her head with conviction.

"Who was that even?" Alexei asks not all too seriously. Sasha shrugging her shoulders in return, honestly indicating she has not the slightest idea. A subtle laugh reappearing on her face when noticing her father isn't exactly bothered by it and mostly jesting to begin with.

"Just some guy who came to visit Siera. She is... a busy girl."

Alexei holds the plushy in front of his daughter while pretending to speak through it.

"Trust me, I noticed."

Thinking the conversation has reached an end, Alexei places the toy on his bedside stand again, expecting Sasha to return to her room any moment now. Things have gone good so far. They talked more today than they did for their entire time living in Tokyo.

"So... How did she feel?" a soft spoken question by Sasha, almost embarrassed to ask.

Feel? She? The meaning of that question could be interpreted in multiple ways, but Alexei understands with certainty which one Sasha is truly inquiring about. This question, and the cause for bringing it up to begin with, has all to do with what transpired during last night. That scene they both witnessed from their own perspective. Not interested in

knowing what Layla felt emotionally or anything like that. But asking specifically how the touch of her body felt as he was driving his erect manhood into it over and over again.

“She felt amazing... Like I was... putting it in the coziest and pleasurable spot ever.”

Sasha was expecting to get an answer that dodged her question. Not something so visceral and straight to the point. He is looking at her as if expecting her own thoughts in return, wanting to know if she understands what he is talking about, whether she felt something similar.

“I know. Like all worries are blown away. I feel so free when...” she looks at her father for a moment before facing the ground, staring at nothing in particular. “When I have sex.”

Freed from a proverbial cage that woman kept Sasha in all her life. Free to live and love as she wants. Free to be whoever she wants, with whoever. And now that she is free, never wanting to be caged again. For the first time, Alexei fully understands what his daughter is trying to convey. A daughter who is now waiting for a father to accept her, rather than ignore and thus deny her inner self.

“So, do they have like... condoms in your dorm?”

Sasha shakes her head. “No idea. Not using any.”

Alexei lets his back fall on the bed, spreading both arms out wide, finally giving her the resolution she seeks. Thinking this is the kind of conversation only a dysfunctional family can have.

“Sure feels great eh, without any rubber?” he answers her.

Sasha laughs out loud, more from relief than anything else.

A dysfunctional conversation for sure, but simultaneously one where he never before felt such a close intimate connection with his own daughter.

“You know, if you want to, I’m sure Siera would be up for some of that,” Sasha proposes.

“You think I have a chance?” he replies amused.

“Definitely. You know where her room is. Simply try knocking some time. If you are interested?” Sasha has let her own back fall onto the bed, turning sideways towards the man next to her.

“I certainly am.”

“What about Lorelei? I think she caught your attention,” Sasha giggles subtly.

“Who can blame me for that?” Alexei puts both hands near his own chest and forms a groping gesture. “Those are some fine tits that girl has.” Seemingly turning all serious immediately afterwards. “Finding the right hole could be somewhat of a challenge though. You know, with a lower body like that.”

Sasha is no longer giggling but bursting out in loud laughter. “That’s part of the fun!”

When they both stop laughing, a third person gets brought up by her.

“You know, there is another girl in our group who would be available.”

No need for Alexei to think about who that could be.

“Serenia,” he states out calm.

“You knew?”

He noticed. It is hard not to when a girl is so affectionately hugging a plushy toy she was given by a certain man, constantly asking him questions about his private life and whatever could give a clue on what he would like. For food, clothes, hobbies, anything really.

“You want to do her?” Sasha asks, body language revealing she is serious about her question.

“Sure, I’m up for that.”

Sasha gets up from the bed, back onto her feet. “It’s almost time.”

“An appointment?” Alexei asks, as he raises himself to the edge of his bed.

“Yeah, I promised Elenor I would take her along tonight... To Siera’s room...”

Alexei takes a couple seconds before replying, gathering his thoughts.

“Have fun. But don’t forget to close the curtains this time, unless you like prying eyes.”

Sasha gives him a genuine smile and walks out of the room. Stopping before closing the door to say one last thing.

“Thanks... Dad.”

Alexei is still sitting on the bed, almost in shock at that last sentence. It finally happened. She acknowledged him as her father, calling him dad. A rustling sound catches his attention from the open window. It is Layla who has been waiting all this time to enter, not wanting to disrupt the private talk that was going on in here. From her body language, he reads she is congratulating him on a successful bonding session.

The moment she is in range, Alexei reaches out for Layla and pulls her close. For some reason his hormones are rushing hard after that earlier talk, and his pants have been lacking in space for a while now. Resisting the sight of that lustful young fairy at such a time is nothing other than a futile effort.

A girl with a long off-center braid is walking through the dorm as it starts to get dark. A young child wearing a dark purple nightgown that reaches almost down to the ground. Plenty of frills decorate her elegant looking garment. A pair of fluffy purple slippers mask the sound being made every time a foot touches ground. It is Serenia Nightengale, who is walking through a part of the Academy that up till now has been unvisited. For some reason, Sasha walked into her room earlier and told, "Sera, dad wants to see you in his room."

What was that all about? She couldn't even answer why he summoned her. Serenia had already changed into her nightgown, and when wanting to get into regular uniform again for this unexpected visit, Sasha stopped her. Saying it would be better to go like this. At such a late time of evening it being completely normal to walk around in nothing but a nightgown. What a silly notion. But she kept insisting, hinting it would be the best way to tempt Alexei in seeing her as an attractive young girl, instantly desiring Serenia immediately after. And nobody would spot her on the way since it's already curfew. What was Sasha even thinking? As if a model student like Serenia would ever consider such a preposterous idea. And yet...

Here she is. Walking on his side of the dorm, scaling the last set of stairs. Heart beating strangely fast. Could it be that a part of her is actually hoping for something to happen in his room?

Serenia has to grab what little courage she has left to close the final distance, Alexei's door already visible. Is her hair right? She had just finished braiding it before being summoned. No pieces sticking out? Does her nightgown have a crease? Is it tied properly? No dirt on her slippers? A deep breath... Almost there. Why is the door open? Someone didn't lock it properly, she can notice a small gap from here. Serenia takes a peek past the door.

The subtle sound of a bed's springs moving up and down, matching movement of a couple on top. A tiny butterfly fairy is riding sensually and with full devotion on Alexei as he lays down on the bed, fondling her small chest in the process. Sounds escape her mouth, but no human can hear them. No need to, as her expression is doing all the saying.

Serenia tries hard to contain a gasp as she covers her mouth, not having expected a scene like this to play out. The display on that bed is strangely enchanting. Beautiful glowing wings, a body moving in constant fluid motion, hypnotizing sounds which accompany them. Faces locked in perpetual display of pleasure. Serenia has never really taken a good look at scenes like these. Sure, she witnessed Siera more than once seeking comfort with some random guy, but never really paid much attention to it, having been raised to leave people in privacy. She has seen depictions like in that book Sasha has, and those certainly looked interesting and alluring, but nothing even remotely like this.

Right over there, is Layla sliding her pussy eagerly and elegantly over Alexei's penis. It looks so large compared to her. It all seems so... corporeal. That squishy sound coming from their deeply connected genitals, the display of flesh squishing into flesh.

Serenia sinks to her knees, crotch feeling itchy and hot. It is so hard to resist. Maybe it will be better when she touches it, just a bit, like it seems to be screaming out for? Fingers sliding over that purple nightgown.

"Ah...!"

She almost bites her tongue when trying to contain that voice. Did they hear? Doesn't seem like it. That touch felt so sensitive, and she isn't even touching herself directly. Ah, but that itch... it is only getting worse now. Why won't it stop? But if she had to be honest... Serenia doesn't really want it to stop. Is this what they are feeling? Is this what sex is like?

She searches for the place where her nightgown closes at the front and sticks a hand underneath, moving lower towards that ever stronger growing itch. Breathing in deeply when she finally reaches the spot and feels her bare fingers sliding over a wet vagina. Her own breathing starting to match the rhythm of those breaths coming from inside that room, eyes glued at those parts where the observed couple are connected.

What would it be like if she were the one doing that? How would it feel if that hard meaty rod would bury itself into her own lower body? It looks embarrassing, but so alluring. So damn alluring.

Serenia's other hand starts to reach underneath her garment as well. Not going down, but up. Finding that same spot where Alexei is fondling Layla. A soft breast. Every time she breathes in, softness pushing into her hand. Why is she feeling like this? It never happened before during washing. Pinching her own nipple, it seems to only get harder as a result. Her nipples have never done this before either. Yet Serenia feels no worry at all these unfamiliar sensations coursing through her body. For sure these are completely normal and harmless. Why else would they feel so irresistibly good?

If only... If only that hand wasn't hers... But that man's instead.

"A~h"

Another sound, getting increasingly harder to contain. Heart beating like crazy. Vision focused on a pair of purple glowing eyes staring right at her. Layla has turned her head and is looking at the door. Or more specifically, at that one person hiding behind it. But even now, Serenia cannot stop herself. That burning itch having taken full control over her body. Those eyes fixated on her only making it burn even more intense.

Layla doesn't stop either. On the contrary, the fairy is picking up her pace. Moving even faster, harder and yet more elegant than before. Entire body in motion, breasts pushed forward, nipples standing tall. Wings closing and spreading repeatedly while glowing even more vivid. Head held high and tilted backwards, the corner of her eyes keeping focus on that girl behind the door.

Serenia can't help but wish that was her. How she wants to be the one making Alexei experience so much bliss. How she wants to experience it likewise. It is a kind of suffering, to sit here with only her own body to satisfy these raging lusts.

She wants to fuck.

She wants to fuck so damn hard.

Salvation gets offered to the human girl, in the form of a single hand. Stretched out by that fairy in the direction of Serenia as her body dances in sensual vertically rotating motion. Inviting the girl to come and join their experience. Layla's face is showing a

message that very soon, Serenia too can learn all about what it means to love someone in the most carnal meaning of that word.

By now, Alexei has noticed her as well. Surprised at the girl peeking, but not bothered by her presence. On the contrary. He knows instantly who made this happen. His own daughter, Sasha. And he understands perfectly why she made it happen. For nothing other than getting to learn the intimate physical pleasures that little immature area between Serenia's feminine human legs has to offer.

Serenia stands up in a daze, nightgown visibly wet. She doesn't care, well aware that she is revealing her lusts to this couple. Moving closer into this room and instinctively closing the door behind while she keeps facing the couple. As she gets closer, a visual of Alexei's hard cock disappearing and reappearing getting easier to see with every step taken. It looks so hard, yet flexible enough to perfectly adapt to Layla's ever changing posture. Like their genitals are a slippery match made in heaven.

The fairy changes her moves once more. No longer moving vertical, but letting his penis sink all the way into her being before she starts rotating her hips horizontally, sensually massaging that meaty rod stuck in her grip firmly by its stretchy skin. Face of Layla changing, revealing to Serenia that there is something far beyond what she experienced until now. And that something is about to happen right now. Leaning backwards, Layla rests on her arms while she keeps rotating those hips, a subtle nod gesturing Serenia to focus closely on their genitals that she can now get a perfect look at.

Layla's rotating stops. In its place her legs are showing spasms. Wings stretching out as far as possible. Layla's entire body tenses up and visibly clenches hard around the base of Alexei's penis, doing the same with its entire shaft and head inside. Alexei tensing up just as hard and trying to push up into Layla desperately. Serenia can see his balls squeezing out all they can produce, and a subtle movement of the fairy's lower belly as that thick rod hidden within wildly creams into her womb.

Then both their bodies relax all that built-up tension. Male and female catching breath, enjoying the aftereffects of a strong orgasm as it slowly fades out and spreads through their entire body, both of them knowing complete peace of mind.

But one girl is still breathing heavily from lust. Her conviction even stronger than before.

She wants to fuck.

She *has* to fuck.

As the fairy slowly slides herself from over Alexei's dick, he is still as hard as before. If that natural aphrodisiac in a fairy's pussy juice wasn't enough, than the thought of having another horny girl craving a taste of that meat would do the trick. A girl who like Layla is only a mere child. One who has never experienced what she just witnessed, but is so consumed by the simple thought of passionate sex that her eyes are basically begging Alexei to take her.

Layla starts to fly, proudly displaying cum spilling out of her pussy to Serenia as a visible prelude to what is soon to come. Flying behind the twelve year old girl and slowly pulling at that nightgown so it drops over Serenia's shoulders. Giving a little nudge in the girl's back towards Alexei.

Serenia climbs onto the bed, looking at Alexei for approval as she sits on her knees. Chest going up and down. Her nervousness is growing rapidly as she sits with breasts revealed. Even with Layla being a smaller and younger fairy, she actually has some more chest than Serenia, who is almost flat. Insecurity creeping into her mind at the prospect that this man she has a romantic crush on could possibly reject her. Not finding her attractive. Hands moving to that giant braid in a futile attempt to find something tangible and familiar for peace of mind.

Alexei sits upright and taps on the sheets between his legs, holding his hand out for her to reach. The human girl takes place, while Layla lays herself down on the bed a bit further away, where she can watch and enjoy the coming spectacle.

Serenia's bared back is leaning against Alexei's chest. It feels so large, so warm and assuring. As he wraps his arms around her, it's like that creeping insecurity is melting instantly. A feeling of overflowing comfort eases her mind, combined with the touch of something hard poking up as it is pressed between her pudgy butt cheeks and his pelvis. A spasm running through it serving as proof that she too is plenty attractive. If it wasn't for

that burning feeling between her thighs, she could fall fast asleep in his arms right now like under a spell.

Alexei's hands move to her flat chest. No matter how flat or young she may be, Serenia is still a girl. A realization has hit Alexei at this very moment. What he is doing now is considered a huge crime back in his own world. Sure, Layla was only seven. But she is a fairy, a being that until not that many days ago was only a fantasy. Same for that plant girl in the garden. No human law would have applied to them. But this flat chest he is caressing right now? That is the chest of a fellow human being. A twelve year old child who is not even fertile yet. Even nature itself is saying she is too young for this. And yet he is going to take her right here on this bed. Drive his cock all the way into her and dump all cum deep inside this human child where no man or boy, human or humanoid, has been before. Never in his life would he have expected a day like this to come. But to be fair, never in his life did he realize a human child can be so attractive, arousing and purely sexual as this girl is being right now. Even the densest idiot would be capable of recognizing instantly how this child's desires can only be satiated by the raging fire of wild, unprotected sex.

A pair of nipples poking into his palms as they stand erect while getting fondled for the first time ever. Juices soaking into these bedsheets, juices that today she released for the first time, and that flow can no longer be stopped. A chest gaping for all oxygen her body needs in preparation of that one activity it never did before, but is instinctively preparing itself for. And eyes dreaming off into the void as all sense of time and space has fled her entire being, only aware of that comforting body she can feel touching her back and carefully but decisively fondling her chest. Understanding perfectly where this will all lead towards and hoping for nothing else than exactly that to happen.

This twelve year old child feels as warm and soft as Layla. Biggest difference being she is taller than a fairy, yet more child-like in posture. Every part of her body screams her tender age, in contrast to Layla who has a more voluptuous teenager posture in miniature form.

Leaning her a bit to the left while letting Serenia rest on his arm, Alexei leans over to the right instead. As she turns her head to look what Alexei is doing, their lips meet and the girl gets one of her wishes granted.

“You’re a gorgeous little angel,” he whispers in her ear, before softly biting in it. The thought of making this angel his own making it increasingly harder to resist her temptation. Something the fairy further on this bed is well aware of while she is looking amused at a growing erotic spectacle. There is no delaying any further. The poor girl has waited long enough, and his own penis is about to burst like a volcano at the prospect of tasting a human girl’s raw underage vagina.

Grabbing the bottom of her purple nightgown, he begins to pull it upwards to reveal her bottom.

Serenia is aware the moment has come. Offering herself willingly and eagerly, she lifts her knees and presses them against her upper body, resting on both feet to raise her bum. Loosely tied, the front falls open completely and reveals her full naked body for Layla to see. The purple garment at this point only held up around her elbows, its entire bottom resting on her partner’s abdomen with his penis already sticking out from underneath, thirsting for that enticing target hovering right above it.

Both Alexei’s arms move underneath Serenia’s legs, lifting them up underneath the knee joint, her body supported by his chest from behind.

Layla gets a spectacular view from her angle. The almost vertically raised thighs of Serenia, with right in the middle a gorgeous soft bulge made out of two pussy lips perfectly clenched together. Lips that have never been separated before. Lower legs dangling in midair almost horizontally, those purple slippers still on both feet while they balance loosely supported by only her toes.

Layla crawls closer and gives a slow long lick. All the way from the bottom of that delicious slit to the top. Tongue scooping up continuous juices leaking out, drinking from it like she would from a horn’s nectar. Eventually feeling pity for that hard cock constantly poking into the soft flesh of Serenia as it tries to find the gate to ecstasy, holding it with her tiny hands and pushing it between those moist pussy lips, letting it naturally sink slowly into the human girl’s slit. Serenia gasping at that feeling of her soft flesh separating for the first time ever to receive an adult man. Juices leaking like a fountain over his shaft while the head digs slowly deeper and deeper as Alexei lets Serenia sink over his fat cock.

Waiting this long, combined with the thought of fucking a human child, had its unavoidable effect. The moment he can feel her bum softly being squeezed against his pelvis as the very last bit of shaft seeks contact with her inner tunnel, Alexei creams for the first time inside the warm unprotected pussy of an immature human girl.

A high pitched voice escapes Serenia's mouth as Alexei doesn't wait for her to finish orgasming with him, as he instantly continues grinding his cock up and down, in and out of her tunnel. Not satisfied with one orgasm, squishing and frothing while cum that just came out starts leaking out from all around where she hugs his shaft tight. All slippery sounds that fill the room only getting enhanced by his own semen already in there in addition to her own fluids. Similar to how Serenia is thoroughly enjoying that rough meat rubbing her insides as carnal as she had hoped for, Layla is equally enjoying the display of two living objects fused into one well-oiled meaty piston.

Their pace is relatively slow in this position, but no less stimulating. The girl's lower legs, tightly pressed together, moving up and down, slightly delayed from her main body's movement as Alexei keeps sliding her over his member. A constant approving dripping and trickling on his crotch proof he is doing an excellent job. Slippers over her toes miraculously not falling down as they wildly dangle into mostly thin air.

"Aah~ Master..."

Serenia finally gets some words over her lips, indicating she is close to another orgasm. Hoping the first and only man she has fallen in love with will experience the same... Together.

She can feel her body lowering for the last time, leaving it there as her pudgy butt cheeks get pressed to the maximum possible.

"Nnn~"

Pure happiness in liquid form pours once more into her womb, and the child who receives it once again can only orgasm herself at the mere thought of it. Fully entrusting her body to that man whose arms now wrap around her with strength and care.

Alexei can't help but come to terms with what he had already realized while banging Layla and that flower girl in the garden. There truly is nothing in existence above fucking

a young lustful child and filling her pussy up entirely with his own fresh cream. And then doing it all over again.

This is truly what life is made for.

INTERLUDE



Layla is resting right next to Alexei. On his other side is Serenia. Both of them are sleeping comfortably, all three of them completely naked and exhausted. After he was done with her, it was Layla's turn again, and so they continued for about an hour or three. By now it's pretty late at night. Moonlight is shining into their bedroom. A perfect night to go out, have a bath and feed on some nectar. First a little kiss on the cheek of her sleeping Prince Charming, followed by raising herself and waiting before getting off the bed. She is holding onto a caterpillar plushy. A gift that was handed over by Alexei, in quite the embarrassed manner. It's not that large, but right next to a fairy, it certainly looks a lot bigger than it actually is. She is squeezing it tight with the sweetest of expressions, happy like a kid who received the best toy possible. And let's be honest, that's about the correct explanation. Placing that plushy on their bed to keep her spot warm, she heads towards the window. Thankfully it is open. As expected from her chosen partner, always understanding of any

situation. A fairy often has business to do at night. It would be problematic having to wake him up every time. And there is something specific that needs doing before her normal bathing routine.

Layla flies off into the night, a clear destination in mind. That destination being one of a couple half-open storage areas next to the garden shed. There is always some small pots and flasks there for gardening materials. No doubt it will contain what she seeks.

After looking around through the half-open storage, her mood sours. Too big... This one's also too big... Broken... Small enough but no lid. It would do if no other choice presents itself. Then that mood returns back to joy. Finally a suitable one. A small flask with a proper lid in good condition. There are some gardening seeds in it, but those can be transferred to a lid-less one.

After some messing around, Layla has finished what she wanted to do, flying away with that flask in hand. Looking through the range of dormitory windows, the fairy finds her next intended destination. A light is on in only one of the windows. No need to wonder whose room that is. Siera is in a sense just like her, a creature of the night. And she has company. Well, she always has company, but this time more than usual. Like Siera is doing, two other girls are happily pushing their crotch into that of a male. A small orgy of three couples. Layla giggles inaudibly and makes her way to the window, pressing both hands on it and peeking through its glass. As expected, one of those additional girls is Sasha. The other appears to be her friend Elenor. Sasha has already noticed the fairy, who signals her there is no need to rush, and can first finish her bit of good fun.

A minute or two later, the Russian girl opens that window and greets her fairy friend. After hiding the flask behind her back for a moment, Layla reveals it and offers it to Sasha with both hands, who accepts it without really understanding what this is all about. Happy to have transferred the flask, Layla waves with both hands while smiling and flies into the dark of night once more. Confused, Sasha looks at this flask. There is something in it, which sparkles under the moonlit night. Reminding her of... Yeah, that has to be it.

It's a tiny bottle of fairy dust.

Having delivered her gift, Layla heads towards the garden. That flask was indeed dust she gathered from her own wings. Having thought a return gift for that plushy was warranted. And since she heard parts of that conversation earlier today between Alexei and his daughter, she thought giving something to that daughter would make him happy. There is not much she can offer, so fairy dust it is.

As always, the garden has changed shape drastically thanks to those creepvines. What a bother having to look for her bathing spot every time. Good thing she can fly. Though levitation is more of an appropriate term.

Her crotch is feeling itchy again. A result of having seen that orgy earlier. A trickle already running down a thigh, signaling rising lust, even if she is still filled up with plenty of Alexei's seed. There is always room for some more. And if not, will just have to make room. Once she is done bathing and feeding, she will gently nudge him awake and start another hour or two of non-stop mating, together as a trio with that human girl.

Layla descends, having discovered the location of the one norn in this garden. Time for a good enjoyable bath and sip on those fluids till her tummy is full. A nice full cup of nectar waiting, Layla takes a plunge in those tasty fluids and floats on top afterwards with a smile of contentment. Another fine day gone by. Pulling up one leg, she moves both hands over her thigh and massages it with plenty of nectar as lubricant, moving slowly down and back up again. Doing the same with her other leg afterwards. Rubbing gold colored substance into her skin like a lotion. Moving on to arms and shoulders afterwards. Still floating, scooping up a good amount of it with a bowl formed with both hands and pouring it onto her belly and chest. Sliding both hands slowly around her abdomen, until right beneath those tiny tits. Eyes closing, imagining Alexei touching her while sliding around the edges of her soft breasts. Mouth opening for an inaudible sigh of pleasure when firmly grasping and massaging them, while she can feel both nipples pushing into her palms as they gradually get erect again. Moving one hand lower, down the smooth line of her body because Layla simply can't resist any longer, letting it disappear between her upper thighs pressed together. Enjoying the sensation of sticky fingers intimately caressing a sticky wet vagina. Salivating at the thought a fresh result of her bond with Alexei is still warmly contained throughout her inner vagina, imagining him filling her up once more.

Someday she will bear his children inside that same womb. Someday she will have to say goodbye to him, as Layla will grow far, far older. A thought that is pushed instantly to the back of her mind, not wanting to think about such sad events. She is only seven herself. Even an average human life, merely a fraction of her own total lifespan, still feels way too far removed from now so as not needing to worry about that just yet. Only thing to worry about now is to satiate the growing desire building up between these thighs. A bit earlier than planned, but time to go back.

Nectar sloshes as Layla gets upright and starts to move her wings. The fairy's expression turns into confusion as she keeps flapping her wings. No levitation is happening, only those wings moving slowly as she remains in place, pushing around that dense transparent substance she is bathed in.

Confusion begins a rapid transition into ever growing panic. Arms moving around at a rapid pace, like they are trying to push the nectar away, wings flapping as fast as the girl can muster, trying to actually fly through strength rather than levitating by magic. But her body doesn't have even nearly enough required strength for that. Eyes scanning around rapidly, looking for something, anything to hold on to, until she latches onto a vine with a panicked grip.

Why can't she levitate?! There is only one explanation... But it cannot be! Layla would never make a mistake like that. Albeit drunk on lust, she still has a smart head on her shoulders, for a fairy of seven springs old at least. There is simply no way she would make *that* mistake?! This has to be the norn. It can't be this garden's mantrap. Impossible! Sure, it's too dark at night to examine fine differences like changes in color, even for a semi-nocturnal fairy. But look! It doesn't make any sense! Look at all that fluid in this cup! An amount way too much for a mantrap. At least double that for sure. In fact, even for a norn this is quite the full cup.

Layla's eyes widen in shock, accompanied by a sudden surge in heavy heartbeat. She has right now found the cause of her inability to use levitation or any other form of magic. Having touched the edge of this cup with one hand, trying to grab onto it, and now that same hand is feeling a thick squishy substance running over it, secreted by this plant-fiber

wall. A substance with only one purpose... To trap fairies... For no other reason than eating them alive without any mercy.

A sudden change snaps Layla out of her shock. A force is dragging on her body towards the middle of this cup, caused by all gold-brown liquid suddenly starting to move towards the center where it is being drained. Accompanied by an eerie sound of it rapidly pouring down a dark hole and falling into the depth below. Layla holds on to a vine with all she has. Nails digging into her own palm by a desperate terror filled grip, like her very life depends on it. As the horrified fairy understands very well by this point that it does.

If her grip loosens now, she dies.

Last of that liquid is disappearing right down the hole which opened up. The threat of being dragged along is gone. But with all nectar gone, her own weight is now trying to pull her down the remaining slippery slope. A slope leading to certain death. From that dark void below the mantrap, a foul stench rising up. Smell of rotting meat that must have gotten stuck on the edges, as it simply wouldn't last if in direct contact with such strong acid as contained at the bottom of this pit.

Layla tries to climb up the vine, but she doesn't have enough strength in her arms. Trying to place feet, knees and entire lower legs onto the edge of this cup, but every desperate attempt at finding ground to push herself up fails, as that edge releases more liquid instantly, making her slip down over and over again.

Tears are starting to roll down Layla's face at the realization all attempts at saving her own life are failing consistently. First a couple, then a continuous stream of salty tears running down both cheeks, eyes getting red with growing despair. A quick look towards the middle... That hole hasn't closed up. Hoping it miraculously would have by now. But no miracle will come. It won't close until the mantrap can feel a satisfying thump of a delicious young fairy falling into her stomach so she can savor on soft, nutritious and juicy flesh. Layla knows very well what awaits if she can't get out of here and disappears into the dark. That acid down there is so strong it will kill her in about five minutes. Five very long and extremely agonizing minutes.

She has been crying for help the entire time, but no one can hear her despair filled voice. If only she could follow this vine, since it leads all the way up... Exceeding her own body's

capabilities, the terrified fairy somehow manages to pull herself up higher. That's it! She can do this! Halfway there already, only a bit to go and she can latch onto the top edge, raising her elbows over it and crawl out. An image is forming in Layla's mind of doing exactly such, the rain of tears slowing down as new-found hope rises from the ashes of despair. First thing she will do once getting out is walking to Alexei's room and seeking his embrace where she will have a good cry of relief. And after that? A shower, to wash off this nasty magic inhibiting substance. Then they will go back to bed and make sweet love to forget all about this terrifying stuff. That's right, she has it all planned out. Tomorrow this will be nothing more than a memory to have a good laugh with, something to brag about, how she challenged a mantrap and got out to tell the tale. A tale which will last for the entire duration of her life, which will be another two thousand years. At least!

Her leg slips down again, still gripping onto the vine. Why is it getting even harder to climb? As she slowly gets higher, the edge has gotten increasingly steeper. And almost being at the top, it has become so steep it is no longer vertical, but actually starting to turn inwards. Then in an instant, all that built up hope comes crashing down.

Her hand slips and the fairy slides down, back to the point where she started. Tears return. No longer crying, but changing into outright bawling. The young fairy turned around during her slip, still holding on with one hand only, back and large wings facing the wall while mockingly being covered in magic inhibiting fluid. Other hand reaching out to anything it can, but finding nothing but a slippery surface. Slowly, her remaining grip gets weaker, occasionally slipping just a bit lower.

One centimeter lower...

Layla is trying to bargain with her predator. Looking straight into both eyes of this plant girl, shaking her head desperately, pleading for the mantrap not to eat her. That mantrap only looking back with a serene and friendly expression.

Another centimeter lower...

Layla tries straining her voice in whatever way she can, hoping to reach a tone low enough somebody can hear her. A futile effort.

Two centimeters lower...

The dreadful darkness looms close. Layla's chest is going up and down erratically, as she is sobbing at the frightening truth she simply won't get out.

This is where she will die.

Alone and in excruciating pain.

With not even one percent of her expected lifetime passed.

Her grip loosens completely, legs already sliding straight down the hole, hands trying to latch on to the edge. Trying to turn around and grab onto another vine, eyes and mouth wide open as she can feel her last-ditch effort is failing and the crucial moment has come... As light of the moon disappears when she falls straight down the dark hole.

That hole closes after a plunging sound breaks the silence of night. The mantrap feeling even happier than before, not really having enough mental capacity to understand what happened, but instinctively realizing that pretty feminine fairy's young juvenile meat will make for a most exquisite finger-licking tasty meal. New nectar already flowing down from her vagina to fill the cup, gushing forward rapidly at the sensation of taste buds down there coming in fresh contact with that most favored and tasty of prey in its typical form of a young female.

Layla screams out loud in overwhelming suffering and pain. Her voice naturally inaudible by practically anyone other than fairy-folk. The only thing hearable for most ears an intense sizzling of strong acid burning into soft supple flesh. She somehow managed to avoid being completely covered in this biting stuff, trying to hang onto any rotting remains lingering around the edges. The underground part of this mantrap reaches out wide, spreading all fluids that ran down to about the height of her upper thighs. The acid has to be amazingly strong, to be this capable even with all nectar which flew down thinning it. Skin on her legs and thighs bubbling across their entire surface and splatting open in various areas, burning into the hearty meat underneath. She tries to contain her balance, enduring intense torment, trying to prevent the rest of her body from coming into contact. A strange contradiction of a girl who knows she has already begun the unavoidable process of dying the moment she fell down here, yet still trying to delay the inevitable under such extremely painful circumstances.

Another bubble, this one larger than before, bursting open from built-up gasses underneath as acid interacts with Layla's lower body. Pieces of skin and flesh drifting on the surface, getting dissolved at a rapid pace. Hardly any blood spilling out from what remains of her increasingly mutilated legs, as the acid cauterizes all wounds instantly, eating away deeper and deeper without any mercy.

This time it's her left inner thigh bursting open, pieces of raffled muscle hanging out, still connected by a thin piece. Without enough support of functional muscles, Layla falls onto her knees, immediately greeted by an all - new level of suffering as she is now covered up to her belly in dissolving acid, eating away fast at her vulva. Eyes dilating to the maximum possible and brain about to shut down from how mind-bogglingly excruciating this experience is, yet her brain is so overloaded with constant pain signals it actually refuses to pass out. Heart beating crazily hard and fast, trying to catch up to all needed energy to keep her conscious.

What remains of those thighs is pressing together hard, grinding against each other, even her still unharmed hands get instantly pushed between her legs straight into acid in any attempt possible to prevent it from burning into her vagina. But any effort is wasted, as the acid slowly creeps up into her entrance and starts eating the wailing fairy child from the inside out.

Unable to endure so much pain, she sinks even deeper, only head and shoulders still free from this burning death sentence. Extra - soft skin and fatty contents of her tits and nipples getting subjected to the sensation of burning fire. Right breast that once held a now gone nipple inflating in size and exploding, remnant bits and pieces splattering onto her own face, a mushy substance running out of what little remains.

Why? Why isn't she dead yet? Over ten minutes have passed. It must be getting closer to fifteen already. Minutes that seem to have gone on for an eternity.

Trying so hard to stay alive, only now to beg for death. A release of suffering which should have come already but didn't, since that extraordinary and highly suspect amount of nectar in the cup has thinned out all acid enough to make an experience that should have lasted only five minutes, into one which will last for fifteen.

Not even capable of moving anymore, feeling a violent sudden thud in her lower belly as Layla's womb has just burst open from interacting with all acid inside, acid that is now as a result running into her entire lower cavity. Layla simply lays there with a single tear of ultimate regret running down her cheek, awaiting an imminent death coming far sooner, far more horrible than anything she could have ever imagined...

The moon is shining down on a single mantrap in the middle of a garden. Looking at this girl's face illuminated by subtle light, one would think that such suffering beneath her feet isn't happening in the slightest, and all is right with the world. A happy green girl filled with nothing but contentment, since her stomach is filled with that type of heavenly goodness she hasn't tasted in a long time, or perhaps ever to begin with. So satiated she isn't even interested in the one male figure standing right outside of her gradually filling cup. A figure who is listening to all sizzling sounds coming from that hidden area beneath. Silently humming along, forming movements with his hands like directing an orchestra. As if those sounds signaling the loss of a life still in its infancy are a culmination to a wonderful harmony and chorus, a celebratory symphony of death.

A masterpiece of his own making.

CHAPTER 8



Shadow of the Past

It is morning. Alexei wakes up, instantly noticing the presence of Serenia next to him while the girl sleeps more comfortably than she ever did, after a long night filled with plenty of good loving. On his other side he notices the absence of Layla. Nothing unusual, as she is a whimsical fairy after all. Going out at night is what he expected her to do. Better keep his window open for when she returns for her share of that same brand of loving.

Alexei moves his hand through the luscious hair of Serenia. Truly a beautiful girl and very much a sweetheart. He has to admit, such thoughts have occurred multiple times in this Academy. Maybe it's more healthy food habits resulting in it, but people here are damn fine looking in general. Not a hint of something akin to the obesity epidemic that plagues many parts of his own world. Not that they have food shortage either here. Maybe it's a simple difference in culture? They at least seem to care about their own appearance and health, acting all responsible about it, in fact they are fully expected to. What a difference

it makes when complacency, irresponsibility and indifference are not ruling mentalities, never satisfied until all of society and everyone in it have been dragged down to that same self-destructive level, only caring about feeding one's hyper-egocentrism to a point of being plain narcissistic. Over here on the other hand, even something as simple as not having one's hair properly groomed would score critique.

Serenia's hair feels soft to the touch, like silk. Half asleep, she moves towards him, pressing her naked body closer and placing her head against his neckline for increased comfort. Warm breath flowing over Alexei's chest every time she breathes out, immediately followed by a soft chest pressing closer to breathe in again. At this point, Alexei doesn't feel like getting out of bed either. Who would, with such a cutie adorably getting close to seek his comfort? His hand brushing through her hair holds on to their sheets and pulls them a bit higher before holding the young child close. It's still the second day of weekend, equivalent of a Sunday, or whatever they call it here. Should be fine to indulge in her presence a bit longer.

His hand slides down to her fine young bum. Such an attractive sensation and shape, like with Layla so lithe that weight of his hand alone is enough to sink into her cheek.

"I really did it..." he mumbles silently, giving a gentle shush immediately afterwards when he can hear Serenia waking up, hushing her back to sleep.

He did it... with a far underage human girl no less. And it felt so good he did it again and again. And not a part of Alexei regrets doing so. On his old job, he had people who did the same arrested. Prison for who knows how long. Up to decades. How many lives did he ruin like that? Sure, many were blatant examples of abuse and thus fully deserved it. But he can remember some cases where the couple had a relationship closer to this, including that cursed last one which made him quit. If only he could go back in time and undo those mistakes. After making love to this girl, what he had assumed for a long time now finally became confirmed. He drove them apart. He ruined them. He created both perpetrator and victim.

If nothing had happened with those specific cases...

If only he had taken those files and put them through a shredder...

Those couples could have still slept in loving embrace like this...

And that one girl would never have been pulled onto the shore as a corpse.

A single short and erotic sigh from the half-asleep Serenia brings him back to reality. With a single kiss on her forehead, he lulls the girl back to sleep.

Getting dressed, Alexei looks towards his bed where Serenia is holding the sheets in front of her chest as she watches her love with a smile, legs pulled up elegantly while laying down right next to her. She is reluctant to get out from under these sheets, fearful that if she leaves the comfort of his bed, fate will never lead her into it again.

Heading over to her after putting on his shirt, Alexei tilts the young child's head up by a single finger underneath her chin and gives this sweetheart another long kiss. She subconsciously drops the sheets, completely absorbed in this moment.

"If you don't get into some clothes soon, you'll tempt me out of mine again with ease and we'll never get breakfast," he whispers to her.

Serenia embarrassingly grabs her large braid with both hands and partially covers her face with it, eyes peeking out from above. Then she giggles and gets off the bed to dress herself, stopping once reaching her clothes to ask about a lingering doubt on her mind.

"Was I... good?"

Alexei brushes her on the head. "You're amazing in bed."

Hiding her red face again, Serenia starts getting dressed while Alexei heads to the window to take a look outside. Seems like clouds have formed throughout later parts of night, some on the dark side. Looks like today won't be very sunny with a good possibility of rain. Thankfully temperature has built up these last couple days, so it won't be chilly at least.

On the opposing side of this Academy is that same window from the night before. Fully expecting to see Sasha behind that window, having no doubt experienced a similarly erotic night. And exactly as expected, there she is. Looking through the window herself, completely undressed, staring right at him. Behind her he can notice an equally nude male trying to get his daughter's attention. As she lets herself get dragged to a nearby bed for another round, Sasha waves to her father who waves back in turn with an understanding and genuine smile.

That talk yesterday sure did plenty of good, like a wall between them has been crushed with a ten ton hammer. There was not a hint of discomfort in her body language during that short exchange. And Alexei feels strangely satisfied with this resolution as well. Any parent would be furious at the sight of their daughter getting out of her shell and openly revealing her love for being a total slut. But all Alexei can see is his precious daughter finally having the time of her life while no longer feeling any need to hide a single thing from him. Because she has finally recognized him as her father, placing trust in that he will never put her back in that proverbial cage she managed to escape from. How could he possibly not be happy about that?

Alexei raises his hand again, this time to someone else who noticed him. Down near the storage shed stands Oldor, preparing himself to head towards the garden, once more a wheelbarrow with two bags on it in hand.

Turning around, Serenia has finished getting dressed into that same purple nightgown worn when coming here last night. She is standing a bit confused near the door on what to do. Sure, she is dressed but... It's already late enough in the morning that multiple students and teachers will be walking around these hallways. Letting her head to this building's opposing side wearing only a semi-transparent piece of night garment might not be the best of ideas. She is looking embarrassed about that thought alone enough already.

"You know what? Why don't you get out of that nightgown again and leave it here from now on. I can go get some proper clothes for you in your dorm, if you tell me where to look."

Serenia doesn't have to think about that proposal. Especially the underlying meaning of leaving her nightgown in Alexei's private bedroom "from now on" fills her with happiness.

Entering the proper dormitory, Alexei passes down a door that makes him stop in his tracks. His destination is further ahead, where he is to get some random clothes for Serenia so she can come collect the rest herself later, since her bedroom will be same as his from now on. But this door right next to him leads to a particular room and that particular window. Which would technically be Siera's room. Sasha did say he could simply knock at Siera's door whenever he wanted so, why not now? Maybe Sasha is still here. For total peace of mind, he wants to... almost *has* to affirm that she really is okay with sharing these secrets

with him. Right as he wants to knock, the door opens and that guy he saw earlier guiding Sasha to bed for a quickie comes out.

“Morning, Master Alexei,” he greets his teacher with a mood that betrays this kid too had a truly splendid night.

“Morning,” Alexei greets in turn, looking inside the room afterwards as this student had left it open. Probably thinking Alexei came to tap some of that fine ass present inside like he did. Might as well enter now, if it is considered so normal for random males to enter and leave at a whim’s notice passed this door.

“Hello there...” he says, unsure how to properly greet the girls inside.

“Hi dad,” Sasha greets him in turn, still wiping a white stain from her thigh while beginning to get dressed, dropping the piece of wiping cloth into a garbage bin.

Leaning against the window sill is the figure of a cyclops girl with neatly trimmed black hair wearing a fancy kimono-like garment. An expensive piece of hair decoration pinned next to her ear. Alexia gives a friendly nod towards Siera who smiles with a peculiar interest. Sasha basically said this cyclops is very easy to get, and that seductive smile kind of gives it away his daughter was speaking truth.

On the top bunk to his left is a pigtailed sleepyhead raising herself, still unaware what is going on after only having woken up right now. As she sits upright, the blanket that covered her is sliding down her back. The girl is nude and obviously not alone in that top bunk as she is sitting on top of some male student, presumably having used him as a hugging pillow for the night.

“Morning Elenor,” Alexei greets her.

Having only lost her virginity this night that just passed, quickly raking up experience immediately afterwards with multiple partners, Elenor is panicking as she sees the father of Sasha. She is aware things don’t go all that well between those two. He won’t get angry about his daughter being here, right? If he were to find out what they did... and that Elenor was a part of this...

“Morning,” she answers in a high-pitched meek voice while looking behind her towards the door, hoping this guy still sleeping beneath her isn’t visible from where Alexei

stands. Sasha seems to have read her friend's mind and comes closer to the bunk bed, suddenly yelling out loud as she yanks the blanket off Elenor.

"Tadaa~!"

Elenor is frozen in panic. Without that blanket which was still covering her lower half, Alexei gets a full look of her shapely bum, and the morning erection of that one guy underneath still firmly rooted in Elenor's warm inner embrace.

Sasha and Siera both laughing out loud, the former eases her friend's worries.

"It is fine, nobody in here cares. Right dad?" Sasha asks while keeping her look fixated on her father, expecting but equally hoping for confirmation. Alexei gesturing for all three girls present everything is just fine and dandy about this situation.

"Don't worry, I already knew as much."

Elenor grabs the blanket with her face red as a lobster and lowers herself again to hide underneath it. Then Alexei addresses his daughter again.

"Had fun tonight?"

She opens her arms as wide as possible to form a sort of measurement.

"Lo~ts of fun!"

"Alright, that is all I wanted to hear. Have fun you three."

As he wants to leave, Sasha stops him. "Hey, about Serenia..."

Alexei gives her an okay sign and eases Sasha's worry on whether the plan she had in mind for her friend was a success or not.

"Wonderful girl, equally wonderful night. Thanks for sending her over."

Sasha's mouth turns into a large cheeky grin.

Breakfast time. On weekends every student has a choice to either attend meals offered by the Academy, or go out to town. Most choose the first option, especially for breakfast. A large dining hall has everyone present at several lines of tables. All those who work here somewhat of a distance removed from regular students. For having such a simple purpose, this hall is well decorated with statues in alcoves and carpets on the floor. A rich detailed mosaic of a clear sky transitioning from dawn on one side to dusk on the other decorates the ceiling. Odd choice perhaps for there to be carpets in a place where spilling food can be

expected, but then again, that might be exactly why. These carpets are clean, and all students currently eating are a demonstrator on why that is. The clean carpet itself a representation of all proper table manners visible from each student. One is simply expected not to dirty either table or floor and these expectations are properly met.

Alexei is sitting on the same table as Headmaster Tudor and Sato, his fellow exchange teacher from Japan. Oldor normally sits on this same table, but his seat is unoccupied, the wizard presumably still working in the garden. First time Alexei has seen him being late for any meal. That old man likes his chicken... or whatever this thing that tastes like chicken may be. And his wine. Definitely likes his wine. Tudor is asking annoying questions as usual about their cultural differences. Can't a man just eat in silence? Why not go ask Sato about those things. Speaking of, first time seeing him here on time. Usually he shows up late, or simply takes a full plate back to his room. One of those privileges of being part of the exchange program, not needing to so strictly follow code of conduct.

"I think that's the first time we are eating together," Alexei addresses Sato, hoping to get a break from Tudor's annoying barrage of questions. Only after ten seconds of staring at the Japanese man does he look up.

"Uh, what?" he mumbles at Alexei.

"You seem lost in thought," Alexei changes topic.

"Ah, yeah. Doing some creative thinking," the anime geek answers.

"Oh, are you working on some more creations?" Tudor throws himself into the conversation.

Sato nods while busy stuffing his mouth with food. Tudor turning to Alexei afterwards while he continues babbling.

"Sato is truly a skilled craftsman. Did you know he has a hobby of sculpting wooden figurines?" he puts some food in his mouth and continues talking while chewing. "Finely detailed creations. Fascinating."

What isn't fascinating to this guy? Alexei wonders if this is a good time to let him know talking while eating is considered bad manners where he comes from. Still, that was a nice tidbit of information. He had no idea this geek had such skills. It is not so odd for whoever is part of such a fandom to create or paint models and the likes, but wood sculpting has to

be rare. Maybe the reason Sato isn't following his usual eating habits is because this is actually part of his ritual when working or designing a new piece? Alexei read an article about that some time ago, about creators often having a specific custom they go through to help creative juices flow. Somewhat of a placebo probably, but hey, why fix what works?

The outside door opens suddenly with quite a lot of force. Outside stands Oldor. He seems distressed for some reason, signaling towards their table to come. Pretty sure Tudor is the one being called over, but Alexei stands up as well. That old wizard seems quite upset. Who knows what is going on, but if they need some help he will happily offer a hand. Sato is the only one who doesn't react and simply keeps stuffing himself with some last bits of food on his plate, standing up afterwards while wiping his mouth and walking away.

"You have to come see... This is serious..." Oldor says out loud to both men remaining at this table.

"Oldor, can't this wait? You are panicking our students," Tudor replies.

Noticing the increased amount of looks the entire hall is giving him, Oldor lowers his voice and repeats while seeming completely worn out. "No, you have to come... Urgently." He appears out of breath. Must have ran here in a hurry from wherever.

Alexei has a bad feeling rising up in his stomach. This mood, Oldor's expression, wanting to keep any children present in the dark, it is all too familiar to him. Having seen it before during his old job on the police force, and always a reliable indicator that some very bad news is incoming.

The wizard is leading them in rapid pace towards the garden. A couple others who work in this Academy have joined in curiosity. Right before entering that garden, noticing some students trying to follow as well, Tudor quickly orders for someone to keep them out. Worry is starting to add to Alexei's anxiety. Why are they here of all places? What could have happened in this garden? Looking around in hopes of catching a glimpse of that one individual he somehow expects to hang out here at this time of day. The butterfly fairy who no longer was in his bedroom this morning.

Eyes meet a half-hidden figure when Alexei turns his gaze back towards the entrance, staring at a Japanese man looking down on their group through a window from a higher floor. Then the man disappears as he heads towards the peace and quiet of his private room.

The group arrives at their destination. An open area with only a green shaded plant girl casually enjoying a light drizzle that starts to fall from a clouded sky. A wheelbarrow standing next to her, holding nothing but a single large filled bag and a rake, which gets grabbed firmly by Oldor. Taking a step towards the green girl before stopping again, hesitating.

“You have to look,” he states in a dejected tone while offering the rake to someone... Anyone.

“Why are we at the norn?” Alexei asks confused, while Tudor ignores his question with a stern expression carved into his face, taking the rake from Oldor. As the Headmaster faces the plant girl, he turns that rake with its blunt end downwards and starts pushing at the cup’s bottom. Oldor has taken three steps in almost a stumbling manner and sinks down to sit on a nearby branch, supporting his head with both hands while staring at nothing but ground beneath his feet.

Reality is starting to dawn on Alexei as that brooding worry has turned to panic.

That’s no norn...

What Tudor is doing, is pushing open the bottom trapdoor of a mantrap, a being he read about in the brochure... With only one possible reason why they were brought here...

There has to be someone down there...

Someone who isn’t making any noise.

Tudor walks away, having seen the contents of that hidden chamber beneath. Face turned pale, seemingly drained of life. Looking on in silence while lost in thought, processing what he just saw. One other employee present asking if there is someone caught inside, confirmed by a fragile nod belonging to the Headmaster.

“Why is nobody doing anything? Get a rope or whatever!” Alexei yells out to the group.

“It’s too late,” Tudor replies meekly, while Oldor can only shake his head at the reality of what transpired here.

Minutes have passed in near silence before one individual who was sent to get all necessary tools returns, carrying a sort of net made out of thin metal rings and a couple long poles with a hook. Obviously meant to fish out the contents below. A couple men are

working with these tools, trying to get that metal ringed net in proper place, slowly starting to pull it up.

“This is messed up...” one of them states out loud while looking down into that buried chamber. Another one having to try and prevent himself from dumping his stomach contents on the ground.

Alexei didn't volunteer for the job, paralyzed on this spot he stands, too afraid to find out who the victim is. His mind constantly trying to find any reason, any excuse, why the most likely answer can't be possible. No way. Think about it, it could be anyone! Even some random old drunk from outside this Academy who stumbled in at night. Yeah, that has to be it!

A body finally reaches the top, being lifted over the edge while inside that net by using a couple hooks, carefully so anyone lifting it doesn't come in contact with any remaining acid. Alexei's worst fears in constant denial get confronted with cold hard reality. He instantly runs towards that net as it gets placed on the ground, reaching out to what lays inside of it.

“No, don't touch her!” Tudor grabs him while another person tries to help the Headmaster to prevent Alexei from burning his hands on an acid covered net

“But... That's...!” Alexei tries to push them away.

“You can't help her, it is too late!”

The glazed eye of a dead girl is staring straight at Alexei. That face, black color of what little remains of her hair, a hint of faded purple in the single iris still there... That is without a doubt Layla, or what little is left of the poor girl. Only part of her head and shoulders are recognizable, everything else practically gone with only cauterized and deformed bits and pieces of her upper couple ribs and spine sticking out, with mutilated and burned bits of flesh stuck on some parts.

“Why didn't you pull her out?!” Alexei yells at Oldor still sitting a bit further, the old man lost for words. “Why didn't you use that levitation shit!”

Oldor shakes his head. Trying to offer Alexei any reason he can, as if trying to convince himself as well.

“It was too late already. A wand wouldn’t have worked any way, that yellow stuff absorbs magical energies. Besides, mine needs a recharge while our resupply hasn’t arrived yet...” the wizard looks over to the remains of Layla, “and the only one who could recharge...” Oldor’s voice is choking on his own words as he looks down towards the ground again while continuing to shake his head.

Inside the Academy sits someone who is part of the exchange program, secluded in his room, working with a wood carving tool in his hand. Carefully, with keen eye for detail and completely absorbed in his activity. No interest in what could have caused that commotion earlier, only focused on one activity. A self-made sketch serving as creative guideline leaning against a stand facing him.

Crafting a finely detailed wooden sculpture in the shape of a butterfly.

Two weeks have passed since that incident which shook the Academy. Alexei wakes up suddenly, looking around in panic. Next to him is the usual sight of Serenia sleeping in the morning. Thankfully he didn’t wake her up. Another one of those damn nightmares being the culprit. They have been happening a lot these last two weeks, ever since that dreadful day. Last couple days have been getting somewhat better at least, that’s a start.

This girl sleeping peacefully right next to him has a lot to do with that. She was here every night, keeping company and comforting him any way she could. Since two nights ago they even started having sex again. It’s not like Alexei hasn’t seen his share of horrible things on his old job, but someone he cares about being involved was an experience he never wants to relive again. It’s like Serenia could sense he was ready when she offered her body once more after those two weeks, ready to make that final step for crossing into the last stage of grieving.

Acceptance.

He looks towards the window. It hasn’t been open tonight. What would be the point anymore? Not like anyone will come flying in.

After getting out of bed, he bends over to that naked girl still lost in the land of dreams, whispering softly in her ear. “Sera... Thanks for being here.”

A soft moan comes in return from the girl as she must have heard him somewhere in that dream. Then he gives a kiss on the forehead and pulls the blanket over her shoulders to let her get some more rest. She has classes today, but has another hour or so to spare before needing to get up.

After putting on his toga, Alexei picks up the caterpillar toy that has never left his room. Layla looked so happy when handing it over... Now it sits here collecting dust. Yet there is simply no way he will ever throw it out. After brushing off some dust, he places it next to Serenia's rabbit plushy on the desk as proof Layla will always have a place here.

All that progress he made with Sasha seemed to have been re-winded. But Alexei judged wrong. Sure, she didn't speak much these two weeks, since the loss of Layla came as a shock to her as well, but that has been improving again. His daughter simply wanted some alone time to process things, never having lost someone she actually knew and cared about, until now. He made sure to let Sasha know he is there for her, which she seemed grateful for at least. Though Alexei does wish he could have done more to help restore her vigor.

His desk is cluttered with papers. The usual morning ritual begins where he goes through these self-made notes. All information that could have been gathered about the case.

A case... Now there is a term he never expected to be involved with again. But the ex-detective couldn't help making that incident into a case. This is too personal, and he is convinced it was not some random accident. Too much shit just doesn't add up. Grabbing his notes, Alexei begins reading through them.

Crime scene... A garden which changes appearance when day turns to dusk. That could help explain why Layla mistook a mantrap for a norn. But that alone just isn't enough. However, if she was led into a trap, which is what Alexei is convinced of, then this piece of knowledge probably was part of the culprit's planning stage.

Two guaranteed presences in that area, one being the mantrap herself, the other a norn. Both being the only of their kind in that entire garden, or anywhere within these walls of this Academy for that matter. One had an extraordinary amount of nectar in her hidden chamber, the other an equally extraordinary lack of nectar. Only explanation which makes

sense here, is the culprit intentionally scooping up nectar from the norn somehow and depositing it in the mantrap to help camouflage her. And indeed, a pair of buckets were found inside the garden shed, both smeared with that sticky stuff. Considering total distance between these two plantlike humanoids and a daily changing path like a maze that connects them, truly a titan's effort to transfer so much liquid, which must have taken several hours to do by oneself.

Traces of nectar were found spilled on the ground, likewise with footsteps, but that sadly doesn't offer much clues. These girls get plenty of daytime visitors taking a stroll through the garden who are students for the most part, though some personnel are included as well. Obviously Oldor's footsteps were there too, since he discovered the victim and being gardener to begin with.

Right, the wizard found her when going to feed that mantrap as he always does in the morning. Grabbing a wheelbarrow with two bags containing leftover meat and fish from the Academy's kitchen and throwing it down her trapdoor. Which should have made this plant girl completely harmless. Yet she fed that night out of hunger. Alexei was quick to pick up on that oddity, asking if there were any bags left to inspect. Turned out there was still one of those two left, not yet having been thrown down the trapdoor. Opening it, its contents were unexpected. Nothing but tightly pressed - together plant fiber.

Oldor never checked the contents apparently, those bags always being delivered pre-prepped from the kitchen, sometime around late evening on a daily schedule, sealed to prevent a foul odor from spreading. He also made clear that storage doesn't get locked at night, since there never was really a need to, so anyone could have come along from night till early morning to replace its contents and seal these bags again afterwards. Some actual left-overs were discovered inside a waste dump canal which leads from the aquatic dormitory into a filtering basin outside the Academy. No wonder that mantrap was hungry. Plant fiber would get broken down easily, but does not contain any nutrients she actually needs. Yet another aspect revealing how well prepared this was.

But there is one thing that doesn't fit into all of this. One particular piece of paper laying on this desk. Alexei lifts up said piece of paper. Only one on this pile he didn't wrote himself.

Something that was found shoved underneath his door in this room the very next morning, containing a certain message sending a chill down his spine.

“Innocence proves guilt.”

Made out of snippets from various Earth magazines, forming words in plain old English. Whoever planned this must have a lot of knowledge about this world and this Academy’s daily workings, so how does the culprit know about that specific line? Where did he get those magazines from? Cut-out letters can be explained since the trading post has some cultural magazines, but that one sentence itself is harder to explain, since there were no newspapers when he checked. What freak coincidence would it be for a murderer over here to use that exact same catchphrase as a killer from back in Alexei’s world?

Alexei sighs out loud. It simply doesn’t make any sense. He is not one to believe in such coincidences. This killer must have a connection with his world, and simply has to be either the same one from those two murders in Kabukichô, or be inspired by those cases. But getting past the Gate is not an easy feat.

Doesn’t help that Tudor absolutely refuses to consider the possibility of this being a planned murder, making it hard to investigate. If it was up to Alexei, he would be throwing every room upside down in this entire place to find anything that could serve as proof of guilt, and get a forensic team from Earth to help investigate on top. Yet Tudor rejected him straight away every time he made the proposal, insisting it had to be a rare unfortunate accident. To the point of even threatening Alexei with expulsion if he continued digging into this. Sure, it is understandable the Headmaster doesn’t want any scandals breaking out in his prestigious Academy, but this is hard to accept.

Late afternoon. Morning classes had gone by without any issue, but this afternoon filled Alexei with some stress. He hadn’t taught the aquatic species yet, and today that came to an end. Having gotten some information about differences between A and B aquarium, and instructed to give his class in the A one, for prey species.

This place sure is huge. Looking over the edge of a wooden platform he walks on, coming to a stop and squatting down to peer into its watery depth. Some noises in the background as students are leaving since he finished teaching mere moments ago. They sure could have

made this platform wider. And it doesn't look all that sturdy either, nothing but some wooden planks on a couple cross sections for support. He almost slipped and fell into the water during his lecture. Well, not that much of a big deal if it were to happen. Sure, it seems deep around this area where the platform is, but he can swim just fine. Even so, running around with wet clothes would have been annoying and embarrassing.

He sighs once more while continuing to peer into the water, lost in thought like so often these days. Dreaming off so hard he suddenly grasps for a couple free pages on top of that notebook in his hands, as they are starting to slip and threatening to fall straight into water. A sigh of relief after he manages to prevent them from getting wet, some laying on the wooden platform next to him. Out of order, but dry at least.

A sudden soft tone like a singing voice makes him look up. A familiar face has popped her head up from underwater. Lorelei, the mermaid. Getting up close to her teacher and making some gestures.

"I uh... Something I can do?" he asks her, not really sure what the girl is saying. How Sasha manages to properly communicate with her through only spoken words, he has no idea. Like every time he sees her hanging around with Sasha and their group, this girl is entirely naked.

She is pointing at his notes for some reason. Yeah, they are out of order. It is fine, no pages are wet. At least, if she doesn't splash water on it by moving around in this aquarium. Lorelei leans over some more and points to his pencil.

"Oh, you want to write?" he asks, the girl nodding with vigor.

Offering her a pencil and a piece of paper from his notebook, she seems confused on where to dry her hands first.

"It's only some water, here." he offers her the bottom edge of his toga to dry hands on. If it's merely that part which soaks up some water, no big deal. Afterwards, the girl begins to write down and shows him the paper.

"You seem down," is written while Lorelei looks concerned.

"Yeah... A bit," Alexei sighs.

Seems like she noticed he had a troubled mind and came to try and cheer him up. Lorelei herself gets a somber look on her face, understanding the cause of his troubles, which makes Alexei want to cheer her up now instead.

“Don’t worry about it, I’m doing better already.”

The girl doesn’t quite believe his words, noticing it could only be a white lie.

“Hey, I taught this class just fine, right? There is your proof. Couldn’t have done that last week.” That much at least is correct. Teaching would have been a disaster, but he got time off till today in consideration of his relationship with Layla, a relationship that quickly became clear to the Headmaster. With the mermaid still not really convinced, Alexei decides to try another tactic and changes direction of this topic. “How is Sasha doing? You know, when she is not around me.”

Lorelei starts scribbling down in writing that is surprisingly well practiced. This girl has an unusual style of starting the letter O from the bottom. Overall it looks very polished and feminine. She is describing some activities their group did these last couple weeks, having turned the paper sideways so Alexei can read along as she writes. Changing his posture to sit on both knees while bent over, their heads are right next to each other to a point that he can feel her soft wavy hair brushing against him. Still weird how it is completely dry even after swimming earlier.

Apparently Sasha is doing better too. Having shed some tears now and then the first couple days, but capable of laughing at a joke by now. That is exactly what Alexei was hoping for and a sense of relief is spreading out through his body. Children can be surprisingly resilient when it comes to emotional situations. Maybe it’s because they can cry more easily, letting it all out? He sure felt better when finally managing to do so himself in Serenia’s lap. That was the night she offered herself to him and some semblance of normal life came back. For as much as one can consider banging a twelve year old girl for therapy as normal. Then again, here he is sitting right next to a naked mermaid child. “Normal” has been thrown out the window since coming to this world.

Lorelei can see his mood improving as she keeps writing down and begins to smile at the fruit of her efforts. Continuing to write some more about their activities. Rising up a bit out of the water to place her bum down on the wooden platform. By now, Alexei’s eyes are

not really paying attention anymore to what she is writing, but getting drawn more and more by that gorgeous pair of tits hanging right in front of his eyes. Since she is bending over to write, they are naturally pulled by gravity, lightly swaying with her every move. They are not that big, in between A and B, but considering her young age and corresponding posture, that is a noticeable size. Often, the girl is leaning onto him when writing, sometimes turning to give a quick look and place a hand on his arm or shoulder as she seems to be the touchy type. Every time Lorelei turns his way Alexei quickly changing his attention to that paper again, reading what she has written down while pretending not to be distracted by her inviting chest, before his eyes get drawn again the moment she continues writing.

Then Lorelei herself looks up in another direction. Alexei traces where her eyes are going and notices another girl waiting in a waterway past the aquarium's exit. He knows who she is, having seen her as part of Sasha's group. The half-octopus scylla, Nerine.

Lorelei says something to her in that singing voice, followed by a nod from Nerine.

"You told her to wait for a bit?" he guesses, receiving a nod in return. Realizing that maybe he isn't completely a lost cause at reading Lorelei's body language after all. Raising his hand Alexei gestures Nerine to come over. When the girls seems reluctant, he calls out to her.

"It is okay, come on over. No need to wait over there."

Having received permission, Lorelei tries to convince her friend as well. Hesitatingly, like breaking some kind of rule, Nerine enters aquarium A nervously and takes place in the water next to Lorelei as if hiding behind her.

"I'm not supposed to be in here..." she speaks softly.

"Is it that apex predator of the oceans thing?" Alexei gives her a straight question, having heard about that from Sasha. The girl nodding before he gives her a simple reply. "Yeah well, to me you are just a regular girl."

"B aquarium members are only allowed here under supervision," Nerine is still not convinced.

"Look, a teaching toga. I *am* supervision," Alexei half-jokingly replies. Technically he is not wrong, but unsure if being part of the exchange program actually grants him such

authority. And not the least bit concerned about it. He has seen both Lorelei and Nerine hang out with Sasha after that incident, trying to cheer her up. This girl is no threat. No matter what odd quirks she may have, he has full confidence in her.

Lorelei leans over to Nerine and gives a tight hug, happy she gets to share her aquarium and trying to ease her friend's mind. Somewhat assured, Nerine takes a peek at that notebook and realizes what they have been talking about.

"She is worried about you... Sasha."

Lorelei immediately backs up Nerine's words with body language. While Alexei is sad to hear she has worries, simultaneously it fills him with a warm feeling to know his daughter cares about her father's wellbeing.

"Thanks, you two. For supporting her."

Lorelei openly shows joy at his gratitude, while Nerine tries to hide her embarrassment. Both accepting his words in their own way. When the mermaid playfully starts to tease her friend with more hugs for that reaction, Alexei can't help but let his eyes glide over their bodies pressed together. Lorelei has squeezed her squishy tits around Nerine's upper arm. That girl... Does she really have no idea how much minds get tempted on a daily basis by swimming around like that out in the open? At least her friend has enough common sense to wear a bikini top... Small it may be.

Two pairs of eyes are peering at him, Nerine starting to cover her chest while Lorelei does what she does best, enjoying herself with a cheeky grin while pressing both tits into Nerine even harder on purpose. Both have noticed where his eyes were focused on.

"I uh, was just wondering. That's the Academy uniform top, if I'm not mistaken?" Alexei blurts out the first excuse coming to mind.

"Yeah..." Nerine answers his question about her bikini, unsure where Alexei is going with that topic.

"Don't see many aquatic species wearing that uniform," he mentions.

"It's difficult to swim..." Nerine mumbles, not really feeling like specifying, but Lorelei doesn't understand any concept of restraint and already clarifies for Alexei. Pointing first at Nerine's tentacles, and then making a gesture which imitates an octopus pulling them together and propelling itself forward.

“Oh, right. Makes perfect sense,” Alexei understands what she is trying to say. The regular skirt of that outfit has to be a nuisance when moving those tentacles for swimming, restricting movement. But that doesn’t explain the rest that is missing.

Lorelei is already scribbling down an explanation, having expected that line of thought. The corset and gloves feel annoying and stick to their bodies when wet. And that small cape is a plain bother when it flows through water in any position other than simply hanging down as it should. Only thing left is that tiny bikini top. Something Lorelei doesn’t bother with either cause she wants to feel free like a fish in water.

“Okay, I can see all advantages of not wearing anything,” Alexei understands the perspective of a girl spending most of her life in water.

Lorelei nods at him, gesturing there is one more argument he isn’t aware of. Then she takes his notebook again and starts to write some more. Or is that a drawing? She is taking her time while letting playfully know to Alexei he can’t see what it is just yet, clearly amused. Eventually flipping the page and writing something on the next page as well. Then placing his notebook upside down on the wooden platform and subsequently diving into the aquarium where she swims underwater, demonstrating that entire “free as a fish” part.

Alexei picks up the notebook and chuckles for the first time in two weeks.

A drawn pair of boobs is staring back at him with a simple sentence underneath, describing that last but very important advantage of going nude.

“They draw the eyes of boys...”

The mermaid comes up again and gestures for him to flip the page, a naughty look lingering on her face.

“...And certain Masters,” the sentence continues on this second page.

Then she shows that cheeky grin again while floating on her back for two seconds, arms floating next to her on the water. A truly splendid pair of fully visible tits pointing straight to the roof of this building.

Suddenly diving and swimming off to a connecting canal, accompanied by her friend, Lorelei comes up once more to wave goodbye at Alexei.

Alexei is walking through the Academy's hallways. Heart still beating from excitement at what happened. Did she flirt with him? That was an obvious flirt, right?

Walking out into the inner courtyard, he comes to a standstill and looks upwards to the sky. A beautiful warm summer sky. A budding feeling is welling up inside of him again. Something that began two nights ago when he accepted Serenia as she offered the ample comforts of her body, and that now is almost at a point of blooming. A feeling which had been lost since Layla died. A lust for life, perfectly embodied down his pants right now by his lust for young female beauty. These exchanges of the last couple days having faded those dark clouds in his head, culminating in a single thought now crossing his mind.

"I need a good fuck."

He said it out loud. Luckily there is nobody around. But that is how strong that feeling suddenly is. Unchained for the first time since that day. No longer wanting a child's inner embrace for merely comfort, but to thoroughly indulge himself into pleasure and unbridled lust. Entering his room, he looks around for Serenia. She would gladly be that object of pleasure, but his room is empty.

"Oh, that's right..."

On this day she always spends her time in the library studying till curfew. Bummer.

There is one other option...

Probably...

Alexei wants to knock on the door, but like last time it swings open ahead of time, one of the kitchen staff leaving while buttoning up his pants. Ashamed to have been caught, the man simply nods and walks off in a hurry. Inside the room, its occupant hasn't noticed yet there is a different man standing near her open door. Back turned to Alexei, partially dressed, having closed her corset and now putting on that bikini top. Wearing nothing else. Her almost pitch-black hair reminding him of Layla, only shorter. A single piece of expensive hair decoration next to her ear.

It is the cyclops known as Siera.

By now, Alexei has a pretty good idea what this girl is like. Rich, gentle, kind and always well groomed. But above all that, the Academy's top slut. A girl whose love for a good lusty fuck is exceeded only by... well... nothing really.

Sasha once told him if he was interested in Siera, she would definitely be available. The process of getting between those thigh-high socks covered legs consisting of two important steps for guaranteed success, as long as one gets the order right.

Step one... get hard.

Step two... put it in.

She still isn't aware he is standing there, looking out of her window while leaning on the sill, using a chair as support while her knees rest on it. Since the back of the chair is facing sideways, he can see her naked bum as she is swinging it gently left and right at the hummed tune of a children's song. Vagina visible in the form of a tightly pressed pair of lips with its overflowing moist easily noticeable from where he stands, reminding Alexei of what he unwittingly said out loud in that courtyard, focused on one thought only.

Damn, I want to fuck.

He walks up to Siera without saying a word, fully intent on putting that reputation of her to the test. Opening his toga as he approaches. What would it feel like to fuck a child with such a metric ton of experience? His penis is already hard and ready, salivating with pre-cum at the thought of poking up into those soft butt cheeks. And sitting on her knees on that chair puts this one-eyed beauty at just the right height.

As he puts his hands on her shoulders, Siera finally notices someone is in her room. The girl doesn't turn around or speak, only opening her mouth lightly in surprise at the completely unexpected touch of a bare erect penis sliding between her upper thighs, its tip poking out in front. A penis she doesn't recognize at all, and thus can only belong to a man she hasn't been with yet. A rare treat. Only thing that is obvious to the cyclops, that this piece of hard meat belongs to an adult.

The extra-long and thick type.

The preferred type.

Mouth opening even further with heart felled joy as she can feel it sliding back again, searching for an entrance to do what so many meaty rods of lucky manhood have already

done with this girl, casually stumbling their way into that non-stop open availability of her warm vagina for their entire length. Lowering herself just a tad while still resting on both knees, perking up her bum like only a female can and angling herself in perfect position. Only action she will ever take when confronted with any erect penis, angling herself to accommodate it indiscriminately. Back turning effortlessly into a smooth arched line, head following by tilting backwards, like offering her vulnerable throat willingly to a predator. That single large eye closing into a dreamy state, breathing in heavily to fill her lungs with love for life. Still unaware of who this adult preparing to penetrate her could possibly be.

Alexei lets out a sigh of pleasure as he extremely slowly starts to push the tip of his cock between that slit in her vulva. Siera in turn extremely slowly pushing her own slit over that tip, adoring a feeling of her inner wet walls beginning to separate and an as of yet foreign object invading her millimeter by millimeter. Going so slow that ten seconds have already passed since their genitals kissed and the tip is only one third in.

“Ah~”

The girl breathing out erotically as the invasion continues unabated but consistently slow.

...

Another ten seconds... Two thirds of the tip goes in. A wet trickle has started running down, making its way down Alexei's penis. Siera is closing her mouth while biting on her lower lip, one arm reaching backwards, clenching around the toga it finds there. Realizing only then this unknown adult man can only be a Master.

...

Ten more seconds. The rear of his tip is digging its way into the most comfortable, warm and moist spot imaginable. Screaming at Alexei to please shove it in already so it can bask in this child's tight soggy embrace of sex. Siera's pussy begging for that hard hot mass of male lust to barge through her entrance and dive so deep as to make those balls seem fused to her lower lips.

...

Ten more seconds. A male hand caressing her cheek, moving to the girl's clenched mouth, wiping all drool that has started leaking out.

And then a sudden high -pitched voice from Siera's mouth, like a surprise - filled jump.

“Ah~!”

That rock - hard penis moving nearly instant and violently, rammed with brute force and a loud meaty slapping sound as proof when Alexei smashes himself into her small round butt cheeks. From only his tip to balls deep in only the fraction of a second. The entire girl bouncing upwards from all force she had to endure. Breath frozen as her mind processes the stimulus of that amazing split second.

Siera opens her eye again, looking down towards her chest while moving a hand over her belly. That penis stuck inside of her not moving, only enjoying a caressing embrace all around. That hand can feel her lower body is slightly inflated, where she accommodates the entirety of that no - longer - foreign object deep inside of her. Sliding her fingers around the contours of that subtle bulge in a sense of wonder as she traces the penis downwards, hand moving between her own thighs until she can feel the familiar feeling of a soft sack containing life producing sperm, hanging from a deeply rooted male as if it grows from her own body. She can feel the heartbeat of that strange man through his penis, as it resonates into her lower body. A lower body that is already thirsting for all contents of those balls.

Only twelve years old, Siera has taken in countless of men...

Countless of cocks...

Countless of semen...

But none were as big as this one.

None were as hot as this one.

None felt so alive like this one.

And none made her feel so alive.

And yet it doesn't move at all. Only staying there, warmly tucked inside.

The cyclops moves both arms upwards at the feeling of those hands on her shoulders shifting focus. As those large manly palms move underneath her arms, they seek out what she had hoped for. A pair of tiny little tits.

Siera's own palms seeking out the stubble of a shaved mature man behind her, surrendering her chest to this male that seeks to claim her breasts. Alexei moving his index fingers over the cloth of her bikini, drawing circles around her nipples. Nipples that are

trying their hardest to poke a hole through that cloth. Eventually moving those fingers from the cloth, onto the soft supple flesh of a breast that has only started to develop, tracing its outer edges, pushing into her skin.

Siera's eye two-thirds open, dreamy, drowning in lust. Yearning for more of that feeling when his palms start to dig underneath her bikini, squeezing themselves tight into her subtle chest. Nipples getting stroked by fingers sliding around them. Bending her back even further, trying to press her chest into his hands.

The penis suddenly pulls back, decisively, instantly.

A sad sense of parting entering the girl, a fear rising up that this astonishing feeling would end.

Followed by another loud sound of meat slapping hard into meat.

Another decisive pull back.

Another loud meaty slap.

That fear melts instantly. This man wasn't pulling out at all. He was only making that feeling even exceedingly better.

The sounds get faster, harder. The voice of Siera joining its pace. Heavy breathing of both individuals forming a chorus, getting accompanied with every thrust by a subtle squishy frothing undertone. No doubt the neighboring rooms can hear them. With the door open, everyone nearby can hear them. And at this hour of day, there are always people going around. But neither of these two care. Not the adult and not the smutty child he is plowing into.

The man's hands slip from underneath her bikini as Siera falls forward, resting on the window sill as that squishy pounding continues without mercy. Her head tilting downwards, looking at the location where that hard object repeatedly rubs its entire shaft violently into her soft tunnel.

Seeing it appearing and disappearing, stretching her slit open and wide, grinding its texture into every bit of stretched length of her vagina while depositing pre-cum constantly and throughout. Looking as meaty as it sounds. Fluids getting dragged out and shoved back in immediately afterwards, some of them hanging down, swinging heavily forth and back with every thrust. Sticking onto his balls, her thighs or simply falling down

onto the chair and floor. A hypnotizing fleshy spectacle this cute cyclops can't look away from. But two hands grab onto her upper arms and pull the girl backwards, lifting her upper body back up. Siera letting all weight rest onto those arms as she gets taken like a wild animal.

Unable to resist.

Unwilling to resist.

Until it ultimately reaches a point where Siera can feel that culminating moment her pussy has been thirsting for has come. The contents of those balls are finally going to be transferred to the safety of a warm inviting womb.

Gasping for air before clenching her teeth. The last loud meaty slap, cock bashed hard into her inner depths. A strong throbbing feeling noticeable that isn't coming from her own body as life comes gushing forward in the form of a thick white substance. Again and again, with every throb more gets squeezed out while her pussy sucks like a vacuum on that hard but slightly flexible shaft within, draining it of every drop.

Slowly, the penis begins its sad farewell as its lucky owner pulls back. A glistening wet shaft gradually revealing itself, tip popping out with strings of mixed cum and ample pussy fluids still connecting it to her vagina. That vagina closing itself perfectly as if absolutely nothing happened and this lovely little hyper - slut has always been a virgin.

Siera can't find any strength anymore to remain standing, body completely drained. But arms offer support as the small cyclops child feels assuring strength of an adult man lifting her up with ease, holding her like a princess. For the first time since this man entered her room, she can see who it is, recognizing her latest partner instantly as Sasha's father.

A first word gets softly and affectionately spoken, that single large eye beaming with joy - filled wonder and a matching beautiful smile to accompany her simple message.

"Hello."

Turned out this girl really was a guaranteed success in those two simple steps.

Alexei inhales deeply while looking out the window of his own room. Siera is laying down on his bed recovering from more intimate love-making they practiced for four hours

straight, after he brought her here. Serenia returned from self-study in the library halfway and joined them in union.

He walks to his desk and lets his fingertips glide over the documents concerning Layla.

Maybe... Maybe Tudor was right after all? There is so much Alexei doesn't know about this world... What if it really was an accident? These two weeks afterwards nothing suspicious has happened. Maybe that letter he found under his door was unrelated, a mean-spirited prank that someone read about from a trade post magazine? Is it safe to get some hope for closure?

Alexei picks up the fluffy caterpillar from his desk and holds it close to his face, asking it those same questions like consulting for advice. Then starting to hold it close to his heart, fondly remembering its owner. A single tear running down his cheek while trying to contain the rest welling up. A single thought conveyed to what he holds in his arms.

Gratitude for that lusty fairy who made him rediscover what it feels to care for someone. She will be gone, but that emotion at least will remain as part of his very being. And the fruits of that rediscovery are right here in this room, laying on that bed in the form of a pair of children.

Alexei places the caterpillar back on his desk, patting it on the head.

He can carry on now.

CHAPTER 9



Seeding a Future

Sasha is sitting next to her friends while listening to Master Sato's biology class. A continuation from his previous Earth taxonomy lecture, with some comparisons to this world thrown in. She isn't really listening much, lost in thought while staring at a little flask she is turning around in her hand, a sparkling powder contained within. Handed over as a gift during that last time she saw Layla. When showing it to Oldor a couple days ago, he told her it was fairy powder like was already guessed, and she should keep it close as a memento, treasuring to be found worthy of such a gift. Saying that outside of the alchemist guild who has an agreement with the Fairy Court to produce wands, it is very hard to get one's hands on this substance of fine crystalized magic. With strict control over what is offered by fairy-folk to ensure their agreement is not broken so as not to upset their relationship. Sasha doesn't really know much what the contents of this flask could be used

for, but it sure looks pretty as it sparkles in different colors continuously. Value being more on the emotional side to her.

Sasha places it back in her shoulder bag and pretends to listen to Sato rambling on about how almost every humanoid is a mammal even if they don't always look like it, with some exceptions like that norn in the garden, or that mantrap who killed Layla, who both fall in their own class of taxonomy. Something to do with how they put offspring in this world. It doesn't really interest Sasha all that much, unlike Serenia on her left who is being a model student and paying plenty of attention. Even Siera on her right is strangely absorbed in the topic of nurturing. At least there is one different individual sitting on the other side of Serenia who has to hide gaping her mouth in boredom while playing around with her curly light brown pigtail. Not that Elenor's boredom will reflect itself in low grades, being more the type who doesn't like wasting time on a lecture while she can simply cram it all day before an exam.

These three girls, often joined outside of class by Lorelei, have been an excellent source of support the last two weeks. Even the usually quiet and distant Nerine showed herself multiple times out of concern. That's why Sasha has been doing fine again these last couple days, biggest trouble in the back of her mind more having to do with her father. Having no experience whatsoever at how to deal with loss, Sasha had no clue on how to be his pillar of strength like she wanted to be, choosing to create some distance out of fear she would do something wrong instead. That worry finally got eased, thanks to these girls sitting directly on either side. Serenia was to be expected, as she spent every night with Sasha's father. And apparently Siera too has now made that bedroom her home, the girl herself having described that entire event where she got exquisitely taken by Sasha's father in fine detail, all the way from where it started in Siera's room, to where it ended on top of his bed sheets after he carried her there like royalty.

Plenty of lonely dicks will have performed their nightly quest by knocking on Siera's door, being left outside in bitter cold by her absence instead of warmly tucked inside at body temperature. Oh well, they will only have to adjust their usual routine. Siera may have found herself a man to dedicate all nights to from now on, but that doesn't mean she isn't

going to enjoy a widespread social life during day. Even now, close to their noon break, that girl's pussy is probably getting familiar with some more lonely souls' symbol of love.

Sasha herself hasn't been active these two weeks. Last night was the usual companionship of Elenor back in her dorm room. Admittedly, that itch has started to return.

Sasha reaches out for both girls next to her, a look of confusion aimed in her direction when holding on to their hand. Confusion that quickly disappears and changes to a smile when realizing she is simply showing gratitude to them for being that pillar she couldn't be.

Noon break is almost finished and Sasha has gotten back out of the toilet a couple minutes ago. Siera went with her, but is still inside taking her time for some reason. Sasha assumes that reason probably has to do with another lucky partner, but understands that was a wrong assumption when the cyclops finally gets out of the toilet. Her face is pale like she has seen a ghost, fear visible in her gold-colored eye. Asking concerned what is wrong, Sasha gets taken back into the toilet where Siera pulls down her panties, almost afraid to show what is inside.

"Oh..." Sasha says out loud.

A fresh red stain is visible, spread out in Siera's white underwear.

"I... I don't want to die..." Siera says in a meek shivering voice, about to start crying.

Sasha is not an expert by any means, but did have some basics of sexual education back in Japan. If cyclops anatomy is anything like a human's, which it appears to be except for her single eye, this should not be anything to worry about. Then again, considering this girl's hobby, she may now have plenty to worry about in a certain sense.

"That's menstruation blood," Sasha tries to ease her worried friend, who obviously never heard of that word before. "It proves you can have a baby now," she clarifies.

Slowly, fear in that large eye starts to turn to wonder.

"I can be a mama now?" Siera says out loud, getting a nod in return.

That wonder turns to full blown excitement as the cyclops holds onto her friend's shoulders, asking for a peculiar question.

“How? How do I become a mama?”

Sasha is the confused one now. This girl fucks practically non-stop. Yet she does not even know that’s how babies are made?

“By having sex.”

“Huh? How? Isn’t that just for fun?” Siera reveals her complete lack of knowledge. Only turning confused again once Sasha tries explaining the basics of “eggs” and “seed”. That seed part at least seems to be understood now, but how it interacts with a female body remains hard to grasp.

“Anyway, you can have children now. You should ask a Master about more information.”

Siera jumps in the sky, hands raised in joy. For some reason she seems really excited, skipping around the entire toilet floor.

“Why so happy?” Sasha asks.

“I can have a baby!” Siera skips around some more before explaining the simple motivation behind her feelings. “It’s my dream to become a mama. The world’s best!”

A mama... Memories flash back into Sasha’s mind of that woman who was supposed to take such a role in her life. Trying to push those useless memories back where they came from immediately after. Siera should never, ever be compared to that woman. Her friend will make for a wonderful loving mother, unlike that dead drunken hag.

“I’m sure you will. But there is no need to rush. And you really should go talk to a Master.”

The cyclops nods with excitement and rushes off towards the first Master who crosses her path. That no rushing part didn’t seem to register at all. This first master ends up being the same one who gave biology classes. In that sense, a valid choice.

“Master!” Siera runs up to the Japanese geek, who seems startled at such sudden and unusual female attention. “I have an important question! About... menstra... menstro?” Siera thinks hard to remember the correct term Sasha used, giving up immediately after in impatience and simply lifting her skirt while pulling down those stained panties in complete innocence... For once.

“Look!” she states out loud and energetically. Sato forming a quite peculiar type of smile on his face at the wonderful sight being offered, not even noticing that red stain at first.

Sasha wonders why of all possible choices this one Master had to be first. Looking around for a reasonable alternative and finding one. Or three in fact. Further in this hallway is the Headmaster, Oldor and her own father. Using a hand gesture, she gets their attention and beckons for them to come closer. Explaining to the trio that Siera got her first menstruation and could use some explaining.

“Oh, is that so? Congratulations. Truly a happy occasion,” Tudor directs towards the one-eyed girl, who seems flattered as if getting praised.

“You will have to be careful from now on,” Oldor joins in, cautioning the girl who only tilts her head sideways, not really understanding why. Therefore the wizard clarifies. “So you don’t end up with an unwanted pregnancy.”

Siera’s face turns to joy again at this trivial of concerns.

“But I *want* to have a baby! And be the best mama ever! That’s my biggest dream!” she says while beaming with confidence and happiness.

“Such a wonderful ambition,” Tudor seems to actually support her, while Oldor isn’t exactly offering much resistance to help support his earlier argument. Alexei, who stands right next to them listening in silence, can’t help but wonder about how different this world truly is. Forget about magic or half-animal humanoids. It’s stuff like this which makes for the biggest culture shocks. The thought of a twelve year old getting pregnant, and that being celebrated rather than scorned, is truly a giant difference in reception. And such a simple dream of being a great mother? Hardly anyone would appreciate that back where he came from, at least not in the modern age, contrary to most of human history, passive-aggressively forcing any potential parent to focus on a career instead. And yet, seeing Siera so happy about all of it makes it seem so pure and noble of an ambition. After all, what is more important in society than becoming a parent and nurture future generations by providing them with all means, knowledge and maturity they need? Wasn’t this that very same part in his own married relationship that went horribly wrong? Ending

in a woman who neglected her child in favor of an ideological agenda till she drank herself to death out of sheer misery?

Maybe... She wasn't that much to blame? Sure, he will never forgive her for how Sasha was treated, but maybe... maybe if Sasha's mother had parents who took their societal task of parenting to heart as Siera seems so intent on doing... Maybe if their environment would have been as supportive as Tudor right now and provided her with the means and sense of responsibility of being a proper parent. Then maybe she would have never felt the need to radicalize, and all three of them would still be a happy family living together. Even setting that aside, he can understand where Tudor is coming from. Who even has the right to dismiss this girl's dream as lowly, unfitting or outdated?

"Still, you shouldn't jump straight into it. Carrying a child does come with responsibilities. If you want to be an excellent mother, you'll need to understand them all. At least think about it for a couple weeks," Oldor addresses the jubilant cyclops.

Siera nods looking all serious.

"Until you made up your mind, you have basically two options. You could use anti-conceptive protection," he continues.

"Eeeh?" Siera complains while pulling up her nose in horrid disapproval.

"Or you could abstain for that duration."

"Eeeeh?!" Siera complains some more while shaking her head at this absurd abomination of a proposal.

"Trust me, I'm sure nobody here expects that last option from you," Oldor mumbles.

"There is a third option," Sato finally starts saying something even though he was the first approached. Siera looking hopeful this third one isn't as unacceptable as those previous two. "Choosing the father now. Someone with good standing, and means to support. Like a Master. Someone like..."

Alexei cuts Sato off before he can nominate himself. Intrigued by something Oldor mentioned earlier. Asking about this anti-conceptive protection he talked about. Turns out anti-conception does exist in this world, in the form of a type of condom.

"Dried pig intestines, treated with oils to make them strong and flexible."

Siera's rejection of that idea seems quite reasonable after hearing that much. But considering this girl's thirst for cock, there is absolutely no way she can abstain for longer than half a day. Coming to a same conclusion, the Headmaster asks if one of the Masters present would like to go get a supply of those darned dried things coming weekend.

A little tug can be felt on Alexei's maw, coming from Sasha. Seems like for the first time in those two weeks, she feels confident enough to spend some time with her father, sensing this errand to town could be an opportunity for exactly that.

"I'll go," Alexei responds to his daughter's wish.

"Alright then, meanwhile you come with me young girl," Oldor addresses Siera. "I'll give you some explanation on your period and write down a schedule of safe days based on it."

Without a single clue what "safe days" even means, Siera happily goes along with Oldor. With both gone, Alexei asks for clarification, wondering if Tudor's accepting attitude about this girl potentially getting knocked up in coming weeks was faked or not. Sasha listening in silence as the Headmaster shows sincerity in his reply.

"I meant what was said. Whether this child gets pregnant or not is no issue. It will not affect her studies since as her caretakers she will be provided for by the Academy with appropriate facilities. This is only nature after all, what is there to worry or scorn? If nothing comes from it, then all is fine. And if she does end up pregnant, we will simply congratulate her on the miracle of giving life and prepare her for the task of parenting at hand. Simple as that," then he walks away together with Sato, leaving father and daughter behind. For the first time since Layla's death, an opportunity for a completely private conversation presents itself.

"Doing well?" Alexei asks his daughter.

She nods in response.

"Dad, about that errand..."

"Want to come along? Just the two of us this time," he asks.

Sasha smiles, knowing her father understood her intentions. Agreeing to come along.

When Alexei reaches the main gate, Sasha is already waiting for him. She is wearing her Academy uniform, hat and all.

“What do you think?” she laughs while turning around, holding her hat so it doesn’t fall to the ground.

“A charming little witch,” Alexei laughs in return.

Leaving past the entrance, Sasha throws out a reference to their previous trip to town.

“Not going to carry me on your back?” she reminds her father of that time with Lorelei.

“Last time the girl being carried didn’t have legs.”

“Yeah, but she could have swum to town just fine,” Sasha half-jokingly says while prodding him in the side.

Alexei comes to a stop and lowers himself, offering his back to Sasha. She hesitates for a bit, not having expected him to actually offer, and then jumps on his back with a wide grin. First thing on their to-do list, getting the required goods. A small medicine store apparently has a stock of those dried pig intestines. Makes sense as a location, really.

“Is she actually going to use those?” Sasha ponders out loud.

“Not a chance,” Alexei replies without needing to think about the answer.

After that obligatory visit, they are free to go wherever they want. A local clothes store grabs her attention. Last time Sasha didn’t buy anything. Maybe she won’t now either, but she feels like spending time with her father, and while there were multiple visitors last time, this store is quite big and made out of three floors. So it doesn’t have a lot of hustle and bustle going on, making for a good location.

After spending a good half an hour trying out various local dresses, each time showing them off to her father, Sasha pulls him to the third floor. They took a look around there last time, but didn’t really pay much attention to it. His daughter in an obvious good mood and surprisingly teasing. Alexei looks around at this floor’s merchandise. A part of the store which is obviously meant as adult themed. Sasha picks out some oversized sexy lingerie and hangs it in front of her.

“Hey dad, what do you think?” his smiling daughter is openly teasing him again.

“In all honesty, that witches’ outfit you are wearing would fit in just fine with this collection.”

Sasha laughs out loud while hanging the lingerie back on its stand, making a slow turn while emphasizing her body afterwards. Hands slowly moving up from her hips, making a quick lift of her breasts before she runs further into the store while trying to contain her joy. Following his daughter, they have reached the children's section of this floor.

"Dad... Want to see me try some more?"

His little girl is looking at Alexei with a glint of expectation in her eyes, hoping for her father to say yes, like she is planning something. Grabbing one of these outfits, he takes a look at it. Pretty normal kid's stuff, only with a local flavor. Though there are plenty meant to arouse, similar in style to her current uniform.

"Surprise me," he invites her to dress in whatever she wants, while leaning against a table.

To his actual surprise, Sasha isn't interested in trying something out. Not heading into a dressing room at all and simply turning herself around somewhat so her father can see where that corset is tied close. After placing down her hat, moving fingers to the corset's little strings and stopping to look at Alexei over her shoulder. Slowly starting to pull on those strings. Laugh and open joy on her face replaced by an expression of pure yet subtle temptation, mouth and eyes openly revealing this girl is well aware that what she is doing is an artistic display of open eroticism. Being shown for no other eyes to see than those belonging to her own biological father.

The corset opens... and gets placed on a table behind her. She is moving both hands around slowly, keeping eyes intensely focused while staring straight into Alexei's. One arm stretched out, the other holding onto the beige skin-tight glove that covers it. Pulling just for a bit and stopping without removing it, as if she just changed her mind.

This time Sasha bends over for a bit, reaching for a thigh-high beige sock. Gently stroking her own leg, pushing slightly into her flesh as Sasha traces all around a single thigh with both hands. Index fingers digging underneath the edge of her sock near the front, before starting to slide those fingers around to the back, lifting the cloth as they do. Then she stops again.

Turning sideways next, showing her bum, perking it to the best of her ability, peering at her father from the corner of those eyes that are no longer filled with only temptation,

but a hint of lust as well. Fingers tracing her own butt cheeks over that tiny skirt and moving to the one button that holds it up... hovering over it... touching it... And stopping once more.

Alexei is captivated by what his daughter is doing. Not embarrassed nor hiding his enjoyment, simply focused on that delightful eroticism his loving daughter is knowingly and willingly offering to her father.

Sasha raises one finger indicating a number.

Three locations...

One raised finger...

She is making a simple message known.

Gloves, socks or skirt. Pick and choose, and she will undress.

Alexei's eyes move to Sasha's skirt, a warm seductive smile appearing on her face when noticing he made his choice. The same choice she was hoping for.

Turning around some more to show her rear, hands moving towards that button once more. Pausing, asking for unspoken confirmation that this really is what he wants to see removed. A subtle nod giving her confirmation. Without hesitation, Sasha's fingers move to flick open that button. Letting go of the skirt as it very slowly starts to slide downwards, caressing her naked butt cheeks as it passes, accelerating once it does and falling to the ground without a sound.

Sasha turns around and sits down on the table behind her, wearing nothing other than her gloves, socks, quite revealing bikini top and equally arousing flimsy panties. Then she gets to the actual reason for going in this store. To have a talk.

"I heard what happened two days ago... With Siera," Sasha pulls up her right leg and lets the foot rest on that same table she is sitting on, placing her head against her knee. "She told me all about it," Sasha continues.

From this angle, Alexei can see the distinct shape of a vulva underneath a very thin piece of cloth. His daughter had obviously chosen a particularly small piece of underwear for today. A tiny bit of white fabric barely large enough to cover her lips. So thin it is easily noticeable how cloth eats into that inviting slit underneath, perfectly visible with her chosen posture.

“She told me sex never felt so good,” she says with a dreamy look.

Alexei nods while keeping his eyes glued to that spot between his daughter’s legs.

“Will she sleep in your room now?” Sasha asks.

“Yeah. She will sleep with me from now on.”

“Like Sera?”

Alexei notices a little spot of Sasha’s underwear that is starting to get wet.

“Yeah, like Sera,” he answers.

“And you will continue to have sex with them?” Sasha asks in an aroused voice.

“Yeah... Every night.”

“What about those dried condoms?” she continues her questioning.

“Won’t ever use them.”

Then the real question comes, one Sasha had been wondering about since yesterday.

“Won’t they get pregnant?”

Alexei ponders on this particular question, suspecting an underlying motivation. Then a thought comes to mind. Very likely he has found the answer, the real reason behind that question. If Serenia or Siera get pregnant, that means Sasha will be getting a little brother or sister. A small shock enters his mind. Never having actually thought about how his daughter would feel about that.

Sasha is gently swaying the leg she is hugging and resting on, waiting patiently.

“Sasha, how would you feel about our family growing by an additional member?”

Being honest, Alexei can’t help but admit that he feels like leaving some children of his own in this world.

“Only one?” she replies with a naughty smile.

“Well, more than one, eventually.”

After looking for the right words, she replies.

“I have thought about it and... Hmm... I’m okay with it, I think...”

A relief enters Alexei. With how their family situation is quite the odd one, getting this kind of stuff out of the way should have happened way sooner.

...

“Dad, there is still one thing on my mind.”

What does she mean? He can't think of anything that might worry or upset her. Some fear welling up that he once more failed at considering his daughter with something as important as family matters.

"You are not the only one who can add more members to our family," she states calmly.

Thinking at first she could be talking about dating someone, Sasha immediately clarifies what she is really talking about.

"You know my lifestyle. Sure I haven't been very active these last two weeks but... I can feel that itch again. Meaning someday, I could come home with a child of my own."

Sasha is hiding it, but her voice has gotten more silent. Her father realizing she is indeed worried about this and seeks acceptance or even approval. After all, while not as active as Siera, his twelve year old sleeps around with just about anyone willing. And no way is she going to use some shriveled up pig intestines to ruin good fun. Meaning his little girl will come home with a child in her belly someday, probably not all that far in the future, conceived by some random guy she may not even know as the father. Of course he never imagined this to be on her mind. How could he? The thought of rejecting his daughter for such a silly reason never crossed his mind to begin with. Only thing he is now concerned about being one thing only.

"Would you like a child, Sasha?"

Considering the history she has with her own mother, Alexei really can't guess this answer.

"Hmm..." she thinks some more. "I would be okay with it... I think."

That settles it for Alexei.

"Then I guess we are just going to end up as one big happy family." Even if she wouldn't know the father, he would be around to offer a male's perspective to raising a kid. And support from the Academy shouldn't be an issue judging from Tudor's words.

Sasha laughs out loud at his answer, some nervousness that was building up getting released in an instant. After calming down, placing her head down again as they look at each other in silence.

"Hey dad... Want to see something nice?"

That seductive voice has returned. With expectations that he can't quite voice, Alexei says yes while focusing his eyes on one particular location. Noticing his eyes have gone straight to her underwear, Sasha moves one hand right next to it... Pausing... And sliding the cloth of her underwear to the side, revealing her naked vagina in all its wet glory.

After three seconds, she lets loose of the cloth again so it slaps back into place, instantly eating into that fine slit once more. Then she jumps off the table. With all desired answers received, their business is done here.

A warm afternoon sun is shining down. That interaction from earlier still lingering inside Alexei. An interaction that was full on sexual in nature. And though they are family, he utterly loved it. It felt so exciting, like breaking a taboo. A warm hand grabs his, small enough it can easily fit into merely his palm. Automatically he closes his hand and holds it with care as they both walk side by side.

When almost outside of town, Sasha seems to lag behind. The girl has lowered her pace. Looking beside him, Alexei notices what has caught her attention. She is staring at a specific building to the side of this road. A signboard stands next to its entrance.

"Welcome to the Lusty Snake-Maid. Come enjoy our coiling embrace! Both sexes welcome. Pay per hour. Free drinks for first-timers!"

Some heart shapes are painted on the signboard.

"What's a snake-maid?" Sasha wonders out loud.

"I have no idea..."

But what is obvious to both of them, is that this business is trading in services of a sexual kind.

"Is it for arranged dating?"

"Sort of, but not quite the same. It looks like a whorehouse," Alexei states out calmly. Actually, not that calmly, in fact, his heart is strangely beating fast. A result of Sasha's short seduction session earlier? She has come to a complete stop, still holding his hand. Looks like he wasn't the only one getting turned on. A closer look at Sasha and her current body language reveals she is running hot with lust. Two weeks without any sex she said.

Yeah, considering how she usually is, this girl is going to have some pent-up sexual frustrations.

“Want to take a look inside?” Alexei asks, unable to believe he is actually doing this. Heart beating even faster as Sasha nods in approval. Anyone would know this isn’t going to end with “taking a look”.

When opening the door, a bell hung on the other side starts making a soft clanging noise like a wind chime. This place looks quite cozy, as to be expected of such a type of business. Looks pricey too, with very well detailed and expensive looking furniture and decorations. They are immediately greeted by a friendly female voice.

“Welcome to our humble establishment.”

What is going on in this luxury brothel is already audible by subtle voices coming from upstairs. A deliberate construction choice to set the mood once customers step through that door. The young woman behind the counter who greeted looks surprised when she sees Sasha walking in. Probably not used to seeing a girl this young walk inside, but she keeps a professional attitude when greeting her.

“Oh, what a cutie - face. Hello there, come to play with us?”

Sasha greets the young woman in turn.

“We have a waiting room for your daughter, free of charge,” this woman seems to misunderstand, and thinks Alexei is the only one looking for company.

“She is uh... Going to join upstairs.”

The young woman places a hand before her mouth and corrects her mistake.

“Oh, my apologies Sir. Will she order her own partner?”

Sasha grins happily at the woman who gives her a warm smile in return.

“Yeah, she will have her own partner,” Alexei answers a bit shy.

“One moment please, I’ll get our catalogue.”

She takes two books from underneath the front desk, wants to place them on the tall counter, but then realizes Sasha would be too short to take a good look. Moving to the front, lower half of her body comes into view and the meaning of that title, Lusty Snake - maid, becomes clear. Her entire lower body is that of a snake, with quite a tail length. Around five meters.

Sasha can't contain her excitement. "A tail! It's so long!"

The woman laughs and thanks her very young customer for what she takes as a compliment, offering a compliment in return. "Your daughter has such pretty hair."

"Thanks," Alexei replies while keenly observing that tail himself.

There is a reddish tint in that snake's tail, with smooth scales all over. Bigger than the scales on Lorelei, but they seem equally flexible. She is obviously pregnant, supporting a large belly as she crawls to the front of her counter, lowering herself before Sasha and opening one of those catalogue books.

A surprise filled voice escapes Sasha when she notices the same thing Alexei just spotted. A pair of normal sized viper heads are coming from underneath the woman's hair.

"Oh, don't worry, they rarely bite and are not poisonous," she offers assurance to her customers.

Alexei tries not to think too hard about the presence of that one word "rarely" and correctly assumes these viper heads have their own will, even while being part of this woman's body.

"What would you like, sweetie?" the woman addresses Sasha.

"A handsome male fresh out of puberty? Or perhaps an older stud?"

Sasha looks at Alexei in approval, who raises his shoulders as a hint his daughter can choose whatever she desires.

"A big strong man! With the longest tail!" Sasha excitedly answers, stretching out her arms wide.

"Ooh, that long?" the woman chuckles.

"Longer!"

She flips through the pages and shows the book to Sasha. From what Alexei can see, it is a catalogue that holds all personnel working in this place. The male ones at least, that other book probably containing files on all females. Plenty of information written down next to what is presumably a sketch of the male himself.

"Nice drawing," Alexei marvels at the artistic prowess of those drawings.

“Thank you, I draw them myself. Trying to give as accurate a representation possible.” Then she turns her attention back to Sasha. “This male has the longest and strongest tail in our entire establishment.”

“How strong?” Sasha wonders.

The woman ponders for a while on how to best measure strength, and settles on describing his ability to coil around the entire front counter and crush it into fine firewood. Alexei was expecting plenty of strength from a lower body type that is essentially pure muscle, but that exceeded what he had in mind. And no doubt even this pregnant woman could easily overpower him, like an adult toying with a toddler, if she wanted to with that five meter long tail.

Sasha, visibly excited about what she just heard, stretches herself out on her toes to try and whisper something to the woman. The counter lady and owner of this place lowering herself even more so her young customer can do so easily. Giggling at what she hears from this human blonde girl before answering her obvious question.

“Oh don’t worry, I can personally assure you he is well equipped and skilled in that area as well.”

Raising herself after writing down the order Sasha placed, the woman turns to Alexei. “Now what would your father like?”

Noticing he is unsure how to answer, not even aware what is all available here, the woman opens that second book. “How about this girl? Pretty, experienced and with a soft hand.”

Sasha raises on her toes to look inside the book, noticing her drawing.

“Younger!” she says. The woman starts looking to Alexei for confirmation, whose body language seems to indicate he agrees, unsure if this brothel even has the kind of female he really prefers.

“Hmm... Let’s see, how about this girl then? Right out of puberty.”

Sasha doesn’t waste any time and immediately responds with a cheeky grin. “Younger!”

The woman looks surprised, then starts smiling again. “Oh, I see...” she finally understands. Clapping both hands together in excitement, the woman seems overjoyed about what she has to offer. “I think we have just the right child for your tastes.”

That she is using the term child is proof enough she has fully understood those tastes, but it still doesn't explain why this young woman seems so giddy. Going back towards the back of the counter, she opens a door leading to deeper areas of this large building, calling out for someone.

"Annabelle!"

A couple seconds later, a young child crawls on her tail right next to the woman.

"This is my dear daughter, Annabelle," the woman says with clear pride in her voice.

"She has only turned nine last week."

Words that sound like harmonious music to Alexei's ears. Though this being her mom sure would have been hard to guess. This woman can only be around early twenties herself, having obviously conceived her daughter at a very young age. Like a doting parent hoping for a compliment on their precious child, she waits for a response.

"That is a truly beautiful daughter you have there," Alexei responds to her wishes, making the proud mother clap both hands together once more, overjoyed at his words of praise.

"Annabelle has no experience yet, but I have been teaching her these last couple months on how to properly satisfy a patron. Oh, and she is an excellent dancer. I'll add that as a free service on your tab." Eagerly anticipating this patron's approval, the mother shuffles her tail over the ground, praying her pride and joy doesn't get rejected.

"I'll gladly have her," Alexei melts her worries like a snowflake under a burning hot sun.

The mother has to prevent herself from squealing in joy at having her beloved daughter be preferred as a partner, delighted she will have the opportunity to first-hand experience all about why her mother has such an outspoken love for the physical part of this trade. Hoping this patron can foster that same love in the young nine year old.

Having told Annabelle to go prepare herself, her mother gets back to business, filling out Alexei's tab. One strong adult male for Sasha, Annabelle for Alexei, and an accompanying free dance service for him as well as a token of gratitude for favoring her dear daughter. And obviously those advertised free drinks since they are both first-timers.

“Ah, there is a small surcharge for offering protection to female customers, in case you didn’t bring your own,” she makes a gesture towards Sasha. “For male customers it is the other way around, and a surcharge is if one prefers not to use protection.”

It makes total sense for female customers to pay for protection if the establishment has to provide it. But it being different for male customers sounds discriminating to Alexei at first. However, he quickly retracts his thoughts after looking at her pregnant belly. This is only fair. If customers were to get pregnant, that is all on their own responsibility. On the other hand, if a customer gets an employee pregnant, that employee will be unable to work for a while. Yeah, makes perfect sense.

Anyway, kind of surprising they even offer a choice. Not that this is much of a choice really.

“I’ll take her natural. Same for my daughter.”

For a third time this woman claps both hands together in pure happiness, grateful to this man that he has chosen to make Annabelle’s first experience one that is going to be filled with raw natural passion, as it always should be.

“Splendid. No protection for both customers. How many hours would you like to stay?”

She is letting some more of that enthusiasm slip by speaking in terms of multiple hours, and certainly not doing so with financial aspects in mind.

“Three hours?” Alexei looks at Sasha, who nods in total agreement.

The brothel’s owner writes down a three hour charge.

“And to top it off, the normal charge for a shared room.”

As the woman starts writing down the total cost, Alexei wants to object at this mention of a shared room, having expected their rooms to be separated.

“Is something wrong?” the landlady asks.

Constant subtle sounds of sex coming from upstairs resound through the front-counter room. Visions of that one night where father and daughter witnessed each other having passionate sex coming back to the front of Alexei’s mind. That sight of Sasha’s naked pussy which she willingly flashed to him earlier lingering in his thoughts.

“Nah... That sounds good,” he replies.

Alexei and Sasha walk up the stairs being led by a waitress who nimbly scales the stairs with her tail. Once again Sasha is grabbing her father's hand. As they get higher, the moaning gets louder. This entire floor is basically a half-open orgy room. Made for couples or small groups to have some privacy by use of moveable screens, but be capable of enjoying an overarching mood. This place doesn't seem all that strict either, with a couple from one area moving to join another. Partner sharing is probably not on the bill but whoever their payed for partners are don't seem to mind switching.

As the waitress guides them through a central hallway, they pass several half-open areas, couples of various age intertwined in intimate love-making. A quick look towards Sasha assures Alexei he made the right choice with entering, as she is latching on to him with glee while looking to those various couples, eager to become a part of this soft vocal chorus intertwined with gentle fleshy sounds.

They arrive at the correct area, their waitress extending her arm towards a large bed in the middle.

"Your chosen partners will join you soon," while offering a list of drinks. Before leaving, making sure to not forget a piece of information that really makes it sink in what they are going to do here.

"Oh, feel free to undress already and make yourself comfortable. You can put your clothes on that little stand."

With the waitress gone, both father and daughter look at each other, unsure on who will signal the start of getting undressed. Eventually Alexei begins by opening his shirt, turning his back to Sasha in a sort of respect for her privacy, as odd as it sounds considering what they are about to do directly next to each other.

Once undressed, Alexei turns around. Sasha has only her bikini top and panties left to remove, facing him sideways. Taking a peek at his crotch. Then she turns her front to him.

"Dad... Could you help open my top?"

Moving closer, Sasha isn't turning around at all, keeping her front facing him. As he reaches her and lowers himself onto his knees, a single warm hand touches his abdomen while he slowly reaches out with both arms around her, feeling for thin straps that hold her bikini top in place. Her hand slides up towards his chest, right above his heart, held in place

once it can feel a heartbeat getting faster. It takes a while to find those straps, not because Alexei doesn't know where they are, but because this feeling of intimate proximity with an overtly erotic tone is something he doesn't want to stop. His little girl pushing herself gently against his chest, a delicate squishiness with two small poking tips pressing into him. Warm breath flowing over his chest, anticipating the moment he is going to tug on those strings.

They unfold while hands behind her move. That small piece of cloth still held up simply by being pressed between their bodies. Moving back only enough to let it start sliding down, while staying as physically close as possible. His arms pressing Sasha closer again once it no longer covers her breasts, this time feeling a pair of bare nipples getting erect as they prod into his chest. An equally erect piece of meat forcing itself between Sasha's thighs.

Neither of them want to separate, but they know this moment cannot last. Their chosen partner can arrive any time now.

Sasha pushes with her hand still touching his chest and creates some distance. Taking a good look on that hard meat that was just earlier rubbing up against her. Almost in disbelief that she is the source of its hardness.

Alexei's hands move to her panties, holding them at the side. Sasha's mouth falls half open as her breathing gets heavier, her own tiny hands resting on his larger palms. A bit of pushing force guiding her father to move downwards while holding that piece of cloth. Alexei isn't looking at where his hands are. Instead having his gaze firmly locked on a pair of blue irises belonging to Sasha who gazes deeply into his in return.

The piece of cloth lowers, his palms caressing her pudgy thighs as it does.

Both fully naked, they still stand in front of each other, the girl on both feet, the man on his knees. And still she only reaches to his upper chest.

Sasha walks backwards, one step at a time. Until she knows Alexei has a clear view of what she wants him to see. First a pale beautiful pair of tits, pink areolae facing slightly upwards and an equally pink nipple rising from the middle.

Then her vagina comes into view. Small... tight looking... a single wet drop hanging below her clit.

...

Some sound breaks the spell, and they both sit down when a large male comes crawling into the room. Sasha's payed for partner. The man seems surprised at first when witnessing a young child that is to be his patron, then smiling towards her and offering an arm to hold her in while they wait for the arrival of Annabelle.

"No window to separate us this time..." Sasha whispers softly to Alexei.

The bed they are sitting on is round in shape. Large enough to easily handle both couples, after all, this bed is meant for these snake folk called naga. Even being only nine years old, Annabelle's tail was about three meters long. That man sitting next to Sasha has to be almost six.

The bed is built into the ground, only sticking out a tiny bit around its elevated edges. Rather than pillows, the entirety is basically a warm pile of rugs forming a comfy surface. Visually it instantly creates a certain impression, that of being a nest. Probably a traditional style of bedding for this species. Ahead of them, in front of the bedding, stands a single wooden pole. Support for this building's roof, but it feels like this thin pole has a different use as well. Lighting on this entire floor sets the mood. A couple windows hidden behind semi-transparent orange screens to let in sunlight, but keep the place shaded while establishing a warm hue. Walls decorated with expensive rugs to help spread that warm feeling. The owner of this place spent plenty of effort in designing it, but such is to be expected from that peculiar woman downstairs who takes her hobby and trade very seriously as a form of art in addition to the greatest of pleasures.

Three women enter the room, holding a musical instrument, part of this dance that got tacked on for free. One of them is none one other than that woman from the counter downstairs, this place's pregnant owner. They start playing their instruments. One being a string instrument which looks and sounds like a Japanese harp, played by Annabelle's mother. Then there is some kind of smaller string instrument, like an elongated primitive violin which is placed on the ground while a woman plays it with a thin bow, creating near - continuous sounds. The last instrument is a sort of flute. Together, they form a type of harmonious music that creates a flowing trance-like atmosphere. Shortly after they begin, the main attraction enters this room in the form of a small nine year old girl.

Annabelle looks elegant, wearing an outfit that instantly fits the mood, designed to emphasize femininity. Several flowing layers of see-through silk in a varied palette of vivid color are covering both her body and back of her luscious hair. An outfit that reminds Alexei of the kind he saw in certain fantasy depictions, like an exotic dancer's outfit in some Arabian Night's theme from a world and culture long gone and replaced, if it ever existed to begin with.

The girl's hair reminds him of Nerine's. Tied up right below the crown at her back, hanging wide. But going a bit further down to around right above the waist. A large hair ornament crowns her at the spot where it is tied, like a double pair of ornamental blades sticking out wide from the middle. Every single strand touched up with care to be at exactly the correct spot, forming the correct angle. Right behind it hang long pieces of colored silk that cover her hair. Reigning emotion radiating from her, one of soft-spoken gentleness, reflected in her eyes that have a reddish tint like that tail. Probably inherited from her mother, as colors of that particular body part seem to be quite diverse, judging from what Alexei and Sasha noticed in other rooms along the way. That male next to Sasha has a different color as well, being more of a grey with green tint.

Gentle her expression may be, this girl is a far cry from shy and timid. Looking completely relaxed, body and smile revealing that she is very much looking forward to performing her erotic dance. Is it because she loves to dance, or has it more to do with having taken an instant liking to who she will be dancing for, Alexei does not know. But he hopes that like with such gentleness in her eyes, he has played at least somewhat of a role in those feelings present in this young child.

The girl begins her dance.

Moving her body as smooth like flowing water, arms guide colored silk through the air. Pace is slow but never ceasing. A non-stop movement with not a single brusque or sudden change that feels out of place, comprising of rotating turns and twists. Her entire body soon joins her arms as she begins to use the full stage area for her performance.

The room has disappeared with everyone in it, except the only ones being left being the one child dancing and Alexei watching her in fascination. At least, that is how it feels like, with his attention fully captured by her every feminine move. How can a child perform such

a sensual dance? She is making excellent use of all flexibility granted to her by that snake-like body, making those silken pieces of cloth flow through the air with art, finesse and elegance.

With a sudden move, a piece of cloth in her hand gets casted aside and immediately replaced by one covering her body. It makes his blood run faster to see her lift that layer off her chest, yet even though its cloth is see-through, the differently colored layers make it impossible to see her most private features. That still doesn't lower the erotic atmosphere surrounding her every move. Right now facing her back to the audience, keeping both hands with just barely enough space between them and her body as they glide down, body enchantingly swaying left and right like the flowing silk she discarded. A glint in the corner of her eyes visible as proof how much this young child is enjoying her ritual dance of temptation.

Another piece glides through the air as it is casted aside, another layer gets pulled from her main body to replace it in her hands. Wait, just how far will she go? Would she strip naked completely? With those instrument players including her own mother still present?

Annabelle begins to interact more with her audience, right now she moved closer to Alexei, lowering herself while closing the distance and rising again, tall on her tail, while a spiral motion flows through. A piece of fabric in her hands flowing with the spiral up and down. After making a full turn-around in place, her eyes firmly stay focused on him for a short while, head tilting backwards as she finishes her turn and doing it all over again before moving on to the opposite side of this stage.

Another layer gets cast aside. There aren't many left, with her naked belly exposed already. Other than these two she is holding and moving around like waves on water, there are only four pieces of cloth left, one decorating the back of her hair, two overlapping to form a kind of skirt which covers her lower modesty, and one over her tiny breasts. With how thin that cloth is, her subtle almost non-existent nine year old bosom should be visible through the thin layer for anyone who gets a good look, but she skillfully moves those two pieces in her hands in such a manner as to make a perfect glimpse impossible.

Annabelle moves towards the middle of the stage and with a single smooth rotating motion she places her back against that one supporting pillar and coils around it, pushing

her body upwards. Somehow she manages to make a reverse spiraling motion back down, making both human spectators wonder how she didn't get tangled into a knot.

She has Alexei so mesmerized with her movements that he didn't realize she got closer once more and is now right in front, within arm's reach. As if joining the instruments, that male naga next to Sasha has begun some rhythmic clapping as music gets more heated. A weird sensation is rushing through Alexei. He can feel it in the mood around him, this dance is nearing its final stage.

She glides her way smoothly around the human male, back facing him so close that he can feel hers brushing against his. When Annabelle appears before him again, both pieces of cloth she was holding are gone from her hands. She comes close in front and raises herself on her tail to right his own height, looking closely with a mysterious smile on her face.

Pulling the remaining vividly colored piece from the back of her hair, she holds it with both hands after having moved it behind the back of Alexei's head, each arm resting on his shoulders. Her face comes closer, only a finger width between her tiny lips and his own. He instinctively wants to reach forward for that open invitation of a kiss, but she pulls back in response, maintaining that finger width distance with a teasing sparkle in her eye. Once Alexei gives up and moves his head back to where it was, she quickly follows up and makes her wet lips touch his for a brief instance, pulling back again straight after and letting go of the piece of cloth held around him. As it slowly floats down to the ground, she moves her hands over both breasts and begins to turn around her partner again.

The music is reaching a peak. Clapping of the male naga has become a full part of the instruments now.

As she moves past Alexei's back once more, he can feel something warm slithering up his legs. Annabelle is coiling around him and reappears in front, holding the edges of that one piece of cloth remaining around her breasts. Finally, hanging slightly above Alexei, using his body as a support with her tail, she places both hands on the sides of his head while still holding onto that last piece of cloth. Having spread it open for Alexei and only Alexei to witness what was hidden beneath. Revealing the naked beauty of an almost flat nine year old and oh so attractive female chest.

The music and clapping come to a sudden stop as the couple remains frozen in place.

A moment in silence where Alexei absorb the gorgeous display of her childlike breasts, until the instrument players and male naga start applauding. Quickly followed by Sasha and Alexei once they come back to their senses after being entranced by this young girl's charming and masterful dance. A proud mother who played harp shedding some tears at the realization her daughter is about to make a big step in life.

Her precious nine year old is ready to receive a first mate.

As the now fully naked girl joins the arms of her partner for a full duration of three hours, the mother comes closer still wiping some tears. Placing a plate of ordered free drinks down. Confusion on Alexei's face as he only sees a pair of empty glasses when he ordered natural milk, since they don't exactly have soda in this world. Not regretting his choice the least bit when noticing the twenty-one year old woman is lowering a strap on that shirt she is wearing and revealing her right plump breast filled with milk of a pregnant woman. Erotically massaging her own breast, the ordered milk starts running out of her nipple, gradually filling the first glass before she does the same with a second. Her assistants who played those other instruments picking up one glass each with both hands, offering them to the father-daughter pair.

Alexei takes it and tastes fresh milk at body temperature, the woman pleased to see his eager expression before he took it, and the clear satisfaction when he started drinking. Then she makes a little bow and leaves the fate of her precious daughter in his hands, considering it nothing other than luck-filled destiny that this room and this nest where Annabelle will receive both her first man and her first sperm, is the same nest where she was conceived by the loving touch of a random patron nine years ago.

After that dance, Alexei is convinced this girl in his arms can indeed be nobody else but the natural daughter of that eccentric landlady. Her love for the trade is already blossoming in equal amounts and she has only begun. The young child peering into his eyes with twinkles in her own, fully expecting a truly magical experience to happen on top of this comfy nest. No doubt having heard plenty of stories and advice from her mother about the ins and outs of what these nests and accompanying lewd sounds from all surrounding

rooms signify. If she has been trained to be as good at mating as she has demonstrated to be at dancing, this is going to be a truly delicious and lascivious treat.

But where to even begin? Alexei knows nothing about naga anatomy. Having entered here unprepared, he has not read about them yet in that wholesome book. Where is her correct entrance? Is there anything in particular he should be aware of? As he traces her entire body with his eyes, the girl is turning her lower body around in a conscious motion to offer her prized goods into view, well trained on how to deal with patrons who don't know the slightest about her species.

Around where the crotch should be is a lighter colored area, almost a pale beige. A sort of fold is visible in her skin. That has to be the area. Now only to hope there isn't more than one hole to choose from so he doesn't have to hedge his bets on which one is correct.

For the first time Annabelle speaks, in as gentle a voice as she looks.

"Mama taught me all about what to do," telling him not to worry about entrances or whatnot, and simply indulge himself in the numerous pleasures her preteen slithering body has to offer.

Meanwhile next to him, the male naga is starting to caress Sasha, carefully fondling her breasts and admiring their natural beauty. Alexei's daughter fully entrusting herself to her partner while enjoying the feeling of his hands, fingers and eventually mouth finding their way all around every bit of surface area.

Alexei can feel the girl in his embrace taking action. Not because it's her job, but out of honest sexual curiosity, since those body movements are too natural, too flirty and eager, to be driven by anything other than pure arousal.

Her snake's tail starts slithering up her partner's leg, smoothly and careful as not to apply too much pressure. Thin outer end waving happily like a dog's tail for a while, only slower, before wrapping itself around something more delicate. A spasm runs through Alexei's body, heading downwards between his legs as the shaft of his penis gets fully hidden underneath. That outer end of a naga's tail is extremely flexible to wrap itself around his shaft so easily. The muscles inside are tensed and softened repeatedly in a slow pattern through her tail, massaging his penis from its base to the front.

"Am I doing it right?" she whispers.

Not sure what counts as “right” for a naga’s standards, but it certainly feels absolutely right to him.

Holding her arms around his neck, she lifts herself up while placing her head closer, the softness of her cheek touching against the roughness of her human mate. By now the girl has begun putting a bit more force into her tail’s grip. This is no longer mere massaging, but has turned into purely a sexual activity.

“Faster?”

He replies to her delicate voice with a short sound meaning yes. She picks up the pace of her massaging and puts even more strength in them, noticing her partner is doing completely fine so far. Yet she is still using only a fraction of all force that tail is capable of, that much can be easily deduced from how very careful she is. Essentially having that fortunate rod of meat wrapped around a flexible piece of muscle and fat that is so strong it could easily pop it off like plucking a mushroom.

Something wet can be felt on his leg, starting around the location where that different colored crotch area is, and starting to run down. It is a sort of white milky substance. Even without knowing naga anatomy, Alexei can easily guess what that can only be. She is leaking her equivalent of pussy juice. Not the translucent type of a human’s, but more like a thinned version of that tasty milk her mother left here. Slightly different in appearance it may be, effect is all the same. A slippery substance which acts as lubricant, preparing her vaginal entrance for its first penetration by a warm male’s unprotected cock.

Annabelle lowers the grip around his penis and comes up closer to his crotch, taking a good look at the goods that she is to get a raw taste of. Knowing what it is for, but never having actually seen one up close before. And certainly not a human’s.

“This will go... inside of me?”

There is something irresistible about the way she asked that.

“Yeah. I mean, if you want to... of course.”

While he paid for that purpose, a part of Alexei is afraid this girl will change minds at the last second. A fear that is totally unfounded as Annabelle had already made up her mind from the start.

“Will we make a baby?” she asks in the most adorable and childlike way possible, tail wiggling slowly as she does, hand held close to a heart beating in her chest, a cutesy face hoping for a yes.

“Well, there’s no guarantee...” Alexei answers somewhat vague, unsure if she can even get pregnant at all. He didn’t consider it possible knowing her age at first, but this is a different species after all. Who knows when they can start making babies? He certainly doesn’t. And that mother sure got knocked up early in life. Wavering with uncertainty, he feels the need to ask. Just in case.

“Would I be okay as the father?”

Her soft-spoken answer is the type that makes any resistance futile and is filled with complete innocent approval and wonder.

“Then we can be mommy and daddy...” she smiles in earnest.

Alexei wasn’t exactly planning on becoming a father, nor does he even know anything about how fatherhood works in naga culture. Still not even sure if she can get pregnant or not. But he does know one thing. When such a sweetie like this tells him she will gladly mate while taking the risk of him fathering a child, even feeling all happy about such, there is simply no way he is not going to take her up on that oh so tempting offer.

Caressing Annabelle’s cheek first, he places his mouth over her small lips. A tongue that is different from a human’s enters his mouth. Thinner and somewhat longer. And that tingly feeling is unmistakably a small fork at its tip.

A hissing sound makes him open his eyes, separating his mouth again. The head of an infant viper has appeared from underneath her luscious hair, quickly followed by another one on the other side. A similarly forked tongue flicking out of them at fixed pace interval.

For a moment he freezes at the natural thought of facing a dangerous predator. Then he puts his trust in what this girl’s mother said before. They rarely bite and aren’t poisonous. So he connects his mouth again with the girl, exchanging saliva with their tongues. The control she has over it is amazing. Moving it around his and reaching every corner of his mouth. Her saliva on the other hand is no different from a regular human’s. A sultry wet sensation as she happily mixes it with his own.

“First kiss?” he asks her afterwards.

A nod.

“You like kissing?”

With a little blush she says yes in a hushed voice, followed by her face coming closer for some more of this strangely alluring kissing thing. For a short moment, Alexei could notice two sharp vampire-like fangs in her mouth, like extendible needles that came out in sheer excitement.

Leaning backwards, he lays down onto the bed with this girl's tongue still entangled around his own. It doesn't take long before the rest of her lower half does likewise with her partner's body, now curling around both legs. Rolling around in this large nest of rugs, her flat chest gets offered as she leans over him, hugging his head with both tiny arms, embracing and coddling her first partner like a mother would her beloved child. Alexei amazed at how a bosom of such humble proportions can offer such overwhelming comfort. Taking her underdeveloped nine year old nipples into his mouth one after the other, licking up her sweat with his tongue, letting his breath tickle her skin as he dives his head into that loving embrace.

A familiar voice can be heard coming from this same nest. Sasha has been coiled almost completely by her chosen partner. In comparison to that adult partner, her tiny body is almost disappeared and at his complete and utter mercy. The landlady's explanation of his strength being capable of turning that large counter into small firewood by simply crushing it to pieces with ease was not an understatement. Sasha can feel such strength radiating through into her body. This male can crush her in an instant, splinter every bone in her body and squeeze all organs into mush in the snap of a finger if he wants to. The mere thought is making her pussy leak like crazy.

For just a moment, he loosens grip. Giving his particularly young partner a chance to size up the goods. Sasha was already curious how this would work, not having noticed any genitals at all before. Now that mystery becomes clear. From a protective skinfold comes a white rod the size of a normal human penis, as if it is lacking pigment. It is covered in some kind of sticky substance. Sasha needs not think about the purpose of this rod, already desiring it to invade her body and go wild. The male tightens his grip again, skillfully having placed his tip at the entrance of this blonde he has coiled around. With a decisive

movement of his lower body, Sasha's inner pussy comes into direct contact with its first sticky naga penis as it immediately dives into her soothing comfort for its entire length. Followed by that powerful tail starting to make repeated movements as the white fleshy rod starts grinding forth and back.

Alexei gets a good look at his daughter from his position. Like Sasha can do the same in turn. Their partners trained to pay attention to all needs of customers who share a room, making sure they always get a sense of awareness of each other's proximity.

Eventually Alexei ends up on top, facing Annabelle. Though her upper body is that of a nine year old, that tail his hips are resting on is more than capable of handling an adult human's weight. After brushing her forehead with his palm and wiping saliva from her lips with a thumb, he raises himself somewhat. She loosens her grip around his legs, understanding what is about to happen.

The time has come.

The time she has been prepared for by her mother through careful education. The purpose of what she danced for, and since hearing that today would be the day, secretly longed for. When she will mate for the first time in her young life with a man she has taken a fancy to. A man she is particularly happy with that he chose to pay extra for that option to do her without protection. Twin vipers hissing in excitement as the same hormones that fill Annabelle with raw lust are coursing through them as well.

Alexei is filled with his own lust and eagerness, wanting to fuck this lovely little medusa with ever growing urgency. Penis pushing against her body, not a clue on where to enter, but dedicated to try every single spot if he has to.

With her loosened grip, he can look at the area where that lighter color change appears. Somewhere around there has to be her entrance to heaven. At least the general area is not hard to recognize thanks to that color change. Touching that area, it feels very soft. Her tail in general felt a lot more smooth, warm and supple than what one would expect from a snake body, but this area in particular is as soft as a sponge cake. It seems like the only weak spot in her entire lower body. All the more reason to take care and try to get this right from the beginning. There is a fold visible which runs down that area, sort of reminiscent

to a vaginal slit. Those milky lubrication fluids are leaking out of that fold and running down her body.

Recognizing the uncertainty in her partner on where to go from here, Annabelle lowers a hand and lightly spreads the fold. A pair of holes are visible, one presumably a pee hole, and the other her vaginal entrance. Only one of them is releasing slippery milk. That has to be it. Placing his finger against it, Annabelle lets a nasal sound of pleasure enter his ears.

Definitely the right spot... Probably... When in doubt, only one thing left to do.

Just wing it.

Placing the head of his penis against her presumed pussy, he tries to push the slit open while moving his tip up and down over its full length. More warm fluids that leak out cover him quickly, running down his shaft. His hands rubbing it all over to ensure successful entrance. This girl is only nine after all. Better lubricate properly.

Annabelle is meanwhile enjoying all stimulation running through her body and is starting to wiggle around her tail move actively, face getting red and eyes beginning to drown in lust.

Where is that damn entrance? He already pushed his penis over her entire slit, and nothing happened. Was he wrong and this is not the right place at all? No, this has to be it. Trying once more, pushing upwards this time until he encounters a small crevice. Though that is kind of a wrong description. Rather than a crevice, it's more that his penis sank just a teensy bit lower down that slit.

This is it. That has to be her entrance...

Pushing harder, her slit widens and his tip begins to sink in. Similar to how the plantlike norn girl felt different from Layla, Serenia or Siera, this pussy too feels different from any before. Yet Alexei knows without any shred of doubt he found the right spot. That sound of pleasure Annabelle began to make when starting to push into her was already a good enough indicator. But there is an even more basic reason behind why he has no doubts on getting it right. While different in sensation than what he is used to, that utterly amazing feeling running through his body can only be explained by nature's perfect little spot, specifically made for a man's penis to warmly nestle into, the warm gripping comfort of a vagina cradled all around.

Complete contentment enters his body when feeling the touch of her supple vaginal area against his own pelvis. Penis disappeared completely into a preteen body. This is the fourth species he now has experience with, including his own, and all of them feel exactly as perfect. As to be expected of a world where all humanoids have been shaped in both body and mind to be perfectly compatible in sex. All of them naturally gifted at it, capable of conceiving cross-species and equally capable of pleasing a partner of whatever type.

Her tail once more begins to tighten its grip. As a direct result of all muscles in that tail tensing, her pussy also tightens up and squeezes harder around his penis. Every move she makes with that lower half can be felt through their deeply connecting genitals. Using that long tail and feminine charm while thoroughly massaging his cock, making him experience an all new type of sex, she is essentially wrapping herself around Alexei's body and mind at the same time. Creating a prison it is impossible to escape from. Bonds that no prisoner would ever even want to escape from. Other than Alexei's head, Annabelle leaves only one area where she doesn't put gripping force into. That one area being her partner's hips, to allow him to repeatedly thrust into her girlhood hidden inside that vulnerable sponge-cake part of her body.

"Ha~ah."

Something warm and wet runs down Alexei's chest. It's some of Annabelle's saliva that leaked out of her mouth as she is holding her head close to his chest, a soft moaning joining Sasha's inside this room. Both of these girls audible for other couples on this floor to enjoy. Sound isolation so purposefully inadequate, Annabelle's mother can hear the recognizable sound of her precious little daughter's voice as she gets banged in this room upstairs. Not that it matters if that mother does, since hearing these sounds of pure joy and earthly pleasure is a direct result of exactly the range of emotions a loving mother wanted to share with her daughter.

One thing is for sure when having sex with a naga. The sense of unity through their grip is overwhelming. Alexei slows down the rhythm to an almost crawl like motion, moving back and forth into her tunnel while occasionally changing angle.

"Nn~!"

Her voice went up for a sudden moment. She liked that angle for sure. Maybe naga have some kind of g-spot there?

She loosens up her grip around their upper bodies so it is possible to look at the man taking her first, eyes drunk on nothing but sex.

“Mating is... so much fun...” she states to him with a drooling smile.

Alexei can only agree in silence at her words and give a kiss on the forehead since her lips are too low to reach in this position. Then he cranks up the pace again as she tightens her grip around their upper bodies once more.

“Aah~”

Feeling their peak is approaching, Alexei cannot resist the thought of dumping his cum straight into her pussy, remembering that mommy and daddy comment and thus grateful to himself for having chosen the option to reject any form of protection.

Rapidly pounding into her, his muscles start to tense.

The thought of making such a young child possibly pregnant is so damn arousing.

Her own thoughts on the matter come without words. Right when pulling outwards in preparation for his last decisive thrust, that piece of tail which was covering his hips loosely to allow easy plowing finally comes into action. Suddenly and vigorously steeling its grip around her mate and shoving his penis forcibly all the way back into the only spot where Annabelle wants her partner to pour his fertile semen, in her hot sticky pussy as deep as possible. Her entire body follows suit and clings to Alexei with unimaginable force.

“Nnn~!”

The pressure around his penis is unlike anything felt before and convulses repeatedly and non-stop from the back to the front, in a concerted effort to push all semen gushing out further into her deepest area. Who knows, maybe right this instant, somewhere inside her womb could be a tiny fertile egg getting covered in this seed. That thought alone is enough to put a second life in his balls, squeezing out some more.

Right next to him can Sasha be seen and heard going through a similar experience as she gets squeezed tight, that piece of meat without pigment showering her womb with a large dose of naga cum.

Two pairs of completely satisfied eyes are staring at each other. Two pairs belonging to father and daughter, both catching their breath like their respective partners are doing. Who knew that entering a peculiar whorehouse with one's underage daughter could be such an immensely satisfying and family - friendly experience?

Serenia is heading from the library towards her bedroom. Technically, it is Alexei's bedroom, but everyone considers it to be her own as well. And "everyone" means about exactly that. Their sexual relationship is an open secret by now, as is Siera's recent addition. Open enough that none of the Academy's personnel bat an eye at seeing both girls walk in a part of the dormitory students normally don't attend. Serenia even feels comfortable by now walking through the corridor in nothing but her nightgown and slippers when needing to take a pee, greeting an occasional Master or staff member along the way. Only for washing herself does she head back to her old dormitory, not feeling comfortable with a man other than Alexei seeing her uncovered.

No need to knock on his door. That would be like knocking on one's own entrance. The place is empty. A warm light coloring walls and floor an orange hue, the sun not having set yet but getting lower and more melancholic as time passes. Feeling like closing their curtains, Serenia heads to the window and carefully tugs at them, dimming all light even further.

Heading towards the desk afterwards to greet two plushy toys as is usual routine. Surprised to find a third one has joined them, quickly understanding who it belongs to. Other than Layla's caterpillar and Serenia's rabbit, a cutesy one-eyed plushy sits right next to them. After leaving the brothel, Alexei made a quick stop in that same toy store he visited a couple weeks ago. Since Siera is part of his life now, he thought it would be sad if she didn't get her own.

After greeting the usual two, Serenia picks up the one-eyed plushy and pats it on the head, starting to groom its hair neatly into place. Then she puts it back down and slides her hand over the desk, reaching for a piece of paper lying on it. Recognizing it as a calendar, she understands what the paper is for, having heard from Siera what happened. Each day on this calendar is marked with a small cute face, some smiling, some looking sad. It has

to be the cyclops' menstruation cycle that Oldor made for her. Today, like coming days for now, are all happy faces. Meaning it is perfectly safe to indulge in raw passionate love.

There is another reason however for this girl in a melancholic mood to have recognized that calendar. After all, she has made her own around two weeks ago. Nobody knows except Serenia herself. Today that will have to end as there is no delaying the inevitable any further. Seeing Alexei so depressed back then, right after that incident... She simply couldn't bother him with her own troubles. Sure, it caused physical discomfort and she was honestly a bit afraid, unsure if that blood she was leaking really had to do with what little knowledge she had on what was suspected as its cause. But determined to find out on her own, spending time reading through a book on the transformation from child to adulthood. Relieved to find out that indeed, releasing blood down there was nothing to worry about. Somewhat early of an age for a human girl perhaps, but nothing out of the ordinary. Yet a new source of worry quickly replaced the old one, having realized she could now get pregnant. Not an issue to Serenia herself, as she would not mind at all to carry Alexei's child. But how would he feel about that? Again something she couldn't bother him with, not at a time of mourning. That book held useful knowledge, allowing Serenia to make her own menstrual calendar. Easing her mind knowing she had time left, marked as safe.

Until today...

Thankfully her target of affection seems to have recovered back to his old self by now. But her worries have strangely enough not faded. In fact, she feels increasingly nervous, knowing the moment is drawing near. He could enter this room any time now, ready to place her on that large bed and take her as usual, and she will have to tell him first.

There is always the option for protection, but that would be a bother. What if he straight out rejects her? No, he wouldn't do that, Master Alexei is not that type of man. But then what is this feeling inside of her? Like she wants to get it over with already. What is that source of uncertainty that is causing her to be so restless?

Alexei's toga is hanging loosely onto a clothes' stand, about ready to fall on the floor at a moment's notice. Really, what is it with men? The boys in her class are no different, having no sense for tidiness and order at all. Then again, there are those like Elenor who isn't any different and teasingly called her a neat-freak before.

Picking up the toga, Serenia neatly folds it like she does with her own clothes and hangs it properly on the rack. Hands lingering afterwards as she has noticed another piece of garment hanging in disorderly manner next to it. That's his white shirt, the one he wore when coming to this world for the first time and the same one worn earlier today, left here when going for a shower after returning from his trip with Sasha.

Her hand glides closer, hovering right over it, fingertips touching its texture of cloth. It is damp to the touch, courtesy of that hot sun still setting right now. Even from where she stands, an odor of male sweat picked up by her sense of smell. There is a powerful attraction radiating from this simple shirt. Why? She has seen his clothes before plenty of times, but they never held this much attraction. Heart already beating faster, lust growing, even a drop of her own sweat starting to roll down the side of her chest.

Serenia grabs onto the shirt and brings it closer. A sweat stain where it covered Alexei's back visible. That odor getting stronger, more irresistible with every passing second. The girl's chest going up and down with increasingly bigger, deeper breaths.

Slowly, she buries her face into Alexei's shirt while holding it with both hands. Breathing in deeply... Slowly... Letting air fill her lungs. Eyes closed to fully focus on that masculine musk. That arousing aroma which permeates the air. A damp and strangely warm touch on her cheeks. Letting all air back out of her body so she can take more of it in straight after.

Serenia just had the strangest of thoughts, unsure how her own mind could even come up with such a thing. What if she were to... wear this shirt? Letting that sweat come into direct contact with her own. Face getting red at such an embarrassing thing. And yet...

Placing the shirt temporarily down on its stand, Serenia starts undressing. Hesitatingly at first, getting more determined and faster as she continues. Standing in soaked panties, letting fingers sink in her skin as she pulls them down. There is not really any need for this particular piece of cloth to go, but she removes it anyway. The notion of wearing that shirt while being otherwise butt-naked too tempting to resist. Hugging herself after closing the last button, pressing its cloth onto her own skin, feeling dampness sticking to her back and chest. Nipples getting erect at a rapid pace. A single hand pushing white fabric between her legs.

Ah, so that is why she felt so restless. Not really understanding the ins and outs that motivate her so strongly, but realizing one thing with absolute certainty.

She wants to fuck.

Body as ready as it can ever be, fully fertile and having released an egg cell. That egg cell now finally in a location where it is ready for merging with a man's seed. Hormones flowing through every cell of her body to fill it with burning lust, enticing and seducing this young child, priming her for the act of reproductive mating. Pheromones releasing from every pore, forming a trail of breadcrumbs behind Serenia as she walked through the hallway that led her into this room, in hopes of luring an equally fertile male. Filling this entire bedroom with her innocent looking yet overwhelming sultry presence.

And this shirt... With its male equivalent of sweat soaked manliness tempting her to the point she would never even consider the use of any protection. All of it having made that underwear she removed soggy wet, letting fluids run down her inner legs as her body prepares itself for nothing other than to be impregnated, the sooner the better.

A single thought lingering incessantly and overbearingly in the forefront of her mind.

She wants to fuck so desperately, right here, right now...

...

The door opens.

Serenia so absorbed into that drowsy hypnotizing aroma she hasn't even noticed her raging pheromones have lured a suitable male into this bedroom. The man has noticed straight away something is off about this girl he is witnessing, as she lovingly basks with eyes closed in the comfort provided by a simple oversized white shirt. Her presence already known to him, even from all the way back into the corridor leading to this room. Like a strangely alluring invisible presence that tugged him all the way from the staircase towards this door, compelling him to enter and get closer towards a girly figure standing here still unaware and completely vulnerable.

A large hand reaching out to her...

"Ah!"

Her voice suddenly resounds through the room in a short and cute yelp as she gets completely caught off guard, surprised at a sudden touch on her shoulder.

“Hey, it’s only me. Sorry if I scared you.”

Alexei had entered the room and said hello before, but she didn’t hear him. Only the touch of his hand breaking the spell casted by his sweat-soaked shirt.

Embarrassed, she looks at the shirt covering her body, then back to Alexei. Unsure how to respond at getting caught in the act. Lips trembling while her mouth is busy trying to find an excuse. Eyes shifting anywhere but his in a futile attempt to avoid reality. Sounds beginning to form, but not really forming any actual words.

Sounds that get sealed as Alexei lowers himself before Serenia and gives a kiss. The growing panic of being caught dissolving in an instant, hands losing strength and seeking rest on his arms.

“Did that help you feel better?” he whispers to the girl.

“Need a bit more,” she answers, already longing for that other kiss which follows up.

When he starts to undress, clearly driven by lust, she gathers what little sanity left in her own lust-drowned mind and places a hand on his abdomen, slowly pushing herself away. Alexei stops, having understood that something is on Serenia’s mind.

“What’s wrong?” he asks.

“There is something you should know...” her eyes look downwards, a hand over her heart, clenching into that shirt in uncertainty.

“You’re pregnant?” Alexei responds straight away.

“Eh? No,” Serenia is surprised at his words. His voice seemed so calm and kind, like what he guessed was no big deal at all. “Some time ago, my period started.”

“Around when?” he asks curiously.

“The day after... You know...” comes a meek reply, trying to avoid painful memories for Alexei, who has understood what she is trying to say and trying to avoid.

“I see... And today is a dangerous day?”

Serenia nods in silence.

“So that is why...” he ponders out loud. That is why she feels so irresistible. Why the moment he reached the staircase his hormones were starting to flare up like fuel thrown on fire. Why when entering this room, these female pheromones filling every nook and cranny have been turning that fire into a blazing inferno. Explaining why once witnessing

the single girl inside this room wearing an oversized shirt while otherwise butt - naked, this same girl who has always looked beautiful and attractive, who he had sex with plenty of times already, made him feel like he wanted to throw her instantly on the bed. Shoving his dick in straight away and fuck her like a horny animal till she is all smothered up inside with his sperm.

Of course he would. That is exactly what her body is trying to make him do with masterful skill and dedication.

Alexei opens the fresh shirt he has been wearing since taking his shower with such a hurry one of its buttons is popping off, casting it aside afterwards like a nuisance that has to go. Followed by jumping out of his pants in equally rapid pace.

“Eh?” Serenia can hardly believe what she is seeing. She just told him today was a dangerous day. Why is Alexei undressing with such a driven hunger? That hand she is still holding onto her own chest clenching harder with growing hope and desire. A rush coursing through her entire body when Alexei suddenly reaches out after undressing, holding Serenia tight and whispering right next to her ear.

“You’re so damn hot I could eat you right now.”

Small arms grasp with love around his neck when he kisses her once more, instantly pushing her own tongue into his mouth. Wet sounds leaking from their connected mouths as they seek each other’s warm saliva, spilling some as it comes running down her chin. Neither of them bothering to remove it. Not a romantic type of kiss, but one born out of pure desire of a girl knowing she is about to mate at exactly the right time to conceive life. Combined with total lust brought forth from an adult man whose entire being has been overwhelmed by the singular thought he is about to procreate with a fertile twelve year old child.

While kissing, her hands get assisted by Alexei’s as they both begin to unbutton her oversized shirt.

Disconnecting from her mouth, licking up drool from her lips, he then looks towards the glory underneath that shirt. Neither of them having to fold it open to reveal what lies beneath, as Serenia’s body is already sliding all white cloth aside by merely breathing in and pushing her chest forward, craving every bit of attention from this fertile male in front.

Every tiny muscle in her chest perking up a gorgeous pair of tits as they call out for Alexei. An enchanting smile forming on Serenia's face as she tilts her head just a tad downwards and sideways, a subtle sway running through her large off-center ponytail. Alluring eyes glued onto his, letting her love know what he is looking at is in its most fertile hour and fully his to consume completely raw and natural.

Arching her back to tilt those soft mounds even more and gently putting some pulling force in those arms still wrapped around her man's neck. Seeking his warm saliva around whatever nipple he prefers, both vying with each other for his attention with their overflowing feminine charms. Alexei hesitating on which one to pick, both equally desirable as they stand proud on a nearly flat breast. Poking forward from the midst of a pink areola, a circle that contrasts beautifully with her pale soft tits.

Alexei settles for the one that is a tiny bit closer to his mouth, savoring taste and texture of a delectable hard nipple on his tongue, and the distinct delightfulness of her breast over his lips. Some of her pheromone filled sweat is covering that breast, adding to taste while offering a different sense to indulge simultaneously.

Sucking on a tit never tasted as good as it does now.

Serenia is pulling his head closer to her chest... This isn't good enough... Even closer...

Arms locked tight to ensure this man trapped in her bosom cannot escape.

"Ah..." An audible breath that came from somewhere deep leaves her body. Every sense of her being surrendering to that sensation of a mouth, tongue and teeth rolling, biting, sucking and licking her nipples. A sensation that only pauses for what short while it takes to seek the charms of the other nipple. A hand always on the one right next to it, squeezing together what little surface area its tender breast has to offer. Having her tits sucked, squeezed, pressed and fondled never felt this heavenly. An experience so strong the young child can't find enough strength anymore to stand, starting to sink onto her knees while the man firmly fused to her chest lowers in tandem.

Twenty minutes pass simply enjoying numerous temptations her chest has to offer, before Alexei starts lowering to taste the rest of her body as Serenia lays herself down on the floor's carpet. A little giggle aimed at his direction when softly blowing into her bellybutton, kissing it straight after.

Serenia has already spread her legs, inviting Alexei to lower further. Hovering over her pussy, he takes in the damp moist air that surrounds it. Source of invisible temptation which lured him from all the way inside that corridor is at its strongest right here, an assault on his sanity as her pheromones are acting out their role as most potent aphrodisiac in existence. And doing so in a way that makes quite the appetizing feast for his eyes. Visibly sticky wet, juices soaking into the carpet to serve as a lovely memory for days to come. A single lick over her pussy accompanied by a sugary voice. A pair of hands resting on the back of his head to nudge him closer. Pudgy thighs brushing themselves up against his cheeks. A kiss on her clitoris first, followed by digging his tongue into her depths. Welcomed instantly by fluids preparing her vagina for procreation. A short flex of her thighs squeezing some of it out, past his tongue and into his mouth. Alexei savoring her taste before swallowing it.

Every one of her breaths is getting audible, betraying this girl is finding it increasingly harder to contain her own enjoyment. Body restless as every part makes subtle erotic movements, starting to beg for something far more intimate, far more intense. That pair of hands around Alexei's head loosening, causing him to face her, looking straight into a pair of dreamy eyes filled with joy. She calls out to him in a voice that is partly a moan. Reaching her arms out towards him, fingers stretched out, hands wide open.

Entering her inviting embrace, Alexei places one arm beneath her bum and another underneath her back, lifting the girl as he stands back upwards. Penis raised in bursting excitement that the time has finally come. Serenia's chest heaving to take in enough air for what will now follow. The culmination of what her mind and body has worked hard for this entire intimate session. A thick strand of lubrication finding its way onto that penis pointing at her from below, making sure to guide it straight into its rightful place.

The only thought that runs through both of their minds right now, the understanding that this young fertile vagina is about to meet a fertile cock, and neither of them are using any protection whatsoever.

A thought that makes Alexei lower the girl until he can feel his penis poking into her soaking wet entrance.

A thought that makes Serenia reposition her rear in just the right angle to let her pussy slide easily over his shaft. Gravity doing the rest as Alexei can feel his cock digging all the way inside her slippery warm tunnel.

Pressing both tits into his chest and holding onto those broad shoulders, Serenia starts grinding her own hips. The open oversized shirt covering her entire back and bum as it moves up and down together with the girl still wearing it.

Alexei's second arm quickly joins his other one that supports her bottom, helping with pushing her up and down. Sounds reverberating of what both desired more than anything else in the world since they occupied this room, audible in its most erotic form possible. Carnal sounds of a man in his thirties fucking a girl who is merely twelve during the dangerous height of her period.

Serenia's ponytail bouncing happily up and down, matching movements of its owner.

A single pause of the girl, in tune with her partner and knowing what he wanted to do. They tumble down onto their bed, its springs bouncing them up and down afterwards as it releases all energy it had to absorb. The couple rolling around while deeply connected, until they lay sideways. The man between her legs immediately beginning to plow into her vagina once more. With one leg raised over his, Serenia thoroughly enjoying the feeling of that familiar rod of meat and skin rubbing itself firmly into her supple insides, knocking onto her womb every time it digs in deep. Then pulling out again, skin stretching itself before getting dragged out, as if it refuses to leave her loving grip. Only to get shoved back all the way into that soothing embrace.

They had sex plenty of times before.

They never used any protection either.

But it never felt as perfectly right as it does now.

"Sera..." Alexei is calling her name.

"Nn~" she replies in the sweetest voice possible.

No further explanation is needed, no extra words necessary. Only a name, followed by an affirmative moan. That is everything required to get all meaning across. He was letting her know it is about to happen. And she was responding in shared knowledge and emotion.

Knowledge that the one thing they both wish for right now is going to happen after this very next thrust.

His orgasm will rage.

Hers will follow in unison.

That much is the same as always, but one piece of crucial confirmation added for both.

He is going to put a baby into her.

That final thrust happens. A warm feeling rushing through Serenia as she can feel the thick broth of life gushing into her fertile womb. Body responding by squeezing hard in turn, rejoicing from head to toe at receiving what she wanted from the very beginning. Amounts produced a record for Alexei, not wanting to leave anything up to chance at the prospect of conceiving life inside this lovely and willing mother-to-be. Still pouring into her even when it is already spilling out, thick white broth spreading onto her lower thigh and running onto their bed. Not wanting to pull out, this time not only because of overwhelming feeling of pleasure, but also out of fear even more will spill out and go to waste. What a shame that would be, when this child has an egg ready to be fertilized.

...

Serenia is listening to the heartbeat she can hear from his chest. A heartbeat jumping with joy. Her breath flowing down as fast as her partner's while recovering from their combined efforts. A hand placed on her belly as a confirmation of what just happened. Dreaming away at the comforting touch of Alexei softly combing through her hair before starting to caress her butt cheek. Cuddling for half an hour in silence. Plenty of time to hog Alexei completely to herself. Siera had to visit the Headmaster after all, who is giving her an explanation on all responsibilities of becoming a potential mother, now that she has her periods. And letting the cyclops know a regular health checkup is planned by Oldor, considering her promiscuous lifestyle making it very likely that naughty cyclops will get knocked up in no time. Little do they know there is another girl in this Academy who has already crossed that line right here in this bed, cuddling at this very moment in silence with her partner in crime.

For the first time since their combined orgasm a word gets spoken.

"Sera?"

She looks up towards the voice.

“Want to go again? You know, just to be sure.”

A jolt runs through her lower body, coming from that cock still nestled inside of her.

A cute little sound meaning yes gives that rod exactly what it wants.

CHAPTER 10



Fishing for Love

Two weeks have passed. As Alexei is having a casual chat with his daughter after their morning lecture, he notices the pale look of Siera as she comes out of the toilet. Asking the one-eyed girl what is wrong, her answer is one that raises doubt.

“I felt sick since this morning.”

“Does it hurt somewhere?” Sasha asks, worried about her friend’s health.

“No, only feeling sick. But I’m better now, except really hungry.”

“Didn’t you have a health checkup recently? When was that again...?” Alexei asks, having a good suspicion what could be bothering Siera.

“A couple days ago.”

“Oh yeah, during morning hours,” Alexei states out loud, remembering that she got quite annoyed at having to go for a preliminary checkup in the morning on that first day marked as a sad face. Meaning she could get pregnant then. And knowing what this girl’s

grand dream and ambition in life is, becoming a mother, she had some other plans that day than going to Oldor for a checkup. And to be completely honest, Alexei had similar plans with her that day as well. But doctor appointments always come first.

“I have another checkup in two days,” she adds on.

“Yeah well, better go get checked out right now. I’ll go with you.”

Oldor is mixing a couple drops of the sample of urine he had Siera take, together with some other substance in a small beaker, shaking it around while its color starts to change.

“Oh, before I forget again, I still have those dried pig things,” Alexei suddenly remembers his errand. Having completely forgotten about those after dropping the bag in a corner.

“No longer necessary,” Oldor replies in a calm tone. Turning towards Siera who is happily wagging her legs while sitting on a bench.

“Congratulations. Looks like your dream of being a mother is going to happen.”

The girl squeals out in happiness, jumping down from that bench and pulling at Alexei’s shirt. “I’m going to be a mommy!”

Alexei pats her on that neatly brushed black hair and gestures Siera to calm down. He had a suspicion already. Still, he wouldn’t have guessed this happening so fast. Sure, he slept with her unprotected every night and day, including that first one which was marked down as dangerous as soon as she got back from her appointment. But that isn’t long ago at all. He has to ask for clarification.

“You sure? I mean, that only could have happened recently. Aren’t these symptoms too fast?”

Serenia certainly doesn’t feel morning sickness yet, and she got confirmed pregnant too. Last week already, very likely conceived that day he caught her wearing his shirt.

“One hundred percent,” Oldor answers. Explaining these rapid symptoms are nothing extraordinary for a cyclops. Holding the number one spot of any humanoid species when it comes to how quickly they progress from conception to effectively giving birth. A mere three months. Same reason while she feels such a strong sense of hunger. That’s because

she actually needs those nutrients for her baby's rapid growth. Makes sense then she would already be affected by such symptoms.

"It happened three days ago," Oldor continues, apparently his test capable of giving an accurate timeframe. Three days being a date that matches with when she had her previous checkup, the day Siera was first capable of getting pregnant.

"From the very first day..." Alexei states his not-so-big surprise.

"So who is the lucky father?" Oldor asks the giddy cyclops.

She starts wondering, tilting her head sideways with one finger next to her mouth. Finally finding the answer.

"I don't know!"

Too many possibilities no doubt, Alexei himself being most likely candidate.

"We could always confirm later," Oldor replies.

"Those alchemy tests sure are capable," Alexei wonders out loud.

"Oh yeah, I can check all kinds of information. Date of conception, mother and child's health, identity of the father, species..."

Alexei realizing only when Oldor mentioned species that Siera is an entirely different species. And they are all compatible in this world. How would that even work? Imagine if he were the father, which he hopes and expects to be the case, what would their child be? Human or cyclops? He would be fine with either but is definitely curious.

"So uh, what happens if species is different? Who determines what the baby will be?"

Siera herself seems quite interested in hearing the answer to this question as well, trying to calm down her giddiness to hear it, and failing to do so with some obvious energetic bouncing up and down.

"Most often the female determines, but there are some rare species where the father does," Oldor replies, having accurately guessed Alexei's underlying question, giving a specific example. "If the father were human, like you, she would give birth to a cyclops."

"A cyclops baby!" Siera instantly cheers out loud, hinting that she does have somewhat of a clue who the father would be after all.

Once that medical examination is finished, Alexei guides Siera back to her classmates so she can join the next lecture which should start soon. Arriving at the classroom, all students seem excited for some reason. Reaching the usual group of Sasha, Serenia and Elenor, they get joined by Siera who starts sharing her joy instantly about this positive result of her examination. Once they have calmed down somewhat, Alexei asks what got them so excited before. Turns out they heard some great news. Tomorrow all students will finally receive their first wand.

Loud clanging of a bell from the clock tower marks the start of a new hour. Tudor is walking right next to Alexei as they both head towards the Academy's aquatic wing.

"I thought those two groups were always separated?" Alexei wonders.

"Usually, but we do make carefully supervised exceptions now and then."

Today's lecture is going to be a new experience. Different than the normal separation through A and B aquarium, all species will have a shared class.

"Isn't that dangerous? Weren't they supposed to be predators and prey?"

Tudor explains that is more of a rough classification, and any real danger only presents itself when certain conditions are met. Most of those having to do with mating behavior, causing predator species to potentially lose control and give in to their more primitive urges, which don't always end with simply mating. And some other reasons related to specific locations or periods in their lives that can trigger similar responses.

"Don't let them flirt with each other and things will be fine," the Headmaster concludes in an almost casual sounding manner, giving the underlying motivation after noticing Alexei isn't exactly convinced.

"Think about it, our Academy can't always be there to keep them safely under our wings. Fostering responsibility and how to handle it appropriately is a part of our task as an educational institute. Similar to how we teach our students *how* to think and not *what* to think, there is a stark difference between merely raising into adulthood and also educating into maturity. Ensuring those differences gets effectively practiced would be *our* responsibility."

This seems to bring the point home for Alexei. Having served as a teacher in Japan and grown up himself in the educational system of a Western country, he understands that difference well enough. Remembering that he often felt critique was warranted on how educational institutes were increasingly failing at their task, standards continuously dropping to the lowest common denominator while holding a race straight to the bottom between academia and all its students, a race to see who can shed themselves from any and all responsibilities the fastest. Rather than passing on a culture's collective knowledge and values while educating a student into a proper functional member of society in both mind and body, simply concerned with only acting as a day-care center until children physically grow into an empty shell of an adult with the mindset of a pampered juvenile till the day they die from old age, never having been taught on how to think, only how to remember and repeat. Utterly naïve and unprepared, often leaving them shocked or even traumatized by even the slightest bump or upset on the rough road that is life.

A stark contrast with this world, where someday these children will have to be released from the Academy, and when that time comes they better be prepared for the harshness offered by this world they live in. A societal duty they actually seem to understand and take seriously here.

They arrive at the entrance to both aquariums.

"So which one should I use?"

"Always A for these kind of combined lectures," Tudor states, tapping at a sign showing available on the left door leading into A aquarium. "B is too dangerous a habitat for A inhabitants, since it contains dangerous life like anemones."

"Never seen one of those in class," Alexei wonders what type of humanoid he is talking about.

"Of course you didn't. They are normal marine wildlife, not humanoid at all. Harmless to B's normal inhabitants and proper lecture material," Tudor slaps his palm onto the left door again. "Anyway, this one is always safe for everyone. Here you will have your lecture." Then the Headmaster returns to his private quarters.

Since classes only start in half an hour, Alexei begins exploring this wing and its nearby aquatic dorms. Eventually encountering two very familiar faces.

“Hello there,” he greets both young girls.

They are Lorelei and Nerine, resting at the edge of a water canal. Both responding in completely opposite yet predictable manners. One happy to see him, the other instantly trying to hide behind her friend. A display which seems like such a strange contradiction to their background as A and B aquarium members, predator hiding behind prey. A thought that doesn't last for long as Alexei's eyes are already getting noticeably distracted by the soft and squishy bounty protruding from Lorelei's chest. At first thinking she must have grown somewhat, but then realizing that is a wrong impression caused by the girl lifting her own breasts to make them appear bigger than they actually are. Wondering if she is doing it on purpose or subconsciously. Hard to tell since it wouldn't be the first time she gives him a pleasing eyeful, plenty aware of her own feminine charms and not the least bit reserved about them. Quite a difference with the more modest and timid Nerine seeking soothing comfort of her friend's shadow.

“Why so shy? I'm not going to bite,” Alexei tries to make the scylla girl feel a bit more at ease.

But said tentacle girl only seems to get more cautious in return, prompting a response from her friend who tries to answer for her. Lorelei starts pointing at his notebook, gesturing she wants to write something down. Giving the mermaid what she wants, she starts scribbling down at a rapid pace with her usual feminine and refined handwriting.

“Nerine is only worried about you.”

Alexei's eyebrows make a frown out of curiosity.

“Worried? About me? What is there to be worried about?”

Nerine tugs at her friends arm, indicating she doesn't want her to talk about it, but gets ignored with a friendly smile as Lorelei writes down the answer.

“♥ Nerine is afraid you will like her ♥”

Written with cute hearts around it for extra emphasis. Alexei finally understands and gives the answer out loud.

“Oh, because she is a scylla, who can lose control during... mating?”

The mermaid splashes her white-with-red tail in the water while nodding, indicating he got it right. Nerine looking down into water while covering her bikini with both arms while Lorelei writes some more.

“She avoids everyone, but especially males.”

Nerine is afraid of her inner animalistic nature and seeks to avoid any and all possible confrontation which could entice that nature to come forward.

“I don’t want to fall into a feeding frenzy,” Nerine finally opens her mouth, while her friend hugs her in a comforting manner.

Alexei knew her kind could be dangerous during mating, but to what degree is a mystery to him. Some bruises or maybe scratches is about all he imagined it to be. Like getting into a rough catfight. Asking for clarification, since that term sounds quite violent, he gets a far more brutal depiction than he could have guessed. Making him understand that title as a top predator is apparently not merely for show.

“So if you avoid people, how did you two get to know each other?”

“Because Lorelei is persistent,” the young scylla replies, getting instantly hugged even tighter as the mermaid rubs her cheek on Nerine’s. Eventually letting go and writing down some more.

“Nerine is always lonely.”

“I am not!” Nerine says out loud, having peeked at what is written on Alexei’s notebook. Immediately withdrawing back behind her friend.

Alexei feels conflicted about all this. On one hand he finds it praiseworthy this girl has enough responsibility to understand the level of threat she can provide while acting to prevent such from happening. On the other hand Lorelei is right, and that seems like too much of a lonely lifestyle which is unnecessarily strict. Finding a proper medium sounds about right.

“You know, I really think you should have some more confidence in yourself.”

“You didn’t even know what a feeding frenzy is?” Nerine responds.

A fair point, he has to admit. Alexei’s thoughts on this matter probably don’t sound all that assuring considering his lack of knowledge. Still, there is one reason which hasn’t changed at all and is reliable enough to him.

“Lorelei, Sasha, all your friends trust in you. And I trust in them. That is all proof I need to know I can trust you.”

Lorelei splashes her tail in excitement, agreeing with every word while at the same time flattered about his display of trust in her judgement as well.

“But Sasha is your own child...?” Nerine voices her disbelief. Finding it hard to understand how a father would be okay with his own daughter hanging out with this potentially dangerous species.

“Yeah well, Sasha is firmly into boys. I doubt she is going to get in a situation that will cause you to lose control. Besides, I would still be okay with you girls hanging out. No matter how dangerous you are.”

Lorelei starts writing down again, this time showing it to both him and Nerine.

“♥ Because you like little girls ♥”

While true, that was not exactly what Alexei had in mind. Thinking more about their dysfunctional relationship and how denying Sasha a choice in friends is not something he is capable of. Their entire relationship having even grown recently, built entirely upon trust he wouldn't do such things. But yeah, that “little girls” part is also a valid reason for keeping Nerine around.

“So, you two will be having class together soon?” he tries to subtly change topic into a different direction, having thought of a possible angle on how to give Nerine a little push in the back.

The mermaid happily nods while Nerine mumbles a yes. If Alexei hadn't seen her before a couple times by now he wouldn't have noticed, but her voice had a hint of hidden excitement in it. As distant this child may act, she really does want to hang out with her friends. Filling him with confidence in what he is going to try and get across.

“As a scylla, you have to be pretty darn strong, right?” he follows up on his previous question.

Nerine nods, unsure where he is going with this. An answer that Alexei already expected. Unsure still on exactly how dangerous she may be, but those tentacles have to be potent weapons. Each of them is practically a miniature version of that naga tail he got to know intimately the earlier day. Combined they have to be a powerhouse of brute strength.

“Alright then, could I ask you a favor?”

Nerine tilts her head in confusion. What could he possibly ask?

“Could you look after Lorelei during class? Think about it. There will be boys from B aquarium, and she is rather... tempting.”

A glance on the mermaid’s naked chest wasn’t really necessary to make Nerine understand what he is talking about, but he couldn’t help himself from peeking anyway.

“With your strength, you can keep her safe, yeah?” Alexei states with conviction while looking straight at the scylla.

Nerine is starting to look worried. He is right, there will be boys from B aquarium, and Lorelei is way too kind and trusting for her own good.

“Can I count on you?” Alexei gives the finishing touch.

Nerine nods, suddenly holding the arm of her friend more protectively rather than hiding in her shadow.

Alexei’s plan worked out fine. He isn’t that worried at all. As Tudor said, there will be supervision, and he only has to keep an eye on these students to ensure they remain focused on his lecture and not each other. But if this girl is worried about the danger her own strength provides, then why not direct that strength into a protective purpose?

“Thanks, having someone reliably strong around is comforting to know.”

A strange sense of pride is subtly budding inside the timid girl. Her mermaid friend clinging happily while showing her complete trust, glancing with a warm smile towards Alexei in understanding of what he just did.

It is almost time to begin the lecture, Nerine starting to leave while Lorelei lingers behind with Alexei. Simply remaining seated on the edge of a canal right next to him while gently splashing her tail in the water and squeezing those breasts some more. Earlier may have been subconsciously, but those eyes right now are making it plainly obvious this mermaid is well aware of what she is doing. Openly and invitingly turning her chest towards him a bit more, lifting that little bit higher with a devious smile. Tilting her head slowly, long copper colored wavy hair brushing against her back and slowly gliding down her shoulder. Waiting for some kind of response from Alexei, who is too captivated by that pair of lifted charms to notice. A response that pleases her just as much.

Suddenly jumping into the water, slowly lifting her tail to start floating on her back. Keeping Alexei firmly in her gaze while covering both breasts with a hand over each, squeezing them a bit underneath as their round edges come peeking out from underneath her tiny palms.

His heart is beating faster.

She is doing it again...

Like she did before...

Openly flirting.

Her eyes are twinkling, aware that the adult man looking at her is charmed yet frustrated. Wanting to see what is underneath those hands. Sure, this girl is always naked, but there is a giant difference between looking at boobs under those regular circumstances, and looking at them now that she is so enchantingly flirty.

A quick shift of his eyes towards hers, mouth opening somewhat, before focusing back onto those hands and all softness beneath. Waiting and peering in silence for only one reason. A reason that becomes reality as those hands start to move outwards. Inner halve of her tits getting gradually revealed, still barely covering the nipples, edges of a pink circle already visible. Red hair spreading out on the water surface forming a carpet that contrasts with her skin.

Another quick shift to her eyes, another quick pleading to continue what she is doing.

Her hands slide down into the water, tits fully revealed. Her white - with - vivid - red tail raising more till it breaks the water surface. Main body only the same size as Sasha's, but with those long lush fins included, forming a sort of free - flowing skirt, she is about as long as Alexei. His eyes are scanning down that part of her body. A part he never quite got a good look at. A part that has always been covered by those fins. It has to be there, somewhere... A soft lower area... Where could it be? Underneath this small pair of fins?

While floating on her back, parallel to the edge, Lorelei reaches out for the notebook and pencil, holding it in front and quickly writing something down. Turning the notebook around to show it while peeking from behind with twinkly eyes. Its contents only a single word.

“Interested?”

“Yeah... I am,” he replies in a charmed trance.

The pair of fins start to move. Opening like a curtain to reveal what lies hidden.

A slit... Two openings... One of them no doubt the entrance that Alexei wants to know more intimately. Letting his eyes glide over her entire body while she scribbles one more thing. Placing his notebook face-down on the floor and suddenly diving backwards under water. Alexei leaning forward automatically as he tries to get a last glimpse of what she offered. Noticing the mermaid making a tumble underwater as she quickly rises and breaks the surface afterwards. Arms wrapping around his neck and a small wet pair of lips locking with his own for a mere instant. Then she lets go again and dives underwater, following Nerine who was patiently waiting a bit further.

Alexei finally picks up the notebook after simply staying frozen in thought for twenty seconds. Noticing a large heart shape drawn on its paper with something written inside that is a whole lot more tantalizing after what just happened than it seems.

“Dorm A Room 15.”

The lecture is finished. Looking after this mixed group of students who normally don't attend the same classes turned out to be not that difficult. Understandable that this isn't a norm though, as there were multiple assistants present to help keep an eye on them, since this was these student's first time together. Apparently such assistants are no longer needed as they rapidly get used to this. A valuable experience for the students no doubt.

Lorelei is leaving while being escorted by Nerine. That can be taken literally, as the octopus girl has taken her newly assigned responsibility very serious. To be fair, it did help out, as for more than obvious reasons this naked seductive mermaid drew plenty of eyes. Before leaving, she raises from the water as tall as possible and waves at Alexei, hand stretched high.

Alexei is looking at the notebook and what is still written on it. Lorelei has one more class after a short break, so there is no point in visiting that specific room just yet. Unsure what to do and running hot with impatience, he heads towards his own private room, reaching for a book that had already shown its value in the not so distant past. What would it have to say about mermaids? What kind of information is he even hoping for at this

point? Some doubts enter his mind. Surely he didn't misread her? The way she seduced him, there is no way this girl invited him only to tease and leave him hanging... Right?

Reading through the suitable chapter, tidbits of information get absorbed with eagerness. Loved by sailors, very social, a compelling desire to help bred into their very nature... Then the first piece of information which truly piques his interest. Very flirtatious and loves mating with those they save. She didn't save him, but hey, that part of her nature is a good start already. But still not that one piece of information Alexei was looking for.

After flipping another page, his heart beats faster. There it is...

A picture of mermaid genitalia. A slit with two holes, and the crucial answer to what Alexei wanted to know. Which one to take? Upper one is for urine. Lower one for mating. Perfect, that crucial piece of knowledge could prevent some embarrassing situations.

Huh, look at that. According to this book, other than anemones, scylla do form the most common threat to mermaids. That trusting nature of mermaids resulting in not avoiding scylla as they sometimes should. And those scylla in turn can get seduced easily by flirtatious mermaids so they give in to temptation. Often a deadly union as one consumes the other once their romantic deed is done.

Ah well, in this case they are both girls, and Lorelei obviously is into males.

Might as well take a look at what this book says about Nerine, curiosity peaked by both that conversation earlier today and this little piece of trivia.

Flipping through the pages, Alexei reaches the chapter on scylla. Ah yes, there it is. King and queen of the seas. With an entire paragraph devoted to this feeding frenzy. Many pictures, but none of that curious beak mouth he read about just now. Too bad, but these pictures that do exist more than make up for it by their lewdness, as expected from this book. Mating described as being easiest on land, or by using a water-breathing spell.

Alexei scratches his chin. The mermaid chapter also mentioned this specific spell as being a favorite to get a full experience.

"Water-breathing eh...?"

Time for a visit to the library.

Having found a book on basic spells, he finds the suitable chapter. As basic as it can get really, usually the first spell one learns. The proper term for casting it is written down right here. Even an apprentice wand should have this spell in its repertoire of presets. Only one problem remaining...

He doesn't have a wand.

"Well fuck..."

"Hmm..." a voice comes from behind him.

Turning around, Sato is standing close, peeking into the book of basic spells.

"Water-breathing? What do you need that one for?"

If one were to describe Alexei right now, it would best be coined shifty-eyed. Obviously trying to find an excuse, making it all the more clear his real reason is either suspect in legality or of an embarrassing nature.

"Oh... I get it..." Sato says with a face that gets gloomier by the second.

"Lucky you," he adds on in a depressed tone.

"Yeah, if I actually had the means to cast it," Alexei mumbles, annoyed by both the fact he doesn't have a wand and getting caught by this guy.

Sato's face suddenly finds renewed vigor. "Oh of course, you don't have a wand yet."

Alexei gets a foreboding feeling this geeky guy is going to make a proposal he can't refuse.

"I could help you out... On one condition."

There it is... That foreboding part.

"Tada~, fully charged!" Sato says out loud while pulling a wand from his back pocket.

Wondering where he got that from, it turns out the Japanese man has been learning a thing or two about casting some magic of his own since he has been here for longer than Alexei. Having officially requested permission from the Headmaster to do so. Or more accurately, begging for it.

"Why did you go that far?" Alexei asks.

Sato gives the answer with a voice filled with miraculous wonder, accompanied by a fitting hand gesture.

"Wind magic..."

Immediately followed by mimicking a miniskirt getting lifted up. What other reason would there be?

Trying to ignore what he heard, Alexei reaches out for the wand in Sato's hand, but Sato snatches it backwards.

"A-a-ah... You didn't say the magic word."

A painful smirk appears on Alexei's face.

"Fine... What do you want?"

Sato's face turns to a creepy smug look.

"Nothing special, really. Merely putting in a good word for me."

No need to ask what for.

"Fine," Alexei begrudgingly agrees, reaching for the wand.

"Oh, and I want to hear all details afterwards," Sato still refuses to let go.

"You said one condition, not two."

"I am altering the deal, pray I do not alter it any further," a dark brooding voice returns.

Alexei grumbles some more while pulling the wand from Sato's hand, agreeing with these terms.

Heart is beating faster as Alexei approaches the room mentioned on his notebook. Borrowed wand held in one hand, praying that this shit better works. According to all info from that spell book and what Sato said, he only has to properly pronounce the correct spell word while visualizing its matching rune, and this wand will do the rest. Simple really. The basics of learning magic more about memorizing these words and runes than anything else. One cast should last for around thirty minutes. And they can be stacked too, already casted right now to a total duration of two hours. Not that Alexei feels any difference about his body. Not sure if it even worked.

Only one way to find out.

He knocks on Lorelei's door. A singing voice resounds from inside. Wait, what would that even mean? Is he allowed to enter, or should he wait? Why does he feel so horribly prepared for this? Taking the plunge, Alexei opens the door.

Alright, she is happily smiling at him. So that was an invitation to enter after all. Good start.

“Hey there... I uh, brought the notebook,” proud he thought about that one right before heading out, unsure if they even have writing utensils or paper in an aquatic dorm room.

Lorelei is pointing him towards a fluffy sitting corner. Sitting down, he notices there was no need at all for bringing anything to write on or with. Actually, she has plenty of literature in this room.

Lorelei has crawled closer, dragging her tail on the floor. He wondered before sitting down if he should have carried the girl, but then again she lives in here, and this corner does seem used. So he considered it unnecessary. While not very fast on land, she can move around on a flat surface like this just fine after all.

Now what? It feels like Lorelei is waiting for him to do something. There is plenty he wants to do to her, but surely jumping straight to the action would be insensitive. What if he wasn't even invited here to act on these raging fantasies at all?! But even so, Alexei doesn't have all that much experience actively seducing and courting a partner himself. So far he has experience in this world with a plant girl, who... well... didn't require any seducing to begin with. A fairy who did all seduction herself. A human girl who got dragged in by Layla. Then there is a young cyclops maiden who he did take initiative with, but once again the type that didn't require any buildup, rather than being “very easy” more qualifying as straight-out cheat mode casual. And lastly a brothel owner's snake-tailed daughter who simply performed her profession, as gleeful and practiced with the utmost of dedication and love it may have been.

While Lorelei is well aware of her female charms, and she probably invited him here for lewd reasons, she is currently hiding her breasts. And those fins are neatly forming a closed curtain too. It definitely feels like she is waiting for him to make the first move. That manner in which Lorelei is sitting there is almost like a regular girl with her legs modestly held together right next to her, while wearing a very long dress of snowy white and vivid red to cover them. Yet it is all a natural part of her body. Those breasts being more hidden only makes them more enticing in turn.

Lorelei has started drying her body with a fluffy towel while keeping that upper body turned away. There is something exceedingly feminine about how even now she is teasing and tempting him by actually hiding parts of her body, only the side of her right breast visible at all times as her pair moves freely, swaying, pressed by an upper arm only to expand again while constantly being lightly tugged by the gentle touch of gravity. Her face all the while making him well aware she knows the one male in this room is captured by these inviting assets.

Would she be fertile? Probably. Considering Lorelei's tits are around Layla's in proportion, that gives her the largest pair of any of the children Alexei knows in his life. Meaning her puberty must have started earlier than Serenia's or Siera's, who are both already pregnant.

Alexei lets in some much needed fresh air around his collar, feeling a drop of sweat run down from underneath an armpit. A direct consequence of that thought right now and how it made the temperature in this room suddenly feel even hotter than it already was. Even more eager now to score with this mermaid girl close to him, determined to not pull out under any circumstance until she has received his seed.

After all, Alexei has become aware about something these last couple weeks. A realization that occurred when he was in the Academy's medical office, at the instant when Serenia received a result of a positive pregnancy test in presence of the only person who could be the lucky father. Right when she got some tears of joy and asked for a hug straight after. That realization in Alexei was a simple one, yet carried deeper meaning than it would seem to any outsider.

He was happy.

Not only happy to father a child with a girl he came to like a lot and desires the presence of throughout his life, but also rejoiced to be able to provide Sasha with a little sister or brother. One sibling of others to come no doubt, possibly already having more than one on the way if Siera's child is his as well. Happy that he was being given a chance for redemption, having made up his mind on finally becoming a father as a father should be. Constantly there in support for both mother and child, unlike before, when he failed even if not by his own fault.

And then there is one other reason for happiness. A deep-seated one, originating from a desire he wasn't even aware of existing inside his hidden psyche. To establish an unbreakable bond with this all-new world. Having lived his entire life in a world where something felt amiss. A deep melancholic feeling shared by many of his contemporaries. A longing for a past eternally gone where life was filled with a sense of mystery unknown, yet covered in the constant presence of a comforting metaphysical order. A world where there seemed to be something larger than life, giving meaning to both life and death, that made people aspire to greatness and compete for excellence on one side of things, while enjoying the small and seemingly petty things of life on the other side. All of it while covered in that metaphysical fluffy blanket giving a fulfilling sense of purpose and meaning. A blanket that got crushed mercilessly by the countless ambitions and unbridled curiosity that it encouragingly nudged its wearers to.

As Nietzsche said: "God is dead. God remains dead. And we have killed him."

A realization that got rubbed into Alexei's face even harder when his belief in morality itself crumbled. A morality which had lost its entire foundation already by the ever fast-moving and uncaring march of society that was steamrolling straight into who knows where, finally shattered once that one unfortunate victim got dragged out of the water in his presence. Staring at him with eyes as empty as the world he lived in. Unsure of whether that world had grinded to a halt, or has gotten off the rails and is speeding like a train ever faster into mass insanity. A train called postmodernism that seeks only to blindly deconstruct along the way, reducing everything into a nihilistic nothing. But one thing is certain to Alexei.

In this new world he has rediscovered mystery and magic, and with it the most important aspect of all.

Meaning.

Meaning in life, giving significance to existence itself. Which brings with it hope, not only for himself and all people around him, but for this very world's prospective future itself. And now he has found those emotions in life once more, Alexei is not willing to give them up again. A state of mind whose source is perfectly embodied by the mysterious otherworldliness of this girl right here. Making Lorelei's gorgeous growing bosom in its

march through puberty simply irresistible, filling him with as much a lust for her body, as it does a lust for life itself.

No, he never wants to return to his world again. Sure, for some regular paperwork or duties maybe. But always clinging to reassurance he can come back to this place, and rediscover the magic for both himself and his daughter. A place that actually has a long-term outlook of a future.

And what better reassurance exists than to leave as much in this wonderful world behind as often as possible? Eternally anchoring himself and his daughter through a bond of family to the people who live here, a bond that will forever guarantee his access to this world. He already has one such bond with Serenia... Possibly two with Siera...

And now?

Now he is in the midst of courting and being courted by another lovely girl who can add an additional anchor to this world. Yes, Alexei is more determined than he has ever been of something in his life. To mate with this child in puberty for as long as it takes to fill her with his own fertility. And once finished do it all over again.

Lorelei has completed drying her body, some fins subtly moving non-stop in excitement. Alexei can't help but raise his hand in an attempt at touching them, but holds back, unsure on exactly how that would be interpreted by a mermaid.

A small nod, followed by her tail moving a bit closer. Lorelei has noticed his desire to touch her fins, unknown whether fueled by lust or simple curiosity, and is happily inviting him to satisfy his desires regardless.

First the main body. Soft, squishy, very much like human skin. Just as warm too, even if some parts still feel a bit wet. If the color weren't different, a difference would hardly be felt with a normal human person. Except that there doesn't seem to be any bone structure. No doubt she has bones in there, but they have to be flexible like Annabelle's, the snake girl. Slowly stroking a hand over Lorelei's tail, its entire texture is reminiscent more to a soft tummy. No sense of even any strength at all. Probably not even needed considering how she always seems to glide effortlessly through water.

Next up a fin. Extremely lithe, making Alexei very careful in touching them even if Lorelei seems more than confident that they won't get damaged at all.

She begins to move and crawls closer, taking place between his legs, resting her back onto the broad chest of this adult male behind her. A lush forest of long curly hair feels like a thick cushion between them as it flows down all the way to the floor. A subtle flair of shampoo entering Alexei's nose every breath taken. There is a soft sound coming from her vocal chords, though he has no idea what it means, if she is even saying something to begin with. Only thing known is it sounding quite pleasant and soothing to his ears.

Alexei can't resist turning his mouth into a smile when he notices what sits right on top of a little table to his side, in prominent view of anyone in this room, yet only now being noticed since he has been distracted by certain charms from the very beginning. That plushy bought during their trip to town, when needlessly carrying her all the way. A cute happy fish of course, what else? Pouting itself upwards on its frontal fins with tail raised high, neatly maintained with not a speck of dust covering it.

Attention returns to the warm touch of a girl leaning onto him. That red-copper hair tempting to play with it like a cat would with a dangly toy. Temptation proving too much to handle as Alexei starts rolling some of those lush curls around his finger, patiently waiting for whatever Lorelei has started writing down on his notebook she grabbed while getting closer earlier.

Done with writing, she lifts up the notebook while tilting her head sideways so he can read more easily.

"Gratz!"

What she is congratulating for is easy to understand. Simply writing it down alone would have been shorter, but Lorelei had decided to make a little cute drawing instead. A drawing of a girl with a long off-center ponytail and an exceptionally big belly.

"Aw, thanks. I was very happy with the news."

Certainly not a lie. Even with having come to an understanding that part of his happiness is due to him wanting to stay in this world, that young mother herself is one of many reasons he wants to stay here. No surprise, considering the role she played in helping to drag him out of a dark pit with a loving touch after Layla died.

If only Layla too could have become a mother to his children...

Alexei focusses his attention back to Lorelei's hair, shaking off those negative thoughts that entered his mind.

"She will be a good mama," the notebook shows this time.

"I'm sure she will."

If her love-filled dedication during those dark two weeks were any hint, in addition to what followed afterwards, Serenia will do an excellent job.

Alexei lets his hands rest on both thin shoulders of Lorelei, sliding down over her upper arms. A strangely fascinating sound begins to become more audible. A low vibrato, like a cat purring. Is this a mermaid thing? Not sure at all what it means, it certainly can't be anything negative as it sounds very pleasant and relaxing. She has finished scribbling something down. From the pencil strokes she made, it has to be a drawing again. Lifting it up, Alexei chuckles in response of what he sees.

A cutesy face with one large eye in the middle, hair flowing down outwards till around shoulder length, curling back inwards at the edges. No need to guess who that is. A question mark is placed next to the drawing. Is she asking whether Alexei is the father of Siera's child? Or does she want to know if that lusty cyclops would make a good mother too? Unsure, Alexei plays it safe and answers both.

"Yeah, not sure if the baby is mine. We'll find out later I guess, certainly hope it's mine to be honest. But if some healthy little brat comes out with tentacles, it's definitely not."

Purring changes momentarily into what resembles much more a laugh, before settling back to that low soothing vibrato.

"Anyway, I'm sure Siera too will be a wonderful mother. She has the will alright."

It is her life-long dream after all. Modest that may sound, it is far from trivial for the person herself.

Another line written on the notebook.

"Thanks for helping Nerine."

Alexei keeps playing with her wavy hair while answering, one hand caressing Lorelei's arm, saying it was no big deal at all and they can always come talk to him about anything. Charmed that this girl cares a lot about her friends. She had understood he merely tried to

give Nerine a push in the back by assigning her as Lorelei's personal guard, and merely wished to express thanks for that.

"Is she pretty?" Lorelei asks this time.

Alexei is sure this girl isn't asking about Nerine simply being cute. To put the meaning of "pretty" in a more correct interpretation, it probably would be more like this...

"Yeah... Nerine is a very attractive girl."

Better be honest. Besides, jealousy doesn't seem to be much of a thing in this world.

Meanwhile, his hands dig through the red -copper cushion that is her hair and find her main upper body. Tracing the contour with both hands, encountering with his fingertips the alluring sides of that perky front pair, but refraining from going further still. Content for now with lightly sliding and poking into their soft warm suppleness. That soothing purring continuing unabated in response.

Some more writing, another question.

"Fish or octopus?"

A trio of small hearts are drawn underneath this question. She has turned sideways a bit, awaiting a reply like she just wrote down something naughty.

"Hmm... Depends on the mood..." Alexei begins with as much of a naughty tone in his voice, "but in this situation I'm definitely hoping for the first."

A broad smile forms on Lorelei's face, who puts her cheek against his while rubbing, exploring the subtle sensation of a well -shaved stubble against her completely smooth and hairless skin.

Satisfied, she reaches out for something from a low stand at the side. Some kind of bag. After opening it she takes out something dark green and puts it in her mouth, then offering the bag to Alexei. Somewhat of a salty smell comes from inside. Picking out one of those dried green things, Alexei puts one in his mouth carefully, unsure what they are. Instantly recognizing its taste.

"Good?" Lorelei quickly scribbles down, seemingly a bit uncertain whether her guest enjoys the taste of her favorite snack.

"Pretty good," Alexei responds, while grabbing another one from that bag.

"Even if it is seaweed?" she writes down.

Alexei quickly eases her mind and starts explaining he is used to eating seaweed. A statement that gets some surprise from Lorelei in return, as this snack is particularly meant for certain aquatic species.

“Dried or natural, back in the country where I last lived they used both regularly. I do enjoy the taste, find it somewhat nostalgic even.”

Lorelei listens with glee when he describes various types of food that he has eaten before that incorporated this familiar green stuff. From soups to seaweed wrapped sushi and sashimi.

“And healthy too,” he adds afterwards. Not really sure if that is accurate, but at least that’s what always has been said about seaweed. And hey, he has eaten his fair share of that stuff and is still in good health at least.

Whether by those hands gently stroking the sides of her naked breasts, or simply because she finally found a soulmate who shares a similar appreciation for her favorite snack, Lorelei crawls a bit ahead and turns around, facing Alexei. Lower body resting behind her on the fluffy carpet, back bent to a point her upper body is raised vertically, resting all weight on both outstretched arms held right next to her upper body.

And she waits. Head tilted slightly sideways. Face looking away for a bit, but eyes aimed straight at him with joy and seduction radiating strongly from them. If this is a thanks for sharing her taste in food, it’s a most wonderful one. If it is her way of reciprocating that earlier question about fish or octopus, it is a most agreeable one.

Her tits pressed between the arms she leans on, clearly visible, at just the right angle to get a great view while having them pulled down by gravity. Making them seem bigger than they actually are and demonstrating their squishiness as they stretch a tiny bit under their own lithe weight. Nipples slowly growing visibly larger as his gaze is fixated on them, exactly because his gaze is fixated on them. Both supple offerings swaying left to right and front to back with every subtle movement she makes. Alexei doesn’t say anything as he takes in the sight being willfully and purposefully presented. Only thought remaining that this girl is a true picture of beauty.

Resting her weight onto one arm, she picks up one of those dried seaweed candies and puts it in her mouth. Holding it between her lips, she waits while once again resting on both arms, face lifted upwards to present those lips to Alexei.

Crawling closer, he bends over and tastes the salty snack with a warm wet touch on his lips. A loud crack as the cookie gets bitten in half, each swallowing a part, and she grabs another one.

Once again her warm lips touch his and the cookie cracks. Tongue coming out of her mouth afterwards, to lick her lips clean.

This time it's Alexei who grabs one and puts it in his mouth, hovering before the girl. That low purring resumes and intensifies as she puts her mouth onto his. No cracking sound this time, as dried seaweed slowly starts to soak in mixed saliva. Only once it has become soft and naturally dissolves do their mouths separate while remaining right in front of each other. So close that when she licks her lips once more, a tongue can be felt over his own.

Not even looking at the bag, Alexei grabs another, this time putting it entirely in his mouth and waiting. Purring changing to a giggle for a short while before returning, and her mouth connects to his. A proper kiss this time, her tongue entering his mouth and vice versa. A taste of saltiness in their saliva, the cookie moving from one mouth to the other and back. For that entire duration it takes to let this one also dissolve their mouths don't separate. With increasing hunger seeking out each and every little space, enjoying the closeness of their bodies, warmth of their breaths and wetness of their mouths. A seductive sound of tongues rolling around each other while covered in mixed saliva under the constant presence of purring.

Eventually, their mouths reluctantly separate, another lick running over her lips, from Alexei this time, as he licks up her saliva. Mimicked by Lorelei who does the same to him immediately afterwards.

Some distance forms again as she tries to raise herself as vertical as possible, stretching both arms to their limit for rest, letting shoulders sway from right to left in a slow seductive pace. What hangs between her arms entrancingly swaying with them, with just a bit of delay as momentum tries to keep a grip on them.

Alexei brings his head closer to her offered bosom. The sight of those pink circles poking out on a soft pudgy bulge too much to endure. He has to taste them, right now. Like Lorelei is seductively asking him to do.

Vibrato in her purring gets heavier once his palm lifts up her breast and his tongue flicks over a nipple, lifting her nipple upwards before it slides down again. Nose diving into the squishiness of her valley, immediately overcome by a desire to never leave this place of comfort again. A sudden rise in her singing voice when Lorelei feels teeth putting some pressure when Alexei bites down on soft flesh of her left breast. A sensation that Lorelei has never felt before, but instantly recognizes on instinctual urge. A feeling that only what is known as a prey species can experience. The feeling of being “eaten”, yet not being in any harm whatsoever. Something which makes a chill run down her spine, not from fear as would otherwise be the case, but a strange excitement and eagerness to be consumed by this male whose teeth she can feel pressing down on one of her most sensitive areas. A feeling that only gets stronger as his mouth moves over her nipple, and those teeth try to swallow it, areola and all included.

As prey surrenders herself to a predator, she loses strength to remain on both arms. Caught by Alexei who has already wrapped an arm around her, guiding the girl to the fluffy carpet. Sucking and pulling on both nipples and breasts continuously, salivating at the taste of this child that has a slight hint of salt. Like those snacks from earlier, only greatly more delicious and desirable. Purring changing in a higher tone to signify a very simple meaning that somehow Alexei understands even if they are not understandable words, or words to begin with.

“Taste me...”

An occasional muffled sound can be heard, when once again she cannot contain these new sensations and thrills running through her body, involuntarily slapping a fin onto that fluffy carpet. Feminine hands constantly around his head and following its location as he moves to her belly, like she is afraid he would stop consuming her very being. Putting her head to the side when Alexei kisses, licks and bites his way back upwards, offering a vulnerable neck for him to put some soft temporary teeth marks in.

“No wonder...” Alexei can only conclude, that mermaids are at the very bottom of the animal food chain and considered a most desirable treat to anemones, scylla or any other predator species. No wonder at all when simply the taste of their skin is as insatiable as this.

After another kiss to share some of that taste with the girl herself, he raises himself and begins to undress. All the while, two yearning eyes looking on at this large male about to partake in her, some red marks still in the process of disappearing on several parts of her body. Chest going up and down faster than before by an enchanting thrill Lorelei had no idea existed till now. The occasional slap of a random fin as her body is getting restless and increasingly impatient for more. Body freezing for just a moment when she gets her first good look at an erect penis, having heard from stories and the occasional sight of a certain cyclops girl and whoever her partner may have been, what this hard looking thing is used for. And where inside her body it is supposed to go, as impossible that may seem right now. The spot where a transparent mucus has been smothering two small fins covering it for a while now.

When Alexei lowers again, a pair of arms is already awaiting him, but to her surprise he doesn't take her then and there. Instead Alexei lifts up the naked girl and carries her.

“You mind if we change location?” he asks while nodding towards the water basin, carrying her there after she agrees. He did do that underwater breathing spell thingy after all, and it should be active for another three quarters of an hour or so. Time to test out if it really works. Not that he couldn't simply take her right here on the carpet, but a part of Alexei wants to see Lorelei in that natural environment for a mermaid and anticipating she may actually feel most at comfort there, a necessity for her first time.

With water deep enough, Alexei decides to simply take the plunge while still carrying Lorelei, much to her amusement as she can feel both of them falling into it.

Instantly Alexei knows he made the right decision as those fins spread out wide, seemingly reinvigorated by some kind of life-giving power of water as they flow naturally and beautifully like drapes and curtains, forming a constantly moving skirt around the girl. Filled with energy and lust, Lorelei tumbles around in the water forming a figure eight and

making a pirouette in place while letting her fins spread out even wider, opening both arms again, this time not content to be merely brought anywhere else.

By now, Alexei has noticed his casted breathing spell does indeed, thankfully, work. A strange tingly feeling is all over his body, like tiny air bubbles are forming all around his skin. And that is exactly what is happening. Tiny micro-bubbles come non-stop from his entire body and hop to the surface as his skin absorbs increased oxygen from water and releases carbon dioxide in turn. The spell doing exactly what it is supposed to do.

Swimming into the loving embrace of Lorelei, a pair of arms lock around him as their mouths do likewise. A tickling sensation touching his abdomen and legs as fins brush against them. Then she lowers herself to take a closer look at what is situated between his legs, sizing up what is to enter her.

Confusion only increasing as she does because clearly, this can't fit?

Stroking a hand over its surface... Warmer than expected... Much warmer. It feels hot to the touch of her tiny palm. And hard, but its surface skin just a tiny bit flexible. A bubble of air leaving her mouth in surprise when a jolt runs through that shaft as she strokes it, making the hot hard thing seem like it has a life of its own. Not that any of those characteristics are an issue. On the contrary, this girl is very much looking forward to its hotness and hardness... But... Still...

How will it ever fit?

Some panic is starting to rise. Surely it couldn't be, that they can't proceed beyond this? What a horrible mood-breaker that would be.

A hand tilts up her head and the girl gets what she is asking for...

Ah... So it will fit... There was no need to worry. That much has gotten clear merely by looking at the assuring gaze of this man who himself is filled with confidence. If he is confident at this point, then so can she be.

Lorelei raises herself higher again, holding her arms loosely around his neck as they drift through the large volume of water. Fins doing work for both to keep them relatively in place. That tickling feeling is back for Alexei, this time more arousing than before, since a pair of small fins which until now have remained pressed to her mermaid body to obscure a part of it, have just opened themselves and are fluttering in the water. Brushing against

his shaft and crotch area. Small fins that hid a very special and private area, which he got to take a sneak peek at once before, when he got to see her inviting slit underneath. A transparent mucus instantly released from underneath those fins and spreading out as they elegantly wave non-stop in the water. Almost as if the mermaid is covering his crotch area with it, in preparation for what she wants him to do. And indeed, as he moves a hand downwards in curiosity, he can feel his entire penis is smothered in that sticky stuff.

Lorelei loosens both arms some more to lower herself and lines her crotch up with Alexei's. Then she presses herself against him, lower body rubbing close. He hasn't entered yet, but it is clear this girl is having a hard time resisting by now, moving her hips in a trance, like instincts guide her to.

Thankfully he read the appropriate chapter in that book of mating. Two holes, one for peeing, one for intercourse. And he actually remembers which one is which, even if he read the chapter too high on hormones to actually remember much at all.

Yet another species, yet another type of vagina.

What would this one feel like?

One thing is for sure. It certainly won't feel like that of an adult.

Which makes it all the more irresistibly enticing to delve straight into all delights this mermaid child's slit grinding against his crotch has to offer right now.

Holding her hips in place, Alexei moves his own. When it comes to physique of genitals, Lorelei isn't all that different from Annabelle. The experience he got from his coiling adventure is of plenty use right now.

The touch of his penis brushing up against her vagina is smooth, due in effect to those dense fluids she is leaking and merging with all water around them. He can't see where he is pushing against, but that's okay. The wrong entrance shouldn't be an issue as that one is too narrow anyway according to the book. Whatever fits will be correct.

Though he doesn't have to search for long, as Lorelei herself is aiming for that moment of penetration she has been yearning for. And knowing her own body well enough, she pushes the correct part right over the outer end of that hot hard thing pointing towards her entrance.

Multiple large bubbles of air leave Alexei's mouth as all tension eases out of his body, having found the gate to paradise and feeling its solacing wrap gliding over his shaft, warming his whole being in the process. Likewise, multiple large bubbles of air leave Lorelei's mouth as that feeling of being consumed returns by the foreign living object penetrating her most vulnerable area.

Gradually, the entire shaft sinks into the depth hidden underneath that snow-white surface of her vagina. The impression Alexei had earlier of her lower body being entirely soft like a tummy is confirmed as holding true for this part as well. Her tunnel and all meat surrounding it feels exceedingly soft and squishy. Its grip a different kind than what he is used to till now. Firm, but lighter, like a warm cushion or very thick living comforter firmly and tightly covering his penis whole while adjusting itself easily to any movement or angle. Like you could shove in any object you can dream of, and her vagina would adjust its inner shape to match perfectly.

Maintaining position becomes more difficult under this wonderful feeling crossing through the girl's mind and body as they float more freely through water. Going in whatever direction their combined thrusts take them. Slowly tumbling upside-down while she takes some distance by pushing her upper body away, to be capable of looking down at a fascinating sight of this large meaty rod repeatedly digging in and out of her pussy at an increasingly faster pace. Every time it glides outward, hankering for that moment where another thrust will eagerly drive it back in so deep that right below her vagina, that tail can feel the touch of two balls bumping into it repeatedly. Feeling the warmth of Alexei's penis all the way to the womb inside her belly as it splits a path anew each time it wedges itself into her spongy lower body.

With Lorelei's arms stretched out, back arched, Alexei grabs his chance and lowers his head into that pair of tits elevated by the buoyancy of water. A squeezing feeling tightening all around his shaft the moment he bites down once more on her entire breast, trying to get as much of it in his mouth as he can, sucking and kneading.

Even if he were to be a scylla at the brink of a feeding frenzy, Lorelei would not be able to stop her hips at this overwhelming feeling of being taken and consumed at the same time. Not that she would want to anyway. If this is what it feels like, whoever her partner

is may feast on her in whatever way he wants. Not that Alexei has any intention of doing so of course, having settled on a more than happy medium of sucking on her nipple instead, enjoying a slightly salty taste in his mouth that satiates his hunger, while satisfying all thirst by a non-stop pursuit of covering his entire penis from outer end to its base in her vaginal fluids. Some of that mucus floating past them in the water as they keep tumbling and drifting around.

His mouth eventually separating from all delights provided by her chest for only one possible reason. The same reason Lorelei is clamping on to Alexei with what little might she has, breasts squeezed against his body and placing her head on his chest. Their hips suddenly changing pace from that fast fluid motion it was until now, to three hard and rough thrusts, each time with a short pause.

Until the last one, where her snow-white vagina seems to fuse with her partner's pelvis. A fluid pouring out of Alexei's hot shaft into the sponge-cake vagina surrounding it, flowing straight into her womb. Matched by a rolling wave-like motion coursing through her tunnel. All fins have stopped moving, seemingly frozen in place while stretched out wide, but not quite frozen at all, since minuscule rapid vibrations are flowing through them all. Air bubbles constantly released by both as their lungs empty themselves in the enduring peak of orgasm. Tight embrace gradually turning into an affectionate hug as Lorelei's strength has been completely drained. Head resting on Alexei's chest, no longer merely seeking support at the height of arousal, but comfort and adoration of a life other than her own she never felt so closely connected to.

Both of them are resting back on the carpet. About ten minutes ago they finished another round, this time right here on a dry spot, with Lorelei on top. Having demonstrated in the best way possible there is plenty her body can provide a man outside of water as well. For that entire duration they were cuddling afterwards, she was purring again.

Still laying down in his arms, she is writing something down on his notebook. When revealing it, another cute drawing is visible. A drawing of a man standing next to a naked mermaid girl with long wavy hair. A single question mark is written down beside it.

Alexei doesn't respond immediately, instead taking the notebook and pencil to write down something himself without showing Lorelei just yet.

When finally seeing what has been drawn or written, the mermaid can't hide her joy and tries to cover her face in an unusual display of shyness by pushing it close against his chest. That soothing purring having gotten even warmer than before. Alexei places his notebook next to him and brushes through that lush copper colored hair.

The page shown on his notebook a same drawing as earlier, but having scratched out its question mark, replaced by a big heart shape around the couple and his best attempt at drawing a cute and tiny mermaid daughter right between them.

CHAPTER 11



Wizardry and Adventure

The morning sun is shining its warm rays through the window. Sasha stretches herself out, not really feeling any drive to get out of all comfort these sheets provide. Until she remembers something special about today. This morning will start off with an exciting class... or meeting... or whatever it will be. Anyway, all first year students will get their first wand!

Throwing off her sheets, all fatigue is immediately gone. Still fully naked, she gets up out of the lower bunk bed and looks around for wherever she has left her clothes last night. Only realizing then she is not in her own room, but in Siera's, who isn't here. No doubt having slept with Sasha's father as usual. Still, this room gets some use every two or three nights or so, since Siera's fan-base does come here regularly still, even if she herself isn't here anymore at night.

Getting out of bed, Sasha doesn't bother with putting the sheets and blanket back in place for that equally naked boy still sleeping on this same mattress she woke up on. Should she wake him? Surely he has classes coming up too? Eh, whatever. She wouldn't know how to address him anyway. Who is this guy even? Looks like one of the older year students. Knew how to handle his personal wand though.

From the opposite bed another girl begins her morning ritual of getting out, some drowsiness still lingering but clearly excited for today's class.

"Morning," Sasha greets her accomplice.

Elenor stretches out while standing up, arms raised high above her, returning the greeting. Keeping her voice a bit low as not to wake her own partner who is just as tired from last night as Sasha's. Both girls don't bother getting dressed and simply pick up their clothes to go deposit them at a used clothes bin where they will take a shower. After all, what would be the point of getting dressed when they will have to get undressed straight after? And it's the girl's dormitory anyway. Other than these two sleepyheads in bed, nobody cares about seeing a naked girl. And any male who does potentially wander around has seen them naked plenty enough already.

Entering their own room after taking a refreshing shower, they open their respective drawers to grab some fresh underwear.

"So, hey... How you feeling recently?" a cautious voice asks Sasha. "The last couple weeks you have been back to your old self... At least that's how it seems... I hope," Elenor continues with that same caution.

As Elenor raises one leg to try and get into her panties, the warm touch of a girl's chest bounces into her back, hugging arms around her.

"Hey! Watch out what...!"

Losing her balance because of that sudden weight leaning onto her, Elenor can't finish her sentence and falls over onto the unslept bed before her. Arms hugging her start groping and cuddling around as both girls are laughing and giggling.

"I'm doing great. Thanks Elly," Sasha says after they both calm down.

“Thought so... I noticed a change since a couple weeks ago. It’s just, I didn’t really know how to help or anything like that. Was I of any use?” Elenor was looking somewhat serious, but her laughing quickly returns as Sasha resumes cuddling and toying with her friend on the bed.

Of course Elenor was of use. Simply having Sasha’s friends there was plenty of help by itself. And now that friend merely wanted some assurance that life is back the way it should be. Though some things did change permanently. This bed they are laying on for example is always unslept. It is technically Serenia’s after all, who always spends her night with the father of her child.

As Sasha gets back up to start putting on her uniform, she turns to Elenor while tightening its corset.

“Want to know a little secret? On how to handle sad moments?” she asks with a mischievous tone, trying to crank up the mood. “To face them head on!” she continues while holding out her hand in a victory pose.

It’s something she learned from some anime back in Japan. That one should always face their troubles and not run away from them. To be fair, the show never meant it in such a context, nor did it particularly imply such an interpretation Sasha got out of it. She took it very much on the literal side to say the least. Back on that day she felt some relief at her father visibly recovering from Layla’s loss, at night, she went out to the forest in search of closure herself. And found it by confronting exactly that which had taken Layla’s life. A mantrap. The same one Sasha courted very dangerously and successfully when first arriving here. Courting him once again, though without any danger as he had already accepted her the previous time. A sort of therapeutic sex with a same type of creature that had claimed the life of a friend. At a location where she met that friend in the forest. Followed by bathing in the same lake like she did that first time. It felt like a weight was being washed off her shoulders.

“Heh... So that’s why you were so late that night? I had to keep two guys satisfied at once because of that, you know, since you promised to be there,” Elenor responds.

“I never gave an hour. And I was there later at night,” Sasha smirks back in reply, letting go of the edge of her sock she just pulled up, letting it slap at her thigh. “Besides, I’m sure you enjoyed the attention.”

Elenor’s face turns a bit shy but naughty, revealing Sasha is right on the mark.

After putting on the remaining gloves, boots and little cape, Sasha quickly turns around, having forgotten one crucial garment.

“Oh right, ceremony... Can’t do without this.”

Grabbing the large brown witch hat, she puts it on and makes a little turn in place.

As the duo walks through the hallway to head for their lecture room, familiar faces approach from a side corridor. The by now usual group of Alexei with his romantic partners side by side. Serenia on one side, Siera on the other. Both of them already dressed in their uniform as they have properly claimed Alexei’s room as their own. What is new, is the presence of another member, carried by Alexei without much effort. The mermaid Lorelei, who happily waves at Sasha and Elenor as she sees them.

“Morning,” Alexei greets both, as he tries to avoid curious looks about why there is another female in his posse this early in the morning.

Siera notices the confusion and walks up to Sasha, whispering in her ear what happened, daughter grinning at her father immediately after. Alexei shrugs his shoulders while still carrying Lorelei, as if saying “Look how cute this mermaid is... and hot... and naked... It couldn’t be helped!” What else was there to do but to give in to her advances? And carry the girl afterwards to his bedroom to officially add her to his harem. She even brought her fish plushy along so it could join those three others in that room. Sure, she has to spend a couple hours a day in water for health of her skin, but sleeping in his bed won’t be an issue. And Lorelei has taken a liking to such softness as provided by a human type bed to boot. Another match made in heaven, or whatever excuse may be suitable to have another lovely child sharing his bedsheets.

“Anyway, I’ll go bring this sweetheart to her dorm so she can go to class,” he changes subject, trying hard not to smirk when that sweetheart puts her head close to his in response to that particular choice of words.

Sasha, Elenor, Serenia and Siera sit next to each other in the lecture room, impatiently waiting for whoever will show up. Even the usually calm Serenia can't resist pulling on her hat or tapping with fingers on the desk in growing anticipation. One of those rare occasions where they are actually allowed to wear that hat in this room.

Finally their feelings get answered. A loud bustle fills their room at the sight of Headmaster Tudor entering with a box. The size of that box is right for about a wand's length, some students squealing in joy when it gets opened and contents confirmed to be exactly that. All giddy, Sasha and Elenor interlock hands while joining numerous squeals.

One by one, all students get called to the front in alphabetical order, making Sasha remark to her friends with a pout he should do it the other way around sometimes, as she is always amongst the last to be called upon, getting most sympathy from Siera and Serenia for obvious reasons.

Finally it is Sasha's turn. Jumping up, feeling this as more ceremonial than anything else in her life and quickly putting her clothes in proper place. Removing a small crease from her skirt, pulling up a glove some more, and all ready to walk down the path with head held high and a big fat smile on her face.

"Your wand, apprentice wizard," Tudor happily plays into the obvious expectations of his students by making everything seem a bit more posh than it actually is.

Its thin piece of wood feels magical by itself as it gets placed on Sasha's hands. Wood finely carved with preset spells, though most value is in getting one's hands on the required fairy dust to actually make those runes functional.

"You may return to your seat now," Tudor whispers to Sasha as she is lost in the moment and keeps looking at her wand in amazement.

The box is far from empty once the entire class has received their wand, and when Tudor sets off, it is obvious he has other classes to go to for a similar routine. Lorelei and Nerine's among them no doubt. Oldor enters the room right after Tudor has left, indicating to some students that it is time to calm down and stop imitating wizards shooting spells at each other, saying these are not some magic boom-sticks to play around with. Then he goes over some basics again as a reminder. How these beginner wands have preset spells that

are cheap in magic consumption and they can practice with them aplenty, but trying to cast anything they are not meant for would drain the wand almost instantly. Once empty, they should hand it over to him or another Master for a recharge, since the Academy has received a fresh stock of fairy dust that arrived together with these wands.

“You will all be expected in aquarium A one hour from now for your first practical lesson in usage of wands. In proper aquarium attire, needless to say... Class dismissed.” And he walks out of the room.

The moment Oldor walks out, Elenor starts mimicking those students from earlier and pretends to shoot a spell at Sasha, who plays along and dodges behind an amused Siera while returning fire with all necessary pretend sound effects.

Wearing her typical yellow micro bikini, Sasha joins the others who are already waiting. Even Siera is already prepared for class rather than getting banged by a random student or two in the dressing room. If that isn't an indicator of how hyped they are for this first class, nothing is. As they enter Aquarium A, the outstretched waving hand of Lorelei can be seen straight away. Seems like she has received a wand as well. Though a different version for her species, holding customized runes which respond only to her language since she can't speak the common tongue.

Oldor walks into the room and takes place on its wooden platform at the front. Sasha has to contain a chuckle at the sight of this old wizard, dressed in some very old - fashioned type of swimsuit, covering most of his body in a boring white with black striped pattern.

“Today you will learn your first preset spell, water breathing. I'll demonstrate it myself, hence the swimsuit.”

For the entire duration of this class, Sasha and co learn proper incantation and mechanics of water breathing. Most importantly its duration of half an hour per cast and the ability to stack. Plenty of attention is given as well to potential dangers, as one may get overconfident in their guesstimate of time remaining. Which is exactly why aquatic species are present as safeguard, since they don't actually have much use for this particular spell, either having the ability to breath underwater anyway, or having enough lung capacity to last a long time. If some overly eager students in their endless wisdom tries to do

something stupid, at least there will be someone familiar with the underwater world to quickly notice and help them out. Or to simply give some assurance for those who don't feel all that comfortable diving underwater. Naturally, Lorelei quickly joined her friends to act as their personal guide and safety guard.

Ironically, the model student Serenia is one of these cases where a mild fear of diving is presenting somewhat of a conundrum.

"I'm going to drown!"

"No you won't, I did it earlier. The spell works fine!" Siera pops up out of the water right next to a startled Serenia.

"I'll screw it up and drown!"

"I'll be there to help you, don't worry," Lorelei tries to encourage her friend.

The term "mild fear" may have been an understatement.

It is exactly her panic that prevents Serenia from properly visualizing the rune or pronouncing the incantation, causing her first experience to be quite a handful. This is not exactly how she imagined her first magic lesson to go. Of all possibilities, why did it have to be underwater breathing first? Eventually, it is Sasha who comes up with a suitable method to get this poor girl used to diving. Something she learned from her time in Japan, when her friend Kasumi had a similar fear of water in general, clinging to the edge in panic after entering the school's swimming pool. A simple trick of bending a bit through both knees, just enough to have mouth and nose be underwater while firmly standing on the bottom, but eyes remaining above the waterline to get used to it. Usually that kind of fear comes from not daring to open one's eyes underwater, causing disorientation and discomfort. At least like this, Serenia can feel that effect of her casted spell working, giving some courage to actually dive near the end of class. Though still very far removed from an activity she would pick up as a hobby.

Then Oldor addresses his entire group again.

"That's enough for today. Well done everyone. As assignment I want you all to continue practicing this afternoon. And remember, at least in pairs, preferably with the presence of an aquatic friend. No need to care about magic supply of your wand, go spend it entirely if you feel like it."

A dark cloud instantly forming over Serenia's face shows the girl is far from pleased to have her afternoon filled with this assignment.

Right after lunch this same group of friends finds themselves joined by one more. Nerine, who was brought along by Lorelei. Their location is outside of the Academy, having received permission to make use of the Academy's many waterways and that one river flowing to town. And that is where they are right now, somewhere in the midst between town and Academy, wading through said river. Sasha would never have gotten into a river back in her world, expecting it to be dirty. At least, that is what all adults told her when she tried to jump in once. But this river, while having bad visibility, is apparently perfectly healthy to swim in. Which would make sense considering it often gets used by all aquatic species whenever they leave for town. Visibility really could be better though, but at least they have this entire area for themselves.

The only one not bothered at all by visibility is Serenia, since she doesn't dare to open her eyes anyway. Clear water or not makes no difference there. Not that it makes her experience in any way more desirable, consistently staying close to the riverbank and having either Lorelei or Nerine present to hold a hand. All other girls on the other hand have no issue at all with this assignment, enjoying their new-found freedom of swimming underwater without a need to constantly come up for breathing.

Popping her head out of the water, Sasha laughs at a dreaded scream of Serenia as she slips and falls into the river. A bit further she can see water moving unnaturally and a foot appearing for an instant, marking the location of either Siera or Elenor who get the job done, but aren't exactly the most elegant of swimmers, playing around more than practicing. That is why Nerine is currently occupied with keeping an eye on them.

In the distance, upstream, Sasha can see some fishing boats from the village. While calm when it comes to water flow, this river is a wide one after all. Using larger fishing boats in it is not an issue. Their weighted nets being dragged across river's bottom is probably the main reason why visibility isn't all that great.

About ten minutes or so remaining, time for another dive. No need to stack another cast, as getting a good feel of timing and recognizing all effects of this spell wearing off is part

of the exercise. Taking in a deep breath before diving, Sasha is amused at her own behavior, there being no need at all to take a breath first. A matter of habit. Swimming close to the bottom Sasha is trying to find anything shiny. Maybe some lost pirate treasure chest half hidden by mud? Nah, probably not in a river. Around that long ocean shore near town maybe. Still, some lost trinkets could be found with a bit of luck.

Feeling that luck may have taken her side, Sasha gets excited when the contours of some object get visible in muddy water. Getting closer, it appears to be a fishing boat which sunk here. Sadly no long lost majestic treasure ship once upon a time commandeered by a famous dastardly pirate scoundrel, as expected, but maybe it carried something personal and valuable anyway? But alas, bitter disappointment has already replaced all excitement. There was nothing here at all other than rotting wood, some oars and a pole to push the boat. Only thing of potential interest were three barrels that might have contained some valuables, but they turned out to be empty. Ah well, time to go. Nerine did say not to stray far, yet that is exactly what she did in this dive.

Sasha stops. Not because she has reached the surface, or by anything which could have caught interest. She simply stopped because it is impossible to go any further. Something is pulling at her leg. Looking down, Sasha notices it is a fishing net that must have belonged to this sunken boat, hidden till now underneath mud. She tries to get it off her foot, but the more she does, the more it gets entangled. Now even her arms are getting caught in it. Might be easier to try and break it instead, so she tries to swim with all her might, but no luck.

Alright then, if swimming doesn't work, what about using something that can give some hold? Like crawling over the floor, or using this sunken boat to try and snap the net? But that doesn't work either. This thing is so damn sturdy. Eventually trying to bite it, Sasha realizes there is no way she can ever get enough necessary strength required. Calling for help isn't possible either. What now? There isn't all that much time left on her spell. Even if she had a wand, recasting would be impossible since there is no way to say the proper incantation under these conditions. What about using some piece of wood belonging to this boat to try and throw it high enough so it can break water's surface, catching attention of any of the others? Sasha tries with the smallest piece of wood she can

find, but comes way short in strength to let it break the surface. Back to pointless pulling and tugging it is, realizing in the back of her mind only thing she can do is wait for someone to notice her timely absence and go search in this bad visibility.

How odd... She feels so calm about all this. Knowing this is a perilous situation, but no panic or fear enters her mind.

That feeling all over her skin... Those micro bubbles are getting a bit less prominent. And a headache is starting to form. Skin is still taking in air, but not really enough anymore as that spell is about to wear off. She could drown here, but that thought seems so distant... Like she is merely watching a movie in which some unknown person got caught in a net and ending credits are about to roll. Only thought remaining simply... "How boring." If this is how it ends?

Her headache gets a bit harder. Vision showing some signs of darkening. Then a sudden movement of water all around and a feeling of arms pulling at her.

Who is this? What are they trying? It is useless, this net will never give. Look, it is still partly wrapped around some piece of wood that Sasha tried to use for breaking it. Why bother? But the owner of these hands doesn't stop, instead changing tactic after having noticed the net. A flurry of fast moving tentacles wrap around it and a large beak-like mouth appears right next to Sasha, aimed at that piece of wood which holds both the net and Sasha's foot stuck. In a single sudden snap, the entire constricting obstacle of wood and net gets crunched in half, as if it is nothing more than a little candy stick getting casually snapped in two pieces with a flick of the tongue. Immediately followed by a powerful push forward by those tentacles as both arms drag Sasha to the surface.

"Are you okay?!" Sasha's savior yells out.

She gasps for air, not having any left to form words with. Only when reaching the riverbank does Sasha notice who pulled her out of that messy situation.

Nerine.

"I'm fine," she answers, while still taking some deep breaths. Only now does Sasha notice her heart beat fast from what she experienced, as it tries to pump as much oxygen supply around her bloodstream as possible.

Nerine raises a hand to the others, signaling everything turned out okay. Seems they noticed Sasha was gone for too long, and were getting worried. Nerine and Lorelei had split up, one going upstream and the other downstream, moving fast as only an aquatic species can in their search. As luck turned out, who found her first also came naturally equipped with all necessary tools to set her free. Leaving Sasha dazed while looking at Nerine's body, impressed at such a display of might she witnessed. Is this what a scylla is capable of? And she isn't even an adult? Almost impossible to imagine what absolutely monstrous biting force a fully grown male will have. The beating of Sasha's heart is changing. Her body properly supplied with oxygen by now, entranced instead with a new feeling.

Thrills.

Lorelei is first to arrive, even if she was furthest removed, getting an explanation about what happened from Nerine. Serenia is following shortly after, running along the riverbank. Siera and Elenor are clumsily swimming closer.

"Thanks..." Sasha says to her savior, who gets plenty of praise from all others, making the small scylla sink through her tentacles in shyness.

Lorelei puts an arm around her tentacle friend and says something in her typical singing voice. "Looks like Master Alexei was right after all," is what she said, only understandable by Nerine whose ears can properly pick up all tones. Meaning of that sentence easy to understand, that Nerine can save people with her strength rather than think of herself as a threat. Lorelei openly showing pride in her marine friend. A friend who responds by getting all silent and lost in thought at the realization of what those words mean. A sense of proper pride welling up inside her as well, for the first time ever.

Sasha has picked up on her savior being a bit embarrassed by praise and plays along.

"You're my hero now, so strong and dependable."

Somehow this situation has turned into teasing the scylla girl, who is trying to deny that she is anything special.

"Maybe you should join dad's harem? You would be reassuring to have around," Sasha jokes out loud.

Lorelei claps both hands together and lets her agreement known.

“Yes, you should join us! That would be fun! Trust me, it feels great!” Siera joins in with the others openly amused, that tense atmosphere of having to rescue Sasha only moments earlier starting to drop quickly. Nerine looking confused for a bit, then quickly getting red as she finally understands what this supposedly great - feeling activity is. Covering her face with both hands and shaking her head. Hanging out with friends is a matter she has some confidence in by now, but hanging out with a man is still a bridge too far and a responsibility too scary.

Entering the Academy, the girls want to split up after saying goodbye and go to their respective dormitories, but Lorelei clings on Sasha’s hand from inside a water canal. She is trying to say something in her usual singing voice and makes plenty of gestures.

“Sure, I’ll wait,” Sasha replies, having understood correctly the mermaid wants her to wait here for whatever reason while she quickly swims away, turning around once more to signify she will be back soon. About three minutes later, Lorelei returns, breaking the water surface right next to Sasha. She is holding out an object with both hands, even if it is small enough to fit into one palm. A big smile and some gesturing pleads Sasha to take it.

“For me?” the human girl asks, unsure what this object is, getting eager nodding as confirmation.

Grabbing it and taking a closer look, Sasha examines the weird triangular object closer. It looks like a large scale of some sort, very sturdy too. And when she holds it up in light of this late afternoon sun, its color changes whenever she turns it around, as if there is some kind of transparent coating which reflects light differently depending on the angle.

“Thanks!” Sasha shows her gratitude for this gift.

Evening has fallen. Lorelei and Nerine have gone back to their dorm. Siera has joined the remaining girls in their room, having shared some stories and gossip till now. Serenia and Siera are just about to leave together.

“Going to dad?”

Siera gives a big V sign with a smile. Serenia gently gives an affirmative while getting a dreamy look already.

“Lorelei will be there too from now on?” Sasha asks.

“She should be, that’s what was agreed upon last night,” Siera clarifies. Then both girls depart for their shared bedroom and shared partner.

Elenor has already dropped down onto her bed. Tonight will be spent here, not in Siera’s room. Too bad for those boys, but girls do want some sleep now and then. Spending the night at Siera’s doesn’t make sufficient rest even a remote possibility. But Sasha doesn’t feel like sleeping yet, still playing around with that scale she received.

That’s not just any scale. Before returning to her room she butted into Master Oldor and took the opportunity to ask him. This is supposedly an ancient water dragon scale, extremely rare and filled with magical energies. Though unlike that bottle of fairy dust, these energies don’t lend themselves to being used in any random way. A gift to treasure, he said, as these scales will lead the way in times of peril. Or so the legend goes. Whether true or not, all feelings behind this gift are certainly appreciated. Probably spurred on by Lorelei feeling a bit upset at Sasha having almost drowned, even if the victim herself isn’t all that bothered by what happened.

Sasha places the scale safely in her bag, in a well-cushioned pocket which already holds a little flask of fairy dust. Like that previous gift, she intends to keep this one as close as possible at all times. Her attention then shifts to a different topic, picking up her cross-species book on mating. Flipping straight to a particular chapter.

Scylla.

She read this one before, but it once again piqued her interest. For the first time since Layla’s incident, a particular feeling has returned in Sasha’s subconscious. It may have slumbered a while already, but today’s events have put it to the foreground again. Sasha reads while holding the book in one hand, other hand playing around with her wand, letting its wooden tip lightly slide over her corset like drawing pictures with it.

The strength of Nerine was a sight to behold... One quick chomp easily did what Sasha couldn’t do in a lifetime if she tried. No wonder this book describes her species as extremely dangerous to court.

The edge of her wand slides down, finding Sasha’s underwear and tracing the middle of her labia shape over that thin cloth. Up and down, repeatedly.

...

Feeding frenzy... When they lose control over themselves and become savage animals, shredding a prey to pieces in an instant...

The wand goes a bit higher, finding top edge of the cloth and digging underneath. Sliding along Sasha's increasingly wet slit.

...

Both sexes can lose control over themselves, but males in particular have an additional problem. Caused by high sex drift, they are particularly weak to the slightest of female charm, making them easy to give in to temptation and greatly increasing odds of losing control afterwards.

Sasha closes both eyes and enjoys the feeling of that wand entering her vagina as she has pushed cloth aside and slid it in. Focusing on the thought of a strong male scylla wrapping its tentacles around her so she can't escape.

The girl suddenly pulls out her now sticky wand and gets up from the bed. It is still early in the evening. Curfew has only begun a while ago. Plenty of time for an adventure.

"Going out?" Elenor asks.

"For a bit," Sasha replies, before putting the wand in her mouth and licking it clean in one swipe.

Getting out of the Academy is not an issue. The exact same route as always is still available. That damaged part of the wall under renovation doesn't seem to get actively worked on and makes for a reliable passageway. Only annoyance is that she has to walk all the way around to the Academy's opposite side while keeping enough distance from this wall so as not to run in any possible guard near the gate. Once far enough removed from the Academy she can simply walk along the riverside road. Maybe she should have changed clothes, and not have gone out in Academy uniform? Not that it matters much. At this hour nobody has any business walking along this road which only leads to the Academy anyway. And there is no need to enter town either. If all goes well, nobody will have even spotted a blonde girl dressed like a witch breaking curfew.

Some distance before her traversed road enters the dimly lit village, Sasha strays from the path and walks through some grasslands, passing town to her left while heading to an intended destination. The coastline.

“Whoa...” Sasha mumbles out loud.

The sight of a vast ocean at night, illuminated by a large bright moon is prettier than she could have thought possible. A surprising amount of light on the beach for this hour of night, caused by all moonlight reflected on the ocean surface as its source hangs in the sky not too far above the horizon. Not a single cloud or slightest hint of a breeze, calm waves a soft background sound as they wash over a sandy beach. A tad in the distance behind her the town with its warm soft lights. All that is missing is a subtle piano solo and this would make for a truly serene picture. Sasha can only conclude that no sight she has seen in any country felt as eerily beautiful as this. Not the first time she had such a thought. That forest lake and the almost magical forest itself being another of such wonders of the world that seem to be commonplace here. Even this town, nothing more than a meager gathering of hovels compared to the sprawling cities she is used to, is a picturesque little wonder by itself. Or the Academy, where every stone, tile and decoration seems like a master craftsman has poured his heart and soul in pursuit of a higher purpose.

And here she is... About to do what is as far removed from “picturesque” or “magical” as it could be. Insanity would be more fitting. If things go wrong, which is almost guaranteed to happen, then these waves will turn this beautiful sandy beach a bright red. And yet Sasha has no worries or doubts at all.

There, movement in the water. Could it be what she is looking for?

A shadowy figure comes out of the ocean, bottom half easy to recognize even in the dark of night. Tentacles, longer and thicker than Nerine’s. Sasha’s heart begins to beat harder, preparing herself. That shadow is exactly what she was hoping for. An upper body no doubt belonging to a male, and a proper strong one at that. The book was right, as always. They do crawl out onto the coastline to sleep at night. Odds of walking into one were pretty good, with a concrete result of doing so coming even faster than she expected. If that other piece of information is just as accurate, that they are extremely easy to seduce,

than this challenge is as good as achieved already. Unless he isn't into young girls. That would be a bummer.

The male scylla is sitting down on this clean shoreline, not yet having noticed the girl's presence. His eyesight is actually somewhat better than Sasha's at night, but she was doing a good job of hiding herself until now.

Walking towards the ocean while keeping a short distance from the male, she now pretends not to notice him instead. About to verify exactly how easy this species is to score. The moment he notices her, she plops down the pair of boots she had already removed and begins sliding down one of her socks. Making sure that male gets a sideways view of her moonlit pale skin as hands slowly move down. So far so good. He hasn't called out to her. Probably confused what a human girl this young is even doing here to begin with.

The other sock follows where that first one has landed. One hand getting stretched out in front of her, also visible from the side according to his perspective. Fingers stretched out in a feminine pose, she uses the other hand to pull that long glove.

Sasha was worried he would have called out to her to try and get her to stop, but since she got this far, all should be in the green. If he has any interest in children, then by now he should be captivated enough to keep his mouth shut and enjoy the provided scenery. After that second glove, the cape comes down easily, simply by letting it fall backwards, sliding across Sasha's back.

In the corner of her eyes, she can see he is trying to resist, realizing this is getting dangerous for the girl as he is gradually losing his control. But it is too late. Burning lust is flaring up like mad, freezing his mouth as he tried to warn her the moment he saw hands move to the back of her corset. As easy to seduce as the book said. Like a feast before a prisoner almost starved to death.

The corset opens and once removed reveals beautiful soft skin illuminated by the moon. Even human eyes would be capable of seeing a tiny belly button as the moon gives its all at basking this girl in its approving glory. All of night's darkness surrounding Sasha only making herself look all the more pale and fragile.

Sasha's skirt slides down her legs, cloth caressing them gently along the way.

Movement from the corner of her eyes... He is moving towards her, hesitatingly, but in a noticeable trance of drunken lust. A part of him still subconsciously trying to stop his body from moving, to give this enchanting girl time to notice and flee.

Sasha turns her head to him. For a short glimpse there is a hint of relief in his almost crazed eyes. She noticed... Good... Now the girl can run away, before this last bit of sanity is completely gone.

A beautiful smile gets reflected in his eyes.

What is she doing? Why is she not afraid? Why are those hands moving to her back?

That hint of relief gets replaced by almost shock as a bikini top falls to the sand, revealing a pair of pale tiny tits in all their moonlit glory.

The scylla freezes. Is he frozen in place by the sudden sight of her child-like yet feminine charm? Or is he scraping together a desperate line of defense in a heroic but utterly futile last stand? One hand moving upwards. Is he reaching out for that blonde? Or trying to beg her to stop? Like saying “No, don’t put those hands on your panties... If you pull...”

Very slowly, those panties get pulled down while Sasha perfectly faces him with her entire body. If there was any bit of sanity left, it has now been blown away without a smidgen left at the sight of her gradually revealed naked pussy, a thin line visible stuck to her panties, coming from somewhere right in the middle of that vulva. A thin strand sparkling under that same moon as it reflects straight into his eyes.

Like before, a beautiful and oh so inviting smile still present, assuring the creature gone mad in front of this vulnerable girl that all will be fine.

There was never any need for resistance.

She is here for one and only one thing.

To become his plaything...

His partner in sex...

And very likely, as she well knows, his heavenly meal.

...

Tentacles move over sandy ground, driven by a frenzy of lust. The target they are aiming for slowly walking backwards, towards the ocean, holding arms wide open to invite this man gone monster straight into her loving embrace.

The first wave hits Sasha's feet.

Distance shrinks with each step she takes, for her to reach the sea, and for him to reach this moonlit wonder of beauty and seduction walking backwards. Like a master enchantress has casted an unbreakable charm spell onto an unsuspecting victim, luring him into the void of this dark ocean, drawing him forth by captivating eyes like from a siren, seducing him to come bathe in her carnal presence and experience the youthful wonders of soft smooth skin and flesh.

If this were a movie, she would definitely be some evil witch about to drag him into a cursed abyss instead.

If this were a fantasy book, she would most assuredly turn into a demonic succubus once he reaches her and suck all life straight out of him.

If this were a children's fairytale, she would definitely be some immortal goddess teaching a crazed tentacle monster what true love is.

If the scylla had known in advance what would have happened on this beach, any of those above explanations would be more believable than what is actually going on. That a gorgeous human child is offering herself to him in his crazed state with such open dedication and affection. Tentacles reach out together with his arms, wrapping around the girl in a wild stupor, while she gently wraps her arms around him simultaneously. Both as one, tumbling backwards into the entangled embrace of the almighty ocean.

No need for air, as Sasha had cast her newly learned spell, stacking it up to four times. Plenty of time for this adventure to end, one way or the other.

The pair's dance of death begins.

A wild lashing around, suction cups of those strong tentacles latching themselves all over her body. Foreplay has no place in this madness. Tentacles wrapping around both legs, only a vague instinct of the monstrous male still functional in his mind, not even capable of recognizing a human girl anymore. Each tentacle strong enough to tear her from limb to limb in a split second. His lower body clamping onto hers. For a fraction of a second, a large mighty beak visible hidden underneath that storm of appendages. Looking frantically all over this fragile object captured in his unrelenting grip.

Mate or food? Not even a decision, as that would require a consciousness. Only factor in play is whether his lower body will find something that instinctively gets recognized as a proper entrance capable of relieving this all-consuming fury of unbridled lust. If not, it will shift into a devouring rage of famine.

Sasha knows all too well, as the only one still having consciousness of mind, having read all about this suicidal activity in her book. If he mates, it will be wild beyond imagination. If he feasts, it will be by shredding her to pieces without anything recognizable as human left in about five seconds flat. Even if the frenzied scylla starts with the first, he will almost assuredly move on to the second immediately after. At this point, there is absolutely nothing Sasha can do to avert any of it anymore. And she loves every moment of it. Heart beating with sheer excitement. Body surrendering completely to all wills of her monstrous assailant. Mind hoping she at least gets to experience the mating part, where he will invade her with all this overbearing might.

Tentacles grip harder around her thighs, spreading the legs of what this rabid male has re-acknowledged on instinct as a female. Thus there is only one thing to do right now.

Surrounded by chill water, something hot rams repeatedly into Sasha's pelvis, trying to find an entrance that should be somewhere around there. But all the scylla can do, not even capable anymore of realizing what species he is trying to mate with, is to wildly thrust into the unknown.

Sasha has entered a trance of her own. She has no way of seeing what is assaulting her in the midst of this furor of tentacles, but that shape is definitely a penis. And it is different from what she has experienced before. That much is already noticeable even if he hasn't managed to penetrate her yet in pure derangement. Its surface is uneven, rough even. But covered in some kind of slime. Ah, the thought of it entering and going wild would be more than enough to make her salivate, if not for the constant presence of flowing water cleaning her mouth constantly.

There, that's it!

For just a bit, the rough tip found its way between her soft lips.

For a mere instant, all those burning rages in his mind felt their desired destination.

Tentacles freeze for a split second, then retrace their earlier movements which brought him to the only gate that can ease his delirious state of mind.

Sasha's mouth opens wide and large bubbles of air escape to the surface. Before she even had time to properly realize what was happening, only able to feel an intense sensation, that rough penis has smashed its way between her pussy lips and drilled all the way to her womb.

They are both frozen in time. All movements have come to a stop. Even the ocean is keeping them level. This male is processing an extreme change in state of mind. So desperate he has been in search for a female's ample comfort, that his senses are now completely overcome by the sudden drastic change of actually having found exactly that.

This...

This is what he was looking for.

This truly magnificent blend of total comfort and perfect sexual stimulation.

This male has mated plenty times before, but all information stored in his brain can't bring up any match that felt so fantastic.

Instincts focus back on their only goal. A vagina this exceptional cannot be wasted. A violent pull backwards and the scylla's hips begin grinding furiously, using all tentacles' grip around Sasha to assist in quickening pace by compelling her hips in the opposite movement. Every time he thrust inwards to indulge in the purest of pleasures, his tentacles forcibly shove that hot squishy pussy over his cock. Whenever he pulls back, those same tentacles force Sasha backwards. Water violently getting shoved aside each time their bodies slam together, and sucked back into place when they separate.

Only gentleness in this entire spectacle being the girl's arms wholeheartedly embracing around her partner in enthusiastic but tender approval. This kind of experience is exactly what she came here for. This crazed humanoid will shoot his cum into her any time now... And after that...?

The male pulls Sasha's legs next to him. Somehow the monster reasons... These loving arms around him are pleasant... Feeling a growing urge to dive into pleasure to such a degree he wants to feel more than only her gentle arms, more than only her warm pussy. But be encompassed by the entirety of this lovely being he is mating with. The feeling of

this girl's legs happily closing around him is enough to bring him over the edge. Tentacles around her body change grip and pull Sasha to his chest, forcing her hips over his penis while simultaneously performing one last vigorous thrust.

More bubbles escape Sasha's mouth as her orgasm rages together with the monster inside of her. Feeling a huge warmth spill into her womb as the scylla empties a full load of semen. Madness cleansed by an all-present feeling of contentment at the single best round of sex this male ever had.

Sasha waits... focusing on her own heartbeat. She can still feel it beating, which means she is still alive. What will he do? Is this where she gets eaten?

Tentacles soften their grip. The male releases around Sasha and takes a look at the girl he just copulated with. Oh, right... that human girl from the beach... who was laughing so beautifully and seductively. With her long blonde twin-tails now floating freely through water. Similar to how she floats in place with that same enchanting smile again, this time with a sense of gratitude in it as well. Wearing nothing but her beautiful birthday suit, revealing the source of what gave him the most intense experience ever, right between her pretty little thighs. Proof of their union still leaking out into water as a string of his cum is mixing with it, released out of that glorious tight spot which encompassed him moments earlier. Light of the moon reaching even this deep, covering this human child in a magical aura as if attracted to her, warming both the ocean as well as his heart.

The man nods and swims off, now that his mind is still recovering from earlier, afraid to lose control once more and possibly harming this magnificent girl. Vowing never to forget this magical scene he witnessed and treasure what extraordinary event happened here on what was supposed to be an ordinary night.

A naked blonde walks back onto the beach. Her body is finding it hard to walk. She is that drained, both mentally and physically.

But it was so worth it.

Sasha lets herself fall onto soft sand, facing a clear sky stretching out majestically over the dark of night, arms reaching for an ocean of stars above, before letting those same arms fall down next to her body, spreading them out on the sand. Laughing out loud in pure

pleasure and satisfaction of what a massive thrill ride this unlikely fairytale adventure turned out to be.

CHAPTER 12



Looming Shadow

Alexei is looking through the window. It's late at night already. Behind him is the silent breathing of three girls as they sleep in his bed. No light to be seen on that particular window on the opposite side. Maybe nobody is there tonight?

A small shadow catches his attention, causing a short sigh to leave his mouth. That's Sasha, sneaking around at night having just climbed over the wall. What has she been up to again? He immediately corrects his thought. "What" is not really in doubt, more like where and with who? Not that he minds her fooling around anymore. As long as she has fun while doing so and doesn't put herself into danger.

"Sasha?" a sleepy voice murmurs next to him.

Alexei nods and puts his arm around the naked cyclops girl who has taken place beside him while she wipes her sleepy eye. Surprised Siera recognized Sasha instantly at this distance during night while still half asleep. It took him some squinting to recognize the

shape of two large twin - tails belonging to his own daughter. Then again, while Siera only has one eye, it is bigger than a human's, so she might actually have pretty good night sight.

As Sasha disappears while sneaking back inside her dorm, a warm feeling other than Siera's body leaning against him grabs all attention. Her hand is softly stroking his penis, causing an erection to form quickly in response. As he turns to Siera, the girl casually lowers herself and puts his meaty candy stick in her saliva filled mouth, enjoying its familiar taste with gusto. Alexei places his hand at the back of her pretty head and closes his eyes, relishing the feeling of her experienced tongue and mouth for as long it will last until she gets her desired milk again. Being chosen for this exchange program has truly been the biggest stroke of luck in his life by far.

The next morning, Alexei is walking through the aquatic dorm, carrying the mermaid Lorelei. Some students are up and about already, whispering gossip at each other when they pass. Rumors of this man sleeping around every night with multiple students seem to have spread. Not that he minds, as even the Headmaster has joked about it a couple days ago. Nobody in any position of authority cares. And Lorelei doesn't seem to mind these rumors either, as she is letting her affection for Alexei be shown publicly with an occasional kiss on his cheek, or caressing his with her own. Holding hands out for a goodbye kiss to start the day in sight of multiple students, hugging Alexei as he lowers and firmly placing her lips on his for a good twenty seconds. Naked body language not even once trying to hide her open sensuality when revealing every youthful feminine curve for her one chosen love. After making the usual promise to come pick her up at this same spot after dinner, she swims towards wherever her destination may be, dorm or straight to class.

Inside the lecture room where Alexei is to teach, students are slowly starting to arrive in that eye-catching uniform. His daughter and her friends are already present, chatting while in a good mood.

An unexpected face enters the room. Tudor, wearing his usual toga, heading straight to Alexei. Also seemingly in a good mood.

"Finally, that mess has been cleared up and she is here," he says enthusiastically.

“Uh...” is about all Alexei can respond. Various thoughts crossing through his mind like “What is this dude talking about?” or “Did I forget something?”

Tudor notices Alexei’s uncertainty and clarifies.

“You know? What I mentioned last week? The transfer student?”

“O... Oh right... The transfer student, of course. What else?”

Alexei has no idea what this is about, not remembering any talk on such a topic at all.

“What a bother that was, whoever messed up her entry form should get fired instantly. That poor girl had to wait for so long since beginning of this semester to get new paperwork approved.”

Alexei has to resist giving a retort on Tudor being the Headmaster. If anyone should know who messed up any paperwork and has enough authority to fire someone, it is this old guy.

“Anyway, maybe you didn’t remember. You did seem kind of lost in your own papers at the time of mention,” Tudor mumbles half lost in his own thoughts.

Now Alexei finally remembers. Last week there was this annoyance indeed where Tudor kept yapping on about something or other, while he was busy going through his notes on what happened with Layla. Annoyed he couldn’t come to any conclusion, but getting hope that it was a one-off thing and maybe this old geezer was right about it just being an accident, considering quite some time has passed since without any new incidents.

So it turns out there is a transfer student coming, even if technically it is not really a late transfer but more a formality that went wrong and has now been finally corrected. A girl apparently, which intrigues Alexei immediately. What would she be? A human? Some new species? Curiosity is definitely peaking.

“Hmm? Coco, where are you? You may enter now,” Tudor asks confused when looking behind him and noticing nobody is standing there.

“Coco?” Alexei repeats silently, pondering that her name has a cute ring to it.

Hesitatingly, a nervous wreck that is very cute indeed stumbles inside. Stumbling quite literally, as she is dragging her feet in anxiety and almost falling over them halfway. Eyes shifting to the entire class and both adults in this room, quickly taking in everything that

could pose a threat. Face aimed at the ground beneath her feet. A very uncomfortable look on her face, almost afraid even.

“Hel...” This newcomer tries to say hello like Tudor gestures her to do, but her voice cracks and the second half only comes out in some high pitched tone which doesn’t mean anything. Immediately her face turns red and entire body freezes up like a plank, mind desperately trying to find a way out of this situation.

Alexei feels sympathy and decides to put the poor girl out of her misery, taking a step closer and addressing all students. “Anyway, this is Coco. She will be a regular student from now on. Do be nice to her.”

Tudor didn’t actually mention she is supposed to join this class specifically, but why else would he have brought her in?

“Ah, yes. Don’t forget your coat, Coco. You are officially enrolled in our Academy now,” Tudor addresses the girl who has only arrived to these premises now, not even having visited her dorm room yet. She is still wearing a normal long coat, though underneath is already the Academy’s uniform it seems, judging from the presence of those customary gloves and socks.

Alexei’s first impression was her being a human, but then he noticed those tiny cow-like horns on her head. Definitely not human, though no other odd features can be seen at first glance. Perhaps other than her coat bulging out, indicating she is packing an impressive rack for a girl her age. Definitely a smaller C-cup, or a large B, however one wants to look at it. Other features would be her cute hairstyle. A blonde almost as light as Sasha’s, tied up high on each side of her head to form an almost perfect pair of vertical circles running down to right above shoulder length. Both ties are situated right beneath those horns in the form of blue ribbons that match her blue eyes. Fitting for someone as shy as Coco, her skin reveals this girl doesn’t go out much since it clearly doesn’t see much sunlight. A fine short necklace is visible around her neck with some kind of medallion hanging on it.

The girl is clumsily unbuttoning her coat, feeling insecure about removing it. Alexei can only wonder why she is even wearing this thing. Not like it is cold around here to actually need a coat.

“Huh...” he wonders. There is something on the floor. A couple drops of white substance. Surely she isn’t turned on? Then the source of that spilling becomes clear as Coco removes her coat, making Alexei’s jaw drop and half the lecture room burst out in cheers. That’s a big pair alright. About the size he estimated. However, there is one matter which slightly complicates things.

It’s not a pair, but a quartet. Two glorious sacks of fat and skin resting right on top of another two glorious sacks of fat and skin. Four pointy bits in total poking through that thin cloth of her bikini top. Two bikini tops to be accurate, one for each pair.

Overall, her chest doesn’t run all that much lower than a normal girl’s. Courtesy of that top pair of tits covering half of the bottom one, running down till about right above the lower nipples. That bottom pair of tits runs until a finger width or two above her navel. A navel which is revealed as she isn’t wearing a corset. That uniform piece probably reaches just a tad too high for her to be comfortable with wearing it.

And then there is those double bikinis...

On any other girls who have almost none or only small breasts they are already a small size which reveals plenty of sexiness. By deliberate design, that is. And Coco’s four small triangles aren’t any bigger to compensate for her stacked rack. It looks like those tits could flop out of those thin pieces of cloth at any moment, in any direction of up, down, left or right. Held up only by the strength of four nipples poking into said cloth. In fact, it is a miracle of nature that her breasts haven’t slipped or popped out already. Since every move she makes when handing over the coat to Tudor, who will have it brought to her room, makes all four graciously jiggle and bounce as if each has a life of its own. And this shy girl is very well aware of that, hence her hesitation to remove that coat. Likewise the reason she wore one to begin with.

The embarrassing moment for her, and rather arousing part for every male in this room, doesn’t end there. Those bikinis are soaked. Like, really soaked. Soggy wet with some white substance that Alexei just saw dripping down when her boobs got pressed for a tiny bit by her arm. That’s the stuff she leaked on the floor. This girl is lactating from all four her tits. Or would that be udders? She really gets a cow vibe going. Which makes sense as Tudor whispers to Alexei she is a bovine humanoid. Letting him know to have some lenience with

this girl, as bovines are a sensitive breed who lactate non-stop from the very onset of puberty, and Coco in particular turns out to be extremely sensitive to even the slightest touch. Simple pressure of her double bikini is enough to make it spill forth aplenty to fill a pair of milk bottles a day. With all eyes glued to her, Coco grabs hold of her medallion with one hand, as if it will shield her from attention.

Noticing the girl is very uncomfortable with this reaction she is getting from male students, as Coco mistakenly thinks they are mocking her, Alexei quickly assigns a seat so she can escape standing in front of this lecture room. Noticing Sasha gesturing at an empty seat next to Siera.

“See the cyclops girl over there? Why don’t you take a seat next to her?”

Coco nods and walks up the steps to her seat, much to disappointment of many a male who wanted her to sit next to them. Disappointment that melts in the sun as Coco stumbles again and flings both arms out wild to keep balance, four streaks of milk starting to run down her squishy-soft swaying and jiggling double bosom towards her belly as a result.

“This one’s going to be a handful,” Alexei thinks to himself, very pleased at the same time with what type of cutie has turned up and all four unique charms she brings to this classroom.

Lunch break has been going on for a while now. Alexei is wandering around the halls looking for someone specific. There she is... The newcomer, Coco. That girl seems to have some self-confidence issues so he decided to go look and inquire how her first day is going. Luckily she is in good presence, joined by Sasha and her friends who seem to be introducing Coco to Lorelei and Nerine.

“Hey there. How is it going?” he asks.

Sasha immediately makes use of this opportunity to introduce her relationship with Alexei.

“Oh, Coco, over here... This is my dad.”

“Huh?” Coco wonders out, tilting her head. Needing a second or two to process what Sasha said. Then she bows to Alexei murmuring an almost inaudible “Hello, Master A...”

and freezing up since she already forgot his name, a red face appearing at the shame of not being able to finish her greeting properly.

“Did you get your wand already?” Alexei tries to change subject to spare her from needless embarrassment, realizing the girl came too late to be present for this wand gifting ceremony.

“This afternoon...” she replies while keeping head low.

“Oh, nice. I’m sure you are looking forward to using it.” Feeling the girl could use some more encouragement, he adds a couple extra lines to try and make her feel at home. “Don’t worry about joining late. Some stuff happened here over a month ago and... there was a delay with magic classes as a result. So you are not far behind. In fact they only learned one spell so far. I’m sure the others will gladly teach it to you.”

The entire group joins in agreement. As Coco gets a pat on her back from Serenia who tries to assure all will be fine, the easily startled girl is getting a jump scare in response.

“Ah, I’m sorry,” Serenia apologizes immediately. Noticing how white fluid is running down Coco’s body again, staining her skirt some more than it already is.

The bovine girl looks somber towards the ground where she is spilling milk. Scratching his stubble, Alexei feels some guilt for having thought about her only in an erotic manner earlier, realizing such characteristics must come with plenty of annoyances for this kid herself. And she can’t really help it either.

“Don’t worry about it, someone will clean it up. That’s what janitors get payed for.”

A pitiful moan signals she isn’t all that assured by Alexei’s words.

Putting his hand on her head, he pats her while offering a compliment.

“That’s a cute hairstyle you have there. Your choice?”

Coco nods.

“Good taste in fashion. Suits you very well,” he adds on, getting finally somewhat of a more positive response judging from her expression.

“Are you having a baby too?” Siera babbles out loud suddenly, pointing at spilled milk.

Coco looks confused and shakes her head.

“Huh? But...” the cyclops can’t wrap her head around why a lactating girl isn’t pregnant or already a mother. “Isn’t breastmilk something mommies have?”

Alexei corrects her, pointing out Coco's species always produces milk from an early age. At least, that is what he gathered from what little Tudor said.

"Hmm... When will I produce milk?" Siera continues asking.

"I don't know. In a couple months or so maybe? Didn't Tudor or Oldor teach you about that?"

Siera shakes her head while smiling, making Alexei sigh in response. Meanwhile Coco bursts out in surprise while quickly hiding her face immediately after, a reaction which was caused by Elenor whispering that Siera is pregnant.

"When will mine grow this big?" Siera seems to have gotten in the mood for repeated questioning. "How long until they return to normal afterwards? How will I know when the baby has eaten enough?"

"One question at a time please... And seriously, what were all those lecture evenings for? What did they even teach you?"

The cyclops shrugs her shoulders. Apparently nothing about carrying or feeding a baby. Maybe they were more focused on other things for now like what type of food and stuff she should consume instead to remain healthy? Then another voice joins Siera.

"You know, I wouldn't mind knowing too..."

That was Serenia looking at Alexei with puppy-dog eyes. Another burst of surprise following from Coco shortly after, as Elenor tells her Serenia too is carrying a bun in the oven, definitely from Alexei no less.

The only adult present stays silent for a bit, wondering what to do. Eventually deciding that it might not be a bad idea to give them some information. Only problem is he doesn't know even half of this stuff himself. The human part isn't that difficult, but he has no claims on knowledge when it comes to cyclops motherhood. Sighing once more on the one option really left. "Fine, let's have a little meetup this weekend, and I'll give you all answers to your questions. Those I can say with confidence only though."

"Why not now?" Sasha wonders.

"Give me some time to look up a couple books in the library for myself first," he pleads with his daughter to have some patience, who gives him a V sign in return.

A loud voice grabs Alexei's attention, coming from the hallway intersection. It is coming from his fellow guest - teacher Sato. In front of him is the pair of Tudor and Oldor.

"What do you mean, in the aquarium?!" there is some upset and a vague hint of panic in Sato's voice and manner. The Headmaster replies to him in his usual calm tone.

"How else would you teach to our aquatic students?"

"But somebody else usually..." Sato tries to argue, having never been in charge of a lecture for them before.

"The schedule has changed. Who was in charge of those classes has an important matter to attend to next week. You will take over. Only for once."

Sato's panic grows a bit larger.

"But I can't swim!"

Tudor pats him on the shoulder, remaining either oblivious to Sato's concerns or completely insensitive. "See, that's the thing, you don't have to swim. There is a perfectly fine platform to stand on."

Sato seems to remain apprehensive at this notion of standing on some shoddy wooden platform while he has a fear of water, and continues his futile bickering with the old man. Having noticed Alexei looking at them, the silent third party Oldor raises his shoulders and arms, signaling he would rather not have to listen to such constant nagging between those two.

"What was that all about..." Alexei mumbles out loud.

Weekend. Alexei enters his room, followed by four lovely little girls. Most are wearing their private clothes for this occasion. A red frilly dress for Serenia, puffed up with more white under - layers than one can count, reminiscent of a style which reminds Alexei of the old West back on Earth. Quite modest for what is the norm in this place, but plenty of feminine charm present for sure.

Siera is more reminiscent of an Eastern flair by wearing a sort of white kimono with intricate pastel - pink flower patterns all over, especially around the bottom half. It comes with a cloth band around the waist which is equally similar to its Japanese counterpart.

They call it an *obi* in Japan, but Alexei has no idea what its name would be over here. Surprisingly modest choice of attire for someone whose hobby is being a free - for - all.

Then there is the remaining duo, Elenor and his daughter. Elenor has her light - brown hair in that typical short pigtail. On top of her head sits the big witches' hat, being the only one dressed in her uniform. Sasha is dressed in one of her personal outfits. A thin and deeply - cut white one - piece with black lace edges.

All four girls are here for the same reason, though Alexei only expected two. For a couple days he spent some free time in the library, reading books that should provide for all questions Serenia and Siera may have on their pregnancy. Choosing this location since, well, they basically live here. Proof of that visible straight away by various clues, like Serenia's nightgown still being present, hanging right next to her uniform. Or Siera's underwear still lying on their bed from last night. Yes, Alexei has stopped thinking about it as merely his bed. It is theirs now, this entire room belonging to five people. One who will sadly never be present anymore, only here in spirit by a caterpillar plushy sitting next to a bunny, cyclops and a happy fish.

He takes a look at the desk holding them, offering a greeting to that one permanently absent member as is traditional every time this room gets entered or left. Siera and Serenia doing the same, having taken over that ritual as fellow occupants of this room.

Lorelei isn't here, needing her mandatory amount of time bathed in water, and spending it in the aquatic dorms right now, having Coco over as a guest. Alexei will go pick his mermaid partner up later once day turns to evening.

He overviews the room, seeing Serenia has just finished patting the heads of those plushy toys while all others are starting to crawl on the large bed already, Elenor trying to keep her balance to remove her boots while remaining standing, failing when Siera and Sasha drag her on the bed. Plenty of laughing following straight after.

A single thought entering Alexei. This simple scene alone was well worth spending some hours in a dusty library in preparation. Happy all these girls right here and those who aren't present have entered his life, not only making him rediscover a lust for life, but also bringing him closer with his daughter who is having more fun at this very moment than he

ever witnessed her have during all their time back on Earth. And now here they are, in a growing family. With more members on the way, which is what this meeting is all about.

With a fuzzy feeling inside, Alexei places a bunch of local specialty snacks on a tray and pours out some juice. Having no idea what they are both made of, but having brought them from town earlier today specifically for this gathering. Some handed over to Lorelei once he returned so she can offer them to her guest right now as well.

“How is the new girl doing? Getting along?” he asks about Coco while placing that tray on the bed. No big deal if they drop some crumbs or juice on it. By tomorrow morning those sheets will be in need of washing anyway.

“She is fun! And clumsy. And easily scared,” Sasha responds.

That sounds about right to him. But if she is fun, it means they are getting along fine at least.

“I tried to invite her too, but she and Nerine weren’t free. Not that they would have come anyway, probably...” his daughter continues.

Alexei can only agree. Being the scaredy-cat she is, Coco would not have enough courage to enter a Master’s bedroom. Things are kind of the same, yet not quite similar for Nerine. She wouldn’t really be afraid anymore to talk to him, but considering how much she is always aware of her slightly unpredictable nature as a scylla, that girl would definitely avoid entering a man’s bedroom.

“So this is where uh...” Elenor says towards Serenia and Siera while tapping on the bed.

The one male in present thinking with pride that indeed, that is where the magic happens. Every night. Aplenty.

The cyclops immediately grabs some of those snacks, and a big piece of bread with additional vegies he added on the plate specifically for her. That girl sure eats a lot recently. No surprise, considering in how short a time that life inside of Siera will grow into a proper baby.

“So, to begin... You wanted to know when your body is going to develop further,” Alexei gestures Siera to sit up on her knees at the edge of their bed. After she does, he affectionately caresses her belly.

“As you can see, yours is already starting to change. A cute little tummy has started to grow right here.”

Siera interjects herself with a cheery voice. “That’s my baby!”

“Indeed... And quite possibly mine...” Alexei thinks afterwards.

“Anyway, changes will really get going after about one month from conception for a cute little cyclops like you,” he pats her on the head. Then moving over to Serenia and doing the same. “For a lovely human girl like you, that will be a bit longer, after around three months.”

Sasha jumps behind Serenia and puts both hands over her friend’s breasts.

“Is that when these will start to grow too, dad?” Sasha is making some circular motions with those hands to draw her father’s eyes, Serenia not particularly bothered as she doesn’t mind getting that kind of attention from Alexei at all.

“That’s right, those too will start growing around the same time. Lactation... that is milk production... will begin around the six month mark.” Then turning to Siera again. “For you that will be sooner, about another month from now.”

Getting into the mood, he explains all about physiological changes, symptoms like feeling sick, how the birthing process will happen, and plenty of information for afterwards. Like how to properly hold a baby, take care of their own health and the child’s, and right now on how to breast feed properly.

Taking a look at the clock, an hour has already passed since they began.

“Hey dad, why not give a demonstration?”

“Uh, what?” Alexei proclaims, not really sure what his daughter has in mind.

Sasha quickly jumps off the bed and grabs Siera’s cyclops plushy from its large desk, wiggling it around in front of him.

“Why not use this as a baby? And have a demonstration?”

“You mean, I should give the example?” he wonders.

“No silly!” Sasha laughs, jumping on the bed again and hugging Siera from behind.

“She will be the example. What better way to learn?”

Siera is taking over her plushy and starts carrying it like a baby, swaying it gently while humming a song.

“Is she doing it right, dad?”

“Uh, that’s about it. Make sure to support the head at all times... Yeah, like that. You are doing great.”

Siera’s affection for her pretend baby is adorable to see, like she is carrying the real deal. Looks like she hasn’t forgotten about her big dream at all. From behind, a pair of eyes belonging to Sasha are looking at Alexei as if she is planning something.

The *obi* band around Siera’s waist suddenly loosens and begins to slide down, a direct result of Sasha tugging it open at the rear. Immediately, that kimono falls open and reveals the girl wearing it isn’t exactly wearing anything else. Not even underwear. Her entire front lasciviously naked as she sits once more upright on her knees.

“Now you can properly practice breast feeding,” Sasha says.

Siera puts the plushy with its head against her revealed left breast.

“Like this?” she asks Alexei.

“Uh...” Alexei is unsure how to respond to this situation. Sasha clearly did this on purpose, teasing him with the naked body of Siera. Not that this girl being naked is a rare sight here, but usually context is just a bit different. Eventually deciding he may as well go along.

“Are you sure, dad? Don’t you need to take a closer look?” Sasha almost giggles.

But he isn’t answering, too absorbed at the sight of this young child playing breast-feeding with a plushy. With kimono open at the front, wide maws hanging low, a part of her belly is covered by the maw, but it is still more easily visible than when it was closed how her belly has a small bulge beginning to show. Feeling over it like earlier is one thing, seeing it like this is another entirely. Strangely arousing somehow, like a testament to how lusty this girl is.

“Hey dad...”

He already knows what will follow. Some more titillating situations being set up by his daughter, no doubt about that.

“...Maybe you should teach her how to put some milk in a bottle?” Sasha is taking over the plushy again, throwing a glance at Alexei, daring him to go along with her erotic games. “Common dad, why don’t you show her how it’s done?”

A quick look at all other girls in this room reveals to him they are well aware of a change in mood and what game is being played by their blonde friend. But none are ready to voice any complaint, instead waiting in silence to see what he is going to do. And Siera herself? She is pushing her chest forward, telling him without words to touch her.

His hand moves in front, aiming at the subtle chest of Siera. A short moment of hovering a finger’s width in front of her assets, then a soft touch of a young breast squishing into his palms makes a chill of excitement run through his body. Not that he moved his hands any further, she pushed herself into them instead. Other than Alexei, everyone in this room has turned as silent as a funeral.

“So... You take something to... put the milk in. And then gently squeeze.”

Both his hands grab hold of a breast each and begin to put some massaging force into them, like trying to get fluid out of them. Siera’s breathing quickly getting hotter at the stimulation being received.

“Or you could pinch it out... Like this.”

Taking a nipple between his thumb and index finger, Alexei presses down on a lovely pink protruding knob, feeling it getting harder and larger. A part of him actually hoping something would come out, but alas, that would be too soon.

Another quick look around to assess the situation. Siera is simply being Siera, her thighs already getting some wetness from being turned on. Serenia is watching them in silence, a light blush on her face, like she has every night when it’s Siera’s or Lorelei’s turn for some quality loving. Sasha has laid herself down on the bed with head resting on her palm, biting on some snack while amused by this situation. The biggest unknown in this room is the fourth girl, Elenor. Sitting there in silence makes it hard to read what is going through her head. Alexei knows she sleeps around a lot, often together with his daughter. But he has no experience personally with her. Sure, she is shuffling her legs, but that could mean either being aroused or discomfort and a desire to leave.

He really should stop things here, before it gets out of hand. Sasha had her fun. And so did Alexei himself, to be honest. But Sasha has a different idea on where to go from here.

“So, what about sex...?” After asking her upfront question, she first takes a bite from her snack before continuing. “Is sex a problem when carrying a baby?”

Alexei pushes up both Siera’s small tits, the girl openly enjoying his caressing for everyone in the room to see.

“No... No problem at all. As long as it happens gentle.”

“Gentle where?” the blonde devilish girl inquires, knowing all answers to her questions full well. Her father stroking an index finger down Siera’s body, wiping fluids over her vagina’s crevasse.

“Right in here. Not too hard. Not too fast.”

Siera’s hot breath blows past his face as she has closed her eye to focus purely on stimulation of his fingers over her vagina.

“A proper pace... doing it just right,” Alexei says in a whispery tone.

Those large open maws of the cyclops’ kimono lower as she moves both hands to his crotch, feeling with her palms over the large bulge hidden inside, proud that her still child-like body is the cause. Fingers moving blindly on a combination of natural instinct and vast experience to open his pants in least amount of time possible, making only smallest of movements. The rod which comes poking out pushing those pants down enough to give its contents the breathing space it desperately needed. A pair of tiny skilled hands moving over its skin, fondling and stroking in a similar manner as Alexei had described. Not too hard and not too fast. Just right.

Sasha begins to ask another question.

“What about depth? Is it safe to go all the way in?”

A step closer to Siera, his penis lightly brushes between her thighs as she sits upright on both knees. Alexei giving the answer in an erotic daze that affects everyone present.

“Sure can. Perfectly safe... to let it slip all the way in.”

A short gasp follows straight after from Siera, who is with her eye still closed imagining exactly that happening. Hips moving ever slightly to rub the head of that familiar penis

between her thighs. Both hands still fondling it affectionately, a pair of fingers tilting it up a bit higher to push against the wet territory of outer vaginal lips.

Only sound other than those of arousal is the loud snapping of another snack by Sasha as she puts it in her mouth, grabbing a new one straight after. Having drawn her father's eyes so he can witness placing that candy stick under her skirt, revealing she has no underwear on, poking it at her entrance. Words being formed by Sasha's mouth, slowly but clearly spelling out an unspoken word while she slides that candy stick all the way inside of her. Three letters being formed.

"S-E-X."

Sliding the stick back and forth a couple times to let it soak fluids before pulling it out and starting to eat it, staying focused on her father.

Alexei's hands moving underneath Siera's arms and grabbing hold of her upper body, keeping her in place as the girl herself is getting visibly excited at all prospects of what this means. There is only one reason why he would be holding her steady. A reason Siera has desired since the very start of this lewd game. That one eye opening again while she looks down, a great delight forming with her entire body language as she can see her partner lower through his knees for a short moment to line up properly.

The moment those knees straighten again, Siera feels an upwards force pushing into her pussy, dividing the walls of her tunnel as a rod of skin and meat slips in. The girl having let go of his penis to let it get swallowed up entirely by her cozy interior. Hands floating free in the air right next to her. A breath that comes from deep inside audibly leaving Siera's chest as she gives her complete blessing for this turn of events and letting it be known to everyone around. Others in the room breathing in as deeply in return, hypnotized by this scene of a young cyclops child taking in a man right in front of her friends.

With both their bodies upright, girl still on her knees on top of the bed and the man standing right in front, an enticing tingling feeling runs over Alexei's abdomen as a soft and squishy rounded belly strokes against his rough muscles. A position which won't be possible for much longer as that belly will quickly expand to a larger size. Even now he has to be careful, making sure his strokes are not bashing into her, but almost parallel with the girl's body. Multiple pairs of eyes in the room witnessing from either the back or side how

his hard meat gets ample reward for its efforts by Siera's trickling juices at body temperature, coating it in a shining sticky and slippery hue. Multiple pairs of ears entranced by sounds of a dripping-wet pussy passionately sucking on the rich taste of a thick juicy cock.

Sasha has stopped laying down and is crawling towards Elenor, putting an arm around her as if to convey there is no need to feel awkward about being present during the moment Alexei takes one of his chosen partners, and she can simply sit back and relax.

"Haah..." Siera releases a subtle moan of unrestrained delight.

Everyone on this bed can feel vibrations running through its springs, matching all movements of the couple on display. Craving increased closeness, Alexei wraps his arms around Siera. The girl tilting head upwards so she can feel closer to her man's face, his voice, his breath.

Serenia has placed a hand underneath that thick layered red skirt, pleasuring herself with two small fingers underneath her underwear while keeping a close eye on the pair having passionate sex. Sasha leans closer to Elenor and gives her a lick on the cheek, followed by another one.

When Elenor turns to look towards Sasha, the blonde hovers her lips right in front of her friend, who isn't really sure how to respond but doesn't reject any advances either. A moment of surprise entering her eyes when Sasha's lips connect, tensing up at first but immediately after mellowing down and letting her friend go on, incapable of resisting the sexual mood in this room. Willfully letting herself lower backwards on the bed, with the foreign blonde in complete control on top, those large and lush twin-tails flowing down next to the all-female couple. Sasha gradually moves down, kissing Elenor's neck while hands slide underneath her bikini.

Girl on girl play is a first for Elenor, unlike Sasha who has done this a couple times before with Kasumi. A thigh being pushed against Elenor's vagina makes her heart beat even faster, and she starts pushing her own against Sasha's wet pussy in turn, noticing straight away this Russian girl isn't wearing anything underneath that short skirt. Both their faces turning towards Siera and Alexei's union, hearing from their duet of erotic voices that a moment is approaching nobody in this room wants to miss out on.

Alexei lowers his head and kisses Siera. A nasal sound coming from both as the feeling of his cock sliding up for the last time gets too much to contain.

“Nnn~...” Siera moans while passionately kissing her beloved partner, falling in love with Alexei all over again like she does every time his penis lodges itself stuck inside, adoring that feeling of a partner craving her so much he is pushing and keeps pushing to try and get even a hair’s width deeper. Cherishing the sensation of a fountain of warmth continuously gushing into her insides, revering that heavy throbbing which can be felt coming from this hot object as it resonates with her entire lower half. Mind and body starting to transition from the best of pleasures into the greatest sense of peace and harmony afterwards, embodied by that comforting touch of sperm and her own fluids spilling out all around their connected genitals, slowly running down her upper legs as a thick warm broth.

Gently, Alexei slips back out of Siera’s soothing grip, being rewarded for his services by an eye that dreamily stares at him while overflowing with romantic love.

Caressing his one-eyed sweetie through her puffy black hair and moving down to caress her cheek while giving a mutual look of understanding. No need to put in words what he was telling her, as they speak the same language every night. That it is time to give some equal loving to his other precious girl in this room. One who speaks that same language, as Serenia is already lifting up her hips while laying on her back, holding both legs up so she can more easily remove those soaked panties. Casting them to the side of their bed and waiting for her man and love to take her. Undressing that fine luxurious red dress would be too much a hassle. Neither Serenia nor Alexei want to waste even a second on removing it, driven only by a deep longing for each other, to be fulfilled as soon as possible.

Grabbing hold of her legs, Alexei turns them both sideways. Thighs at ninety degrees angle from her main body, both resting on the bed, while her lower legs are hanging over the edge. A gorgeous picture burning itself into Alexei’s eyes, as he takes in the enchanting sight of her tightly held-together pussy lips pressed between skin and flesh of soft thighs. Poking into them with his tip, which had just left paradise mere moments ago, now entering nirvana instead. A different yet equally wonderful and familiar type of warmth

and moist welcoming him instantly after having endured their seemingly eternal separation as unbearably long ago as last night.

A sugary -sweet highly pitched soft moan of pure delight resounds through this room as Serenia feels the father of her still unborn child sliding his cock, still completely coated in Siera's juices, into her vagina so she can add to its coat with her own sticky love.

Elenor is like hypnotized, looking at something she hasn't witnessed before. Her oldest friend Serenia making an expression she has not seen her ever make. There is something magical about their act of sex. Something that was present just as much when Alexei was united with Siera. Unsure what is really the cause, but there is a clear difference between what these three have been doing, compared to the sex Elenor has experienced up to now. Sure, that always felt great, but look at Serenia right now... That is far more than pleasure. This level of intimacy is on an entirely different scale. What could it be? She can't put it into any meaningful thoughts, yet somehow Elenor is beginning to understand. What they are doing is not merely having sex. They are also practicing what romantic stories describe as making the most passionate of love. And it is exceedingly attractive an activity.

Sasha is lowering both bands over her shoulders, letting the top of her one-piece drop down to her belly. Elenor looks at her friend's inviting nipples, never having suckled on any before. With growing curiosity she places her lips lightly over one, quickly getting to learn that sense of soothing relaxation spontaneously coming with it. Finally understanding what boys find so much fun about this practice, light nibbling quickly turning to something far more erotic. By now both of them are actively grinding their crotch over each other's leg, satisfying a rapid growing demand for pleasure. Spurred on by the sight of their friend getting lovingly and exquisitely banged only a mere arm's distance away and the matching motion of this mattress' springs moving smoothly but vividly up and down with a subtle but arousing creaking.

Siera has by now recovered from her orgasm and has rolled herself against the back of Serenia, cuddling and playing with the girl's body, adding to her stimulation.

Alexei can't help but think it was a great idea to let Serenia keep that fancy high-class dress on. Makes this girl seem like such a pure young lady, which makes this act of fucking and sullyng her all the more arousing. A feeling that seems to be shared by Serenia, as

anytime she will wear this dress from now on, everyone in this room will associate it and the girl underneath with this particular round of unadulterated sex.

Alexei looks over towards his daughter. While holding Elenor towards her naked bosom, she is looking back. A mutual connection between father and daughter existing, showing that neither has any shame or any objection to what is happening or how it came to be. Each enjoying the gaze of the other during their shared partaking of overflowing lust. A feel which would be inconceivable for any other father-daughter coupling, but for them just the right way to have another happy moment of familial bonding.

Alexei's right hand moves underneath Serenia's skirt, stroking the perfectly smooth roundness of a child's booty. A jiggle moving through her cheeks every time he feels her vaginal lips grasping around his base. Those numerous layers of frills in her skirt getting stained by what comes running out of that orgy of naked flesh displayed by their combined genitals. Like before, doing her the perfect way he described it for a pregnant girl. Not too hard, not too fast, but perfectly right in pace and wildness.

Serenia is stretching out one arm to seek more contact, her tiny hand disappearing in the large palm of Alexei as he clenches it firmly. Both their voices being heard by all others in this room as their pleasure culminates in a healthy dose of semen rushing down his shaft and shooting out with vigor into the only place where they both want it. Inside of a child's womb that already carries his offspring. Deep breaths filled with life and joy follow afterwards, as they both try to get some needed fresh air. A smile of deep affection and gratitude aimed at Alexei, while enjoying the feeling of his glistening-wet cock slowly sliding backwards and flopping out of its comfort zone.

Another person is also smiling towards Alexei. His daughter, who has raised herself and is gesturing Elenor to sit upwards, for things are not over yet. Elenor is confused. Sasha's thigh rubbing against her labia felt so good, why did she stop now? Her pussy is burning hot still. In fact, Sasha made it way worse. She can't leave her hanging now.

Once sitting upright, Sasha takes place behind Elenor and puts both arms around her friend, holding her palms over that bikini still being worn.

Now is the moment Elenor realizes who is looking at her. Alexei, the man who had sex with two other girls in this room, and who is already getting fully erect again, now aiming his erection towards Elenor.

“Eh?” Elenor wonders out loud, changing her gaze between Alexei and Sasha.

Sasha traces the cloth of that bikini towards Elenor’s back. Its wearer can feel the ends of her bikini are getting tugged. If she doesn’t do anything, it will fall down once Sasha pulls it open, revealing Elenor’s tits to this man in front.

The top slides down. Like Elenor had expected and secretly hoped for. But an odd response happens from herself she didn’t see coming. The girl is covering her chest with one arm. Why is she covering herself? She doesn’t understand at all. After all, this is far from the first time a male has seen her naked. Sure, most have been boys so far, not grown men like Alexei. But then why?

A comforting hand brushes through her light-brown curls coming from Sasha. Meanwhile Siera has crawled closer, having read from Sasha’s mannerisms what her intention is. The cyclops has taken place right next to Elenor and is holding her hand with a gentle encouraging smile. Elenor looks at the last person in this room, Serenia, who is slowly getting up to look at what is happening. She too seems to have understood in an instant. Getting closer with face still red and some heavy breathing remaining to recover from all physical effort moments earlier. Grabbing the piece of underwear Elenor is still wearing, soaked with fluids from rubbing against Sasha’s thigh. It is obvious Serenia wants to pull it down. All her friend has to do is lift her hips a tiny bit so she can.

Before even realizing it, that had already happened and the small piece of cloth is making its way over her legs as Serenia pulls it down, casting it aside. Then taking place right next to Elenor on the opposite side of Siera, placing an assuring hand on her friend’s naked shoulder.

Alexei is looking at all four girls. His daughter at the back, top still hanging down and nipples revealed, with Elenor’s head resting on her lap. Both girls he had sex with on either side of the one child laying down. All four of them looking at him in expectation.

Now Elenor finally understands why she is still covering her breasts. Because this is different from any other time when a male courted her. Because she feels inadequate in the

chest department, flattest of anyone in this room. Because she is afraid of not being capable at turning on Alexei, like the others can. All because that actually matters now, for some reason, while it never did before. Wondering whether that same feeling could have something to do with why sex looked so different between those three, much more intimate.

Arm covering her breasts slowly moves aside, revealing an almost flat bosom. Heart beating faster suddenly, like it is going to jump out of her chest. A little spasm noticed from Alexei's erect manhood in response of her revealed chest a more assuring sight than any has ever been. He is turned on. Though the beating of her heart hasn't stopped at all, in fact it's only going faster now.

Siera has placed her hands between Elenor's knees, starting to nudge them apart. The girl being nudged instinctively responding by spreading both legs for that man in front to see what lies between. The same man who is crawling on to this bed and getting closer to her. Rod of meat standing tall and looking more enticing than any other did before, glossy from being fully covered in fresh sticky juices of two girls now, a string of their combined fluids trickling down its shaft while some sperm is still hanging from the tip's exit. Eager to dive headfirst into bathing in the warm moist of a third child. The fluids of said third child already flowing in great amounts to ensure that dream will become reality.

Alexei lets his fingers brush over one of Elenor's legs, starting from her thigh and running over the light - beige sock, ending with a small feminine foot. Rubbing over the sole with his thumb and playing with each toe. Sizing up the beauty and shape of this new pair of young legs he will take place between. Closely examining the precious gift called Elenor his loving daughter had brought for her father, having come to what was supposed to be nothing more than a pregnancy talk and dragging her friend along specifically for this to happen. What better gift than to guide him straight into the loving arms of a new girl? And now this gift is about to be accepted, Sasha is showing a smug but affectionate look his way saying in unspoken silence "Look... Look what your daughter has brought only for you. Am I not a good girl? Will you praise me and pat my head afterwards?"

Alexei can only concede. What better daughter could a father ask for?

With glee, he accepts Sasha's gift and makes sure she has a first-row view at her father driving his still sticky penis into yet another budding Garden of Eden. The typical yet always overwhelming sensation of a fleshy tunnel squeezing around his shaft making him recognize that there have to be as many different delights to discover in this world as there are different girls. A greater source of truth and wisdom than any philosopher could have thought of. As diverse these various species he has experienced so far may be, even between two girls of the same species there are differences. Yet comparing is pointless, as distinct they may be, they are all equally proof that perfection *does* exist and can be found in a tight and moist little spot.

Elenor grasps firmly into the hand of each girl on either side. Legs bouncing at the rhythm of Alexei, entire body moving in sync while softly cushioned by Sasha's thighs.

"Ah~... Ah~..."

Elenor is usually the type that suppresses her voice during sex, and even now that is not really any different. Even so it comes out louder than before. Coming to this pregnancy lecture sounded a bit boring at first, rather wanting to go towards Siera's room and spread her legs for those usual random visitors. But since Sasha insisted on her coming along to a point of practically dragging Elenor out of their dorm, she ended up here.

Ah, what a truly great choice that has been. In the end she did end up spreading her legs, but to a cock that feels way bigger and fatter than what she is used to. And more than that, this man it belongs to is making her feel more desired and attractive than anyone else. Never having really cared about what her partners think as long as they make the act feel good, this time it actually matters to feel desired. If she were to look at herself in a mirror right now, Elenor would recognize that same mysterious intimacy which could be seen with Siera and Serenia. An intimacy she can't get enough of, as she lets go of Siera's hand and reaches out to Alexei, pleading him to love her more passionately, more affectionately. To feel his rough manly skin over her soft feminine body. To be held tight and feel his presence all around, like she encompasses his entire manhood. To feel his heavy heartbeat and flowing breath like she wants him to feel hers in return. And to experience a real kiss for the first time ever.

All three girls surrounding Elenor help lift up the girl, having full understanding what it is she desires. An outer and inner fuzzy warmth unlike any other flowing through Elenor once she reaches the assuring embrace of Alexei who instantly gives her all those experiences she sought. Arms and legs of Elenor wrapping around him for she never wants to let go. Now that she is sitting on his lap, capable of moving her own hips to decide the pace. Moving increasingly faster, wilder and rougher. She has no baby inside of her, not yet at least, so no need to go with care and gentleness. Sliding hips up all the way to that point she can't go any higher or that fat cock would flop out, shoving her lower body back down with a non-stop smooth feminine flow of rotating waist and hips.

Siera is laying herself down on the bouncing mattress, head resting on both palms while enjoying a low angle close-up view of a meaty sausage constantly disappearing and reappearing.

Serenia is listening attentively to enticing sounds of a juicy cock digging repeatedly into a slippery wet crevice, the subtle familiar creaking of this bed, and an interplay of gasps for both air and pleasure.

Sasha is sitting on her folded legs, pressed close together with a hand stuck between, visibly moving in a repeating pattern to drive two fingers past her entrance. Other hand caressing her own chest, still bared by her clothes' top hanging low, straps resting somewhere around her elbows. Taking in the alluring sight of her father partaking and sharing in a similar love for a good raw carnal fuck as his daughter.

“Haa~h...”

Elenor lets herself slide down while her entire body twitches, muscles tensing up and a rush flowing through every vein. Breathing actually stopping intermittently every time a jolt runs through her from head to toe. Another one... And another... Vagina contracting every time, squeezing hard around that throbbing cock inside. Each time a short love-filled “Ah~” leaving her mouth. A thick cream starting to run down from where she is connected to Alexei.

Powerless to move afterwards, drained of all energy. But feeling so satisfied a war could break out outside of this room and she wouldn't notice. Her breathing finally getting regular again. Enjoying a large hand stroking over her naked back and soft whispers of

praise in her ear. Content that her flat body with its bounty pressed into his chest managed to please Alexei. Not that there was ever a need to worry. No matter how flat she may be, even a total drunk who isn't completely blind would still recognize those two gorgeous nipples with such a softness and delicateness by mere sight as a chest belonging to a pretty young girl.

Siera gives a little coquettish applause when Elenor gets off and starts spilling fresh creamy contents of her pussy on the bed sheets. Serenia getting a box of wiping cloth from right next their bed and starting to clean her friend's slit and inner thighs. Then throwing that cloth into a bin a bit further, already completely filled with similar pieces.

Alexei takes a good look at his daughter, who seems to be preparing herself to leave the room now that this "talk" is finished. Putting an arm around her and placing his mouth next to her ear.

"Thanks. That was such a lovely gift from my precious girl."

Then he rubs Sasha over her head, getting the warmest of smiles in return. Shortly after, Sasha heads out of the room, leaving the others to spend their night here. Including this latest and permanent addition, Elenor. Alexei too is starting to dress himself to go pick up Lorelei so she can join them. Seeing his daughter run off inside the hallway, thinking that with how horny she has to be now, his little girl will no doubt give an excellent time to the first penis in sight. And the second or third...

Morning and first day of classes during the new week. Sasha and her friends are busy getting changed into their swimsuits. Preparing for another of those mixed lectures inside the aquarium, feeling giddy for those rare moments she can spend time with not only Lorelei during a probably boring lecture, but also Nerine who should be there as well. Coming out of the dressing room, she is standing right in front of the doors leading to A and B aquarium.

"Huh, look. Isn't that the other aquarium?" Sasha ponders out loud.

One door has "Available" written on it, the other "Off limits".

“You’re right, we’re going into the other one today? That’s a first,” Serenia responds somewhat confused.

“Maybe they simply switched them around? You know, isn’t that a thing?” Siera adds, being the type who rearranges her own possessions every two weeks for no particular reason other than not being able to make up her mind on what looks best. Regardless, these door signs are clear on where to go, so all girls follow some other students who are already entering the hallway leading to B aquarium.

Once arriving, the place doesn’t look all that different. A giant basin of water in a similar shape as aquarium A, and a similar wooden platform for whoever has to give a lecture. The biotope is noticeably different, but nothing which looks out of place or dangerous at first sight. Quickly after entering, they get joined by Lorelei and Nerine, both giving a quick hug to their friends. Immediately after, today’s lecturer stumbles onto the wooden platform. It is Sato, the Japanese exchange program teacher, wearing a swimsuit with fitting hair cap. Sasha wondering why he is even bothering to wear that stuff, as no lecturer ever gets into the water other than Oldor that one time to teach water breathing, but maybe just in case he makes a misstep and plunges from the platform? The wooden construct doesn’t look all that sturdy and steady for one’s footing after all.

He brought his usual laptop, which is a routine for Sato’s classes. Relying on its internal batteries and recharging them during his free time through a small water turbine located in one of the Academy’s faster flowing canals leading outside. Apparently he constructed the wooden waterwheel and drive axis that connects to a dynamo himself. That dynamo obviously being an import from his own world. The students are quite fond of his classes actually, always interested in the bright light and vivid colors that get displayed on his laptop, which Sato often lets everyone get a look at for demonstrations, sometimes letting it pass through the classroom. Today it will remain on a table prepared for him, not wanting to risk his laptop getting wet. More meant for himself to use as teaching material, holding a list of all topics to address in order. But there are pictures available to show, even if Sato isn’t really sure these students can get a good look from where they are. Earth marine animals being main subject he will lecture on today.

Sasha is trying to contain some laughing when she sees him balancing on that quite narrow piece of platform in front of the table holding his laptop, afraid to take a plunge. Like someone scared of heights who has stared down a steep cliff and started to get dizzy. The blonde expecting and perhaps even hoping just a tad that he will stumble into the water. Surely that would make for quite the amusing splash. Admittedly, the water in this aquarium is deep and evenly spread, unlike aquarium A which has a shallow end. So anyone uncomfortable with swimming would feel out of their comfort zone here.

“Want to bet a snack on whether he’ll slip and fall?” Elenor whispers to Sasha.

“Deal.”

Their group starts giggling as a whole from having heard this little bet, even the subdued Nerine letting out a chuckle. Only Serenia isn’t all that amused since she still isn’t too comfortable in water herself.

The lecture progresses smooth. Sato is going through various Earth marine predators, some long extinct. Especially an artist’s rendition of the animal displayed on his laptop right now is drawing attention and hype from the class, in particular boys. Though Nerine too seems very intrigued and almost charmed by what she sees and hears as description. A large prehistoric megalodon shark. Thinking she would love to see one in real life, the beast is making her imagination go wild with awe. This world doesn’t have predators of that size anymore. And to be fair, Earth doesn’t have them anymore either, but at least they did exist at some point.

Sato is clearly enjoying the ooh’s and ah’s he is getting. Having chosen his selection of animals for specifically that response, surprisingly passionate about his job and always wanting to share his passion with all students. And what child’s mind doesn’t get excited at the thought of a large monster like this? Lighting in the room is on the darker side in this aquarium, but that is an advantage as it makes the screen more visible. Though it certainly is an annoyance when having to walk on a shabby wooden platform.

Sato turns around towards his laptop, about to change slide again. A yelp resounding when he suddenly loses footing and begins to tumble sideways into the aquarium. Laughing immediately bursts out from the entire audience, including Elenor, even if she lost her bet.

Only one individual other than Sato himself doesn't laugh at all. Lorelei has already rushed forward, crossing all distance to that platform in the blink of an eye with a massive burst of speed as she darts through water like a knife through thin air. As the only mermaid in this group, driven by her compelling instinct to help at the sight of a person adrift. Grabbing hold of the man before he even reached halfway on his race to the bottom. Thankfully, even though he is an adult, this man doesn't feel that heavy at all because of the water's buoyancy, and Lorelei uses all of her tail and fins to push him back to the surface. While coughing up water, Sato clings to the platform's edge for dear life. Getting out as fast as he can and wheezing for air even if he only was submerged for a short while. Checking his body for any possible injuries he may have sustained from scraping against the platform when falling, seemingly fine but having dropped his wand he was carrying with him when making the plunge.

Lorelei smiles at him to ease Sato's mind, diving underwater to go pick up his wand at the bottom of B aquarium while their entire audience is still laughing. Body moving elegantly and much more relaxed than earlier now that Sato is safe, a giant contrast to the wild flinging and splashing that happened by him mere moments earlier. Reaching that bottom quickly and finding the wand, Lorelei turns around again to head back towards the surface.

That is when it happens.

Right at the moment she sets off to the surface once more, the girl isn't going up at all. Instead getting dragged down, straight into what has been hidden underneath all sand and dirt at the bottom. Like that entire bottom has opened up and is closing around Lorelei. A sharp pain shooting through her entire body, like thousands of long needles are puncturing simultaneously. Piercing through delicate skin and driving through her flesh. A cloud of dust all around Lorelei masking what is happening for any spectator, but the girl herself knows. She has heard the stories, but more than that her mind grasps all mortal danger she is in on pure survival instinct.

She has been caught by a giant anemone.

Laying hidden underneath the surface, it waited with serene patience for a prey to pass. Or to get fed with quite some hassle like happens every week. And a tasty meal just

happened to pass right above, so the anemone did what any would when a mermaid crosses paths close enough. Open its mouth and use a vacuum sucking technique to drag the unsuspecting victim straight into its mouth. Because that is essentially what this anemone is, nothing more than a giant mouth with thousands of thin needlelike teeth.

Lorelei is in complete panic, everything up to right beneath her chest caught in the deadly grip of a giant mouth, trying to suppress horrible pain she feels all over her body. But she has to get out no matter how much it hurts. She simply has to. Understanding fully well what is going to happen if she stays in here for a mere second or two longer.

Two seconds... They feel like ages to Lorelei, as if time is standing still.

A contracting movement...

The animal is pulling her in deeper, a single smooth wave rolling through the anemone as its thousands of teeth gradually release and place themselves higher, sinking back into the rich flesh of a young mermaid straight after. Starting to mold itself to the shape of whatever it has caught.

Large bubbles of air leaving Lorelei's mouth when she can feel excruciating pain of those needles burying into her vaginal area, an equally horrifying suffering making her eyes dilate when her body gets dragged down deeper, dozens of teeth driving through the luscious squishiness of her breasts, some piercing straight into her nipples.

She has to move... Get out of this mouth, it will happen soon... Any moment now. The moment she will die. When this anemone will have confirmed it caught an appropriate target by getting a good whiff of tasty mermaid blood, and it will start feasting on the appetizing girl who is on its menu. Once that happens, it will be over in an instant. The anemone will start its natural process of violently and rapidly grinding to maul and shred its victim to the tiniest of pieces.

Lorelei will die in seconds, not even recognizable anymore as a pretty young girl.

That is why she must move, at all cost.

She cannot die...

She doesn't want to die...

But her tail is seemingly paralyzed, completely lodged by a firm grip of thousands of inwards pointing teeth. Wanting to mope and cry, but unable to from shock, Lorelei can only move her shoulders and arms that are still free.

Another large air bubble from her mouth and nose, more hints of blood in it while some of Lorelei's internal organs have been pierced. It's no use, she can't move at all. Pain of those needles only driving deeper and starting to tear her breasts got too much when moving her shoulders.

Lorelei's hands are moving around the edge of that large mouth, pushing it... Begging the anemone to let her go. To let her live... Please... Anything is better than ceasing to exist. She doesn't want to die... Not like this.

A massive despair sinking her heart and mind when she can feel the anemone moving... Realizing that dreaded moment of death has come. It has tasted blood and is now hankering for more, starting a hug-of-death which will turn Lorelei into exquisitely nutritious and tasteful mermaid mincemeat. All she can do in one last desperate and completely meaningless gesture, is to hold out an arm in hopes of an outside miraculous force saving her at the very last moment. A hand that nobody can even see as the dust cloud hasn't even settled yet.

The laughing is stopping. Everyone in the audience is starting to grasp something is eerily wrong about that cloud. What was that even? Where did it come from? It all happened so fast. A single individual bursting through the water straight into the unknown, face locked in an expression of horror.

Nerine is propelling herself forward as fast she can, at a cloud that is starting to get active again as something has started to move, increasingly rapid. Her fears turning into reality when that cloud starts to turn red right when she reaches it. A single arm stretched out to her, Lorelei is looking straight into the eyes of Nerine who grabs and pulls as best she can. Noticing the anemone is grinding its entire body at full speed, thousands of needles clawing, piercing, mauling and mincing what is hidden inside with rapid frequency and great strength. The red substance flowing through water getting increasingly dense.

Unable to pull out Lorelei, her attempted savior tries the method of assault instead. Letting loose on the anemone's revealed upper body sticking out from the ground as it

grinds its meal. A flurry of tentacles and a powerful snapping beak savaging the walls of this creature in an onslaught of panic and rabid fury. Bits and pieces of all sizes getting whirled around in a three-way storm of murderous violence.

Finally, Nerine can feel the arm she is still pulling on coming free from the anemone's grip as it admits defeat and spits out its prey in a massive red cloud of finely grinded pieces, trying to defend itself instead by fighting back at Nerine.

Feeling no more resistance and thus getting some control again over her completely frenzied mind, Nerine backs off while holding onto her friend, swimming away from the horribly mutilated anemone. The scylla herself having lost one tentacle and another injured. But she is holding onto her friend... Swimming as fast as possible to the surface where Sato is waiting.

"Lorelei is...! Please help!" she yells out to him, lifting up Lorelei's arm she is holding on to towards the adult in this room. Anyone who can help.

But Sato isn't doing anything, remaining frozen in place, looking at the aftermath.

Only now does Nerine have time to take a look herself at Lorelei.

She can see the mermaid's face aimed at her.

"Lorelei...?" Nerine asks in a meek voice, getting no reply. Not even the slightest response or twitch. Eyes of the scylla turning to shock when noticing everything below the shoulder line is gone. Only some torn pieces of flesh, a bit of cracked spine and a floating piece of raffled skin that was once part of Lorelei's body remaining.

A loud wailing of sorrow begins to fill the halls of the Academy...

The aquarium is dark in dimming light of a setting sun. This area is deemed off-limits for the time being, but one person is present. Alexei is walking over that wooden platform with a lantern in his hand. Right here is where it happened. Where he lost Lorelei...

He has to swallow hard, trying to endure all pain in his heart. Only reason he can is because another emotion has taken foreground.

Raging anger. At whoever did this... and at himself.

What a fool he has been, starting to believe what Tudor said, a too comfortable falsehood that Layla's death was only an accident. Now look what happened, all because he forsake to follow up on his concerns. Lorelei has died... That lively and caring girl has died.

Alexei places a hand on one specific wooden plank where Sato must have stood. It instantly gives under a mere bit of pressure, dropping like a trapdoor since the piece of supporting wood that is supposed to be underneath it is gone on one side.

"Oh, it's you?" a voice comes from the entrance, Tudor entering the room.

"This place is off limits now. I understand you are upset, considering... But you should go back to your room," he says.

"Upset!? She got murdered!" Alexei yells at him in response.

"It was an accident. Somebody made a tragic mistake of swapping those plates on the door... These students were never supposed to be here."

Alexei could punch Tudor right here and now, but restrains himself. Getting kicked out of the Academy would make solving this and carrying out justice impossible. This guy would only sweep it under the rug like he did with Layla, to protect the prestige of his precious Academy. He knows better. This was no fucking accident.

That piece of missing wood has not broken off as has been insinuated. The edge of where it was supposed to be attached is too clean for that. Breaking would leave splinters, but that edge is almost perfectly flat. Only a saw can do that. And anyone who would step on that plank resting on top would thus lose their footing once it gives, and dive headfirst into water. Right above the location of an anemone. Some coincidence that is. And who would come to the rescue? The only mermaid in this entire aquarium, favorite food of such a monster. An anemone would never have responded to some clumsy flailing human, detecting difference in what is desired prey and what is not through the type of vibrations in its surrounding water.

Alexei only found that stuff out recently by hearing about it from locals and reading in that book. Whoever planned this shit must have known full well about the nature of mermaids and anemones alike. Likewise to how this culprit knew about mantraps and fairies. But then why does he have the brooding feeling this is all connected to his own world?

Right, there was that message during the Layla case which reminded about some murders back on Earth before he left. Nothing like that has appeared this time... for now. A scary thought enters Alexei's mind as he gets escorted out of the aquarium by Tudor. Both Layla and Lorelei had a close connection to him. Could that be a coincidence, or is there meaning behind that unsettling fact?

CHAPTER 13



Love of a Daughter

One month has passed. Sasha and her friends are having a class on alchemy from Oldor. All students are tinkering in silence with some beakers, alchemical fluids and weird devices where various liquids and vapors flow through. Elenor and Serenia are on Sasha's left, while Siera is on her right. The cyclops is the only one sitting on a chair, since her pregnancy has progressed as fast as expected. Belly as tight as always, but noticeably bulging out. The uniform's corset obviously not being worn to provide all necessary space. Her breasts too have started swelling, though no lactation is possible just yet. Shouldn't be long anymore before that changes.

Sasha sighs.

What a horrible day that was, one month ago. Even now the sight of what happened in the aquarium often returns to mind. At least everyone is functional now. That sure was different the first week. Once more she owes a lot to her friends, always one of them present

in her dorm room. They have gotten to some unspoken agreement not to leave each other alone, and are switching every night who stays with Sasha in her dorm, and who gets to sleep with Alexei.

Nerine... She had it the worst. They all tried to give her consolation once she got out of the medical ward, but attempts haven't turned out all that well. The girl has secluded herself a lot more this last month. Though she does show up now and then, even if she apparently skips a lot of classes. The administration at least appears understanding of her situation and is giving Nerine the necessary time to recover mentally. Physically, her injuries weren't that bad thankfully. Losing some tentacles is no big deal to a scylla, since they can regrow an infinite amount of times. One was merely damaged and she was offered to have it amputated so it can regrow properly, but Nerine refused. Sasha wishes she could have done more, and didn't have to rely on her own friends instead. Alas, she recognizes she isn't that strong yet mentally, hoping to reach that capability in the future at some point. Hopefully no need for such any time soon.

Adults sure are something else. Sasha admires how her father is handling Lorelei's loss. He is deeply hurt by her death, yet he does his best to be there for his daughter and her friends. Often having visited and offering a gift or some way to pass time and keep her mind occupied, very much like he does with the others. No doubt it helped himself too, but she feels regret at not being able to do the same for him. Not out of a lack of desire, but purely because she doesn't know how. Afraid to take a wrong approach and only make things worse. At least he had support of these three girls next to her, and something to look forward to with two of them being pregnant.

Still, sure must be hard, being an adult. Not allowed to show weakness in front of children. Hard, but admirable. That woman would never have done so, only dropping her own misery on her daughter's frail shoulders.

Sasha knows her father is suspecting some kind of evil motive at play, though details are unknown to her. He is spending a lot more time on his desk again, looking through his papers. Or going around the Academy, subtly inquiring behind Tudor's back about what people have been up to on that day. She doesn't really understand. Layla died from a

mantrap, and Lorelei was eaten by an anemone. How could there be some third party involved? And why even?

An incantation is being cast by a girl in front of Sasha, indicating she has finished making the assigned alchemical solution and is adding some finishing touches. But the girl's tongue is lagging on the last syllable and that incantation goes wrong.

With a loud bang, the bottle in her hands cracks open and its contents splash around.

"Eeh~!" a lamenting voice resounds at her failure to finish the spell, and all contents of that flask subsequently splattering all over her body and face. Not that it is a harmful substance, but it does look rather slimy. Multiple voices in the room start laughing in response.

"Again?" Oldor sighs when he notices what happened.

Coco was the girl who messed up. Certainly not a first time that happened. Or better said, it is more of a rarity when she does pull it off correctly. Covered in slimy mucus, some having gotten in one eye.

"You can go clean yourself in the toilet," the wizard overseeing his class instructs.

Having sight obstructed, the cow girl bumps into her own table and almost knocks that entire alchemical apparatus on the floor, causing Oldor to quickly rush closer in panic so she doesn't break his precious alchemical tools.

"Sasha, could you escort her?" he asks, knowing there is no way Coco can get there on her own without either tripping or breaking stuff.

Holding Coco's hand, she guides the poor girl down an empty hallway. Though her face is covered in slime, it is clear some tears have formed. Patting Coco on the back, Sasha tries to offer some consolation.

"It will be okay, nothing to worry about."

"But I always mess up. I'm such a stupid klutz. Everyone always laughs at me..."

On the brink of starting to cry, Coco continues moping. "I can't do anything right..."

"That's not true. You have plenty of good sides," Sasha responds, knowing mere words won't really convince Coco, but not really sure how to properly prove it to her.

She wasn't lying, Coco does have good sides. Sure, she is very clumsy and a ditz, but she has her heart in the right place. And that clumsiness has its positive sides too. This girl has

unknowingly been a source of help this last month. Her constant need of being guided and assisted like now has been a good source of distraction. As have been these usual screw-ups. It helped too that she was a newcomer, being thus not as emotionally involved herself. Plus, Coco wasn't there when it happened, requiring catch-up swimming lessons first. As a result she never had to see that horrible scene, making interactions with her not as gloom filled.

Entering the toilet, Sasha decides to help out Coco further by doing some cleaning for her. Wiping the girl's face first, ridding it of that slimy mucus and dipping those couple tears simultaneously. Afterwards, she starts wiping over the uniform to try and clean it. Once rubbing over Coco's upper pair of breasts, a squirt of milk comes shooting out.

"Ah... I'm so sorry... I can't help it," Coco excuses herself in a moping tone, ashamed of getting her bikini dirty even more when Sasha was trying to get it clean.

Sasha laughs and tells her it is fine. Then she looks curiously at Coco's magnificent and fully functional double set of racks.

"May I take a look?"

Coco tilts her head in confusion why someone would want to see her breasts, but doesn't object if it is someone she has come to trust like Sasha. Offering her chest to this curious human girl. Simply by putting her fingers underneath the upper bikini to push it upwards, Sasha can see milk gushing forth from Coco's not exactly giant but well-rounded and voluptuous mammary. Then she pulls the lower bikini down to reveal both spongey-soft pairs.

"I'm sorry..." Coco apologizes again for having spilled on Sasha's fingers.

Not bothered at all, Sasha pokes with a single finger in the captivating squishiness of the top left breast. It gives so easily, finger sinking into tight skin, feeling the radiating warmth and gently counter-pushing suppleness of milk-filled breast tissue. Entire breast getting nudged into the equal squishiness of the one right next to it, a gush of milk coming forth immediately in response from both top nipples, running down her round shapes in the form of a tiny white river of fatty warm milk lovingly caressing all skin it passes. Seeking the path of least resistance and spreading out over Coco's lower pair of round breasts, some tracing the outer contour, some running down into her squishy valley in

search of a belly button. The milk's liquid stimulation affecting her lower pair, successfully tempting both lower breasts to release their own little stream of white fatty goodness. Once Sasha instantly pulls back her finger, Coco's breasts lively bounce into their natural shape, leaving only a subtle resonating jiggle combined with another fresh flowing spillage.

"Are they always like this?" she asks.

Coco nods with a sad look. "I'm extra sensitive it seems..." she replies dejected.

Other than being two pair, her breasts look very much like what is normal. For a decently stacked human girl around eighteen that is. Certainly big for someone Coco's age. Though they have a high natural perkiness, not really needing any support to keep themselves in a juicy round shape. Their softness and suppleness makes it feel like a cat playing with a piece of string, hard to stop touching. They give so easily with the slightest nudge, even now with Sasha no longer poking them they are still energetically jiggling and bouncing around with the tiniest move Coco makes, always returning to their natural spot straight after. But that is to be expected with her youthful and tight yet flexible skin. One noticeable difference are those four nipples. They are bigger than Sasha's. But then she corrects her thoughts. Maybe it is wrong to think of them as bigger? They seem constantly erect, that's more like it. Maybe a side-effect of Coco being so sensitive?

"They are such a bother," the girl laments her otherworldly assets.

"Well, try and look at all advantages," Sasha replies.

Coco is confused again. What advantages? Explaining that these blobs of fat and milk only draw mocking stares, probably because they all think she must be dirty.

Sasha laughs out loud. "No you silly, at least boys won't think anything negative."

"Huh? Why?"

Sasha realizes this girl is far more innocent than she gave her credit for.

"Boys love breasts. And you have double the amount! Big ones. Of course you attract eyes."

"You think so?" Coco looks down on her own cleavage, unsure what to believe anymore.

"Absolutely!"

"But they get wet... and sticky."

“All the more reason why boys love them,” Sasha concludes, leaving a befuddled Coco who simply can’t grasp what is good about these annoying spillage hazards. Still, she has good parts about her apparently. Or at least Sasha believes so. That is enough to make the unlucky cow girl feel a bit better.

“Nice medallion,” Sasha changes topic, looking at what hangs around Coco’s neck.

“It’s a lucky charm.”

“I see,” she responds, deciding it is best to not joke that it either isn’t doing a great job, or Coco has to be so unlucky that even with a charm accidents like these happen.

The toilet’s door opens suddenly, causing Coco to get a jump-scare, a squirt of milk shooting out of all four nipples with vigor. Almost hitting Sasha in the process, as she had to jump backwards to barely avoid milk. It is Siera who enters, alchemy class having ended and now seeking to wash both hands and neatly brush her hair. Noticing Sasha standing in front of Coco who has her breasts bared, milk running down.

“Mm~ I’m so envious. I still don’t produce any milk,” Siera mutters.

Coco asks Siera why she would ever want that. The cyclops responding with excitement about how she can’t wait to become a mother and feed her child. Pretending to hold a baby in her arms immediately after.

“Wouldn’t that be fantastic? Feeding your own baby,” she asks the duo.

Only thing Sasha can think of is that she never really wondered about that. Siera would make a great mother for sure, if she is that much looking forward to it already. But how would Sasha herself be as a mother? Like Siera? Deciding if it ever came to be, she would definitely never be anything like that woman who was supposed to raise her.

“Going out tonight?” Sasha changes subject again, curious who will sleep in her dorm tonight and who will stay with Alexei. Turns out it is Serenia who will spend the night with Sasha to keep her company.

“Why is Siera going to Master Alexei at night? Isn’t it curfew?” Coco interrupts apologetically.

Sasha comes closer and whispers the answer in Coco’s ear.

“Eh?! Se... Sex?!” She yells out in her usually meek voice, another four squirts of milk shooting out from what she heard right now. Face as red as a tomato.

“You want to come too?” Siera asks the startled girl, who immediately shakes her head while hiding her face.

Later that same day, Sasha is standing in front of a door in the aquatic dorm. She has knocked on it three times now and called for it to be opened, but no response. It is Nerine’s room. She hasn’t shown herself again today, making Sasha worried about her well-being. Entering is not possible as that door is locked.

“Nerine... Let’s go to class together tomorrow, okay?!” she yells out loud enough for the scylla to hear, assuming she is even inside. No reply audible.

Around an hour past midnight. Sasha has been laying down on her bed, thinking about various things since Serenia fell asleep. Going through her story of life to the point where she is laying on this bed right now. This morning has got her thinking about something else too. She became determined to do something for her father, bring some sunshine in his life. No longer wanting to depend entirely on the other girls to do so for her. Having spent most time of day pondering what could be a good way to approach this, something only she can do, and having reached a conclusion early this evening. Only having to wait till now to carry out her plan.

With Serenia asleep it is time to have a little stroll through the night. No need to get dressed, she is still wearing her private clothes, hidden underneath the bedsheets. A yellow camisole and a miniskirt with some regular socks. Only thing to silently put on are her old shoes she wore when coming here. Slowly opening the door, Sasha whispers a subtle word of thanks to Serenia before leaving, for having spent the evening with her friend rather than with her chosen life-partner.

Looking through a window in the corridor, Sasha can see her destination. Her father’s room. Arriving before his door, she first places an ear against the door. No sound. A good start. That means they aren’t still enjoying each other’s company in a carnal meaning of the word.

Silently opening the door, she tiptoes inside. A single candle is still burning a gentle light on the desk, safely isolated underneath a glass cover. On top of it are a bunch of documents.

She recognizes some of them under that soft candlelight as the files he made on Layla's incident. A bunch more are added now, dealing with Lorelei. Testimonies, thoughts, descriptions of the scene where it happened. Plushy toys on this desk a shrill contrast with these somber papers and what they signify. Two of those cute fluffy things belonging to girls who will never see or hold them again. One belonging to the girl who is still sleeping in Sasha's dorm and two for both girls who are off into the world of dreams right here in this room. The day after Elenor had her first experience with Alexei she brought hers too. A frog plushy, sitting between Siera's cyclops and Serenia's rabbit. Since they are import from back on Earth, Sasha doesn't even know if such animals like bears and rabbits even exist here. But being cute is all that matters in the end.

Passing the window, she looks outside. That one window of Siera's old room on the opposite side of the Academy is shrouded in darkness. She hasn't spent much time there since last month. But one memory remains vivid to this day. A memory she and her father shared while watching each other making out, and those odd yet very intense feelings that accompanied the act.

Reaching the bed, she looks down on three sleeping faces. As expected, it is during moments of these that hidden truth gets revealed. Her father's face is stern, clearly not having a good night's sleep. She understands all too well. Nights are the roughest. Those moments right before falling asleep when thoughts stray to places they better not go, and during sleep itself when dreams tread similar ground. No matter how much he may be acting all fine during day, it is under candle light like this when it gets revealed her father is hurting inside.

Sasha gets a warm smile on her face when looking at both naked girls sleeping on this same bed. Another word of thanks being whispered to each.

Leaning over the sleeping cyclops, Sasha places a finger on her father's lips. As he wakes up in response, starting to make some sounds of fatigue, he notices who is standing there. Using her other hand to place a finger on her own lips, Sasha gestures him to remain silent as not to wake the others. As he gets off the bed like Sasha wants him to, Elenor starts to mumble half-asleep, turning around and dozing off again straight away. If she has woken

up, probably thinking that movement she felt of Alexei getting out of bed was only to go to the toilet.

Sasha grabs Alexei's clothes in silence and drags him along, father and daughter exiting the room.

"What's wrong?" he asks once the door has closed, getting his clothes shoved in his arms.

"Time to go out," his daughter responds, her expression putting him at ease. At least it's nothing serious. He wouldn't be able to take more horrible news so soon after Layla and Lorelei. Not really sure what she is up to, but willing to get dragged along if it makes Sasha feel better.

The night is a bit hotter than usual as summer season is in full swing. No moon visible, but stars are shining bright and make the night sky look like a wonder of nature. Various colored swathes visible which mark nebulae or galaxies at vast distances, a large band dividing it all, similar to Earth's Milky Way, all of it majestically painting the dark of night due to a complete lack of light pollution.

"Where are we going?" Alexei asks Sasha out of pure curiosity.

"A magical place," is the only answer she gives.

Starting to crawl over that same wall as always whenever Sasha needs to get out of this Academy at night, Alexei sighs at the prospect of having to climb at such a late hour of night. But he will go wherever she wants to take him. Noticing they are walking towards the forest for some reason.

"I have been here a couple times before," Sasha finally feels ready to start speaking as they enter that forest. Sasha certainly didn't lie, this place looks magical indeed. Glowing plants, mushrooms, fireflies abound.

"Yeah, I figured. Saw you climb over that same wall once from my window."

They pass a norn who tries to beckon Alexei towards her embrace. Sasha smiles mysteriously and tells him to come along and not get distracted too much.

"Here in the forest I befriended Layla," she continues.

Some silence before Alexei answers.

"Something about guiding you back to the Academy, right?"

Sasha seems surprised he knew that much, not remembering that tidbit got casually blurted out once in his presence by Elenor.

“Yeah, she showed me the way. I still remember this path.” Thinking about it, she concludes Layla must have picked a route that has easily recognizable landmarks and is safe, having understood Sasha is the adventurous type and would no doubt frolic inside this forest again at some point. Which did happen in the end, only for a vastly different intention than Layla could have ever anticipated.

“When she died I came back here... For a specific reason.”

Alexei remains silent, afraid to interrupt her during a serious topic like this. Wanting to hear what his daughter has to say.

“I did all those same things that happened back on my first night in this forest, traced all her steps.”

Sasha turns towards Alexei with a soft chuckle.

“Though she actually flew, so there were no real steps.”

They pass a couple of tiny pixies who curiously fly past before disappearing into glowing foliage.

“Anyway, doing so helped me out a lot. Hmm... Like it felt comforting somehow?”

Sasha isn't sure how to properly word this to get all desired meaning across, but Alexei understands. It was a form of therapy basically, where his daughter came to terms with the loss of a friend, by finding a place and routine they shared where she learned to get peace of mind.

“When Lorelei died...” she hesitates for a moment, looking back at her father to ensure he is still following, “I went through that same routine, hoping it would help me again.”

Sasha is starting to get worried. Her father has been silent for a while now. Is she doing the right thing?

“Did it help?” Alexei finally raises his voice again, hoping for a positive answer.

Sasha sighs in relief. He is still going along just fine.

“Yeah, it did. I guess it is a sort of habit now? Whenever something bad happens and I feel sad, I can come to that same place. Not straight after of course... But once some time has passed.”

The answer to why she brought him here is starting to click in his mind.

“So you brought me here to...”

Sasha nods at him before he can finish the sentence, a melancholic looking gentleness on her face being illuminated by nearby glowing foliage.

“I was hoping it could help you too,” she gives the reason for being here.

A large empty area in the forest reveals itself with a couple steps further, as if it kept itself hidden until the very last moment. A beautiful lake filled with sources of ghostly light, surrounded by glowing trees, shrubbery and equally plenty of forest life, all in various sparkling colors.

Alexei’s mouth opens up at the majesty of this place. Truly magical indeed, as she had promised.

“So, what do we do first?” he asks her.

“Bathing.”

Alexei walks towards the water, but Sasha tugs on his maw.

“Not in the lake yet, first in one of those,” she is pointing at a norn standing a bit further, its roots partly covered by the edge of the lake which reflects a starry sky.

Technically that’s not the accurate routine Sasha follows. Her choice was not a norn around here, but that male mantrap a bit deeper in this same forest. Not that she can bring Alexei there. No way is Sasha going to take any such risks with her precious father. Having settled on the harmless safety of a normal norn instead. Plenty of those around, and always some that are young enough to fit in his strike zone, like the one they are heading to.

“So... We go in here?” he asks.

“Yup!” she answers with a broad smile. “And after that we clean ourselves in the lake!”

“Heh, alright then.”

Alexei is satisfied. This nightly excursion has been plenty worth it already. Having learned that his young daughter has found a method to deal with loss, peculiar it may be. And taking a bath in a norn certainly isn’t an unattractive proposal. He certainly remembers his time in one fondly. Besides, who knows, what works for Sasha may work for him as well? Even if he doesn’t have a bond with this specific place yet, simply by

bathing here with his daughter who brought him along specifically to help heal his mind it will turn into a place with such a bond.

“Guess I better get undressed then.”

As Alexei opens the buttons on his shirt, Sasha pulls her camisole over her head. Those two large blonde twin - tails flowing down right beside her naked upper body afterwards.

“I hope you use the Academy’s shampoo and not our own,” he jokes to her.

“Don’t worry, I learned that lesson a long time ago.”

Neither of them have to worry about any nectar fluids clotting in their hair. The Academy shampoo does come with that natural protection some species have here. Their hair should repel all fluids and dirt with near perfection.

Opening his pants, Alexei stops for a moment, looking at his daughter. She too has stopped. Holding her underwear after having dropped the skirt. A couple seconds pass in silence, then she pulls down those panties slowly while giving him a friendly and openly approving smile. Alexei quickly tries to shake off any thoughts he just had, and removes his own pants. All will be okay. He is merely going to take a bath with his daughter. Parents do that all the time with their children.

Sasha clamps on to a branch to try and get in, but feels herself getting lifted straight after. Holding her in his arms, Alexei lifts his daughter over the edge.

“I’m going to plop you in now.”

“Slowly! Don’t simply drop...!”

With a splash and plenty of giggling Sasha falls down into semi - translucent nectar. Splashing some on her father when he tries to join, in a playful act of revenge.

“Nice looking sky,” Alexei looks upwards and gazes at the stars while letting himself soak. Then his attention is quickly getting drawn to other places. Right in front sits Sasha fully naked. And while she is his daughter, he is well aware her body has strongly stimulated his imagination plenty of times before. Looking away from her isn’t all that easy either, since there is another girl present. This silent norn they are bathing in herself, who is entirely focused on him. No escape for his growing lusts other than to try and keep staring at that night sky.

“Dad, I think she wants you,” Sasha teases him after a while.

Alexei looks at the norn who smiles in return, opening her arms to him.

“Ever tried one before?” his daughter asks.

“Yeah, good times. You?”

Sasha nods. “But hard to find a male... Unfair,” she grumbles softly.

“You succeeded though?”

Sasha gives him a smirk while making a V-sign. Asking a question completely unsuitable for a girl her age in turn.

“How do they feel? You know, with all this golden stuff.”

Alexei ponders for a bit. How to best describe it?

“I don’t know, hard to say. The squishiest I guess? Certainly felt greatly satisfying. Wasn’t it similar for you?”

Sasha thinks back on her last time.

“Hmm... I guess? It felt dirtier than usual. In a good way.”

Alexei agrees that might be a good way to describe it. They don’t talk at all or move much, but all those fluids and stickiness makes up for it by being deliciously dirty. The sight of that plant girl completely covered in this warm nectar is certainly enough to get him hard, making him try and hide it as a natural impulse at first before realizing there is no need for hiding anything. Not with his current company. One has seen his erection multiple times already, including where it got to happily enjoy the fruits of labor, and the other girl doesn’t really have a mind of her own other than basic instincts who want nothing more than his hard piece of wood to begin with.

“Go on dad, don’t keep a girl waiting. That’s rude,” Sasha is openly taking pleasure in her father being tempted by the norn but trying to restrain himself. “This is part of the healing ritual,” she gives him her approval.

The norn looks different from that one in the Academy’s inner garden. About a same age, probably young enough not to have any actual experience, since this forest holds plenty of potent competition and visitors can’t be very frequent due to distance to town. Maybe that’s why she is putting in significant effort in tempting him? Appearing like she is burning hot with raging lust herself rather than simply trying to seduce a potential mate. Her color is a bit different, with a lighter shade of green that is leaning closer towards

yellow, meaning she has to be a different subspecies. Those flowers on her head are different too. A couple very large ones with a bright blue color glowing in the night.

Alexei gets up with a sudden bout of lust and energy.

“Alright then! Let’s do this!”

Sasha starts clapping her squishy fluid covered hands together with a splatting sound while laughing out loud in anticipation. Then she crawls closer to get a good sideways view.

The norn, still very tiny and the age equivalent of a human preteen, is covered in her own fluids from the hip level, meaning her preteen genitals are fully submerged in thick running nectar. Sasha should still be able to see everything, as that fluid has enough transparency. This plant girl herself is overjoyed at the prospect of her first mate ever, unsure where to hold her hands in sheer excitement and showing that well-shaped small booty with all eagerness of a girl starved for a lifetime of good loving. Her mouth gaping open in ecstasy at the light touch of Alexei placing his penis at the right spot. Holding his arms around her chest right beneath those small yellowish tits and driving his cock straight into the firmly gripping source of this entire cup’s juicy contents, feeling fluids gushing out all around the deeper he pushes. Her little childlike bum perfectly fitting inside his lap.

Alexei holds in place for a while, basking in the wonderful feel of her fountain of life flowing non-stop. Then a loud splashing starts to repeat as nectar gets sloshed around both of them.

“How does she feel?!” Sasha asks out loud.

Alexei slaps his crotch into the norn’s cheeks and holds it in to rotate counter-clockwise, making the yellowish girl’s eyes narrow while her mouth gapes open with the softest of expressions, revealing her complete appreciation and surrender to all feelings coursing through her.

“Fucking awesome...” he replies in the short amount of time between stopping to rotate and switching to thrusting again.

Sasha almost loses balance as she starts to slip from those waves running through the nectar as they get wilder. Holding on to the plant girl’s legs to find something steady. Not that there is much steady about her, as it appears the norn could tip over at any time as well

from that incessant thrusting at her back and the overbearing presence of the tall mature male behind her humble yet feminine preteen posture. Or possibly because she seems about ready to sink through her fused legs in pure delight.

Some animals of the night look curiously from all around the lake, noises of sloshy nectar-styled mating resounding over the entire open part of this forest. Some pixies actually getting in the mood and joining in on top of the lake's waterlilies.

Alexei grabs tighter with his arms as he can feel the young girl losing her ability to stand, all remaining strength in her body dedicated to pushing that fine round bum against her partner as an all different fluid starts flowing in. Hearing his daughter cheer him on with great amusement.

He falls back into the fluid, resting against the wall of the cup. Norn standing in place, having her eyes closed while feeling more satisfied than ever before, having fulfilled the meaning of her existence. A couple deep breaths while Alexei looks around the lake and towards the night sky. With all subconscious worries dazed by the rush of a fresh orgasm still settling down, this place looks even more magical than before.

"Nice ritual..." he voices his thoughts.

Sasha places herself right on his lap sideways, leaning against her father who holds her with both arms.

Minutes have passed in silence simply enjoying the touch of each other's naked nectar covered skin. Then finally Sasha opens her mouth.

"You really think it wasn't an accident?"

There is some uncertainty lingering in her voice, unsure how he will respond to this topic. Alexei easing her worries by caressing Sasha's shoulder and giving a kiss on her forehead.

"Yeah... I'm certain of it. Both Layla and Lorelei weren't part of an accident. Too many coincidences piling up means it's not a coincidence any longer."

"The signs being misplaced?" she asks.

"Yeah, for one. And the wooden support missing on that platform."

"Didn't that break off?"

Alexei replies to her question in as calm a voice as possible.

“No. If it did, where did it go? There was no floating or sunk piece of wood to be found.”

And more than that, it got clearly sawed, but there is no need for Sasha to know all details. Not wanting to imprint that incident any deeper into her memories.

“So if someone bad is doing this, do you have an idea who it could be?”

“That’s what I’m trying to find out.”

He does have some suspects, but is not sure whether it is a good idea to talk about them. Keeping information contained prevents it from spreading where it shouldn’t. But on the other hand his daughter and her friends could be at risk. If at least one of them knew about those suspects, she could potentially steer herself and all others clear of them.

“It’s only a thought, by no means certain... But right now I have three people in mind who are suspect.”

“Who?” Sasha asks.

“The Headmaster is one.”

“Headmaster Tudor? Why? He seems nice.”

“Hmm... His constant attempts at trying to downplay what happened are getting obvious. And as Headmaster he knows the ins and outs of this Academy very well. Plus, he has most access to information from our world amongst any locals.”

“Why does that matter?” Sasha wonders.

“Merely a gut feeling. There were two cases before we left for this world that feel connected somehow, as odd as it sounds.” That message “Innocence proves guilt” being the big connecting object.

“Oh, that one on television the day before we left?” Sasha guesses.

“You remember? Yeah, that one. And another happened a bit earlier. There was one suspect, some guy wearing a *tengu* mask.”

Sasha knows well what he is talking about. She remembers that late-afternoon very well, where she went out to fuck some weird guy wearing a *kitsune* mask. Though she can’t see how any of those cases could be connected to recent events.

“And the other two?” she is curious about the remaining suspects.

“Oldor and Sato.”

Explaining to her how Oldor was in charge of the garden and feeding its mantrap, making him most suspect for that particular case on face value, though he has the weakest connection to Earth. While Sato has the strongest link to Earth and was closely involved in Lorelei's death. Sure he fell in water by stepping on some deliberately loosened wood, but that could have been part of his own plan to make himself look like a victim. And he has been in this world long enough to know a thing or two about these species.

"Anyway, I'm not saying they are definitely the culprit. It's only a hunch for now."

"M-hmm," Sasha understands.

"Just be a bit aware of that possibility, and don't be alone with those three. Okay? And keep an eye on your friends. Could you do so?"

That message underneath his door the evening Layla died was specifically meant for Alexei. Both victims have been close to him. The thought has occurred to this ex-detective these might be acts of vengeance or retribution. But for what? Something during his detective days maybe?

"And if I see or hear something odd, I'll let you know?" she replies.

"That's my girl," he pats her on the head.

"You'll catch whoever it is. Cause you're an ace detective!"

Alexei doesn't seem that convinced. As she hugs her father, Sasha insists on what she truly believes.

"I know you will! You'll catch the baddie! You will avenge them!"

Alexei is a bit shocked at what he heard. Avenge? Wouldn't seeking justice be the correct term? Understanding only now that Sasha's choice of words perfectly matches with his desire to catch the killer. This isn't about simply justice anymore, like during his days in the force. This is as personal as can be.

...

"Dad?" a subdued voice asks him.

Sasha has felt some wetness that isn't coming from this nectar they are sitting in. Her father is shedding tears in silence. Hugging his daughter tight, seeking all comfort that she provides with a gentle touch and some matching tears of her own. For this entire month he acted the responsible adult, but for this once he will show weakness and let his little girl

pamper him. That is all he needs, only this once, and he will feel refueled in strength to carry on as normal in front of everyone again.

The norn girl is happily looking at the couple bathing in her fluids, enjoying the peace and tranquility that surrounds her guests. Alexei silently listens to the breath of Sasha flowing against his chest, feeling her breasts go up and down every time. How long have they been sitting in each other's naked embrace? Hard to say, but the night sky has moved a decent amount since he last looked. An hour or so? It has to be about three at night by now. They really should be going back, but her touch feels so soothing that letting go of her embrace is proving to be challenging. Burying his face into the thick lushness that is her light-blond hair. That shampoo sure is doing its thing with great efficiency.

Thoughts moving to what an odd coupling they are, in an equally odd situation. His old self would have slapped the handcuffs on himself a long time ago. Now he can't even contemplate ever doing so to anyone in their position.

A father who has masturbated to his own daughter back in their own world already...
Who let her go out for casual sex...

Watched each other getting lost in the consummation of lust...

A daughter who offered with love her own friends as a sexual gift to her father...

And watched with pride how her father indulged in those gifts, sharing her love for sex...

A daughter he took to a whorehouse on casual whim, both becoming repeat customers...

And finally, who brought him here, to share a part of their deepest psyche together in this intimate embrace. Fully naked and seemingly fused together by these thick fluids all around them, as if to create a living embodiment of their current state of mind having no barriers whatsoever.

"Sasha... There is a confession I have to make."

"Hmm?"

Alexei has to come clean on this. Even if it ruins this moment, he has to. Sasha has to know. "Back in our old apartment, when you were taking a shower..."

Alexei is hesitating, afraid to get the truth out, heart starting to beat in fear. But Sasha doesn't let him finish the sentence on his own.

“You masturbated in my panties while watching me in the shower? I know.”

She is looking at him again. “I always knew.”

His mouth opens, some shaking of his lips. “I... I’m sorry.”

That is all he wanted to do. Apologize. Not for lusting after her, for no apology could ever be sincere when it comes to lusting for his gorgeous daughter. But for having done so behind her back.

Sasha is standing up in silence. Two warm and sticky small hands touching his cheeks. Her face looking more beautiful than ever and filled with a serene but overflowing love, gently placing her forehead against her father, gaze connecting without any physical or mental barriers remaining. Asking him in a whispered voice as sweet as this nectar they are bathing in.

“Because... I am pretty?”

“Yeah... Simply gorgeous.”

...

“Because... I am lovely?”

“Yeah... as a blonde little cupid.”

...

“Because... I am sexy?”

“Yeah... Like a goddess.”

...

Sasha moves her forehead away from his and hovers right in front of her father’s face, looking down into his eyes at a distance their breaths merge, her warm palms still holding his cheeks. Saying only one word in an almost inaudible sugary -sweet tone, like a single exhale that comes from somewhere deep.

“Papa...”

Eyes closed, her tiny lips touch her father’s. Softly at first, like carefully probing what they are making wet with their touch. A soft breath flowing past them into his mouth. Gently nibbling on his upper lip, hands on his cheeks beginning to slide, arms loosely wrapping around his neck while resting on his broad shoulders.

A little tongue pushing with its tip between his lips, gliding over their entire surface. A subtle slithering of saliva the only sound under this late night sky. That cutesy small tongue pushing past those lips and searching for his own. Caressing and playing with his tongue once they establish intimate contact.

Her tongue moving back, a light flick with its tip against his before retreating to her own mouth, inviting Alexei to follow and discover what this little tongue's home has to offer. Having drawn his saliva into her mouth and now proposing her father to come collect hers. Their mouths moving more passionately over each other, a single moan resounding through Sasha's nose since her desire to taste his tongue just got answered as she can feel him getting familiar with every tiny spot in her mouth.

A subtle smacking sound once his tongue has retreated and their lips slip close against each other, caressing and stroking. Followed by another light smack. Then she pulls her head backwards. A seductive smile forming on those lips while looking at her father, a thick string of mixed saliva connecting their mouths still.

Hands around his neck carefully nudging his head lower by a bit, pushing her chest forward for her father to admire. Promising with only her body language that what he sees there, will soon be his. A pair of pale tiny tits, glossy from all nectar flowing down over them, promising a taste as sweet and sugary as her little mounds already appear to be.

Alexei's mouth opening the moment he sees his daughter get closer, pushing her chest over his mouth. Sasha's lustful breathing brushing past his hair and ear, a single soft cheek seeking the closeness of her father's head. The blonde girl's mouth opening at this arousing sensation of an adult man who happens to be her own natural father licking her delicate bosom and letting his mouth and tongue glide over her tits.

The taste of breasts covered in flowing nectar with a tiny hint of sweat is truly exquisite. He had described Sasha as a goddess earlier, and right now that description couldn't be any more accurate. Chomping down not too hard, trying to fit her entire tit into his mouth, sucking on it audibly. Its rich taste filling his mouth. The tempting texture of her areola and delightful perkiness of her nipple making jolts run through Alexei's lower body. Those perfectly smooth and round curves of her body as his hand slides down her back. A suppleness and softness just right to fill his palm in the form of an enticingly juicy butt

cheek, lasciviously smothered like both of their entire bodies in golden colored vaginal nectar. Nothing less than a goddess indeed. A young twelve year old, blood related goddess of sultry sex.

Lightly pinching her nipple with his teeth, Alexei holds it while pulling back, stretching out her breast for a bit before it pops out of his mouth.

“Ah~...”

The only way Alexei can interpret that sound, coming from a lust-filled moan as its hot air passes his ear, is that she wants more of it. Moving to her other breast, he lets his tongue roll around its circumference. Teasing her, as Sasha is subtly moving her chest to try and get her nipple lined up with his mouth, yet he is making sure she is always coming a bit short.

“Nn~...”

His little girl is letting her yearning be known, craving that mouth firmly around one of her symbols of alluring femininity at only a mere twelve years old. Pleading her father to stop teasing already. And what his precious daughter wants, she can get. With a vigorous move, he latches onto her nipple with his mouth, perfectly sealing his lips around it and starting to suckle, while feeling it getting erect ever more in response, her body increasing all available surface space of that tasty pink circle to the maximum possible for only Alexei to enjoy. The sudden release in her voice revealing exactly how desired that suckling sensation over her chest truly is.

Alexei wants to eagerly touch her pussy and make Sasha experience the ultimate height of pleasure as best he can, but he refrains from doing so. Knowing that there is a line which should never be crossed between father and daughter, one that lies even further than these numerous ones they already crossed to get to this point. The final line. And if he were to touch her alluring pussy, he knows there is absolutely no way he can resist crossing that line. No, he can't put it in her... Not into his own flesh and blood. But he can please her like this, hoping he can make Sasha peak by simply playing with this gorgeous chest and fondling her sensual bum.

“Aa~h!”

An effort that seems to have paid off, no doubt thanks to the numerous experiences he has by now, as Sasha is letting her weight fall on him while squeezing both arms tight. Vibrations running through her body. She is orgasming.

Holding on to Sasha, Alexei tries to endure the burning lust running through his own body. His adorable little girl has been satisfied after she has shown her overflowing love for him. That should be enough. He cannot ask for more, nor can he risk it. But that feeling of her little tits pushing into his chest right now... Those tender legs resting on his... Skin sliding, brushing and caressing skin... They are all so irresistible.

Her breath gets slower and Sasha stands up on her own feet again. Grabbing her father's hands and gesturing him to stand up. As he does, his crotch breaks the surface of this nectar bath, a thick constant fluid running off it like from his entire upper body.

He wants to stop Sasha, but can't anymore. She has already touched his penis so there is no more helping it, completely entranced. The blonde scoops up more fluid and lets it flow over her father's cock, then she sits down on both knees, the liquid reaching up to her neck. Alexei instantly knows what she is going to do.

Yeah, that might be the best way to end this. Sure, it is yet another line about to be crossed, but at least this will ease his craving without having to cross that final one.

Her small lips kiss the tip of his penis, soft at first, seeking first contact. Tongue slowly gliding over its shaft straight after, enjoying all taste that comes flowing over her lips and into her mouth.

She giggles out loud.

"Papa, it's like you're a male mantrap."

Sasha betrayed for a moment that her usual trips of mental healing actually involve a mantrap, not a norn. But Alexei didn't catch that part, too absorbed by this incessant pleasure running through body and mind.

Enjoying the taste in her mouth, Sasha licks clean his entire shaft before scooping on more of that flowing goodness. Then she places her mouth right in front of his tip, letting it slowly glide inside the soothing comfort of her mouth. Alexei places his hands around Sasha's head, right into her lush hair, and surrenders himself to her solacing warmth. That she is clearly and audibly enjoying the taste of his smothered cock only adds to eroticism.

She can't take in a size like this completely, but lets his man - meat deep into her throat as far she can. Regularly swallowing large amounts of nectar covering it, always scooping on more directly after. A taste and texture that is addicting. The thought this cock moving in her mouth is belonging to her own father one that makes this entire experience all the more special.

Once, she removes the meaty penis from her mouth to give a smile to her father, then she resumes servicing him. The sight of his penis disappearing over half - way into his own daughter's mouth is only adding to Alexei's pleasure. Having imagined something like this happening multiple times in the past, and now it actually is, in the best way possible.

Her tongue keeps gliding and licking over his tip and shaft as her mouth slides over it.

"Sasha..." Alexei lets her know he is about to peak, giving her the option to pull back if desired. Sasha doesn't let go however, and pushes his cock to the back of her throat, fully intent on swallowing all what comes out.

With a loud smack, she lets Alexei's penis escape out of her loving mouth while keeping both lips connected till the very last moment. Wiping that mouth with her tongue afterwards.

"Shall we get out?" she says with a satisfied voice.

Caressing his daughter's cheek, Alexei tells her to wait till he has climbed out using a nearby branch first, then he will lift her out of this cup.

Sasha waves goodbye to the norn girl, who is smiling back. Alexei joins his daughter in doing the same and they start walking a bit further away. Considering it best to go take some distance before getting in the lake to clean themselves, so that this rooted girl doesn't start asking for round two. Not that he would mind, but it is getting really late now.

"So, next step in this ritual is to take a dip in the lake?" he asks.

Sasha ponders for some reason. "Hmm... Normally."

Alexei is confused. What does she have in mind? Simply going along as his precious girl grabs his hand with both of hers, looks around and starts dragging him onto some nearby moss covered area. Then she lets go and takes a couple steps backwards, hands held together behind her back. Balancing around from one leg onto the other indecisively,

wanting to obviously convey some message, but feeling shy to do so. His daughter... being shy. What is this world coming to?

While the message may be hard to get over her lips, she certainly isn't shy about revealing herself. With hands behind her back and numerous sources of light in this forest, her frontal nudity is at glorious full display. And this girl seems well aware of that, taking a seductive pose, blue irises peering into his with a burning gaze of longing.

Alexei is getting horny again. Sight of that constantly and thoroughly dripping pussy covered and filled to the brim with nectar is extremely enticing. Making him want to beg to Sasha, to stop seducing him so effortlessly yet so efficiently. His penis still hard after only a recent orgasm, and the norn's aphrodisiac hard at work at keeping it that way. But even without such substance covering his manhood, there would be no containing his symbol of raw lust. Capable of throwing himself on Sasha right now. Yearning for nothing less.

But he mustn't. And as much as his desires are fueled and burning, Alexei would never force himself on Sasha. Almost biting his lip in an effort to restrain himself. What did she even drag him here for?

"When you fantasized about me..." Sasha begins to talk, hesitatingly and looking away for a moment, "how far did your fantasies go?"

Alexei understands he really should dodge this type of questions. That final line is drawing too close. Time to end things now. It has been an excellent night and her deep feelings have reached him clearly. Now only to wash off this nectar, put on their clothes and go back hand in hand.

"Pretty far..." he answers. Heartbeat getting faster.

"How far?"

His sanity trying to find an excuse for why he hasn't dodged her questions yet.

"I... desired..." and followed by silence, expression revealing there is a lot Alexei actually wants to admit as desired, but is almost afraid to do so. In disbelief of where this situation might be heading. Sasha seems more than pleased with that answer anyway. At least her line of questioning seems to be done. And at no better time. This raging desire is starting to turn into torture. Now he can go clear his head with some cold touch of fresh lake water.

Wait, why is she sitting down on that bed of thick moss? Alexei wants to ask, but no sound is coming out of his mouth. Frozen by the sight of his precious little girl with long blonde hair turning her head slightly sideways, eyes still focused on him from the corners of her eyes and noticeably drunk with lust. A devilish smile visible while her naked front is facing him, arms not even trying to hide her feminine charms. On the contrary, making sure her father gets a pleasing eyeful of her chest. Legs held close, sitting on the loveliest little bum, subtly swaying her held together knees left to right and back.

“Papa~”

A silent and teasing voice, letting him know she is well aware what is on his mind and openly seducing him, making it clear she expects nothing less than a gaze of pure lust aimed at only her. Those closed swaying legs hiding that one area hidden between, yet emphasizing its strongly alluring presence simultaneously. A pair of fingers gliding between those thighs, causing Sasha’s mouth to release a breath of pure arousal when she touches her own hidden area.

“Mmm... It feels so itchy here... so hot...”

The swaying of those legs comes to a stop and knees start to separate painfully slow. What was hidden now becomes revealed for her father to see. A tightly pressed child’s vagina, glossy shine covering her entirely, another string of nectar running down which leaked from inside that visible slit which is absolutely filled and overflowing with the stuff. A different type of fluid intermixed with it, coming from Sasha herself.

A drop of blood is leaving Alexei’s lower lip from a tooth that lightly pierced into it, not even aware it happened. This is his own daughter... He must resist this merciless frontal assault on his sanity at all cost. That daughter holding out both arms with her palms and fingers wide open in equally openhearted invitation, making a proposal to her dear father that no sane or insane man alike can resist, nothing but affection and lust radiating from every cell of her body, bathing the entire area in her charming presence as both legs spread that extra bit wider. Voice not leaving any room for doubt, that she craves absolutely nothing more than the irresistible meaning of her whispered words.

“Papa... Please... Make love with me...”

Alexei drops down on his knees before his devious sex goddess. Her eyes filling with joy and mouth drooling with a sudden rush of saliva when she can feel his hands grabbing hold around her, hands that have no intention of ever letting go and are only holding her for one reason only. The feeling of her papa's cock pushing repeatedly, desperately, in search of her entrance. An entrance it consistently slips past as a result of both his penis and her pussy being completely covered by slippery norn juices.

Again he pushes, again it slips past that hankered for entrance and slides over the crevasse of her vagina. Sasha getting burning hot from these continuous attempts of a penis she wants more than any other to find her deepest spot. Tilting and angling her bum in an equally desperate attempt to make sultry fusion happen.

Another shove, another miss. Alexei getting frustrated at his own ineptitude at crossing this final line. Now that he has gotten a taste of it, not a shred of doubt remains in his determination to make sweet smutty love with his daughter.

Fuck morals.

Fuck genetics.

Just look at that juicy warm dripping pussy inviting him in. He wants it right now. The touch of her vaginal lips driving him on ever more. That constant caressing of soft thighs rubbing against him and arms holding him close. And a soothing reassurance from all Sasha's mannerisms that she won't leave from their wedding bed of moss until she has taken him all the way inside and demonstrated untempered love for her father through the intimate embrace of raw passionate sex.

Finally, some resistance... Meaning his cock has found something to push into.

This must be it... This has to be it... Afraid to lose it now and slip past again. Sound of her voice and encouraging stare in her eyes indicating he is at the right spot. A combined moan from both their mouths escaping from the deepest part of their lungs in sheer unbridled relief when they can both feel that naked tip digging deeper and deeper. Head getting swallowed up by a hot passionate grip, feeling the shaft sliding in bit by bit, Sasha's lower legs folding around to ensure her father she wants nothing less than his full length.

"Mmm~" Sasha lets known that this raw meat digging into her, already halfway, is filling her with pleasure that can only be described as heavenly. A feeling that is only

heightened by knowing who it belongs to. Pressing herself up into his chest, holding onto firm shoulders, soft skin of a young little girl brushing against the roughness of a large adult man.

Emotions that are mirrored by Alexei as he is overwhelmed with the godly feeling of a slippery vagina he knows to be his twelve year old daughter's, directly gripping around his bared shaft and gradually pulling him deeper. Aware that the moment his shaft completely disappears into her tunnel he will cum straight away. Maybe he was wrong and that is the true final line? Ah, who cares at this point? He will cum straight into her possibly fertile womb and it will feel simply divine.

Three quarters in... They can both feel he has reached her womb already and is stretching out her tunnel by pushing ever deeper. It does not matter how long he is, there is still one quarter to go and both male and female are determined to have it all in. Nectar that was stuck inside of her getting squished out in a lewd frothing to make room for this new object digging its way in and claiming these sticky blood - related depths as a home.

The touch of supple flesh getting squished as he presses between her thighs into her pelvis. Sasha's body will give as much as is needed, encouraging this man on top to not stop now. And finally, the touch of her pussy lips, grasping around his base and kissing his pelvis in turn as they get firmly pressed between both bodies while sticky nectar glues them together. Sasha stretching out one of her legs and gaping with her mouth at sheer delight of knowing she has taken in her father completely. Cum gushing out instantly once fully encompassed by Sasha's loving warmth. A single thought resonating in Alexei's mind together with this overflowing rush of joy. A thought that makes him feel nothing matters anymore and all is right in the world.

"Ah... I am shooting my sperm into my own precious little girl. What a truly wonderful feeling."

A wonder that is mirrored by Sasha as she loosens all muscles while surrendering herself to that feeling of a hard rod gushing out fluids, its warm broth flowing into her womb. Five deep breaths and he slowly pulls back halfway while his daughter looks at him as if the single best experience ever just happened. More of that fluid comes running out, this time mixed with a fresh white substance.

This cannot be. His cum is running out of her together with those last bits of nectar. This simply cannot stand. Alexei pulls back some more, and shoves his cock back inside with a sudden and loud slap.

“Ah... Ah...”

Sasha lustfully moans with every repeating slap into her pelvis she receives. Her pussy feeling just as slippery as before, this time no longer from nectar but because of his semen that has been spilling out. No way is Alexei going to let his cum run out of Sasha, unsure how much remains inside. So there is only one thing left to do.

Pump some more into her.

Sasha is holding on tighter, back arched and tits pressed upwards to dig into his skin. As she already expected, this position is perfectly right for a father and daughter pair's first love filled sex, in each other's embrace with intimacy at peak level. Feeling the weight of a man on top as he satisfies both their raging lusts while deeply connected. A warm fuzzy feeling running inside, knowing she has already received a dose of her father's cream and will soon get a second one.

The raw hot embrace of sex as only way this girl really knows to convey feelings of love, but understanding they have been conveyed clearly enough. In love with that feeling of a big fat cock drilling into her. In love with these sounds of it sliding, rubbing and heartily slapping. In love with that sultry odor of sweat and body fluids filling the air. But above all, completely in love with this man causing them from first to last.

“Ah... Papa...”

Alexei curses himself for ever having thought their relationship was troublesome. Look at them now. They could never be any closer than this in both body and mind. What is considered a “normal” family relationship can go fuck straight off. This is the best and deepest their bond could ever be.

“Nnn~”

Sasha clinches harder around Alexei, keeping her hips properly tilted so as not to hinder the constant pumping of delirious pleasure, legs pressed closely against the man between, constantly sliding higher or lower to find that perfect sense of union. Giving the meaty rod tucked inside her lower body the tight squeeze of a lifetime.

Alexei repositions himself to offer more support to his tiny pale girl, one arm around her chest and the other supporting her head. Unable to contain his desires and plowing into her comforting warmth with vigor. Moving his hips at a rapid speed, penis glistening with juice, rubbing airtight into soft slippery meat.

“Papa~”

Another thrust.

“Sasha...”

No need to say any more words. He knows what she wants, and she knows he wants it just as much. Sasha is about to orgasm, and wants her precious father to join her in unison. Craving a renewed dose of his seed. Letting out a high-pitched, subdued squeal of pure continuous delight when she can feel his final thrust throbbing inside her vagina, flooding Sasha’s womb with that favorite white cream. A homemade blend, poured into her once more with love. Her pussy trying to gobble it all up with keen hunger, felt throughout Alexei’s body as it squeezes every last drop out of his genitals.

Heavy breathing. Both of them laying on soft glowing moss, creating a magical scene of familial love in the truest sense of the word. Alexei notices his girl hankers for some post-sex cuddling, so he pulls out slowly, gently. Happy and proud to see his entire penis finally coated by his own daughter’s ample vaginal fluids. Sasha looking down in equal happiness and pride to see plenty of white cum belonging to her father running out of her vagina, happy to know that tonight she will be able to sleep knowing there is still plenty more safely contained inside.

Turning sideways, she looks at her father as they face each other.

A mutual understanding and love-filled gratitude aimed at one another.

Then they both laugh at what they just did, not really sure why. Maybe because how right it felt? Or maybe how foolish they have been to not consummate their feelings sooner? Or perhaps because her best of rituals did a great job at making life feel worth living despite all hardships? Who knows?

It is almost four in the morning once they enter the Academy, feeling like two kids who broke the rules and are sneaking back in. But then again, one of them is only a kid. At the

cross-section where they are to go their own way towards their appropriate dorms, neither is interested in separating. Sasha tugging on Alexei's maw and pulling him closer, whispering in his ear.

"Sure, sounds good," he replies, patting her on the head. Quite happy with what Sasha said. Then they each go their way.

Entering his room, Alexei notices the others still sleeping. Feeling relieved they didn't wake up during the night. Having thought a couple times by now he should have left a note just in case, so they wouldn't worry about his absence. First thing to do is same as always, a quick greeting at the toys on his desk. Then undressing to get some needed sleep. Waiting while sitting on his bed for what was agreed upon earlier.

The door opens.

Sasha enters, dragging a half-asleep Serenia behind her who doesn't have a clue what is going on at this hour of night. Alexei putting a finger on his lips to indicate silence, nodding towards two sleeping girls on the bed. Sasha first going to that desk with her roommate in tow, placing her own plushy next to the others. A cute looking Russian bear. A quick greeting to its new companions as Sasha declares her new sleeping spot, followed by heading together with a still-confused-but-too-tired-to-question anything Serenia towards that large bed to join the others.

CHAPTER 14



Tangled Courage

The morning sun is shining through the window. Sasha's voice is resounding through this bedroom as she is laying on the bed while her father is dumping a fresh load of cum into her. The other three girls present looking with interest at their newest unexpected companion under these sheets. After Alexei had made the rounds with each of them, having turned to Sasha to demonstrate for the others she is now a permanent member of their sleepover group. And what better way to demonstrate than banging her with plenty of mutual love right here?

Neither of them have any idea what norms are in this world when it comes to a good dose of luscious raw incest. But that's okay. These girls here at least won't have an issue with it, and they will have to find out one way or the other, not wanting to do anything behind their back. There are no such secrets in this growing household.

Once done, Serenia seems in a hurry to get dressed and heads off.

“Toilet...”

Not the first time she feels sick in the morning. While not progressing nearly as fast as Siera, her pregnancy is moving along steadily but surely. Siera too is in a hurry to get in her clothes, a growl from her stomach making it clear she is in need of food. The usual double portion.

“Is it always like this in here during mornings?” Sasha asks.

“Yup. Fixed routine by now,” Alexei answers.

Elenor shrugs her shoulders at Sasha while being the only other person who isn’t in a rush for either a toilet or a kitchen.

Alexei doesn’t have any classes to teach today, but the girls certainly have some to attend, so they too start getting dressed. A hand tugs at his sleeve while getting dressed himself.

“Could you do something?” Sasha asks.

Curious what it is, Alexei asks what he could help with.

“You know, Nerine hasn’t shown herself a lot recently. She hasn’t gone to classes at all last week. I doubt she will go today either...”

“And you want me to take a look?” Alexei asks, deciding whether that is what she wants or not, he definitely should anyway. But Sasha nods, indicating that was indeed what bothered her.

“Don’t worry about it. I’ll talk to Nerine,” brushing through her hair a bit wildly, he eases Sasha’s worries. If anyone can help Nerine, her father is the one for sure.

Helping Nerine however is easier said than done. Alexei did visit that girl a couple times before, but ever since leaving the medical ward she has isolated herself pretty much. Back on Earth, a small army of therapists would get involved to guide her through any slightest upset on the road to recovery, but this world does things differently. More like it used to be for most of human history. An approach that basically just means “tough it out”. It does work in its crude simplicity, history proved that much. Alexei doesn’t really know which method is preferred in the long run, but does know he feels like giving Nerine a good

assuring push in her back, or simply a hug or a shoulder to cry on if she needs one. But how to even get started?

Another knock on the door. Again no response coming. According to dormitory staff she does return every plate of food they leave for her near the door, empty, so that's something at least. Giving him an idea on how to talk to her. Rather than the usual kitchen staff who get send over, he will deliver her next meal and wait for Nerine to open the door. Another option would be to go get a key, but that would feel like barging into her privacy. He will do so, but only if that previous option fails. Or maybe he could try and enter through the underwater passageway? That one may not be locked. Whatever works, but he'll try the meal method first. That's for later today though, when she needs another meal delivered, so how to spend his time now?

Notebook in hand, Alexei walks through the hallway, a destination in mind but no idea where it is or how to get there. Stopping in his tracks once he sees Oldor through a window, who is getting some tools in the garden shed.

Perfect. There is the man he was looking for and thus his destination, knowing that wizard had to be somewhere around the Academy since this day of the week he has no classes to give like Alexei, always hanging around doing some random chores.

Greeting the wizard, he observes closely what he is doing.

"Gardening?" he asks Oldor, noticing a couple digging tools in various sizes and pieces of wood that seem like blank signs.

"Sort of. But different location. I'm heading out into our nearby forest."

"Hmm? What for?"

"Gathering new alchemy supplies. Weeds, fungus, pixie dung, the likes."

"Pixie dung...?" Alexei frowns his eyebrows.

"Used for a multitude of alchemical solutions."

Then Oldor starts speaking more silently, like going to reveal some secrets.

"Makes for a great special ingredient in a pipe too."

"I see. I wouldn't know, not really into smoking. Tried it once and coughed up a lung."

Oldor laughs out loud at what Alexei described.

“Well, weeds are for proper alchemical use at least. The mushrooms for cooking.”

“Really? I was already thinking about the mind-altering type,” Alexei responds. “Oh...” he adds, noticing Oldor gave a hard-to-misunderstand wink. “So hey, what I was wondering about...” Alexei steers the conversation away. “Do you guys have magazines or newspapers from my world? Like, from the trading post?”

Oldor responds without needing to think. “Oh yeah, Tudor has a stash of those. They are still heavily restricted research materials though, they come monthly but only the Headmaster has open access to them.”

“Aw... That’s too bad. I wouldn’t mind staying up to date on what’s going on back home,” Alexei responds.

“Maybe Tudor will let you borrow some? I asked once and he gave me some magazines.”

“Oh really? What about?”

“Some kind of hobby magazine? About visual novels or what was it called again? With very colorful pictures of fantasy characters. For some reason those stories had an abundant amount of females drawn in a peculiar style. Not quite what I had in mind, though not an unpleasant discovery regardless.”

“I can imagine...” Alexei thinks out loud, not surprised at all at the choice of magazines Tudor favors. “So what are those for?” he nods towards the wooden plates, changing topic again.

“Oh these? They are new pathing and warning signs, for inside the forest.”

“Warnings?” Alexei raises his eyebrows again. Pathing is easy to understand, he and Sasha did walk on some paths during their night out to the lake, a couple old and hardly usable signs along the way.

“Aye, warnings. Nothing more than a wooden pole with a sign on it, really. Wouldn’t want to accidentally enter a bear’s cave now, would you? Or a giant slug’s burrow.”

“Ugh... Why not simply throw a large bucket of salt on it?”

Oldor looks at Alexei in confusion. “Why would anyone do that? The poor animal.”

“Right... So you know the forest very well then?”

“Absolutely, like the back of my hand,” Oldor picks up his wheelbarrow and begins to set off towards the Academy’s exit. “Well then, I’ll be departing on my quest for shrooms and pixie-dung then.”

“Right. Mind the slugs,” Alexei gives him a wave and walks away.

...

Once Oldor is out of sight, Alexei takes his notebook and starts scribbling whatever tidbit of new information he managed to get.

“Statements match Tudor’s... Got some hobby magazines from him, which matches too.”

He did ask a similar line of questions to the Headmaster a couple days ago. Trying never to push too far so as not to seem auspicious in his questioning. Little bits at a time, when an opportunity like this presents itself. Wouldn’t want to get kicked out of the Academy for prying after all.

Alexei did ask to see some newspapers back then, getting one from an American tabloid agency. Asking if there were any from Japan, which there apparently are, but Tudor was busy with those himself and refused handing them over. Disappointing, as it would have been interesting to see more of those to check if bits and pieces were cut out to form that culprit’s letter or anything having to do with the murders in Kabukichô.

Alexei sighs, finishing his notes with the last bits of information.

“Knows the forest. Has a thing for mind-altering substances. Animal preservationist. Possible profile of a tree-hugging hippy?”

Passing near the dining area, basically a restaurant, the area inside is filled with students as they are having a break between classes. Two familiar faces come out of that dining area and almost bump into Alexei. A pair of blondes, one being Sasha, and the other is a girl with her hair tied up at the sides to form a pair of vertical circles. Coco, who is being guided by the hand.

“What’s wrong?” he asks, noticing the cow girl is wiping some tears out of her eyes. Expecting this timid cutesy bovine to have been bullied and more than willing to go have at least a stern talk with whoever is responsible.

Sasha seems to encourage Coco to do the explaining, trying to get her newest friend to be a bit more upfront and open up to someone reliable like Alexei.

“Uuuh~... I spilled my drink,” she says in a weak voice.

“Oh, just a drink? That’s not too bad,” Alexei responds. Then realizing he is dealing with a child. Of course she is a bit upset at losing a mere drink. No different than a kid feeling loss at having dropped an ice cream or such. Not really something to cry about, but this girl does seem to be on the sensitive side and smitten with bad luck.

She is wiping her eyes in front of him, drawing attention with those four charms getting hugged by a too small pair of bikinis. Seriously, how do those nice fat lumps not sag underneath? The answer coming to him straight away. Of course they don’t sag, even if size doesn’t match her age, youthful flexibility of her skin certainly does.

“Aw, there’s no need to cry. It’s only milk, you can simply get another fresh glass.”

Coco looks confused at him. “Eh? Milk?”

Alexei’s eyes shift to Sasha next to her. Did he get it wrong? Clearly she spilled milk, just look at that drenched top.

“It was fruit juice,” Sasha answers.

Coco lifting up her skirt to show a stain of fruit juice.

“Oh... Right... That.”

He didn’t even notice, having been distracted by quite some different spillage.

Coco has noticed his eyes moving to her double rack again, confidence levels quickly dropping even lower. The man’s brain in front of her working overtime to try and find an excuse to ease this poor girl’s mind. Settling on the first thing which comes to mind.

“Nice necklace.”

Trying to deceive her by making it seem he was looking somewhere else would be too risky. She can’t be that easily fooled. Better to stay at least partially true that he was focusing on her chest.

“It has a pretty shine to it,” even if he only noticed now. It does have a pretty shine to it.

His deflection seems to have worked, as uneasiness on her face returns to normal levels of uncomfortable.

“It’s my lucky medallion.”

“I see, that’s nice.”

With how her daily life is always going, how can this thing be a lucky charm by any definition? Or is she that unlucky? Then Alexei remembers wise words he once heard many years ago.

Luck is what you make of it.

And there is no reason an outside source like himself can’t make a little contribution.

“Fruit juice eh? One moment, I’ll be right back.” A quick glance to Sasha indicates her she should keep Coco here a bit longer before dragging her to the toilet for cleaning that skirt. Moments later, Alexei returns with two glasses, one for each girl. “Here you go. A new fruit drink, Alexei special. Hold it properly with both hands.”

Coco is confused, its color seems different than what is on offer. Holding the glass like he said with both hands and carefully taking a sip.

“Mmm!” she says out loud, drinking more immediately after. Some of that sadness on her face disappearing every time she swallows. Looks like taste gets a passing grade.

“Want to know the secret?” Alexei whispers to her, getting a nod in return. “One quarter of that red stuff, another quarter of the green, and half a glass of yellow.”

Not actually having an idea what specific fruit each of those are from. A blend he tried himself some days ago and found appetizing.

“Thanks!” the cow girl smiles brightly for the first time.

“Any friend of Sasha is always welcome. If you ever feel troubled, be sure to let me know and I’ll help,” he pats Coco on the head and sets off again, giving a wink to Sasha in passing who smiles in approval.

Afternoon is getting late. Alexei came back from a short stint to town shortly earlier, doing some last moment shopping. Carrying a bag that has two items. Those are for later.

He knocks on the door in front, which opens after some rumbling inside.

“Oh, hello. What can I do?” says the occupant of this room.

It is Sato.

“I only wanted to say hi, really. You know, we haven’t talked all that much since...” Alexei begins to talk.

Sato's eyes shift all over the place. "Yeah... I know," he answers uncomfortably. With some drops of sweat running down his face, Sato continues. "Look. I'm sorry. I really am. Who could have thought that...?"

He chokes on his words. But Alexei knows what he was about to say. Who would have thought that Lorelei would get eaten? Is he apologizing because of a feeling of guilt? His fall in that aquarium was the catalyst after all.

Sato stumbles on with words. "I knew you were close, so... I'm sorry."

Yes, he did know. And considering Alexei suspects he is being targeted, that piece of knowledge is one of multiple reasons he suspects Sato. Not many people knew about Lorelei sleeping with him, since the shift of their relationship into that level was relatively new. But Sato certainly knew, having taught Alexei that underwater spell and borrowing a wand for specifically a reason of getting close and intimate with a mermaid. In return for "a good word". A return favor which never actually happened. Key point of all this being that the Academy only had one mermaid, so his romantic target could only have been Lorelei.

"Thanks. But there is no need to apologize, it wasn't your fault," if he is not the culprit who set his own fall in scene, that is. But Alexei's words seem to have an effect, as Sato begins to calm down a bit. "I heard you were effected too by what happened, spending two weeks on leave afterwards. I merely wanted to see how you are doing now," Alexei asks.

Sato wipes sweat of his forehead. "Yeah, it was shocking, to say the least. But I'm fine now," getting panicked again straight after. "I don't mean to say what happened is fine somehow! Only..."

"That's okay, I understand. Must be shocking too, to know you fell almost on top of an anemone."

"That would have been for the best..." Sato murmurs.

"How so?" Alexei wonders, but Sato doesn't seem intent on giving an answer, so he changes direction. "Never would have expected that swimsuit to be of any actual use eh?" Alexei realizes that if Sato isn't behind all of this, his questioning is getting insensitive to him. But he has to push forward. This Japanese man being involved through his fall and

possibly feeling guilt exactly a reason that allows the ex - detective to push a bit harder for information. “Good thing you packed one on your trip to this world.”

A painful grimace forms on Sato’s face at the sound of those words. “I didn’t. It was bought right here in town after Tudor told me about having to teach the water species that day.”

“Oh, which store?”

“The one right next to...” Sato gets quiet, seeming like he stepped on a landmine.

“Next to?” Alexei casually inquires.

“You know... The snake lady establishment...”

“Ah yes, that place. I know of it.”

Alexei tries to peek inside, but Sato doesn’t seem very interested in inviting him in.

“So, you stayed in here for those two weeks on leave?”

Sato nods quietly.

“Must have been tiresome, not going out much.”

“I like solitude. Means I can work in peace, which puts my mind at ease,” Sato explains.

“Oh yeah, don’t you do wood working as a hobby?” Alexei asks.

“Yeah, and on request too. Luckily I had plenty to do for those weeks. Designing prototype talismans for an upcoming festival or something. Ordered by the Academy,” he wipes his brow again. “They even pay me for it.”

“There was always an option to go back through the Gate for your leave. You know, to get away from this place for a while,” Alexei gives an alternative.

“I would have if possible, but can only get more home-leave at the start of next semester.”

“Right, you came here after Sasha and I arrived eh?”

“Yeah, the day after. I went to get some crafting supplies back then.”

“Right, well, good to see you’re doing better now. And thanks for your apologies, appreciated.”

Sato nods and closes his door again in a hurry.

...

Going further in this hallway Alexei leans against the wall, grabbing his notebook and starting to write. "Sense of guilt. Real or faked?"

Keeping an eye on the door to see if it opens again meanwhile.

"Swimsuit from store next to brothel. Verify later..." This information is probably accurate, since there is indeed a clothing store next to that brothel he and Sasha have visited several times already. Would also explain why Sato was suddenly flustered when talking about it. Alexei was honestly hoping for a different response from Sato at the mention of a swimsuit. That he had brought it with him through the Gate. That would be more obviously suspect as there is no need for a swimsuit if one can't swim. But he did wore one as if he expected to fall.

"Weird response when questioned about his luck in not being eaten instead," that didn't turn out as hoped either. If Sato had claimed he got off lucky, even with there being no risk for him to end up as food at all, his knowledge about giant anemones might have been verifiable through another source. But that vague reply isn't really useable for anything. Something about it "having been better"? Odd.

"Spent time wood working, including filling a request from the Academy. Talismans?"

A deep sigh. That wasn't a very productive round of questioning. Placing the notebook in his bag, Alexei heads back towards his room to leave these new scribbles there and then head to his next destination.

Alexei is standing in front of Nerine's room with a rolling cart carrying food. A normal plate with some veggies, meat and a sort of potatoes for himself, and two buckets for Nerine. Yeah, buckets. One containing a whole large fish, and the other an octopus. Both fresh out of the ocean near town and parts of that octopus even creepily moving around, even if it isn't alive anymore.

After knocking on the door he simply waits in silence. Better that Nerine doesn't know it's him standing here, probably expecting her dinner at this hour.

Ten minutes pass. Alexei is patiently waiting while sitting down next to the door.

Finally he can hear a lock turning, quickly getting on his feet, trying to be as silent as possible. When that door opens, a surprised look of Nerine stares him in the eyes.

“Hey there,” he says in a careful voice.

Nerine wants to close the door.

“Hey, wait... Don’t smash it in my face.”

Nerine opens a bit again, unsure if she actually hit him or not.

“Can I come in?”

The girl is deliberating what to do... close or let him in?

“Look, I brought food. My own included. It’s getting cold,” and already is cold by now.

Nerine gets away from her door and turns around, heading inside while leaving the door open. A sign he can enter. Alexei rolls his food carrying cart inside and looks around. Never having entered Nerine’s room before. Not much to see other than an interior which looks very similar to Lorelei’s.

Nerine takes place at the exact same spot she spent most of her day. Sitting at the edge of her water basin, occasionally a light splash in water with a tentacle while simply looking down into empty water. Alexei places both buckets close to her and takes a good look at the girl. She is not doing too well, and not only in a mental meaning.

“Have you been eating properly?” he asks, noticing she is on the thin side, and a bit paler than usual. Kitchen staff assured she eats properly, but Nerine doesn’t give that impression at all. Alexei starts looking around her room, hoping to find some clues. Finding one in a smaller disposal basin in the corner, a flushing block that has a good amount of streaming water going through it. A fish has been caught in it, not flushing out properly. A same type of fish as the one he brought along. Not a single bite taken out of it.

Alexei sighs. A combination of worry and relief. Worry that she isn’t eating properly, and relief that he found out while she is still relatively in decent health. Nerine noticed he spotted that fish she didn’t bother flushing properly, but keeps on looking down into water in silence.

“How long has it been since you had a proper meal?” he asks as friendly and casual as possible.

“I do eat...” she mumbles.

“Clearly not enough,” he leans against the cart, wondering how to approach this situation. For now, simply keeping a conversation going perhaps? “Does it taste bad?”

She shakes her head.

“Hmm... Did kitchen staff make a mistake, and this isn’t suitable for a scylla girl?”

She shakes again, shoulders shrinking when her stomach lets itself be heard immediately after.

“Well, that’s one way to be honest,” Alexei sighs out loud.

Lifting the fish from its bucket, he is surprised at its size and weight, even bigger than the one in that flushing basin. “Now that’s one big fish.” This *and* an octopus? She is supposed to eat both? That has to be a strong stomach Nerine has there. “No veggies?” he wonders out loud.

“No...”

“Never? Or occasionally?”

“We can’t digest those,” she finally speaks in a proper sentence.

Alexei places down that fish again, looking at the other bucket holding an octopus. Concluding she has to be a full carnivore, and not an omnivore like he had guessed.

Right then, time for a charm offensive.

He places an additional plate with knife and fork down that he brought along, not really sure what he could expect looking at these ingredients. Then cautiously lifting up the octopus, its tentacles wrapping around his arms from simply touching it. The thing is dead, but its nerve ends are still functional and responding fine. Japanese cuisine even has some meals with food like this, chopped to smaller pieces naturally. Not that he ever tried one of those, the thought of chewing on a moving tentacle not exactly the most enticing even if it is considered a culinary specialty. Some cases existing where people actually choked on such stuff. Struggling with the octopus, a pair of eyes are peering at him while keeping her face looking away.

“Sheesh, how do you handle these things? Let go of my arm already.” right when he gets one arm loose, the other one gets gripped. With a loud splatting sound, the octopus eventually falls down onto a plate that is way too small. “And stay down!” Grabbing the knife and fork, he moves his hands over the wiggling thing. “Uh... Now what?” Trying to stick a fork in this thing with some force and cutting it with a knife straight after, failing horribly as its tentacle shoots off the plate.

Nerine turns her head to him.

“Don’t tell me just yet... I got this,” Alexei holds out his hand to her, giving a sign to not give him advice yet. “This is personal now,” picking up the wiggling thing again, Alexei holds it in front of him. “Maybe I should start with its head?”

He starts pulling and squeezing at what is the main body of this animal, trying to make heads or tails of what constitutes as its head.

“And they call this a predator? Look at it, all mushy. No spine at all,” squeezing the thing, a squirt of ink suddenly shooting out straight onto his clothes.

“Hah...”

It was short, but there is what Alexei wanted to hear. A chuckle coming from the girl sitting there, watching his clumsy fooling around. Admittedly, getting his clothes sprayed was not part of his plan. Placing down the creepy food with some more struggling to get loose, he begins to search for a handkerchief. Realizing he doesn’t have one on him.

“Over there...” Nerine points to one of the shelves in her room, a couple towels laying there.

“You sure? They will get dirty,” he asks.

“It’s fine. That’s what they are for.”

Alexei removes his shirt and rubs it with a towel.

“Water... Use the water,” Nerine says softly.

Dipping his shirt in her basin, Alexei starts scrubbing. Now that the ice is broken, he isn’t going to let it freeze again, so continues talking. “For clarification, we humans do eat fish and octopus. But not in this size.” That ink stain is fading surprisingly more easy than he expected, diluting quickly through simple touch of water. Maybe a result of it being supposed to form a widespread cloud? “You know, cooked or grilled. Baked too. A bit on the chewy side, but definitely tasty.”

Nerine keeps her attention focused on him.

“With some good sauce over it preferably. Oh, and a couple good spices, garlic and vegetables. Or in soup.”

Alexei slaps his palm on the large fish that is to be her food. “Personally I’m more a fan of some good fish though.”

Nerine immediately turns her head away again, looking into water again.

“Ah, is that the problem?”

He places his shirt on the side to let it dry and picks up the fish, placing it on his lap.

“This big boy is a fish, not a mermaid. They are not even remotely alike.”

Nerine wants to say something, but no sound comes out, giving up straight after.

Alexei sighs and sits a bit closer right next to her, peering into the water like this girl next to him does. A minute or two passing in silence as he gathers his thoughts.

“I did love Lorelei you know... Still do.”

Nerine’s breath stokes at the mention of that name.

“Of course I do. She was one of my partners. We shared the same bed where we made love plenty of times,” it’s not easy for him to talk about this either, “and now she too is forever gone out of my life.”

The emptiness of that water basin makes for too cruel an analogy.

“But life must go on. There are other people who depend on me, who need me. Like there are those I need in turn... Or will need in the future... So I cannot afford to stare into emptiness forever.”

Some crying becomes audible next to him.

“That’s why I will carry her memory with me for as long as I live, and let it guide me through the future. That is the best we can do. That is what they leave for us. It sounds cliché, but it is reality. That much I learned by coming to this world, for good and for bad.”

Nerine wipes an arm over her eyes, trying in vain to stop her tears. Replying to Alexei with a regret-filled voice. “I couldn’t... save her.” Crying quickly turning to bawling.

“I know,” he says softly and gentle. “It was impossible to. But you tried. You tried hard.”

Proof of that visible with his own eyes, in the form of a damaged tentacle and another one that is a tiny growing stubby.

“Nobody will blame you, least of all me or any of your friends. Lorelei wouldn’t have either. I heard all about what happened from Sasha. You fought hard and brave against a dangerous predator and have the scars to prove it. That is something to be proud of. Like you can be proud of having saved my daughter when she got stuck in the river.”

Nerine’s eyes are getting rapidly red as the salty flow doesn’t stop coming.

“Lorelei held full confidence in you as a trustworthy friend, and she was damn right to do so.”

Alexei has heard from Sasha what happened during their water breathing training. He never really got a good opportunity to thank her for it, and these certainly aren't the circumstances he would have ever wished for. Thinking that it really isn't this poor girl's fault at all she couldn't save Lorelei. He is the one who failed. He became complacent and thought nothing would happen, starting to believe that nonsense from Tudor about Layla having some stupid accident. If he had been more doubting, then maybe he would have noticed something, anything. And this all could have been avoided.

His negative spiral leading into self-hate gets interrupted by the touch of Nerine placing her head against his chest. Leaning into him for comfort and support. Alexei holding the girl in his arms to let her cry in silence. Silence interrupted by only one whisper, that she can cry for as long as she needs.

Eventually, there are no more tears left where they come from and Nerine starts to calm down. Grabbing that towel he used for cleaning his shirt, Alexei wipes her eyes with the half that hasn't been covered in ink. Then he slaps on the fish again that is still lying next to him.

“This! ...is a fish. Not a mermaid,” making a gesture afterwards to the squiggly thing behind him, “like that wiggling bugger over there is a plain boring ink-spraying octopus. Not a cute half-human, half-octopus scylla.”

Nerine tries to laugh for a bit, still recovering from shedding tears.

“So, what do we start with? The fish, or Sir Tentacles?”

“Sir Tentacles...” Nerine answers softly.

“Alright then!” With some energy, Alexei places the fish aside and stands up to fetch that octopus. Not really sure what to do once picking it up, holding it above the empty plate with fork and knife, looking confused towards Nerine, hinting her “Help me out here... I'm lost on what to do”.

“No need for the knife or fork,” she says. “I don't eat with my upper mouth.”

“Right, the bottom one,” Alexei gets the picture. Nerine nodding in response.

“It is easiest to eat in water.”

“Should I simply throw it in?” he asks, getting another nod as Nerine herself jumps in her water basin.

After trying to throw once and failing since tentacles cling to his arms, Alexei manages to cast Sir Tentacles into the water for his final voyage. The basin turning wild once Nerine’s tentacles move and her beak starts munching. Three seconds later any hint of octopus is gone and the basin calms down. Alexei thinking to himself that Nerine is quite the voracious eater.

“Wish I could eat that fast. Right, next up, some fish.”

After throwing in the large fish, Nerine chomps it straight in half and finishes its remaining two edges with two fast bites. That wasn’t even two seconds. Making Alexei get the picture on why exactly that anemone didn’t survive their encounter and this girl is considered queen of the ocean.

Getting out of the water again, Alexei gives Nerine another towel to dry herself.

“So you’ll eat properly from now on?”

Nerine nods while drying herself.

“And you’ll go to classes starting tomorrow?”

Relief flowing through Alexei at another nod. She will be fine from now on.

“Good to hear. And don’t forget, you have other friends. They too have been worried, you know?”

“I’ll visit them.”

Thinking it might be about time to leave, Nerine stops him.

“Could you talk a bit? About Lorelei.”

Alexei has no reason at all to object and takes place on the sitting corner where Nerine guides him to. Wanting to know all about those parts of Lorelei she didn’t get to see, when her friend was with Alexei.

...

“Oh right, I almost forgot an important matter,” Alexei says out loud after talking for about half an hour with Nerine listening attentively.

He stands up to get his shopping bag that hangs on the food cart. Sitting down again and giving the girl an octopus plushy.

“A possible friend... or favorite food,” he says while handing it over.

Nerine hesitates to take it. Not out of rejection, but because receiving a gift comes totally unexpected. Eventually holding it, taking a good look while smiling and squeezing it tight.

“Both....” she answers while thanking him.

For another half an hour Nerine listens to more talk while hugging her new addition to her circle of friends, not wanting to let go of Squiggles as he seems to be named by now.

“So Lorelei slept on a human bed?” Nerine tries to imagine the scene.

Then her face turns red, distance with Alexei getting just a bit further.

He is not panicking at her response. In fact, Alexei is happy to see her acting like this. Very much like the Nerine he knew until that fateful day. That same girl who was always well aware of not tempting her instincts in fear of losing control. Her mind finally out of that vicious circle of depression, only now having realized a man is sitting alone in her private room. Very closely no less, and with his shirt further ahead still drying, manly chest exposed.

“Still worried about your nature?”

Nerine confirms his assumptions. Having experienced firsthand how it feels to lose control, one month ago during that fight to save Lorelei. When vision turned red and mind went into an uncontrollable fury.

“And that can happen when hanging out with someone of the opposite sex?”

Nerine nods cautiously.

“Especially in water,” she clarifies.

“Eh, we’ve been fine on land so far, right? Even had you crying on my chest earlier.”

“You think so?” she asks in a doubting tone.

“Definitely. You have earned my full trust.”

The young scylla seems conflicted, wanting to believe his words are true. Not his conviction, after all, she fully believes this man is placing his complete trust in her. But unsure if she can live up to such trust. Though Alexei has a good reason to have no doubts about Nerine. After all, he heard the stories about what happened. Even in that blinding

rage aimed at the anemone, she never let go of Lorelei's hand and dragged her out in pure dedication to save her friend. Even if this girl is to lose control, things might get wild, but she would never harm anyone close to her heart.

"I think my shirt is dry by now. It's getting a bit chilly too, so I'll go put it on. Probably about time to leave anyway," Alexei tries to ease her mind. No way is it dry, and it definitely isn't chilly on this hot mid-summer day. But if Nerine feels uncomfortable around men, this is for the best.

Trying to get up, a hand stops him. Nerine is tugging on his pants with her right hand. Left hand holding Squiggles and face slightly turned away, aimed at the ground. That last bit he said was too undesirable, about it being time to leave.

Alexei sits down again, not really sure what to talk about or make of this situation. What needed to be said has been said, what is there left to do?

"Did Lorelei...? With you?" she asks in a meek but curious tone.

Alexei chuckles. So that's what she wants.

"You mean sex? Sure we did."

Nerine's eyes shift around. "Outside of water?" she silently inquires.

"Uh, yeah?"

"But... with a mermaid?"

Alexei laughs out loud. "Our first time was actually in her water basin, but we did it plenty of times on land too. Both, really."

Nerine seems to find that hard to imagine, trying her best to form a picture in her mind on how that would possibly work.

"No need to think very hard about it. It's not all that different from underwater. Only difference is laying down on a comfy mattress or rug."

Nerine is looking down on the fluffy rug they are sitting on.

"Interested?" Alexei asks the girl.

She wants to deny it, but the shaking of her head is already stopping before it properly started. Conflicted once more, this time on what to answer.

"But, I'm dangerous..."

“Yeah well, that’s mostly while being in water, right?” Alexei pats on the ground. “And this looks like a comfy rug to me.”

“How would it work?” she asks.

Alexei thinks for a while, looking at her peculiar lower body.

“I don’t know. Finding out is part of the fun.”

Nerine clearly is curious as a tiny bud of sexuality is starting to bloom inside of her, but could use some assurance to seal the deal. Alexei thus opens his arms.

“Come here... You’re still afraid of your own power, yeah? Let’s start with a simple hug.”

Nerine leans a bit closer.

“It’s only a hug. We kind of did one before, when you were crying, remember? If it worked out then, it will work out now.”

Tentacles start crawling over the carpet, slowly getting closer to his arms. The girl closing her eyes for that last arm-length distance. Driven by a desire to learn why her mermaid friend was always so eager and happy to visit this man. Pushed forward by a strange feeling inside, unaware that this is known as sexual curiosity. Shoulders tensing up when she feels the bared chest of Alexei against her own body that only wears a small bikini. Afraid she will lose control over herself right then and there at the discovery of how comfortable another person’s intimate physical presence can be. Letting tension finally drop once she realizes her mind is still her own after his arms close tight. Still holding on to Squiggles for mental support.

“What do you think?” Alexei asks her kindly.

Nerine doesn’t answer straight away, needing time to gather her impressions into words. Finding it hard to properly convey how an “embrace” with a man feels. Warm, soothing, tingling her senses, assuring. It is so many things at once, almost overwhelming. And this is only a hug?

“It’s... nice,” is about the best she can sum it up as.

A new sensation. This time having her hair brushed by his hand. This too is a complex stew of emotions, too hard to put into words.

“Yeah, it sure is. Holding a cute, pretty girl like you feels just the same.”

Nerine panics a bit, but eases her thoughts straight after. She still has her mind under control. But then why is her heart beating faster at the sound of a compliment? Why are her tentacles wiggling more actively, filled with growing excitement? Is this how Lorelei felt?

Her free hand that isn't holding on to Squiggles is searching around, feeling over the naked chest of a man. So different then her own upper body. Rough almost, yet somehow feeling better than that fluffy rug. With a subtle odor, pleasing to her nose. The young child unaware she is slowly getting drunk on male pheromones being inhaled.

Whispering words come from Alexei, realizing Nerine is getting gradually turned on, encouraging the scylla to not hold back at all and let her mind go wherever it wants to go.

"Don't worry about it. Losing yourself in the act is what sex is all about, trust me."

It's okay? To loose herself, and all will end fine? Saying to simply trust him... And she definitely *does* want to trust him.

"Ever kissed before?" Alexei asks a question he already knows the answer to. If she hasn't hugged a man before, no way will Nerine have ever experienced a kiss. That's why this is more of a leading question.

"No."

"Want to try?"

Nerine raises her head, a tiny hand clamping on to Squiggles. She has heard about kissing before from Lorelei, who only had words of praise for it.

Alexei can feel the girl's tentacles resting on his legs starting to move more actively and uncontrollably when he lowers his head towards her mouth. All motion in them suddenly freezing when he feels the soft virgin touch of two wet lips. A soft peck, no more than that. Giving her some time to process, surprised when he feels her lips again, this time initiative coming from Nerine. One little peck after the other.

"You like it?" Alexei asks. Getting another kiss as his answer straight after. Understanding that Nerine has accepted his advice and placed all trust in his words. Completely surrendering herself to any desire. A feeling he starts to share, as his own lusts are beginning to grow in unison. Further lowering his head, seeking her slender neck.

Nerine is confused. A strangely wonderful kind of confusion. What is this feeling? She is willingly offering her neck, the most vulnerable spot of a scylla, their weakness. All lessons

from even the youngest ages that are focused on hunting prey share the same critical core lesson. No matter when, what or how, always guard your neck. And here she is, throwing that lesson stamped into her mind eagerly aside. Like prey surrendering herself to a predator. Did Lorelei feel the same?

His mouth moves lower, seeking her collarbone. Tracing it with kisses from the outside to the middle of her chest. A feeling of regretful parting once his mouth separates from her body. What is wrong? Is he stopping? Is she doing it wrong?

Alexei's hands reach out behind Nerine, touching at her back where that bikini is closed. Relief instantly entering Nerine's mind. She didn't do anything wrong. He wants to open it, reveal her chest. Remembering those times when Lorelei drew his eyes with her own naked chest. Now Nerine will draw them. New worries immediately following. Will Alexei find her pretty? She doesn't have as much chest, so will it be enough to draw his eyes? A constant rollercoaster of new emotions, new fears, new reliefs.

A single tug and the bikini falls down. Nerine trying her best to show her youthful charm in any way possible. Pushing chest forward, inhaling fresh air for that extra bit more volume. Finding comfort in the eyes of Alexei that are fixated on two tiny hills, practically non-existent in their subtleness. A pair of nipples poking forward to try and compensate. Entire lower body tensing up and holding her plushy close to a soft squishy belly, held right below that small frail chest being offered.

"Beautiful," Alexei caresses her cheek, easing her mind and making the girl lose control over her tentacles as they start moving on their own in happiness. The hand which caressed her cheek quickly moving down to caress her chest now instead. Second hand following shortly after, a body so young and tiny that both male hands are more than large enough to fully cover her entire chest with room to spare.

Alexei lets his palms rotate over these little tits, enjoying the feeling of her flesh and skin giving and shaping to his touch like only a girl's chest can. Under each palm a nipple happily tracing his movements, letting them slide between his fingers to take in the feeling of nipples brushing past them.

By now, Nerine is burning hot with desire, face showing not a hint of restraint any longer. Tiny hands grasp around the back of his head, one holding a plushy still. Trying to

keep his head from moving away once his tongue established contact with her breasts. Exactly like Lorelei, her skin has a slight saltiness to it, feeling deeply nostalgic. Making him crave for more, saliva coating her breasts and making them shine under the sun's light as it comes in through a high-placed window. Sucking on her nipples to draw them in his mouth, then letting them plop out again as they spring back to their own natural shape. Rolling his tongue around her areola to then do it all over again.

A soft giggling leaving Nerine's mouth when he lowers and starts playing with her belly, sensitive to Alexei's lips kissing her abdomen and finding the depth of a cute belly button.

And that's when Alexei reaches unknown territory. Looking down onto her tentacles, too numerous and constantly in motion to properly count. Not having a single clue where her proper entrance could be. All he knows is that to make things even more confusing, there is a beak, somewhere, seemingly retracted and hidden when not feeding.

He knows no fear of Nerine. Any other scylla would be considered too much of a risk after finding out what they are capable of, but Nerine is different. Losing control may happen, who knows, but she certainly won't get aggressive. This girl is simply too kind and good-hearted for that. Even if she goes wild, her natural instincts will never betray her true character, for being gentle is a part of her very core being.

Only problem is where to put it in... But right there is exactly where instincts can come to shine.

Removing his pants in a lust-driven hurry, Nerine is faced with the first time she sees a male member standing erect. Knowing it is supposed to go somewhere, but not sure where exactly. Only that it has to do with her lower body.

Curious, a hand reaches out for his shaft, touching it lightly and backing off at the little jump that went through it. Then touching it again, a bit more certain now. Gliding her fingers over the top, examining this strange hard but fleshy object. Noticing her touch is desired and pleasing to Alexei, and grabbing hold of it more tightly. Stroking slowly across its entire length.

"It's okay to be a bit rougher," Alexei lets her know. Picking up speed and grip, curious about that little bit of pre-cum fluid coming out of its hot tip and placing a finger on it.

“That’s because it feels good,” he explains, stretching his lower legs out on the fluffy carpet and leaning against a couple pillows stacked in the corner to create a comfortable seating area, keeping his upper body about halfway between sitting upright and laying down. Inviting Nerine to come sit on his lap.

She crawls with her tentacles over his legs until right before his crotch, a wiggling and squiggling sensation all over where she moves. By now, this girl is so turned on that keeping her tentacles even reasonably calm is a herculean effort. An odd but cute sight as the otherworldly girl sits upright holding a plushy in her natural naked glory. A single tentacle gets lifted up and moves close to his penis, a subtle change visible on her drunken expression as eyes move to his in search of approval.

“Sure, go ahead.”

A smile forming while that tentacle touches his penis, only its outer end at first but then rolling around the entire thing. A constant wiggling and slithering of very flexible muscle with suction cups stimulating his shaft. Contrasted by a soft palm with tiny fingers touching his tip. A stimulation that is extreme to say the least, bringing Alexei to the point of orgasm in a short amount of time. White cum shooting out and covering the hand of Nerine.

Looking at her own hand, the girl is wondering if this is that “seed” thing she heard about. Taking a look at her own lower body afterwards.

“Yeah, that white stuff will go in there,” Alexei makes her imagination go places. Not really sure where exactly that location would be himself, but confident his seed will reach the right spot.

Nerine is breathing hard, mouth opened in growing, uncontrollable lust. A thirst and hunger she has never felt before running through every cell of her body, fueled by sight and smell of that white sticky stuff. Feeling her mind taking a backseat to flaring emotions and raging desires. But that’s okay. Alexei said he would trust her, and she could go wherever her mind and body takes them both. And right now that mind and body are focused on purely one thing. That meaty rod standing upright on his crotch. And an irresistible force compelling the girl to place her lower body right on top of it, making her already drool at the sheer prospect of doing so.

She lifts her whole body on the strength of her tentacles, moving over Alexei's erect cock. Alluring eyes aimed right at his, drowning in a wild instinctual desire for raw sex, thanking him for having taught her all about this new level of fun and unadulterated pleasure she didn't even knew existed. Knowing from that look he gives in turn that the best way she can thank him is to simply sit down, right there, on that little spot.

Her body lowers. An intense feeling of squiggly love running over his entire crotch. His penis pressed between their bodies, it hasn't entered anywhere just yet. But already the feeling is exquisite and with an incredible dose of lewdness.

Nerine starts moving her lower body. Mind not having a single clue what she is doing, yet her body certainly does. Pursuing the peak of pleasure in the only way it knows, instinctively given to it by good old Mother Nature. And that is exactly why Alexei had confidence things would work out fine. All humanoids in this world can interbreed. That can only mean they are naturally made for each other, and all pieces of this puzzle will neatly fall into place by only letting instinct as refined by tens of thousands of years in evolution do what it does best.

Reproduce.

His penis pushes into her every time she lifts herself up again, grinding that lower body over it. Then suddenly, completely natural as if it never could have gone differently, a tiny squeezing can be felt around his tip. This time, his penis doesn't get pressed between their bodies again as she moves down. It is staying upright, a remarkable sensation coursing through as an all new type of vagina gets to know him on the inside all warm and cozy.

Nerine plops herself down onto his lap while her mouth opens, saliva leaking out. A deep breath flowing in, and shortly after out again. Then instinct takes over once more and her lower body turns into a never-ending storm of love and heavenly lust. Every single tentacle wildly flinging around, grasping at whatever body part they can latch on to, rolling around, planting their suction cups, wiggling and slapping.

Alexei holds on to the little girl's waist as she celebrates her totally awakened sexuality.

Nerine's vagina is one in an almost formless shape, a mass of muscle surrounding a soft tunnel of astonishing flexibility. A thin slimy mucus covering the walls of her pussy like it already covers all her tentacles, constantly being released from her entire lower body as

she is so mightily turned on. The muscles around that vagina squeezing and stroking at seemingly random. But that randomness is an illusion, noticeable when Alexei feels an orgasm coming up once more from intense stimulation all over his lower body. Anticipating the coming orgasm, those muscles around her warm pussy loosen and give Alexei time to recover. Gripping and stroking hard again straight after.

Two of her tentacles move upwards, rolling over her own body, tracing feminine contours to find their destination. Arriving at a pair of little tits that happily bounce for whatever tiny bit they can. Getting heartily slapped by two tentacles who firmly latch on with their suction cups and start sucking, pulling and stroking her own breasts.

For that short moment she leaned over right now, something wet fell on Alexei's belly, getting swiped instantly by the non-stop flurry of slippery tentacles down there. That was Nerine's drool falling down. Not the first bit, but most gets caught by her completely out-of-control lower body.

It is a beautiful sight to see this usually reserved girl in a state of total paradise. A feeling shared by this man getting to enjoy her restlessly wild lewdness. And that sound of her slippery tentacles squirming around in equally restless craving. All of it combined truly a wild and deliciously smutty incarnation of paradise.

Again that vagina denies him an orgasm. Again it grips firm and strong straight after. She is holding both hands in the air, right next to her body. One consistently clinging on Squiggles who gets to have front seat view of the couple. A small change on her face again, making an affectionate and very agreeable promise. Next time he is close to orgasm, she will not stop him any longer, but joining him as they will ascend together to the peak of pleasure instead.

A throbbing starts. His lust will burst out right now. Nerine lets herself drop as deeply as possible, pushing her body down with force. The grip of her pussy felt around every last bit of his shaft. A repeating rolling wave formed by muscles all around, flowing from the bottom to her deepest part. Tentacles all around clamping onto his body, a strong spasm vibrating through each. A deep sigh of satisfaction leaving Nerine's mouth when she feels her orgasm peaking, combined with those same white fluids she saw earlier gushing forth, this time shooting straight into her womb.

...

Fifteen minutes pass while Alexei and Nerine recover, the girl refusing to leave the comfort of his embrace. Eventually though, it is time for him to leave. The others will soon be waiting for him in their bedroom.

Starting to get dressed, he gets distracted by Nerine pointing behind him.

Looking around at what she is indicating, he notices the food cart. On it a still untouched meal he brought along for himself.

“Right... Definitely cold by now.”

Nerine giggles out loud while she holds tight to Squiggles, ready to go say hello to her friends by joining Alexei in their private bedroom from now on.

CHAPTER 15



Confronting Uncertainty

Tudor rambles on in front of his audience in one of those rare cases the Headmaster himself gives a lecture. Not surprisingly, as he is the only one in this Academy with enough required authority to speak on this subject.

The Gate.

A subject interesting enough that it drew Alexei's attention and he entered Sasha's class to sit silently at the back. Getting an occasional look from his daughter or one of his other partners, amused by his presence. Tudor is describing the origin of the Gate and some history on interactions between both worlds, keen to point out the presence of Sasha and Alexei in this room to illustrate how those interactions have turned out in the present. Surely he let slip a bit too much information that these students or any part of the public aren't supposed to know just yet. That kind of stuff which is classified, but he either didn't notice revealing or simply doesn't care considering general age of his audience. One such

tidbit hinting that this Gate was not the first connection between both worlds, but only the official publicly released one, established once the other side known as Earth was scouted well enough for a duration of over a decade and finally considered safe to openly interact with. And as Alexei had correctly assumed once passing the Gate a couple months ago, this side has unilateral power to close it again at any moment's notice.

Overall it didn't provide him with all that relevant of information, but it certainly didn't feel like a waste of time attending. Biggest piece which seemed important to Alexei was the part where Tudor explained that opening a connection requires long and careful planning with only one such connection currently existing. Creating a new one no feat a single individual or even a small group of two or three can perform on their own.

Sasha on the other hand isn't all that interested to begin with in what Tudor is rambling on about. He may as well be lecturing on the intricate history of an open -air toilet, simply wanting to get back to learning more spells.

"I would love to see your world one day," Serenia whispers in one of those rare moments where she speaks during class.

"You could always come along on some holiday or such," Sasha gives her some hope of that actually happening.

"Would that even be allowed?" Serenia wonders, not convinced walking through the Gate would be as easy as Sasha makes it seem. Getting a reply in return that fills her with confidence Sasha actually may be right.

"Aren't you part of our family now? Of course you can come."

Elenor jumping into their conversation straight after from a seat further.

"Can we meet your friends? You have one, right? What was her name again...?"

"Kasumi."

"What is she like?"

Sasha thinks for a while how best to describe her.

"Hmm... Bit of a special..." then she corrects herself after looking at Elenor and Siera.
"She will fit right in."

At least Siera who has been listening to their talk seems to understand the underlying meaning of fitting in. "We should add her to your father's harem," she jokes laughingly,

immediately trying to appear focused on the lecture while making herself inauspicious when Tudor gives a loud “Ahem” at her direction. Sasha lost in thought about that proposal. Sure, why not? Kasumi wouldn’t mind joining in, and what better way to reunite with her first real friend?

Speaking of new members to that harem, having joined their shared bedroom as well as this lecture is a girl with tentacles. Nerine is attentively listening to this lecture while sitting on a seat, occasionally flapping some piece of her lower body around. When the lecture is finished, Sasha seeks out Nerine straight away and gives her a hug.

“How did it go?” she asks the scylla.

“Takes a tad getting used to, but no biggie,” Nerine replies.

Her seat felt a bit odd. Scaling stairs to the second floor was a matter of finding the right rhythm. Yeah, she will be fine. Her lower body is quite adept at moving on land. Which was a requirement for Alexei’s proposal to have this girl transferred out of that aquarium B group and into Sasha’s class. She didn’t have any friends there anyway, and will feel better surrounded by familiar faces. With biggest reason for not wanting Nerine in aquarium B being what happened in there. Better for the poor girl not to face that location any time soon. Luckily, with her being only a semi-aquatic species there is no need for her lower body to have a minimum mandatory amount of exposure to water, like was the case with Lorelei’s scales and fins. Ultimately she moves a bit slower on ground than others of her new class, but can get anywhere on time and without hard effort.

“Aah!”

A cutesy and slightly erotic little yelp makes the students look at its source. All of them already aware by that sound what has happened. Coco has made a masterful face-plant while carrying a bundle of lecture material, some books mostly, which had to be properly stored. The girl wiping her red nose while eyes start to get wet. A combination of a hurt nose, having spilled her fluids on those books and ensuing embarrassment of it all.

“Coco! Not again...” Tudor complaints, making her jump-scare and squirt some more. From the very moment Tudor had appointed Coco, it was already decided this was going to happen. His own fault really, he should have known better.

“Why am I such a klutz?” the cow girl complaints.

Sasha has joined her and gives Coco some comfort.

“It’s only some boring books. Enough of those around.”

Nerine has joined too and starts picking up five books at once with her tentacles.

“Handy,” Sasha remarks, getting an instant correction from Elenor.

“Don’t you mean, tentacly?”

“I doubt that is an actual word,” Serenia says while picking up a couple books herself.

Coco is looking cautiously at this newcomer in her class, not yet very familiar with Nerine since she had secluded herself most of the time for an entire month. Coco has met her before but is still seemingly a bit afraid of those “tentacly” appendages. Until she gets a soft assuring pat on the back from Sasha who addresses the scylla.

“Don’t mind Coco here, she is a bit timid.”

Nerine nods understandably, having been much alike, offering a tentacle as both a handshake and a method for Coco to feel for herself there is nothing to worry about.

“She saved me once,” Sasha states with pride about her friend.

“Eh?” Coco shows curiosity, meanwhile performing that peculiar handshake. Getting an explanation from Sasha about what happened on their first free practice in the river with underwater spell training almost going wrong. Look on Coco’s face changing through a wide range of emotions, eventually settling on a sense of awe.

“I wish I had so much courage,” she admires her new acquaintance. Neither Sasha nor Nerine convinced courage actually played a significant big role in it. More like quick thinking and brute strength from Nerine, combined with a good dose of luck on Sasha’s side. But that expression of admiration from Coco doesn’t look half bad. This girl obviously has confidence issues, and if she can get some of that “courage” herself by having a role-model, then why not leave her under that impression?

Coco pulls on her milk stained top.

“I’m sorry to get it wet,” she mumbles to Sasha.

“No need to feel sorry, isn’t that why I lent it to you?” she laughs in return.

Coco isn’t wearing her double bikinis. Instead dressed in one of Sasha’s tops. The size works out fine since its cloth was quite loose for Sasha to begin with. Sure, that cleavage of Coco’s upper pair is still revealed by a significant amount and hugged quite tight still, but

everything below that well-rounded and very alluring top valley line is more covered. Convincing Tudor took some insisting, but he accepted it as long as colors match the Academy uniform. Since this one is a beige color, no problem at all. Coco still gets plenty of stares, as her level of lewdness hasn't exactly dropped all that much, but it is more comfortable at least. That top may be a tight fit for her breast size times two, but it isn't straight out pushing into her tits like that bikini was. Meaning she isn't spilling continuously anymore, only squirting out more at times like these when stumbling or getting scared.

"Why the sad face?" Siera wonders.

"It's sticky..." Coco replies while holding the cloth over her typically wet breasts.

"I know, right?!" the cyclops follows up enthusiastically.

"See, it's that enthusiasm she doesn't understand," Sasha tries to clarify, a futile attempt.

"You said there were nice things too about having such a body, but I never notice any of those," Coco bemoans her upper body as a burden rather than an asset.

Siera gets a naughty look on her face and whispers to Sasha, whose expression starts to match.

"Alright, deal. Let's bring her to the garden tonight. But sure you're not coming along?" Sasha proclaims, while being somewhat surprised Siera herself isn't coming at what she proposed. The one-eyed girl affectionately holding her large belly in response while rejecting the offer.

"What's going on?" Coco wonders, getting some suspicions she is going to be involuntarily involved. Getting an explanation that is basically no more than a location and an hour where Coco's presence will be required. "Eh?! But that's past curfew!"

Sasha pulls up her shoulders, indicating Coco does not get to escape peer pressure, determined to give this unlucky girl a taste of how "sticky" can also be a positive aspect.

Curfew is already long in effect while Sasha is first to arrive at the garden entrance. Shortly followed by Elenor holding hands with a reluctant Coco.

“Why are we here?” she asks as nervous as an anti-social loner on a giant wedding party.

Coco had been deliberating on what to do since getting dragged into this nightly adventure. Go along and break the rules, or disappoint her friends by cowering in her room? With cowering and disappointment quite strong words for something as trivial as this, but that is how the innocent cow girl thought about it. Eventually deciding that taking this frightening option might be that one crucial choice which changes her life forever. A bit overdramatic a conclusion, but it could be that first step to getting some more courage at least. And now that she has officially broken curfew and is standing in the dark, facing some unknown challenge, Coco already feels like a brave rebel courageously having a standoff with an old arch - nemesis. As long as Elenor doesn't let go of her hand and Sasha leads the way.

The trio have reached their destination. Two of these girls being cheerful and fearless, the third looking around at every little noise while trying not to stumble. Naturally their destination is the garden's norn. If Coco is to learn about sticky, that is the place to be. Just these three girls, nobody else. Elenor wanted to bring along some boys, but Sasha talked her out of it, as that would be a step too far for their timid friend.

“Are we going in there?” Coco asks very reluctantly. Getting her answer by the other two girls simply starting to undress. “Eh? But I didn't bring a swimsuit,” she continues, trying to convince her partners in crime that this walk in the garden has been more than adventurous enough.

“Well, you are free to go back. We won't force you, right Sasha?” Elenor says out loud.

“Sure. It's not that far, a short walk through this dark garden and some empty corridors. Maybe a ghost or two along the way?” Sasha replies before bumping into Coco's back while half undressed, giving the girl another jump-scare. “Or you could simply join us and go back together later. Come on, it will be fun.”

Coco doesn't feel convinced at all, that nectar stuff looks nasty and sticky. Yuck. But going back in the dark all alone? Nah, that's not an option. Coming here has been enough bravery for one night already. No way is she getting anywhere further than arm distance.

“Come on... strip... strip,” Sasha laughs out loud while poking her fingers into Coco’s back.

Coco giggles at the tickling feeling in her back, complaining as always, but actually enjoying her friends playing around in such a manner as if there are no barriers between them. She never told anyone, but this group of friends she has now is actually her first real bond with people other than closest family.

Coco begins to strip and joins the others who are already waiting to get in. Elenor goes first, showing the newbie in norn affairs how to climb up the nearest branch and lower oneself into that golden tub. Sasha waiting for Coco to go in first since she has this faint hint Coco could use a hand.

“Hold on to this branch. Here, I’ll help lifting you up.”

Not that Sasha has nearly the required strength to lift up a fellow classmate, but every little bit helps. Coco’s level of strength being equally unimpressive, she struggles to get onto this low - hanging branch and carefully shuffles over the cup. Trying to dip into that yucky looking substance with a look of “do I really have to do this?” written all over her face. Starting to slip off the branch immediately after and plunging into nectar with a scream.

Eventually Sasha follows into their shared bath, after almost slipping in herself from laughing too hard. This is the main reason why Siera didn’t go along even if she suggested this idea and decided to stay with Serenia, Nerine and Alexei instead. Sasha figured it out the moment she saw Siera hold her belly when rejecting the offer to come here. That lusty little cyclops takes her motherhood very seriously and would never take such risk of climbing up a branch in her current condition. There is an overused line back on Earth. “With great power comes great responsibility.” But that line completely misses the ball. For even the most mundane of lives should carry great responsibility, and if they don’t, society has utterly failed somewhere along the way. As whimsical and playful Siera may seem, she understands that core meaning very well, being in charge of her own life and future in addition to the one she so happily carries.

“So what do you think?” Sasha asks once soaking into warm nectar.

“It’s sticky... and everywhere.”

“Yeah, but it doesn’t feel bad, surely? Try relaxing. Lay back like this, or float like Elenor.”

Sasha scoops some up and throws it towards Coco. “Hehe, you’re already covered anyway! No use in complaining!”

Coco uses an arm to protect herself, and starts throwing some back. One timid fling at first... A second one a bit later... Then they start getting more determined. Their fight is off to a start, the cow girl laughing heartily in return.

“How will we get Coco back out again later?” Elenor wonders about an issue that Sasha doesn’t have an immediate answer for. Considering how clumsy she is, that will be a challenge once they get there.

“Maybe we could leave her here?” Sasha replies in jest, getting a panicked reaction.

“What’s the matter? Scared?” Elenor joins their teasing.

Coco tries to deny, but Elenor doesn’t buy it for an instant, beginning to tell a ghost story to set the mood. “Did you know? There is an eerie rumor about that old dried-up water pit behind the shed.”

The cow girl immediately gestures she doesn’t want to hear any further, but Elenor continues unabated.

“Rumors go that at night, when the moon shines over that water pit, strange sounds can be heard. Sounds of...”

Coco waits for the answer, afraid to hear but still wanting to know now that this much got revealed, or she might never feel safe again around that water-pit.

“...A MONSTER!” Elenor jumps up and throws more nectar at her.

Sasha laughs while assuring Coco it’s merely a ghost story.

“Actually those rumors are true. But yeah, probably just some animal causing it,” Elenor insists on the authenticity of these rumors she picked up. “Oh, here’s another nice story. Did you know there is a dare tradition in the Academy for summer solstice? Only for the bravest.”

Coco looks unsettled by the mention of this summer solstice. Seems like she has a hint what this could be about, but Sasha doesn’t have a clue and asks for clarification.

“Oh right, you don’t know about solstice night. Summer solstice is when fox-folk transform into werewolves.”

“Even though they are not wolves?” Sasha asks.

“Eh, details. Everyone calls them werewolves because that’s what they look like. And they are very hungry.”

“So what’s the dare?” Sasha gets interested.

“Going out and meeting one!” Elenor yells out loud.

“Huh, that sounds dangerous.”

“Actually, not really,” Elenor explains. “There exist these silver talismans you see, they oppress all aggressive urges in a werewolf. Those things get handed out some days before or so.”

“Hmm...” Sasha has lost some interest. Not much of a dare if there is no risk. Even if it still takes some courage to face a creature with a reputation like that.

About twenty minutes of messing around later, Sasha finally repeats her first question.

“So? How does it feel to be all sticky?”

Coco is moving around her arms in a swimming motion without actually moving, by now used to this golden colored stuff and satisfied with the result of her nightly bit of courage.

“It’s kind of nice. Warm and... Hard to describe.”

“Smutty!” Elenor tries to put feeling into words, getting agreement from Sasha and confusion from Coco.

“What’s smutty?” she asks innocently.

The other two girls looking at each other on how best to describe that one. Coco was unknowingly right, it *is* hard to do.

“Well, you know. Smutty... A bit like erotic?”

Coco still doesn’t get it, only hearing another word she doesn’t know. While aware on the basics how babies are made, knowledge doesn’t actually go beyond “pokey thing goes into matching hole”, and any terminology is basically unknown to her and restricted to two words. Mating and sex, the last one only because she heard that word being used in her circle of friends and having figured out its meaning.

“You know, erotic? No idea?” Sasha asks, almost in disbelief how someone in their particular group could be so clueless.

“Well, surely you know what happens in our bedroom. With Siera and Serenia being pregnant and all.”

Coco nods while getting a bit red.

“But you don’t know what erotic is?” Elenor questions.

The cow girl shakes her head.

Elenor gets a naughty look on her face and begins to get closer to Sasha.

“Erotic is when you’re doing things that are lewd.”

Coco looks on with growing curiosity as Elenor lets her fingers glide over Sasha, playing the role of Alexei seducing her. Sasha happily letting Elenor do so.

“And when you really like someone, think they are pretty... attractive...” Elenor gets behind Sasha so Coco can better see those hands slide down Sasha’s body, tracing feminine lines. Sasha playing her part of the seduced girl starting to fall for a tempting partner.

“So attractive that you want to have sex with them...”

Sasha turns to place both hands against the edge of the norn’s cup, Elenor pushing her entire body against Sasha, spooning the blonde from behind while playing with her chest.

Coco looks on in silence, not having seen this kind of interaction before.

“Do you know how sex works?” Elenor asks.

Coco nods. A male’s wee-wee goes into a female’s entrance. That much is known, mostly from having seen some farm animals do it before.

“From the back?” Coco asks with her curiosity peaking.

Elenor smiles and begins to imitate Alexei when plowing into one of his partners from behind. Splashing her hips into Sasha’s tiny bum and holding her by the waist. Sasha in turn bends her back and pretends to be exquisitely taken by her father, both young actors playing their role with glee while making all appropriate noises. The semi-transparent nectar that covers their erotic spectacle splashing up between them.

Coco feels entranced by what happens, hiding her face partly, but keeping eyes focused on Sasha’s bum perfectly fitting in Elenor’s pelvis. Eventually opening her mouth in growing excitement.

“That’s sex?”

“It works from the front too,” Elenor piques her interest.

“Eh? How does that work?” Coco can’t remember ever seeing any farm animals doing such.

Sasha turns around and lets Elenor into her embrace, letting hips get lifted up just a bit by her partner. Elenor places her own hips close to Sasha’s and begins to imitate sex again, moving back and forth. Once more they both act out their roles perfectly. Until Elenor starts to stop her imitated thrusting and increasingly rubs her pussy against Sasha’s, their acting changing into actual moans of pleasure.

Coco noticed this change, knowing her friends well enough by now to differentiate between when they are acting or being serious. That look on their faces, those sounds, the way they move their bodies in search for pleasure. A pleasure they casually flirted with in amusement at first, but now got trapped by through lust, no longer stopping until those lusts have been satisfied.

“Aah~”

Coco is mesmerized by the visuals and sounds of pleasure. It sounds so genuinely fun. What are they experiencing? Is this that smuttiness they talked about? Lewdness? Her own pussy feels strangely tingly, somehow finding it hard not to touch herself. And what is this? Her breasts are gently lactating even though no pressure is being applied, that same annoying lactating which troubles her every day is like a gentle but constant trickle flowing down into nectar and yet... It feels so nice now, like a pressure being relieved from her body.

“Nnn~”

Both Sasha and Elenor release the height of their orgasm for Coco to hear, seeking some strength in each other’s arms straight after.

...

Both girls approach Coco, who realizes they are planning something... whatever it may be... She doesn’t resist or try to move however. A bit uneasy and nervous, but secretly hoping this may have to do with more of this strangely enticing smut thing.

Elenor takes place behind Coco while Sasha takes her front, the girl in the middle already having surrendered to whatever it is they will do.

Both pair of hands moving over her body makes Coco experience sensations she didn't know existed. It's only hands touching her, why do they feel so different than usual?

Coco squeaks out loud in a cute yelp when she can feel the sudden touch of those hands flowing over her breasts, who feel even more sensitive than is the norm. Milk starting to flow out faster, forming a constant stream that originates from four different lovely pink sources. Its milky whiteness flowing on top of the nectar and making Coco feel even stranger inside as she sees it.

Whether having read the cow girl's thoughts or not, Elenor whispers into her ear from behind. "Now this is smut."

If this is smut, than Coco only wants more of it. Enjoying the touch of Elenor flowing over her belly from behind and reaching for that lower pair of tits, giving them a great massage. While Sasha's hands start fondling the upper pair, eventually squeezing harder. Coco is getting sensually milked from all four of her sultry udders and her tits never felt so good. She simply closes her eyes and hopes this milking never stops. A luscious feeling that only gets better when a small mouth places itself over one of those flowing sources and begins to drink.

Again an all new feeling for the cow girl. Is this what a mother feels when feeding a baby? What a diametrically opposed combination of stimulations. Four hands so arousing, and a mouth so soothing.

"Ah, not fair. Me too!" Elenor proclaims and joins Sasha as she makes some room for her friend to explore these comforts provided by a lactating cow - girl nipple. Continuing to grope those squishy lumps of smut to help bring forth more delicious and fresh fatty milk at body temperature.

Itchiness all over and inside Coco's pussy is only getting stronger. A thigh of Sasha pushing between Coco's legs coming as a godsend at first to help ease this itch, but immediately after only making the cow girl crave more as she starts to rub her vagina against its soft flesh. Sasha is more than eager to push her leg in that lovely triangle. Not only will it help her friend at discovering the joys of an orgasm, it also makes delicious milk flow even faster. An orgasm that comes at a rapid pace as Coco's virgin body is being stimulated all over her pussy and four tits at once while two separate mouths suck on her

nipples, combined with two girl's worth of legs and tits brushing against her skin and the flow of air from their breaths tickling her senses.

Right before her mind gets solely occupied on a strong peaking orgasm as reward for a short moment of courage in coming here, Coco accepts that Sasha was right. There are plenty of good things about stickiness... About her body. And she would never even think about trading those obnoxious lactating udders for anything else again.

Weekend. Sasha is sitting on a bench in an empty hallway of the Academy, turning around a little flask in one hand and a dragon scale in the other. Lately she has been thinking about her father's quest to find and catch that killer at large. What role is there for a loving daughter to play? Certainly not any her father would approve of, and still she thought long and hard last night once turning quiet from laughter and joy to impending sleep. She has to do something. For her father, for her lost friends, and coming in last place for herself. Sasha sighs loud, unsure what path to take.

"Oh my, that was a loud sigh. Why not hang out with your friends if you are bored?"

Sasha looks up and notices Oldor taking a seat next to her.

"Siera and Serenia are out with pa... dad." She corrected herself there, that more intimate way of addressing her father only meant to be heard by their close circle of family. "Shopping for baby supplies."

Serenia doesn't need them for over half a year to come, but that time is getting close for Siera. Might as well shop for both of them at once.

"Elenor is out with her parents who came visiting, while Nerine and Coco have catch-up classes," Sasha continues explaining. One because she isolated herself, the other because her enrollment was late in this semester.

"Oh, and that leaves you to fend for yourself?" Oldor replies, trying to make a lesson out of it straight away. "That's not a bad thing now and then. Gives some alone-time to think about important matters and set one's personal affairs in order. And it makes for an excellent source of appreciation for the invigorating presence of others."

Then he changes topic. "Speaking of, you have been getting along well with Coco, I've noticed."

Sasha nods with a big smile.

“That’s good. She is a bit shy... and clumsy. That girl can use some more of a social life.”

“Working on it!” Sasha proclaims.

“Let me guess. You’re going to add her to your father’s growing harem?”

That smile only gets bigger.

“Seriously. Does that man know no limits?”

“None!” Sasha proudly proclaims about her father.

“Well, it might not be that bad of an idea for Coco. She will probably feel more assured around someone older than herself. How well are your coupling efforts going?”

“Going good. Any day now... Or night,” Sasha giggles.

“As quick with hooking people up as with your studies I see,” then he wants to get up again to continue on his business, but Sasha stops him.

“Ah, Master Oldor... Could I ask a question?”

“Certainly. Though that does not guarantee an answer.”

Sasha thinks for a while on how to best phrase this, the wizard letting her take all necessary time.

“Just a what-if... But, imagine you think people, friends, are hiding something. And you want to find out if they do, or what it is?”

A careful choice of words. Sasha isn’t doubting her friends at all, these people mentioned actually being a trio of suspects. Could she possibly help her father in trying to find the culprit by discovering their secrets? But straight out asking them is not an option. Getting guidance on how to do so from her father isn’t an option either, as he would definitely not want his daughter to get involved. So the unusual situation has presented itself where Sasha is seeking advice from one of that trio, in about as roundabout a way she can phrase it. Oldor doesn’t need to think very hard on an answer.

“To begin with, you really shouldn’t stick your little nose in other people’s business without a really good reason, even if they are your friends.” Then he sighs like Sasha did earlier. “But I guess that is not really the answer you are looking for,” rubbing a hand over his stubbed chin he tries to think of giving something more concrete while not straight -

out breaking his first line of advice. "Let's see... There is a lot to learn without poking in another's business through power of simple but meticulous observation."

Sasha has no idea what meticulous even means and asks for an example.

"Hmm... An example would be you," Oldor places a single finger on Sasha's forehead. "You have been spending time in the garden's norn after curfew."

Sasha's face turns into a wry smile. "We were spotted?"

"No, I did not see you at all. But I am gardener, and those fresh footsteps around that particular spot coming from multiple people were hard to miss."

"Maybe we only took a look?" Sasha tries to deflect.

"Those footsteps sink deeper along a particular branch that leads past the norn's cup. No doubt caused by jumping off when climbing out."

Sasha whispers an apology.

"Whether you went in or not is not really the issue as there are no particular regulations against that. Breaking curfew is."

"But that gets tolerated," Sasha replies with a smile, trying to charm the wizard.

"Aye, you got me there. It is generally tolerated as long as you don't make a habit of it."

"How do you even know that was me?" Sasha loses any hint of remorse straight away and asks with her curiosity peaked.

"Fine attention to detail." Bending over and holding one of Sasha's feet that were wiggling around, Oldor looks at the sole of her private shoe. "As I thought. A heart mark at its bottom. I have never seen any soles with decorations in our world."

"Ah... Busted," Sasha laughs.

"And if that wasn't obvious enough, recently you went to school with a fresh nectar stain on your bag. You must have either brought it with you on your adventure, or carelessly dropped your dirtied clothes on it once returning to your room."

Sasha is getting impressed by these details Oldor has noticed. So this is what he means with meticulous observation? "So who were the people I brought along?" she asks with intrigue.

Oldor thinks for a bit and replies with confidence. "Elenor and Coco."

Sasha gasps in surprise. He even knows that much?

“Obviously, who else could it be? Serenia and Siera are both too responsible about their current condition to go climb a branch. That leaves three names in your circle of friends, but Nerine can be scrapped off the list as I did not witness any tracks that resemble anything a scylla’s tentacles would make.”

Sasha thinks hard, trying to find a hole in his reasoning, thinking she found one.

“Aha! But maybe only one of those remaining two came along?”

Oldor instantly shoots down her argument. “Trust me, I’m quite surprised myself that the timid Coco would go along, but apparently she did. You did speak earlier in plural sense, clearly using the term “people” when talking about your nightly companions you brought along.”

“Ah...” Sasha realizes her own slip of the tongue.

“Surely you didn’t force Coco to come with you?”

The blonde girl shakes her head.

“No, she wanted to come along herself. Coco wants to become brave and courageous!”

“An admirable attitude, if not for a poorly chosen method of breaking rules,” Oldor sighs. “Well at least you didn’t bring her along into the forest.”

Sasha’s mouth falls open. He knows that much?

“Oh, you didn’t know? I do enter the forest on a weekly basis. Imagine my surprise when I noticed those same heart - decorated footsteps lead straight to a male mantrap,” he raises his finger in a criticizing manner. “Do you have any idea how lucky you were? I distinctly remember talking about the dangers of mantraps on your first class, and how to distinguish them from norms.”

Sasha lifts her shoulders while pretending to feel some guilt. Not about to correct him on at least one area where he seems to have misjudged. She never mistook that mantrap at all. A tidbit best kept secret.

“But maybe I merely looked at it?” she questions him again. Thinking that same argument of deeper footsteps is not applicable here as the tree she uses has its roots visible, leaving no room for footsteps in soft dirt at all.

“M-hmm... Then why is bark and moss damaged from repeated use on the nearby branch?”

“Ugh...” she complains at another failure to try and outsmart Oldor.

“And there you have it. A lesson on noticing details. I hope that was of some help?”

Sasha thanks the wizard for his advice before they go separate ways. Still vague and hard to implement, but at least she has a method of approach now.

Sasha knocks on the door leading to her destination. No response.

“Hello? Master Sato?” she calls out towards the other side of this door, getting no reply.

Grabbing the handle of that door, it opens with a soft creaking sound.

“Anyone here?” she tries again, the room looking devoid of life.

After entering, Sasha closes the door behind her. If Sato isn’t here, all the better. Her goal is to simply look around and an empty room makes that all the more easy. If he had been here, she would have used some excuse like wanting an explanation on a random topic from their most recent class.

The room looks very similar to her father’s. Biggest difference is a large curtain that divides it in half and a weird smell permeating this entire place. A smell of wood. Alexei’s room has that curtain too, but it is never used, preferring more open spaces. Especially now with it being such a lively bedroom. This place is a lot more somber in comparison. Nothing unusual at first sight. Used sheets on the bed, slept by one person. Drinking vase on a bed-stand with a single candle. Some more candles interspersed throughout the room. Obviously none of them burning at this hour of day. And the usual bookcase that seems to be present in every room of the Academy.

Sasha sighs. The one thing she was most interested in is not to be found at first glance. Sato’s laptop. Chances are he would have a password, but you never know. Still, it could be behind the curtain. Sasha walks slowly closer while trying not to make any noise and carefully pulls away the drape.

“Whoa...” she says out loud from surprise. This part of the room is very different and personalized. A huge crafting bench fills the entire wall. Countless small figurines sculpted with fine detail decorate the bench and multiple shelves above. Sasha lets out a cutesy laugh while looking at an equally cutesy figurine of a little girl. Too young to really understand the amount of fine craftsmanship that must have led to these tiny

masterpieces, but more than capable of appreciating how a mere piece of wood can look so alive.

One part of the bench carries all tools used to craft these little wonders. A varied set of knives, chisels and scrapers in all shapes and sizes. This place is the source of that wood smell lingering throughout the room. Some brushes are laying around as well, used to coat finished figurines with a protective layer.

All of these sculpts are a similar style. Various girls in equally various poses, clearly inspired by anime-themed figurines from back in Japan, but having Sato's own distinctive style that fits the material used. Hair for example is one solid shape for sturdiness, and somehow Sato still managed to make them all look different and instantly identifiable as a proper hair style, with fine lines carved over its surface to indicate individual strands, flows and curls.

Then Sasha's attention gets caught by something different laying on the bench. An object wrapped in cloth. From its size it could be another one of those figurines, one still in progress maybe? She reaches out for it, driven by curiosity to see what is hidden underneath that cloth.

The curtain suddenly opens behind her and Sasha instantly turns around.

"Uh... Hello?" she says to the man wearing a toga standing in front of her.

"What are you doing here?" Sato asks in a neutral tone.

"I uh... wanted to..." Sasha tries to find an excuse. Any will do, but they don't come, thoughts frozen in panic. Looking around all over this place and eyes freezing on that set of tools. They are in hand reach for Sato, one of those suspects her father warned about. Any one of those tools a potential deadly weapon.

"Oh, you heard about my collection and wanted to see it?" Sato throws her a lifeline.

"Yeah! That's it! I'm sorry for coming in, thought you were inside since the door was unlocked," Sasha almost stumbles over her own words.

Sato's face changes from neutral to a big fat smile. "They are so cute, aren't they?" Walking to his collection and picking one out, showing it with pride to Sasha who eagerly agrees. Not a lie, they certainly are cute. One by one, Sato starts picking out his favorites and shows them to his unexpected visitor, happy to show off the results of his craft.

"I had no idea you made these... Until someone told me about it," Sasha quickly tries to keep up a façade she is here for his collection. The Japanese man looking far into some distant past after processing her words, a tone of melancholy present.

"Yeah, I studied metallurgy and woodworking, always wanted to be a woodworking teacher really, but that dream never came true. The interest stayed though."

"It's not too late for your dream," Sasha feels a sudden surge of empathy.

"Oh, it's okay. My current job is a suitable replacement. I can do both interests now. One as occupation and the other as a hobby."

Her initial surprise of being caught fading, Sasha settles down and picks out some of her own favorites from his collection, much to the enjoyment of Sato.

"How do you make these?" she asks.

Sato goes to his tools and picks them up one by one, explaining their use.

"...And this rounded hand chisel is for making areas similar to these, between the arm and body."

"Where did you get those tools? From the Academy?" Sasha asks while being confused at these tools having no unified design. Some carry the Academy mark on their handle, others look like they come from Earth.

"Those are from Tudor. When first coming here I was disappointed to find out they don't have all tools I'm used to. First I wanted to look in the garden shed, but that place is often locked by Oldor. So I asked him, but turned out he doesn't have any there to begin with. Pointing me to Tudor instead."

"And these?" Sasha asks. "Aren't these from our world? Dad says getting things past the Gate is hard."

Sato gets a proud look on his face. "I tricked them with a cunning scheme."

Sasha starts to get visibly excited at those words.

"We are allowed to bring teaching materials past the Gate, so I took leave straight away once possible to pick up my trusty tools and filed them as such, even though that's technically a lie. But Tudor went along with it while making the paperwork."

Not all that cunning of a scheme really, that's how he got his laptop here to begin with, albeit with plenty of delays and hassle like a complete file check. But the thought of

sneaking materials past armed guards while lying about them more than enough to capture Sasha's attention.

"Only annoyance is that waiting time for new leave. Had to wait a long time to go pick up some replacements and spares. Last time I returned the day after you guys arrived, and now I can't go back for more until next month."

Sasha is genuinely impressed by his skills and picks up another sculpture.

"Do you use models?"

"In a sense. Most are based on fictional characters," he opens one of multiple drawers underneath the bench and takes out a sketchbook. "These are my source material."

Sasha can't contain her voice in a show of appreciation when flipping through that sketchbook, detailed drawings of fictional characters filling numerous pages. About as skillfully drawn as his woodcraft is practiced.

"They are so cute!"

Sato laughs heartily at the blonde admiring his work. "I know, right?"

Flipping through pages, Sasha looks around occasionally, comparing a sketch with its matching finished sculpture. Then those sharp tools grab her attention again. She didn't forget about Sato being a suspect and trusts her father's word for it. If he says one of them has to be a killer, he can't be wrong. One out of three... And she could be sharing a room with that one right now, nobody else around to help, in contrast to a plethora of deadly tools all around which could stab, slash and maim a young fragile girl with ease. When it comes to resisting an adult man like this, Sasha is as powerless as a baby chick in front of a large hungry predator.

"Ah, there it is again," she thinks to herself. That so familiar but incomprehensible feeling welling up from somewhere deep inside a dark corner of her heart or mind.

Sasha pulls on the top of her deep-cut shirt, letting in some fresh air. Sato's eyes freezing for a moment at those fleshy goods on offer. Subtle but round, like only the finest master sculptor could make them. Then his eyes forcibly shift somewhere else, perhaps to keep up an image of innocence or inexperience? Or perhaps simply realizing he has been noticeably staring at the sexuality of what his world considers to be a mere child, the

forbidden fruit of an underage elementary schoolgirl? Sasha certainly doesn't know. Neither does it matter to her, as long as he noticed her cleavage, which Sato certainly did.

"Could I make a request?" Sasha asks, showing body language that grows more teasing with every second.

"Sure."

"Could you make one of me?"

"A sketch? Or a figurine?" Sato asks cautiously.

"Both."

"But I would need a model to..." he replies, but Sasha doesn't let Sato finish his sentence.

"I will gladly model."

His mouth opens but no sound comes out, closing again shortly after. Thinking.

"First time I get a request like that. But, sure. When should we...?"

"Now?" Sasha eagerly replies. The best time is now, and second best time is any moment closest to now. She wants to play her game at this very moment. That strangely alluring game of flirting with deadly danger.

Sato takes his sketchbook and looks around for some suitable spot where Sasha can show her curves. His aspiring art model herself already having a spot in mind. Lifting herself up on the bench and sitting down on just the edge, shuffling legs and feet while looking forward to her modelling and what is planned to come after. Naturally, this chosen spot is right next to a bunch of sharp looking tools.

"What should I do?" she asks.

"Sitting there is fine."

"Can I move around?"

"Sure, if it is not too much."

Sato flips to a new page in his sketchbook and places his drawing pen down. Hands moving quickly and skillfully, not a single stroke in need of correction. Regularly pausing to take in the sight of his young live model.

Sasha gives the occasional smile and patiently waits, playing around with her hair, brushing it neatly in shape.

“You have beautiful hair,” Sato mentions after pausing his drawing for a moment, captured by her mannerisms.

She laughs again. “I’ve heard that before.”

From those strokes he is resuming with his pen, it is clear Sasha’s hair is what that pen is currently drawing. With plenty of attention and dedication going into it.

“Do you have a girlfriend?” she suddenly asks.

Sato pauses his drawing again, unsure how to reply and caught by surprise at such an upfront question. Settling on a simple no.

“You like young girls?” Sasha has picked one of these wooden sculptures while asking, a more erotic themed nude sculpt.

“Not specifically,” he replies.

Sato is lying, she knows instantly. The way his eyes are moving over her body when drawing are not eyes of a man simply taking in a model for drawing. Mere moments earlier when bending over a little, he was focused on her cleavage again. This man loves his girls, and he loves them very young. But that is no surprise as about a quarter of all men do, a lot of them simply in denial.

Reaching out, she places that figurine back where it stood. When returning her gaze to Sato, his movements have paused once more. Eyes frozen on a specific part of Sasha’s body. The blonde girl waiting patiently while keeping legs in place so her keen observer can take in the sight being offered. Legs lightly spread apart with a notable lack of underwear.

Drawing continues, at a slower pace. Stalling completion of his sketch to fully enjoy the presence of this girl being a private model only for him. A captivating smile being aimed at Sato at all times, like she is aware what has been made somewhat visible up her miniskirt, yet painstakingly not fully visible yet, barely. That wonderful allure getting snatched away when she finally closes those legs, replaced by a different allure when stretching out, hands held high above her head. Slowly and quite seductively so. Even someone as dense as granite would realize by now Sasha is openly flirting.

He is stalling again. With his level of skill, that sketch must be as good as finished by now. Pen hardly moving anymore as there is nothing more to draw.

“Oh, the first sketch is finished? Can I see it?”

Sato slowly lifts his sketchbook and shows a beautifully detailed drawing of Sasha. Amazing how he could finish that in such a short amount of time.

“Want to make another? For reference,” she asks. Knowing there was not a single model in that sketchbook which had more than one picture.

“Sure... For reference,” Sato replies, turning the page and pausing. What will he draw now? That exact same pose would be a waste.

“So you make nude sculptures?” she asks flirtingly.

There is no point denying, she had one in her hands earlier. Giving a nod in response.

“Will mine be a nude?” she asks in a flirting tone.

His mouth opens again, getting tempted enough to give a vague reply.

“Would you...?”

“I wouldn’t mind,” Sasha replies, placing a finger over her lips. “Don’t worry, it will be a secret between only the two of us how I modeled for a nude.”

An open admission that she knows damn well this is going too far for a citizen of Earth’s sense of morality. And revealing she couldn’t care any less about those same morals. Sato has no doubt heard plenty of rumors. It is not rare to hear students talk about that trio of Siera, Sasha and Elenor. Well known as a lusty bunch of fine little sluts. And now one of those child-sluts is modeling in his private bedroom in quite an erotic and flirtatious manner.

Sasha is moving a hand towards the band over her left shoulder, waiting a couple seconds and then lowering it.

“Like this?” she asks, like an innocent little lamb not knowing any better, while that band slowly slides down her shoulder.

The Japanese man is looking at a human child’s bared breast becoming gradually visible. Only her left side is, for now, but that is more than enough to send thrills through his body. Excitement, lust and a good dose of moral depravity. His world’s most desired and shunned forbidden fruit openly tempting him to have a taste of its lusciousness.

Sasha simply waiting in silence while giving a devilish smile, thoroughly enjoying a pair of eyes that are glued onto her. Pulling up her right leg over that still covered right breast and placing the heel of her foot on the bench, hugging that raised leg afterwards while

letting her head rest onto it. A pose like she took back in that clothes store with her father as spectator, before they visited a brothel.

That not quite visible treasure hidden between her slightly opened legs earlier, now fully exposed for only Sato to enjoy. And enjoy he does. Completely captivated by the sight of this twelve year old nymph without any restraint or shyness playing clear and open sexual games with him.

“Is this a good angle, Master Sato? Can you see it properly?”

He does not need to ask what angle she is talking about, or what should be properly seen. That much is as clear as day.

“Yeah... Perfect.”

And like Sasha could tell earlier he was lying about not liking young girls, she can now equally tell he is being honest. What she is revealing is nothing less than perfection to him, and it fills her body with the fuzziest tingly feeling to know as much.

Sato is getting in the mood, letting his hands move as quickly as before, capturing all lewdness of this girl sitting on his bench. Eventually, his pen stops moving. She needs not ask this time to see the sketch, for Sato is showing it himself, standing up and getting closer to his model. Proud of his work and how he managed to portray all of Sasha’s feminine charms, to be recorded down onto paper and turned into a sculpture to stand the test of time.

Sasha is visibly flattered by the total sum of details visible on paper. Out of all masterful sketches he made, this one easily stands in solitude at the top. A sketch drenched in youthful eroticism that perfectly captures this blonde child sitting on his bench and all bodily charms she is revealing in quite some detail.

“See? I knew you like young girls,” Sasha giggles seductively.

Sato doesn’t deny it this time. There would be no point after what happened anyway.

A single hand strokes over his toga. Looks like she isn’t the only one not using regular underwear. That direct shape of hardness underneath the cloth is easy enough to recognize. Brushing his tip, then gripping around that cloth to trace the entire shape of a penis.

“Because of me?” she asks softly about his firmness, continuously stroking the top of his covered shaft in a teasingly slow manner with two fingers.

“Yeah...”

Sato keeps standing in place while Sasha sizes him up. Not bad. Not like her father, but a decent enough size. Her other hand reaching out for one of those carving tools. A sharp knife to slice off pieces of wood. Aiming it at herself and tracing over her chest with its cold blade.

“I’m curious. Could you teach me how you will craft my sculpture? Where will you start?”

Seemingly mesmerized by this girl or the touch of her hand over his shaft, probably both, Sato takes that knife in his hand and lets it trace the side of her body. Explaining to Sasha with a voice leaking with pleasure from her hand’s constant stimulation.

“First the general shape...”

Sasha places her pulled up leg back down so he can more easily reach her upper body. Heart beating harder when she feels the cold knife touching her skin as it slides higher past her naked breast.

“Then, the general neck and head shape,” letting one of his hands flow through her long thick hair while that knife’s point slides over her collar bone.

“Next up are legs... Beautiful legs,” a warm hand touching one side of Sasha’s thigh, and cold steel of a knife on the other. Meanwhile Sasha’s hand isn’t standing still either and keeps fondling Sato’s penis wrapped in that toga’s cloth.

“Then come all details.”

“Details?” Sasha entices him onwards with their sexual play.

“Yeah, details... To reveal the finest of feminine charms.” The knife first being placed next to that single remaining strap over her right breast and sliding it together with the knife over her shoulder. Exposing both tits for Sato to enjoy. A small gasp escaping from Sasha’s mouth when she feels its coldness pressing into her chest, tracing the contours of both breasts.

“And sculpting a perky little nipple on each,” Sato continues in a trance. Sharp tip sliding over her areola, caressing an erect nipple.

Sasha breathes in, enjoying the feeling of a pointy steel tip poking further into naked skin, while Sato lets his free hand feel the texture and suppleness of her other breast.

“This warmth and softness, my art will never be able to capture,” he laments the limits of crafting. A thumb moving around her nipple before poking it around in all directions like a tiny little joystick. If his art cannot record these and do them proper justice, than his memories will. “You are one hell of a sultry girl. You wanted this from the start, didn’t you?”

“Maybe?” Sasha replies in more of that devious sultry tone.

“Don’t worry, I will give my all to capture that bewitching attitude of yours into my art.”

Sasha’s hand grips harder and begins to stroke at a faster pace. Sato placing both hands next to her on the bench while taking in the mass of stimulation flowing through his body. Her other hand starting to open his toga. Right when it loosens, she stops stroking and releases grip around his wood, letting it get revealed as the cloth slides open.

Sato is left confused. Sasha’s hand felt so good, why is she stopping now? It is almost unbearable to be left hanging. Instead she is simply looking at him, like enjoying his suffering. He places one of his own hands around his penis and begins to stroke. But it’s just not the same. This is no good... It has to be this slutty little blonde. This child who is teasing him by spreading her legs some more. Look at her, this devious little devil is at least as horny as he is. Her slit is dripping wet. That delicious tiny schoolgirl slit that is looking more arousing than any adult women has ever been.

“Master Sato?” Sasha begins to whisper.

He makes a mumbling noise, entirely caught by her deliciously leaking honey - trap with no time to look up. Hearing the best words a man can ever hear from such an attractive young schoolgirl.

“I too enjoy a good stare focused on me, but putting it in feels wa~y better, you know?”

Sato needs not think about that divine invitation and closely stares at her pussy lips as he spreads them with his cock, letting foreskin get pushed back by her grip as he quickly lets his penis completely disappear into the vagina of a child.

Sasha leans back against the wall and lets her legs hang next to her partner. Getting repeatedly shoved against the wall as her current partner eagerly thrusts himself into her

sweet honey-trap. The entire bench absorbing repeated shocks with numerous figurines on top swaying in all directions, some eventually tipping over. Not that they can really hurt themselves, having been made sturdy enough.

His bench getting wet and soaking up all fluids of Sasha in its dry wood. A memento of what is happening here. Cock digging in repeatedly to drag out more fluids straight after. Sato's hands moving underneath her thighs to have something to hold on to. To get a feel with his bare hands of this living, breathing hunk of juicy flesh his cock is ramming into. Legs that cradle him with such dedication this somber room will never be the same again. His eyes taking in the alluring sight of tiny tits moving around with every thrust. A giant tail of blonde hair on each side flowing down next to Sasha's body and spreading out over his bench, making that naughty child look all the more feminine. Over a hundred pairs of eyes looking at them from all those sculptures as they dance around at the rhythm of a man and child fused together by raw sex.

Sato closing his eyes for a short moment simply to enjoy the sound of his meat slapping into a young girl. Opening them immediately after to not miss too much of the sight of a tiny child's body getting plowed by an adult male, to great enjoyment of them both. Each of them breaking the laws of morality from their own world with not a shred of doubt that putting it in all raw and natural was the only correct choice to make.

Sato lifts up Sasha's legs higher, suddenly feeling warmth of her thighs against his naked skin as she has pushed away more of that toga. Adding to the already wonderful warmth coming from her tight pussy.

He pulled back a bit too eager for his next thrust, slipping out of her caressing hug. A short feeling of loss instantly compensated by the arousing sight of his wet Sasha-drenched cock that can now penetrate this lovely girl all over again. More slowly this time, to fully enjoy the sight and feel of it entering once more as his skin gets pushed back before slipping in that sticky tunnel again. Sasha herself looking entranced between her own legs to take in the same smutty sight that symbolizes the best life has to offer.

Letting go of both legs, Sato pulls Sasha closer. She eagerly lets herself get wrapped in his arms, still holding both legs right next to him, thighs pulled up and pushing into the side of his chest. Before she entered his embrace, one last look on that knife laying on the

bench. Fully aware that in this position she would not be able to see him lifting it up and driving its cold metal through the back of her chest. It only makes Sasha enjoy this experience even more. One in three he is a killer, and he has the opportunity to murder her right here with no witnesses.

Sato's cock knocks against her womb one last time, stretching itself out as far as possible. An audible moan from both Sato and Sasha, as one gets squeezed tight by what can only be a child's exquisite pussy, while the other feels a hot flow from an adult cock enter her womb.

...

Nothing happened, other than lingering ecstasy of orgasm everything feels completely normal. Was he not the killer? Or perhaps he doesn't feel like taking a life today?

As Sato pulls out, his foreskin reluctantly gets back into its usual place. Holding plenty of Sasha's fluids hidden underneath for keepsakes, some cum still hanging from his tip, plenty more flowing out of Sasha.

She gets up from the bench and puts her skirt into shape, lifting bands of her top back over both shoulders. Giving a big smile to Sato in full appreciation for his labor of love.

"Can I see the figurine when it's finished?"

"Sure," he answers.

Before leaving the room, Sasha turns around holding the open door.

"Do you think I could get one of those erotic marble statues in this Academy too?"

Sato laughs at Sasha's request. "I'll let Tudor know."

Sasha gives him a V-sign and closes the door.

With the girl gone, Sato ponders over what happened in the privacy of his room.

"What a girl," he mumbles, looking at the sketches he made. Feeling invigorated to get to work on what is to become his masterpiece straight away, filled with confidence, but he has some other jobs to complete first.

He picks up a small piece of cloth that holds a wrapped item. It is a wooden figurine unlike others on his bench. More basic in shape, but still finely detailed. Not a cute girl like those decorating Sato's shelves, but an animal.

A fish.

Only to put on some finishing touches and this piece can join the other two fish and a trio of butterflies he has stored in one of the bench's shelves. A total of three identical sculpts of each for some reason.

Sato smiles. Today has truly been great. What a blessing he got to know Sasha. Then he picks up a sketch laying in his drawer. Another one of those weird basic shapes belonging to a different animal.

His next project.

CHAPTER 16



Cow and Dairy

Alexei is caressing the butt cheeks of a harpy girl sitting on his lap, genitals still connected, letting the girl recover as she rests on his chest. Next to him lies the brothel owner's daughter Annabelle who had a ride before her feathery colleague. She is currently talking playfully to Sasha sitting right next to her. Those two are getting along better every time father and daughter have their weekly bonding session in this whorehouse. This place has added some variety on the menu since last month, expanding their business by adding different species like this cute harpy child here, among others. The owner lady having big plans for her establishment, including buying up neighboring property and expanding their facilities and services. Some of these girls do require specialized rooms after all. Like that arachne pair from last week who have their webbing in the basement, creating a fitting atmosphere for the type of pleasure they provide. His partner was a friendly girl for sure,

skilled too, with only one minor inconvenience. She got a bit too lost in the act, and cutting both father and daughter out of a cocoon of webbing took some time afterwards.

Worth every penny.

The harpy gets off her customer with a satisfied look on her face. Having been somewhat nervous for this first time, being recommended by the landowner lady to serve as Alexei's hostess for today. The landlady explained this particular customer would be just right for a beginner, always a gentleman patron and loved by all working girls. Alexei gladly accepted the proposal, always plenty curious to try a new species. The girl quickly realizing all rumors about this guy are spot on, and he has a friendly daughter around her age too.

She lays down on the pillows with one wing still around Alexei, rubbing both legs together. It still feels a bit itchy, sensation of something large and hot lingering inside. Making her give a little chuckle at the thought this man's seed is still fresh in her tummy. The usual response for a girl in this establishment. That landlady making sure to only hire those with the right aptitude for pleasing patrons, while carrying a genuine smile of joy on their own face. Not that there is a shortage of candidates in this world.

Another girl enters the room holding a plate with drinks Alexei ordered earlier, accompanied by the brothel's landlady. The waitress is a tiny little girl with fluffy ears and tail, about a head-size shorter than Sasha, simply known as fox-folk. Alexei has seen her before. A girl who lost her parents so the owner took her in. Main reason why she decided on expanding this place and hiring some different species.

"Hey there, Hanako. How is your training going?" Alexei asks her.

The girl greets him in turn and explains how her foster-mother is teaching all about dancing now that Hanako got serving drinks down pat. No longer dropping a full tray of drinks like she did that first time, making the fox panic that her new mother might get angry, but getting an assuring pat on her head instead since making mistakes is only normal. Alexei is the only one where Hanako gets to put her taught knowledge into practice for now, her new mother not wanting to entrust such a young fox-girl to anyone else yet. That is why said mother is here, to give this girl some advice if necessary, but above all because she enjoys seeing her adopted member of the family embrace their family business. Wouldn't be the first time this proud mother places some employee at the

counter to come join Annabelle on whatever nest they are using. Free of charge, naturally. Merely a service to a good customer that Alexei is more than happy to accept. There is something alluring about fucking a mother-daughter combination at the same time and place.

Alexei leans forward and strokes the booty of this young fox girl as she places down all ordered drinks. Easy enough since she is only wearing a short loincloth.

“Always so generous, ordering drinks for all our girls too,” the landlady compliments him.

He ordered for everyone present, including the working girls. Not exactly expensive since an Academy Master gets payed handsomely. Though he was wondering how exactly that harpy girl would be drinking from a cup, since she doesn’t have actual hands. Or regular arms for that matter. Only a pair of large feathery wings growing where arms would normally be. Made for some interesting sex, but how does she drink, or eat? A mystery that got cleared up by the presence of a hollow reed straw and Annabelle offering a cup to her. How does this harpy species even survive in the regular world on their own? One mystery gone, and another immediately came in its place.

“Beautiful brooch,” Alexei says when he lets both hands glide over Hanako from behind, placing his nose close to her right fox ear. The girl happily keeping her position even though she already finished placing down those drinks.

“It’s a present from my new mama.”

That mother smiles while clapping her hands together, stating the reason for this gift.

“Our Hanako turned seven today.”

Alexei plays with her large furry ear while enjoying the feeling of a tiny naked bum stroking him.

“Seven? And soon you will have another sibling too,” hinting at that large pregnant belly of the landlady. “You’ll be a big responsible sister then.”

The little girl laughs a bit shy, looking forward to having a little brother or sister so she won’t be youngest anymore.

“But that’s why I have to stay in the house three days from now,” she adds, wanting to show that sense of responsibility. Her mother stating a convincing reason straight after.

“That’s right. That day is summer solstice and Hanako is old enough to transform now. So a good fox girl has to stay inside.”

Alexei has heard about it. Summer solstice, a day when her kind shapeshift into some kind of werewolf, even if they are not technically wolves. But apparently their shapeshifted form looks about similar. Around the start of puberty is when that first happens, so this girl is indeed old enough now not to go take any risks.

“You two will be fine?” Alexei asks the landlady about herself and Annabelle, just to be sure.

“Oh don’t worry, we have our protective talismans already. But it would be troublesome if Hanako gets out and one of our patrons forgot to bring theirs.”

Right, talismans. He heard about those too. The Academy should be handing them out any day now. Basically nothing more than a small customized slab of silver mixed with fairy powder that has one’s personal name marked on. Removing any urge of aggression from a werewolf towards the rightful owner of such a protective talisman, making wild werewolves as docile as a puppy. Easily reusable year after year through a simple power recharge from a nearby guild. Takes some effort and bureaucracy but has severely reduced incidents to almost non-existent since its implementation a couple generations ago.

“Hmm... What a big girl,” Alexei praises Hanako who beams with pride in return.

Alexei takes place behind the fox girl who already bends over the table for what she knows is to come. His penis tasting the inside of a now seven year old child as it manages to slide in completely for the first time. Hanako’s mother wiping a tear at seeing her newest grow up to become a fine young lady like Annabelle. Alexei whispering in that furry ear.

“Happy birthday, Hanako.”

Sitting at a round table with some drinks, Alexei and Sasha have a good view on the nearby ocean, a soft breeze flowing inlands.

“Papa, do you like boobs?”

Alexei places down his drink and looks at his daughter, not really sure if she is asking seriously or up to something. Noticing Sasha is waiting for a proper response.

“Uh, yeah? Where does that question come from?”

Is his little girl getting insecure about her tiny assets? There is no need for that, Sasha looks fine. Cute, attractive, sexy, and basically a whole bunch of other descriptors that usually don't qualify for a daughter.

"Do you like them big?" she continues her line of questioning.

"Sasha, your chest has plenty of charms."

A kick against his leg strongly implies he got it wrong.

"I'm being serious. Do you like them big?"

"Sure, I don't mind. Size doesn't really matter. Big or small, plenty of fun to be had either way," he picks up his drink to toast on his own words of wisdom, taking a good sip. As long as they don't start to sag with age and have fine stretchy but tight skin. That's all which matters.

"Do you like milk?" Sasha throws out another question.

He places that drink down again.

"Is Siera producing?" Alexei wonders with his curiosity intrigued, prompting another soft kick for dodging the question.

"Papa~, that's not what I asked. Do you like milk?"

No need to think about that answer.

"Definitely."

At least if this is the type he is thinking of. But since his daughter is asking, in context of boobs no less, what else could it be?

"Want to try... breastmilk?"

There we go. His guess was accurate. Another question he doesn't need to think about.

"Never tried it, but sure. I'll take the offer. So Siera *is* producing?"

But Sasha shakes her head, indicating he got the person wrong.

"No, not yet. I was talking about Coco. Interested?"

What a silly question. She is talking about some young goofy but cute girl with four decently sized milk-tits who starts pouring and spilling all over the place from any slightest of stimulations. No shit he is interested. That cow girl has drawn eyes plenty enough already every time she shoves those lewd udders in front of his face in her typical clumsy cute way.

“Think you can convince her?” he asks, getting hopeful. Receiving an encouraging thumbs up in return.

Putting his empty glass on the table after some time has passed, Alexei orders a fresh one for Sasha and pays upfront.

“Right, I’ll be going then,” he states with a gloomier mood.

“To the Gate?”

“Yeah, I’ll be back in uh... Well, it won’t be that long.”

He has no idea how long this is going to take, but at least it won’t be for an entire afternoon. Sasha can sit here safely on a store’s terrace enjoying a good view and comfortable summer breeze.

“About what happened?” Sasha asks cautiously, not wanting to open painful wounds.

Alexei nods. That is why he doesn’t want to bring her along.

He reaches the entrance to this military occupied premise, getting halted for a routine check. Entering here isn’t a big deal, it’s getting past the Gate itself that is a bigger challenge. But there is no need for that, at least for now. His goal is on this side of the Gate, a single meeting room where formal paperwork and arrangements are made. In case he were to request leave, this would be the right spot to do so. Other requests are on his mind however.

Entering that room he looks around. First time Alexei has been here since arriving at this world, and that was during dark. He did provide a required weekly report, but that always got handed in at the local embassy post. This base is a modest building in typical military style, functional but nothing more, always at least one guard visible.

“Alexei? Is that you?” a voice suddenly calls out.

“Holy shit, it is you!” the man slaps him on a shoulder. Alexei recognizes who stands before him instantly.

“Hey Kenji, what are you doing here?” Alexei wonders.

“Dude, I could ask the same thing. Don’t tell me you teach here?”

“I do, since January eight.”

“Shit, I had no idea. I was transferred to this base on first of January.”

This man is Kenji Nakamura, a colleague from Alexei's time on the police force. Not a surprise he joined the military as Kenji, a young promising man with plenty of ambitions, always aspired to serve. Turns out he got stationed here recently. Kenji suddenly stops talking when a higher ranked officer enters and takes a proper stance. Then he gets dismissed to go stand outside.

...

About fifteen minutes later Alexei steps back under the sun.

"That's quite a frown. Didn't get what you came for?" Kenji asks him, still standing on his post outside.

"No, sadly," Alexei sighs. Though he had low hopes to begin with. Looks like he will have to make use of a day of leave to go get what he is after. Not exactly an option he wanted to take, since one never knows when another trip to that other world is necessary. And leave is hard to get in this place.

"Maybe I can help? Still owe you a favor," Kenji says out loud, not really knowing what his old buddy is after but hey, it can't be like trying to smuggle contraband past the Gate or something.

Alexei looks up with renewed hope. Yeah, maybe he can. A quick overview of the military camp shows some people hanging around on their everyday business, but nobody taking any interest in them. Perfect.

"Well there is one thing... or two," he begins explaining. "Could you get your hands on a list of who gets passed this Gate?"

Kenji's face distorts to a grimace. He wants to help, but that is a request beyond his capabilities. Access to such information is kept highly classified and impossible to access for someone of his low rank.

"Sorry man. This is not some movie where all I have to do is hire a super - hacker to plug in a USB with some virus on and steal all data. That crap is kept under secure lock and key. Even if there was a way to get to it, months of preparation would be required to learn schedules of guards and such," Not to speak of any and all harsh consequences if they get caught.

"Did you ever see someone pass?" Alexei tries another angle.

“Other than us guards? No, but I did hear about one once. That was around... yeah, it was the ninth. A week after my transfer. Right when our shift was done and being rotated I could hear the guards replacing us talk about some Japanese guy being scheduled to go through.”

“Must be Sato... You sure about the date?” Alexei murmurs.

Kenji goes on to explain it is easy to remember. For the same reason he doesn't know all that much about who enters or leaves through this Gate. Every day of the week is a different team in charge of guarding this place, so it's always on the same weekday Kenji gets to see who passes through, and only if he is assigned to the Gate itself that is, and not some place like a mess hall. Likewise all people who enter or leave will do so on fixed weekdays. Alexei arrived on a Thursday, so only on Thursdays he can take leave again, with the exact same team guarding the Gate and surrounding base as when he first came here.

“They sure take security seriously,” Alexei complains. Albeit understandable that a place like this has some rigid routines. Sadly that means it is basically impossible to know if anyone else came through around the same time, or if Sato was the only one. He could ask Tudor what he knows, and Alexei actually did just that in a roundabout way to not come across as suspicious, but there are two issues with that approach. The first being that Tudor is not a reliable source of information considering he is a suspect himself. Other reason is that he refused to offer information to begin with. Nobody in this base or town has any authority over him, so he can divulge whatever he wants, but the Headmaster refused to answer on whether there were other people who passed through the Gate around that time, always suspiciously shifting topic to something unrelated instead.

“Wasn't there another matter?” Kenji asks, hoping to be of more use there.

“Ah, yeah. There is.”

Alexei asked about this second matter to that officer earlier, but he seemed to shrug off his question, not all that interested in wasting any time on it.

“You don't happen to know of those murder cases that happened at Kabukichô around end of year?”

“Oh yeah, those over three months ago? With those dead girls?” Kenji replies.

Those are the ones Alexei wants to know about. His colleague apparently having read about them in a newspaper either back in their world or in the papers they receive here as recreation.

“Have there been any new cases since that first week of January?” Alexei asks. Explaining that there have been some suspicious incidents around here that remind Alexei of those murders in that part of Tokyo.

“No, three in total. That’s it.”

“Three?” Alexei wonders, only remembering two.

“Yeah, there was a third. Some girl... What was her name again? Kasumi?”

This is where his shared background from the police force is of use, giving Kenji that same kind of interest in these sorts of cases that first drove Alexei to pay attention to them on television or in newspapers.

“Same circumstances, same message left behind. Oh, remember that red *tengu* mask case? There was a similar suspect seen, with a white *kitsune* mask this time. Couldn’t identify him though, so that killer is still on the loose.”

But that third one was the last case apparently. And from what Kenji remembers, he read about it in the newspaper that same day Sato passed through. Since the article was written for next day’s newspaper, with necrosis only having started, she must have been murdered around two days before Sato’s passage.

“Do these newspapers leave the camp?” Alexei inquires.

“A select number. Packaged with a seal and delivered to the Academy’s Headmaster. Only once we have enough though. Those who get packaged are already months old and with plenty of time between. Properly vetted of course, not too much politics related or any recent events in them.”

That drastically lowers odds of a local getting inspired by those articles to almost non-existent. That killer definitely came through the Gate at some point, and it can’t be any sooner than the day that Kasumi girl died, meaning one day before Alexei and Sasha went through.

“Thanks. That’s at least some information I can take back with me.”

“Sorry I can’t do more, man. But if there’s anything else I’ll be here on Thursdays, or whatever they call it over here,” Kenji tries to encourage his old buddy.

“Actually there is one more thing,” Alexei looks around again. What he is going to ask is a bit more sensitive and by no means meant for anyone else. Getting a bit closer to whisper. “You wouldn’t happen to know of a gun getting accidentally lost?”

Kenji gets some shifty eyes, not really feeling comfortable with what he just heard.

“Dude, are you asking for...?”

Alexei nods.

“Shit man. That can get me into serious trouble,” Kenji whispers in return. Getting an unspoken response from his old colleague which signals he doesn’t want to back down.

“What’s the smallest stuff you got in this base?” Alexei asks.

“H&K USP, 15 rounds, 9mm Parabellum,” Kenji replies, while trying to keep an eye on the surrounding area to make sure nobody comes close during this talk.

“Great,” Alexei gives his approval. Recognizing that model as a semi-automatic pistol in use by Japan’s Special Forces. Not all that surprising Special Forces’ equipment is available on a location like this. And if it’s good enough for them, it’s good enough for Alexei. Kenji reluctantly conceding to his request.

“Fine. But I will need some time to make sure one gets uh, lost from our depot so to speak.”

“How long?”

“I don’t know, a couple weeks? This shit takes time, man. Just don’t do anything crazy with it.”

Alexei nods. As long as he gets that gun. He is not intending on using it, but one never knows. In this world of wands and wizardry it would feel nice to have some reliable cold metal that packs a punch available. And if push comes to shove, the Academy’s standard MO has already revealed itself to be wiping everything under the rug as quietly and efficiently as possible. Even if he does have to use it, doubtful it will leave the walls of that place as nothing more than a baseless rumor which can’t be traced back.

Sasha is still sitting on a terrace having finished her drink around the exact time he returns.

“Good results?” she asks.

“Decent.”

“You learned something new?”

Alexei doesn't want to give too much info, preferring to leave his daughter out of this. But he doesn't want to give that impression of keeping her out of the loop either so he gives something to occupy her mind.

“Yeah, the bad guy was last seen with some white *kitsune* mask.”

Patting his daughter on the head for being a good patient girl they return together towards the Academy. Sasha being very quiet while thinking about what she heard, remembering her little adventure that day before setting out for this world.

Entering the Academy, Alexei heads off to go find his partners to let them know they have returned, feeling like spending some time with them, since he did spend the afternoon with his daughter alone. Meanwhile Sasha goes looking for Coco, not having forgotten that earlier conversation involving milk flavored boobies. When she notices the cow girl, she is talking to the duo of Sato and Oldor and waits at some distance until they are done.

“So you want advice on getting more courage?” Oldor asks Coco, getting a nod.

“That's a difficult matter. I would say, confronting your fears is the best method.”

Sato immediately agrees.

“He's right. You just have to go for it!” making some gestures while waving his arms around, that with plenty of imagination have to symbolize “going for it”.

“Jump into your fears!” he adds with a sudden enough outburst it gives Coco a little jump already.

Then she shuffles her feet over the ground, hesitating to say, but grabbing hold of all courage she has.

“Maybe I could try that dare?” not really aimed at anyone as a question.

“What dare?” Sato wonders out loud.

“I believe she is talking about the upcoming solstice,” Oldor explains.

“Oh right, that dare. Foxes gone wild,” Sato's face is revealing he is imagining something entirely different than merely meeting a foxy female, though whether his

impression of what such a transformed fox looks like is in any way accurate would be an entirely different matter.

“Don’t mind Master Sato. And I have to stress that while there have been no incidents, the Academy does not officially endorse this so-called tradition. In fact, I would say a couple foolhardy daredevils on one specific year a long time ago do not make for much of a tradition at all.”

Coco lowers her head again, getting a downtrodden expression. Clearly she saw an opportunity there to finally conquer all fears and become brave like any of her friends.

A sigh from Oldor follows.

“Well, they do say it’s the things one didn’t do that are regretted most. Being brave is fine and all, but don’t do anything crazy.”

Sato agrees again.

“Yeah, wise words. They have a similar saying in our world, so it must have some truth to it.”

Coco nods and starts to walk away, pondering on the meaning of that saying she was left with. Getting patted on her back by Sasha who greets her, causing another small jump from this easily startled girl.

“Remember that night we spent in the garden?”

Of course Coco remembers. Every night since then that weird itchy feeling returns, making her touch with a hand to try and satisfy it.

“Did it feel good?” Sasha asks. Getting a shy nod.

“Was I right when saying sticky and wet can be a good thing?”

Another shy affirmation.

Sasha hugs Coco and places her mouth close to the girl’s ear, about to tell something only she is supposed to hear.

“Want to try something even better tonight?”

Coco’s face is getting red from being so close to Sasha’s. Whispering to her in turn, wondering what her friend is talking about, but definitely intrigued while equally embarrassed at the turn of this conversation as Sasha makes an alluring proposal.

“Want to try real sex?”

Coco hides a red face with both hands while Sasha lets her out of that tight hug. How can Sasha talk so openly about things like that?

“You can join us with papa.”

“But... I don’t know how,” Coco answers meekly.

“Eh, no problem. That comes naturally, like it did in the garden.”

“But...”

“Afraid? Don’t worry about it, I’ll be there too, doing the same. You won’t be alone,” Sasha stands in front of Coco and holds both her hands, gently swaying them. “It will be great fun. Think about that itchy feeling down there, but now much stronger and satisfying afterwards.”

The cow girl is clearly tempted at coming along, mind hard at work to give herself all necessary courage. Finally coming to a conclusion with her usual timid voice, some tiny hints of that desired courage showing signs of flaring up.

“O... Okay.”

A knock on the door and Sasha enters straight after, giving her V-sign posture to Alexei, indicating what they talked about earlier today is about to reach its culmination. Stepping aside, the insecure figure of a cow girl walks in cautiously, greeting everyone in this room with a cracking voice.

Everyone is present at this hour, bellies satiated with food and drinks. Even Alexei who often still has clues written on his body language showing a somber mood being hidden underneath a happy façade, is now more openly up-beat, holding both naked pregnant girls present in one arm each, spending plenty of time showering them both with signs of affection. Nerine and Elenor meanwhile sitting on their common bed and playing together equally nude, the human girl trying to wrestle with Nerine’s tentacles and getting easily overpowered, both still having a great time laughing out loud.

While Sasha goes to pat every plushy on the desk, Coco stands frozen near the entrance, unsure where to go or what to do. That erotic mood surrounding Alexei and his harem of children in their birthday suit, some pregnant, is not lost on Coco. Hands lightly shaking from stress. Thinking back on that night inside a nectar bath where she discovered her

sexuality for the first time, and now definitely intrigued to explore what a man can add to such enjoyment. But that is all the more reason this girl is shaking with uncertainty. Sasha said it will all come naturally, but will it really? That may have been the case for all her friends present here, but she is so clumsy, somehow capable of messing everything up. Stress is making Coco fiddle with those slender fingers while looking around in silence, waiting and hoping for someone to lead her along a path to take.

Alexei gets near the edge of their bed and sits down, gesturing to his clothes.

“Shall I put something on?”

Like his “wives” who were already present, he is fully naked. His newest “wife” Sasha is in the process of undressing. Coco shakes her head. No need for him to get dressed. She is well aware what they are all here for, and wouldn’t want to intrude on their normal lifestyle anyway. Besides, her insecurity is not coming from Alexei’s naked presence, but from her own perceived incompetence.

Alexei pats on the bed next to him, inviting Coco to take a seat while Sasha has finished undressing and gives her father a tight hug, resting a knee on his thigh and giving a lover’s kiss. After greeting her father and lover, she skips onto the large bed to take a look at what her friends are doing.

Coco sits down next to this man she is supposed to spend tonight with, looking down and holding her hands close.

“Sasha told you about tonight?” Alexei asks her, figuring she must have at least given this girl some hints about what they do in here. Getting an affirmation in return. No idea exactly how much she knows, but Coco should have enough of an idea at least.

“You have experience?”

“No,” she mumbles. Not with a man at least. An answer Alexei already knew, but he asked her anyway to try and make this cow girl feel a bit more on ease.

“Stressed?”

That shaky nodding couldn’t be any clearer.

“No need to be. It will all work out fine.”

“I’m too clumsy...”

He places his large hand over her two small ones and gives a comforting little squeeze.

“That’s part of your charm. And you won’t be alone. If you mess up, then we all happily mess up together and have a good time for it. Sounds like fun to me.”

Coco shows a subtle smile. The usual words she hears is always to start paying more attention or stop being such a ditz. This is the first time her clumsiness has been appreciated as something positive.

“You just be yourself, and I’ll take care of the rest.”

That shaking is starting to calm down. Far from being put on ease, but those words have been heartwarming and somewhat assuring that even if she messes up, this man will make sure everything turns out okay while not thinking less of her as a result.

“Oh right, I almost forgot,” he says in a calm tone as not to startle Coco. Getting up from their bed and picking up a bag from beside the bed stand, a bag which has been waiting there for days now. Waiting for a good opportunity that has now presented itself.

“Here you go, a small return gift for always being such a good friend to everyone.”

Coco is tilting her head sideways, confused about this turn of events. A gift? For her? She opens the bag and picks out a giftwrapped package with a bow attached to it.

“Since Sasha gave me a heads - up you were coming over, and I had this lying around for you already, the girls here had a great idea to put it in giftwrap.”

All five naked girls have stopped doing whatever they were busy with and look at Coco, eager to see her open that gift.

“Eh? For me?” Coco still can’t really believe they had a gift prepared, feeling a bit hesitant at opening such a nice looking wrapping. With light - moving gentle fingers opening the wrap and making a little squeal of cuteness when noticing its fluffy contents. A black and white cow plushy with a large bell around its neck.

“Hope you like it.”

But Alexei doesn’t actually need to hear the answer, as that adorable dorky smile on Coco’s face is more than proof enough. Holding the cute little bugger with both hands and lifting it up close to her face for a spontaneous snuggle. A pair of slender feminine arms suddenly grabbing around Coco from behind and pulling her into a group hug of mixed arms and tentacles. Loud laughing and girly giggling filling the room.

Knowing this timid girl is in good company, Alexei gets up to prepare some typical couple of trays with snacks and drinks, placing them on the bedside stand, and a separate tray with proper food on the other side of this bed for Siera, with her unique sense of pregnancy-induced hunger. Who instantly grabs a sort of sandwich, first of multiple, and starts chomping down. Spilling some crumbs on the bed, she leans over to Coco and whispers in her ear. The girl getting red with every word she hears, but subtly nodding in agreement.

Coco sits upwards with both legs spread right next to her body on each side. Heart beating fast and obviously shy but a determined expression on her face to carry out whatever was decided on. Alexei has no idea what they whispered about, but he quickly puts all pieces together when Siera starts to lift the borrowed camisole Coco is wearing. It is time she joins all others in their same attire. Wearing nothing but her beautiful naked skin.

As is norm by now, that top is one of Sasha's spare private clothes. When Siera starts to lift it, Coco willfully raises both arms above her head, keeping eyes closed to make this all seem less embarrassing. Face getting even further red when she can feel the bottom sliding over her lowest pair of tits, causing the usual milk to spill. Breasts getting lifted with the cloth, until both nipples finally slip free and those juicy sized lumps vigorously bounce back in place, jiggling afterwards as if trying their utmost best to draw a man's gaze to them. Doing so with great efficiency as Alexei is enjoying the visual treat being offered, wondering how it would feel to indulge himself in her bosom. The second pair of tits making a subtle meaty slapping sound as they fall on top of the lower pair, instantly shaping themselves as if they want to fuse with the lower rack, making a wave run through the entire set of four, combined with that mandatory additional spillage.

Coco looks down on the bed. She is only getting undressed and these sheets are already getting stained with warm milk.

"Feel free to let go as much as you want. By morning they will be soaked anyway," Alexei assures his young guest with a wink, observing from the side of their bed while raising a glass of bourbon-like alcohol to her in genuine appreciation of this lewd spectacle.

Coco is holding a pair of arms over her breasts instinctively, like she has conditioned herself to do as a shield against potential mockery or laughter. But all she can see from

Alexei is a man enjoying the abundant sexuality of a young child. All she can hear is the encouraging words of her friends, with some innocent moping mixed in from Siera who straight out wishes her own rack would start lactating already.

In a certain norn's bath, Coco learned this body she had always detested has plenty of good things going for it. And at this very moment she is learning not only that there are good aspects, but that some of these aspects are also exclusive to a cow girl. For the first time in her life, Coco is feeling a sense of pride in her own body.

Arms falling down next to her, chest openly revealed for that one man in front to witness.

Desiring him to witness.

Lifting herself up on both knees by the mere touch of Sasha who fondles her waist, opening Coco's skirt shortly after so it can slide down those luscious thighs.

"Gorgeous," Alexei mutters in one word his impression of Coco's revealed body.

Coco forming a small smile of satisfaction on her face, still looking away, not daring to face this man eye to eye just yet. But loving that gaze she can feel gliding over her body from top to bottom. Chest held forward and milk running down. Not from usual pressure or scares, but because her body and mind is doing what Alexei asked her to. Simply "let it go". Driven by nothing but mere lust in its purest and most innocent form. Aroused breasts gently squishing out a constant stream of white warm liquid which flows from all four nipples, runs down her round shapes and finds a path of least resistance along a pair of inner thighs while caressing her pussy along the way. A piece of erotic art come to life. That skirt finally being removed completely and dropped next to the bed. Every individual in this room, male or female, single adult and six children, naked for the same purpose. To participate in a sensual group banquet of smut-filled intimacy and raw fornication all night long.

Hours have passed since they began. Alexei is laying down on their bed, currently enjoying a wonderful ride of the pregnant Siera on his lap. The cyclops supporting her belly with both arms while slowly but sensually moving her hips to caress that cock deep inside her pussy. She is restricted somewhat in her current condition by what positions are available

or vigor of her movements. Being gentle and careful while having sex, so as to not harm her unborn child, but enjoying a rush running through her body nonetheless. Since her pregnancy started really kicking off, sensitivity has shot through the roof and more than compensates for those slower movements. And Alexei? He has not the smallest complaint either. Fast or slow, gentle or rough, these girls are a true joy to fuck either way.

Softly pressing on his mouth is the vagina of his daughter Sasha. Fondling her own body all over while enjoying a tongue stimulating her clit. Eyes constantly shifting between open and close, unsure on whether to delve into an alluring fantasy of a blood related cock driving up her tunnel like it did earlier, or witnessing the erotic feast she can feel resonating throughout the springs of this large bed.

Right next to them is Serenia sitting on Elenor's lap, the pregnant girl grinding her crotch over a soft thigh while enjoying a pair of lips debating on which one of those breasts to settle for. Serenia's pregnant body isn't nearly as far developed as Siera's, but sensitivity is starting to rise nevertheless. Inside of her pussy still feeling that lingering presence of her beloved Alexei consummating Serenia's bodily charms.

Completing their orgy of flesh is the remaining pair, Nerine and Coco. It was decided from the start to give Coco some time to get familiar with a man's presence, so she is the only one who hasn't had raw sex yet tonight from all these girls present. Still having received plenty of loving with what she is somewhat familiar with. The loving touch of a female. This night has already surpassed that previous experience, with a tingly feeling down her legs having grown exceedingly strong.

Nerine is pleasuring the cow girl while pleasuring herself simultaneously. Curious about this breast milk, and feeling its warm constant flow in her mouth, similar to how Serenia had a taste out of sexual curiosity earlier. A constant feeling present of milk flowing over her chest and tentacles, courtesy of those appendages being firmly wrapped around each breast and squeezing them with some force. Another tentacle pushing with its tip into the cow girl's equally wet vulva. Those squeezed tits are squirting out milk with force, making it shoot straight onto Nerine. The bed is already drenched by now, but nobody cares. Not even Coco cares anymore.

These past hours she has seen enough fluids that are not her own soak straight into these sheets and covering all skin with a glossy shine. As a direct result, all embarrassment is gone. Actually getting increased pleasure from knowing her own fluids are mixed amongst the others' sweat, saliva, pussy juice and cum. Greatly enjoying Nerine poking at her slit, a mouth latched around a nipple and suckling like a baby, constant squeezing around her breasts, the sensation of her own fresh fluids running down while still warm, a constant hypnotizing bounce flowing through the mattress coming from that cyclops girl sensually riding on a hard cock, the sultry smell of non-stop sex and entrancing sounds of six girls and one man enjoying one another's body. And lastly the sight of it all as her eyes scatter around their bed to record every moment, a strong focus on that fat piece of glossy-wet meat frothing its way repeatedly into Siera, like it did with all others. A thought lingering in the back of Coco's mind, too embarrassing even now to voice it, but getting stronger with every passing second.

"I want that inside of me," preferably while its meat is still drenched in those other girl's stickiness, leaving some of it behind in her own pussy while adding her own flavor all over. Though there is no need for Coco to voice that line. Everyone present has noticed their newest addition to this harem of debauchery having a keen interest in that specific body part.

Siera lets her entire body weight fall on Alexei's lap while he pushes up with strength, spasms running through both their bodies while Coco's eyes freeze upon a seductive scene of cum pouring in the pregnant girl and adding some more fresh stains on these sheets.

Coco's heart is beating like it could burst out of her chest. Siera has finished. That means all girls here other than her had a ride on that raw penis. Could it be...? Her breathing stops for a couple seconds, waiting for something to happen. Hoping with every cell in her body it happens.

Yes, Siera is getting off, letting that cock flop out of her vagina. Excellent.

Wait... What is she thinking? Excellent? Coco is confused at the state of her own dazed mind. This burning feeling hungering inside is so overwhelmingly strong. Target of that hunger visible with her own eyes, formed in an alluring shape of a single slab of meat

getting erect again. Her breathing resumes once more with deep inhaling. Nerine is letting go of her nipple and loosens the grip of those tentacles, releasing the cow girl.

Everyone knows the time has come. For Coco to finally become one of them.

A wife to Alexei,

A partner in love,

A lusty angel sharing his bed,

A womb to carry his fresh seed,

And a future mother to their children.

Nerine puts an arm around Coco and lets her face Alexei, whispering words that never sounded sweeter to her ears.

“Your turn.”

Coco sits on her lower legs held close together, back stretched straight upwards, hands held on her thighs, tits pressed between both arms. She is waiting eagerly, lips separating a bit to say a word but nothing comes out. Why is she cowering now? Every part of her body wants this more than anything else in the world. But now that her moment has come, all nerves have frozen in her body, mind begging Alexei to help cross this line leading straight into his desired embrace.

Siera is recovering from her orgasm in silence with a sparkle in her eyes indicating “very soon, this feeling will be yours too”.

Sasha has gotten off her father’s mouth and smiles warmly at Coco, assuring her “all will work out fine”.

Serenia and Elenor are still holding each other while facing the cow girl with an encouraging expression that says “you can do it”.

A comforting arm from Nerine on her back telling “there is no need to worry, everyone is here for you”.

All those comforting words aimed at Coco, not a single one actually spoken, but all received nonetheless.

Alexei raises himself and stretches out an arm to Coco, inviting her to take it. The girl slowly moving her own hand, hovering over his for two seconds and eventually letting it rest on a man’s palm. Gently getting tugged towards him while guided by Nerine from

behind. A pat from Alexei on his own lap, ever clumsy Coco looking unsure on what he means. She has to sit down, but how? What position? So many doubts in her mind that she doesn't want to mess up by doing something stupid. Nerine placing a hand underneath Coco's thigh and putting some lifting force into it. Not enough to actually lift the girl, but now she has an additional clue on what to do. Raising her leg and sitting on Alexei's lap while facing him.

Job done. All other girls continue on their own search for pleasure, not wanting to put pressure on Coco. It will be easier for her if she feels like a member of an active group, rather than the one girl getting all attention. Alexei can handle it from here on out.

He raises his hand and caresses the timid girl's cheek. She places her own palm on his in return, but doesn't stop him. Only affirming the presence of his with her own. Raising himself up while putting his face close to Coco's and arms wrapped around her, he tells the girl not to worry.

"See? All is turning out fine. If you don't know what to do somebody will help. I will help."

Feeling his forehead against hers, now that she is entirely in his hands, those worries from earlier are retreating again. Four tiny dots tickling Alexei with their milky-wet charm. The girl on his lap so small she only reaches to his shoulders. He gives her a good tight hug, experiencing the overwhelmingly amazing feeling of four good-sized tits pressing up to him and showering him in wetness.

"Feel that? You are not the only one having some stress."

Coco knows instantly what he is talking about, feeling his heart beating in his chest. Her own nerves further calming as she focusses on that thump... thump...

"You too?" she asks only for him to hear.

"Of course. Such a pretty girl sharing my bed for the first time, how could I not be anxious and impatient?" he lets his fingers flow through her hair, following one of those vertical circles of hair at the side. Feeling the girl tense up for an instant at his praise, before mellowing like hot butter in his arms.

"I heard you don't like your own body? Is that still the case?"

Coco doesn't really know how to respond. Feelings have become too muddled on that topic. Does she still hate herself, or not? There certainly are parts she wants to improve, like her courage, but anything physical is...

"You have a truly beautiful body. Very girly, soft and gentle. Lewd too. I'm certainly a big fan already," Alexei affectionately tells her.

"And... my breasts?" she asks for assurance.

"The feeling of them pushing against me is simply the best. And that constant flow of milk running down while holding you tight like this... Simply irresistible. Trust me, you have a lovely chest."

Coco feels a hand underneath her chin, lifting up her head.

"And an adorably cutesy face," he whispers to her before sealing the deal with a kiss. The girl's first kiss, with an adult over three times her age. Placing tiny hands on his broad chest and letting his experience take the lead. Their lips separating with a little plop, as if they refused to leave intimate contact, with Coco already closing her eyes in hopes of getting another one. Feeling her upper lip get pinched by his mouth, a tongue pushing between her lips and followed by the feeling of a mouth fusing onto hers.

She giggles afterwards from his breath tickling her nose, focusing on the feeling of a large sturdy hand sliding down her delicate back and fondling her lower cheeks, sliding back up to brush past the edge of her double pair of breasts. Stopping right next to them and getting to know those round shapes in all their natural glory while they are still tightly pressed into his chest.

Coco is looking down to her own chest, feeling that itch starting to dominate again now that nerves have fully settled down. Mouth half open to let out enough air at the stimulation of two hands caressing and massaging her plump tits. Alexei having a hard time to decide on which ones to fondle in his entire palm, wishing he had four hands right now. Letting her suppleness rotate and give just the right amount when moving his hands around. The cow girl never having spilled so much milk in a single day, and loving every bit more of that constant gushing, both bodies smothered in it.

Alexei lays himself down again, holding her butt cheeks once more and putting some pulling force in them, gesturing the girl on top to get a bit further. Coco sliding herself over

his stomach in response, legs right next to him, starting to bend over towards Alexei like he wants her to do.

Her milk-stained tits start dangling downwards, freely jiggling underneath the girl, stretching a tiny bit under their own weight, until she bends over enough to let them reach Alexei's face. Four soft squishy cushions spreading out as his face dives into their luscious and comfy roundness. A wave of warmth flowing into him, strongly radiating from both her perfectly smooth and flexible skin, in addition to those constant fluids running from four hard erect nipples. Basking in the comfort of Coco's overflowing charms. Warm breath that flows past her sensitive skin making the cow girl run burning hot with desire. Releasing a short moan at the feeling of a wet tongue licking all over her breasts, making them jiggle while compressing every part it glides over to scoop up milk and sweat while ever searching for more.

Then Alexei decides it is about time to fully enjoy the taste of a cow girl's dairy nutrition. Settling on the closest squishy-soft tit to his mouth, letting its delicious nipple plop into his mouth and taking a good long suck. A rich tasting fatty milk running down his mouth and being eagerly swallowed, immediately continuing to suckle for more.

"Ah... When I can produce, will you...?" Siera asks him while she is busy cuddling with Sasha.

Alexei lets the nipple still flowing non-stop with milk out of his mouth for only a moment.

"Don't worry, love. From the first day you produce I'll happily taste it as well."

Then he seeks out the other side of Coco's breasts and picks one, letting its plentiful warm bounty flow into his mouth. Noticing from Coco's breathing, subtle moaning and affectionate prodding of her arms and hands all over his upper body she is enjoying this as thoroughly as him.

...

Their bed is already soaking wet in white milky fluid. Thankfully the mattress itself is liquid-repellent or it would be drenched as well. Some of it running onto the floor and forming a growing puddle since these sheets where Alexei and Coco are lying simply can't absorb any more. For twenty minutes he has been drinking from her warm appetizing fluid,

regularly switching between all four tits since each deserves an equal amount of good loving. Each still equally capable of putting out more from what seems like a limitless supply. But Alexei has different plans in mind, and that flushed red face of Coco is indicating she desires the same.

His crotch is rock hard from that delicious smut it had to endure for so long, and Alexei is about at his breaking point where he can't continue any longer without deeply penetrating this lovely smutty girl.

Coco is getting off his chest like he wants her to and notices her partner taking place on his knees. That fat cock she was so absorbed by earlier still glossy from the other girls' vaginal fluids. With a little nod from Alexei, her heart skips a beat in excitement that her great moment has finally come. The moment that slab of meat will seek her inner warmth in a same frothing way it did the others.

Alexei helps her up and places the girl on all fours. After all, when doing a cow girl, what better way is there than to let gravity have some fun too? Coco has a hard time keeping her legs still, constantly looking over her shoulder, unsure how she should properly position herself. Her partner helping by sliding her legs together. With a child this young, doggy style is best practiced with a girl's legs closed. Otherwise it will be even harder to line up properly behind her. Even now when she has raised her bum at its tallest possible, he has to let his legs spread out by quite a lot to reach her low height.

Coco looks down between both her arms at the touch of soft hair pressing against her. Sasha, as she is about to get scissored by Serenia, has crawled closer and taken place with her head between Coco's arms. So she can get front line view from the goods above which will soon be swinging erotically.

"Nnn~"

A moan from Coco of pure anticipation, somewhat shy but too horny to care. Letting her partner know she yearns for him.

Alexei lets his eyes get a good look of her rear, hands once more flowing over her booty to size up that wonderful tiny spot he is about to enter. A spot that is spilling almost as much as those four tits are leaking on Sasha's face, a fat string of translucent lewdness

swinging between Coco's legs as it slowly runs down and finds a spot on her thigh to stick. Yet another species, yet another vagina to taste. What will this one feel like?

The moment he pokes at the entrance, a flow of more thick vaginal fluid runs out slowly and spreading out over his tip before it leaks down. Alexei is amazed. This amount of juice is a first for a girl who isn't filled up yet with his cum. A characteristic of her species perhaps? Regardless, that pussy sure is inviting him in with plenty of drool. Unable to resist, he sticks in a single finger. A flow of pre-cum comes out of his own penis in response to what he feels inside of Coco. That finger coming back out with a squishy sound, completely covered in thick sticky translucent fluid.

This child is going to be pure heaven to enter.

Placing his penis against Coco's virgin vaginal lips, it feels like those fluids around the edge of her entrance are sucking him into that slippery moist tunnel lying hidden beneath.

"Aa~h," Coco cannot contain herself at finally getting what she wanted all along. That cock sinking into her squishy wet pussy, fluids gushing out straight away as they make room for what comes diving in. His skin bathing in overflowing stickiness while a hot burning feeling warms his shaft to the core.

Alexei lets out his pleasure her grip is providing in a sigh of pure satisfaction when feeling the last bit of her tunnel's flesh separate to caress the hard meat inside. Pulling back afterwards reveals his entire shaft is covered in that thick translucent fluid.

A loud slapping sound. He shoved himself back into her embrace, a first good jiggling motion going through Coco's tits as they point down towards Sasha underneath, a strong squirt of milk shooting out onto the blonde below. Another slap, and another. Alexei has found his rhythm and is plowing into Coco's drooling pussy. That jiggle at the front quickly transitioning into a smooth forth and back wave-like movement which syncs with every thrust, one pair just slightly lagging behind the other. First the feeling of a pelvis slapping into Coco's cheeks, causing her tiny body to be shoved forward, making that lower set of tits bounce forward which in turn pushes the upper pair. Then her body moves back into place to eagerly wait for the next slap. Each time he does, fresh warm squirts shooting out onto Sasha, who accepts it with glee as she gets pleased herself at the same time.

Excitement, rush and thrill are all what Coco had imagined them to be. Pleasure however is way above expectations. Why did nobody ever tell her sex is like this? Nothing to be afraid of, nothing where being clumsy is an issue. Only two people giving themselves to each other in pursuit of the highest gratification.

Well, her friends did tell, she simply found it hard to believe. Until now.

Coco finds it difficult to keep resting on her arms and begins to gradually lower, sinking towards Sasha. The cow girl's chest giving under her own weight once it touches the young blonde who is as eager to play with those udders as her father. Every time he pushes forward into Coco, the feeling resonating to his daughter at the front when she feels those tits moving and leaking more milk into her mouth. The owner of those tits completely lost in the act, under too much stimulation from either side to have any spare room for thoughts or impressions.

Only pleasure. Nothing but unlimited pleasure.

Eyes closed and completely surrendering herself to whoever wants a piece of her.

A strange situation where a girl gets exactly that which she desires to her satisfaction, yet those desires only becoming stronger in response. A situation that simply can't continue on forever and has to give at some point. And with this level of intense stimulation such a moment won't be far removed.

Coco rests on one hand, the other held out to the man behind her. Alexei reaches out to it, a tiny grip latching onto his palm. Held up by Alexei, her other arm now moves back as well to grab on to the man taking her. Sasha opens her mouth and releases Coco's nipple, feeling the girl get lifted up by Alexei as he pulls on both arms. The girl he plows into entrusting her weight to him and bending her back.

That hot tunnel around Alexei's shaft begins to spasm. A strong contraction, followed by another one. It drives Alexei over the edge himself, causing one final hard slap into her soft booty and the entire room can hear the release of pleasure from both, as a fountain of thick white cream shoots straight into Coco's womb and fills it up completely, her tunnel pulling it inwards repeatedly, swallowing more than it can hold. A constant stream of milk shooting with force out of all Coco's tits, causing Sasha underneath her to gape in ecstasy as her entire body gets sprayed and smothered all over with large amounts of fresh warm

milk, shooting it as far as Serenia who is still rubbing her vagina against Sasha's. Triggering both their orgasms in turn.

Letting his partner down slowly, Alexei pulls a dripping wet cock out of that sticky tight spot and witnesses her pussy leaking his symbol of love. Catching a much needed breath from this physical exercise, realizing his daughter has wonderful taste in friends.

Overlooking the bed, one sort of unrelated thought crosses his mind. What a turn of fortune that Coco placed her gift next to those others on his desk before they began, together with her lucky medallion, because leaving anything valuable on this soaked and stained bed would have been disastrous.

The next girl, same one he started with, already reaching out to Alexei to begin round two for their usual nightly routine, leaving him with only one thing left to do.

Take her up on that offer.

CHAPTER 17



Game of Thrills

Sasha and Coco are standing in a hallway before the library for their homework assignment. Sasha wants to open the entrance but gets stopped by her companion. Looking at Coco, the girl is trying to scrape all courage together for whatever she is going to say, so Sasha patiently waits to hear what is on her mind.

“About last night...” Coco’s face is turning red, looking away with growing shyness as she completes her sentence. “...Thanks.”

What happened last night was an experience she will never forget. And to think every night will be like that from now on, Coco is fluttering with a fuzzy feeling inside. But thanking Sasha took more guts than anticipated, bringing all memories back of how lewd she was, driven by so much sheer lust they had to mop the floor during morning, filling multiple buckets worth of fluids. Now that she is sober, embarrassment has taken front stage again.

Sasha accepts Coco's gratitude with a chuckle.

"You are fun to have around. Papa seemed more happy than usual too. The more the merrier."

Coco smiles at her words. Stopping Sasha once more when she tries to open the library door.

"One more thing," the cow girl offers out both hands to Sasha, something carefully held between. "A return gift..." Coco says in a shy voice.

When Sasha takes that gift, she recognizes it instantly. It is Coco's lucky medallion.

"Huh? Are you sure? Don't you need it more than I do?" Sasha feels like returning it, considering such an object too valuable to accept. But Coco pushes the medallion in her hands.

"I don't need it any more. It's okay to be clumsy."

Sasha stares at that medallion, a thought forming in her mind she can't get rid of.

"Coco, you remember when you first came here? That accident in the aquarium?"

Coco nods. While not being personally involved, the mood around her friends was dark at the time. She also knows Lorelei was one of Alexei's partners.

"And before that, there was another incident..."

Coco nods again. She never knew Layla, but has heard stories and knows who that caterpillar plushy in the bedroom last night belongs to.

"So, I was thinking... If somebody could use a lucky medallion..."

Coco gets the picture. Clasping around Sasha's hands holding the medallion.

"Let's give it to Master Alexei. A gift from both of us," she suggests. The cow girl making a small jump when she suddenly gets a good hug from her friend, appreciating Sasha's sign of gratitude immediately after.

Inside the library both girls are surprised to find Elenor walking around, returning to her table after having picked out a book from these countless bookcases.

"Elly? Why are you here?" Sasha asks.

"What do you mean, why am I here? Doing my assigned task of course."

"Hmm... Unexpected," Coco says innocently.

Elenor suddenly sticks out her hand and falls on her knees, pretending to be wounded by Coco's words.

"What do you people even think of me?" she asks while acting out a drama play. Getting some amused looks from her bovine friend.

"We never see you do much for classes, that's all," Sasha laughs it off.

Elenor gets back on her feet and heads to a nearby table, accompanied by the others.

"I may fool around a lot, but I do take my studies seriously," grabbing her seat and sitting down, "though I do prefer mornings like these for some occasional studying. Much calmer in here."

Elenor is right, there is hardly anyone around in the library at this hour of day.

"One who you will never see in here is Siera. Unless it is for other reasons."

"Yeah she went out somewhere, playing. No idea when or where she completes her homework," Sasha confirms. And with "playing" Sasha means fooling around with boys. Still, that lusty cyclops somehow manages to get her tasks done on time. Truly a mystery.

"Did you know she actually has a super-smart mother?" Elenor throws out another of her pieces of trivia she always has plenty of. Getting a look of disbelief in return from both friends. "No, seriously. Siera's mother is a famous Grandmaster level wizard, like our Headmaster. She even went to school in this same Academy."

Sasha is surprised to hear about Siera's mother holding such level of fame. She knew her cyclops friend really looks up to her mother, basically the complete opposite of Sasha's situation, which is why she never really inquired about any reasons why. Thinking about it, maybe that is why Siera is so looking forward to become a mother herself?

"Wow, a Grandmaster? I had no idea her mother was so old," Coco mutters out.

"Hahaha!" a loud voice comes from behind the trio of girls. "Rumia isn't old at all."

That laugh came from Headmaster Tudor who heard them talking, coming to join.

"Rumia?" Coco wonders out loud.

"Yes, Siera's mother. A Grandmaster for sure, but far from old. She is not even half my age." Leaning against the table, he gets a nostalgic tone in his voice. "What a natural talent. To become a Grandmaster at such a young age."

“Siera is going to have it hard to catch up,” Sasha laughs, considering her lusty friend to be more interested in other things. Tudor’s tone not changing as he replies.

“You might be surprised, but Siera is very much like her mother was at that age. Always looking for new ways and places to get her skirt chased.”

“You knew her back then?” Coco asks.

“Of course I did. As a young lad, relatively speaking, still far removed from being Headmaster, teaching to her class as a regular Master.”

His following sigh comes from somewhere deep. “Aye, what a long time ago...”

“What does she do now?” Elenor wonders.

“Research in spell weaving and magic circles.”

“Hmm? What are those?” Sasha and Coco yell out together.

Tudor explains both disciplines in magic studies. Spell weaving being the creation of new spells and potentially transmuting them to a shortened form that can be preset on a wand. He picks out his wand and shows it to all three girls, pointing at a specific rune crafted into it.

“This one is for levitation. A powerful and power-hungry spell, but with many uses. Before, it was only possible to use this spell using free-casting. Rumia transmuted its potential into a magic rune and standardized it to now be a part of every wand of Adept level, being much more economical.”

“Levitation? Will we learn that too?” Coco starts fantasizing.

“Definitely, around your fourth year.”

“What are magic circles for?” Sasha wonders, understanding the concept from popular media in her own world, but not knowing its practical use in this world.

“Think of them as delayed or triggered magic. The circle is like a wand, a vessel powered by fairy dust. Shape and runes in the circle determine what it does. It can be either triggered instantly once completed, or activated when certain preset conditions are met that “complete” the circle. But learning to use them yourself is for your third year. You will definitely hear Rumia’s name pop up in those lectures, I can assure you that. Oh yes, that reminds me...”

He asks for one of the students to show their wand to him.

“Ah, as I thought. The latest batch of wands should already carry her newest work,” Tudor points to a magical rune on the wand Sasha gave him.

“A sleep spell. Newly developed.”

“When do we learn it?” Sasha asks with peering eyes, always up to increase her repertoire of spells.

“Oh, I don’t know. We are still deciding where to place it in our offered curriculum.”

Disappointment written on the faces of all three girls.

...

The Headmaster has fallen silent and stares off into a distant past.

“Headmaster, could it be you liked Rumia?” Sasha asks a bit teasingly.

His eyes return to the present with a troubled expression, like he got caught in a state of emotion he didn’t intend to reveal. Mouth opening to find an excuse and failing. Calming down afterwards and sighing.

“Well... Maybe.”

There is not really a point in hiding it. That matter is long in the past anyway.

“Teacher and student? Romantic...” Coco whispers softly, feeling empathy caused by her similar romantic situation.

“I didn’t really know how to act on those feelings. Good with books, bad with everything else. Always wondering on whether to take the plunge and go for it or keep those feelings secret.”

“Why keep it secret? Love will never get anywhere if you do,” Sasha fails to understand his motivation.

“To not cause any troubles. Things were different back then you know? A student-teacher relationship? There was still some lingering taboo surrounding that... Oh, don’t worry though, such taboo as well is long gone now.”

Tudor is clearly hinting at what he knows is their relationship with Alexei.

“I understand, having to hide things back in my world,” Sasha is now the one feeling a sense of empathy.

Tudor nods to her.

“Yes, having a relationship from a teacher position was simply not fully considered acceptable yet, though it was starting to get there.”

“Huh, not age that was the problem?” Sasha looks up surprised, having expected their age difference to be more of an issue rather than social class.

“Hmm? Oh right, that’s how it is in your world. Very peculiar indeed. No, age has never been an issue here. Nature says one is ready when they get turned on, and certainly when they can have or conceive children, simple as that. Class difference though was an entirely different matter. Something which would last a lifetime as Rumia would always have been a former student of mine. Back in way older days they even had very harsh punishments for breaking that moral code. Such was thankfully already no longer the case at that time.”

Elenor turns in her seat towards Tudor in excitement, flaunting her trivia knowledge with a strange sense of excitement. “Oh, I know! They even had death penalty!”

Tudor indicates the girl to be a bit more silent in a library before affirming she got it right. “Indeed they had. Dark times.”

Coco looks troubled at this topic, unable to understand how such a cruel thing can have ever existed. “You mean... Like...” she stumbles over her words, trying to imagine such a punishment. Elenor laying her own head on the table and making a big chopping motion. Invoking a startled response from Coco.

“Eh~?” Looking to Tudor in hopes he would say Elenor is merely exaggerating, but he does the complete opposite.

“Aye, head straight off. And that was a milder form of death penalty already.”

Coco places both hands over her mouth. What is he talking about? How can that be mild in any definition? This time looking back to Elenor in hopes her trivia knowledge would clarify Tudor is merely exaggerating, but she does the complete opposite.

“Oh, I know that one! Death by giant slug!”

Tudor indicates her to be silent again, thinking that girl sure gets excited at some pretty morbid topics.

“What’s that?” Sasha suddenly interrupts. Eyes shining with curiosity, making Tudor realize there is another one around with some crazy morbid curiosity.

He heads towards a nearby book case and traces a finger over numerous titles, picking one out and beginning to browse through its pages. Handing the book to Sasha who instantly gets joined by an excited Elenor and a cautious Coco.

“Eww!” the timid cow girl looks away. What she read and saw as a drawing is far from knowledge she wants to know.

“Oh, not a humanoid,” Sasha says disappointed after reading some lines.

“No, just a giant filthy slug,” Tudor confirms, wondering why that seems to be disappointing to this blonde. The only one who is still fascinated being Elenor.

“Can we change topic now?” Coco tries to forget what she read.

“Whoa, three days stuck in its stomach while being alive!” Elenor teases the girl by reading out loud.

“No, I don’t want to hear!” Coco starts to shake her head.

“And look at this description of what they pulled out of one once.”

Coco plugs her ears while looking miffed, getting a little sorry from Elenor who stops her teasing.

“Aye, way too cruel a standard even for those days. That why they changed it to chopping...” Tudor looks at Coco and realizes its best to talk about something else. Addressing Sasha again about her age difference remark. “Anyway, there you see how cultures can differ in values and customs through time and place. But those scary things are far in the past here. Nobody will criticize you for your chosen lifestyle.” Raising up a finger to all three girls to insist on his next sentence. “As long as you study properly.”

Coco is returning back to that earlier romantic mood, asking Tudor if he eventually found the right moment for confessing to Rumia. He shakes his head with a sad expression.

“No, she never knew. If only I had...” not finishing his sentence. Noticing inquiring looks of three pairs of eyes aimed at him expecting a continuation. Prompting another sigh from the Headmaster. “Well I had one chance, and I failed to take it.”

Explaining it was this exact same time of year with summer solstice about to happen. Both students and teachers having received a protective talisman. It was the first year those things were mass-introduced after a successful test during the previous summer solstice. With only some minor changes having been made to its general design like making a

talisman customized for a specific individual, since an unmarked talisman which protects anyone who wears it constantly would be too broad in scope, and thus too power-hungry for proper use on a large scale.

That was when a couple foolhardy braves decided on facing a werewolf as a dare, Tudor intending to be one of them. After all, Rumia had shown interest in this dare and surely would be charmed by whoever managed to face such a mighty beast, albeit with safety of a talisman. Preparing himself mentally for that fateful night it was to happen, but never finding enough guts in his stomach to do so in the end. Rumia ultimately ending up with one of those braves who did. And so the legend was born in this Academy of a dare to face a werewolf on a night of solstice.

“If only I had the courage...” Tudor’s mood has turned somber as he explained, clearly holding regrets in his heart even to this day. After some silence, he snaps back out of that look into a forever lost past, still noticeably in a distracted mood. “Anyway, you will get your talismans tomorrow. Always keep them on you and all will be perfectly safe.”

With a faked smile, Tudor trots off to nowhere in particular. Leaving all three girls in silence, one of them lost in her own thoughts on his story about courage.

Coco.

Sasha runs up to the Headmaster and pulls on his maw, standing tall on her toes and whispering in his ear when he lowers himself. His expression changing to confusion, giving a little nod and continuing towards his destination without really knowing how to respond to her words.

“What was that about?” Elenor asks.

“Some words of encouragement,” Sasha smiles.

Late afternoon. The first year students were free during morning and finished their only afternoon class about two hours ago. It will be time to go for dinner soon. A single old man is enjoying the feeling of a naked blonde girl with twin-tails laying on top of him.

“You sure are an energetic child,” Tudor tells Sasha, letting his palm slide over her bared back in a subconscious effort to engrave this precious moment into his aging mind.

The moment where he had an amazing round of sex with this child, followed by an equally amazing second and third round.

Sasha finally detaches herself from the old man after nearly two hours of continuous sex, a surprising amount of his cream getting squeezed out of her sealing vagina. Not bad for such an old man. If she had to be honest, Sasha only came here for a pity fuck after hearing his story in the library. But this experience turned out a lot more pleasant to herself than she expected. Realizing this man is one of three main suspects for murder may have played a role in getting her heart beating faster, though she only thought of that when already taking him between her legs.

Tudor is definitely tired from this lively exercise. Very much satisfied, but tired. This girl didn't exactly give him any time to recover for those two hours and he is getting older to begin with. Sasha however is still full of energy and more than happy to make use of Tudor closing his eyes for a little rest. Looking around the room she is in with growing curiosity.

A cage stands against the wall with Tudor's set of familiars. Nice looking owls. She has actually encountered similar ones before, back when Layla swatted one out of the sky, though she never noticed back then. She asked Tudor about them when entering, thinking they were real at first. Being a couple nice looking replicas in the end. Easy to make and use by anyone with some skill starting at adept level. Sasha wonders what she would use as a familiar. Yeah, definitely a little kitten. The ability to fly would be nice admittedly, and adding some wings to a cat might look silly. Problems for later.

A set of wands in a display case. For decoration or actual use? She has no idea.

His desk is the biggest eye catch. Tons of documents and books laying on it, plenty others on shelves and bookcases nearby. Casually strolling around through his room while Tudor rests, the naked Sasha silently makes her way around. Surprisingly easy to do when not a single piece of cloth can rustle when moving. Those objects she looks at are the only things that can make a noise, careful with these documents she is browsing through.

An open cabinet grabs her attention. Multiple books, some old and some new, with bundles of documents stashed inside. Two of those books she can see from a distance what they are about.

The Gate.

She gets closer and browses through some documents. “History of the Gate”, “First Contact”, “Earth Taxonomy”, “Cultural Oddities and Societal Systems: How to Blend in”.

This entire cabinet is about the Gate and what lies beyond, Sasha’s world.

Another bundle, “Agent Registry: History of Covert Operations”.

This last one is different from the others in content. Sure, it’s about the same topic, but those others were all explanatory text and pictures. This one is more pure data. A long list of names and dates in both local and Earth notation, going back to as early as 2001 according to Earth’s calendar notation. She wasn’t even born then. These have to be those early explorers when existence of the Gate wasn’t known to anyone on Earth yet.

“Oh dear, that’s nothing important,” a voice mentions from behind Sasha, Tudor stumbling out of his bed in a hurried manner and closing his cabinet. Putting its contents safely behind lock and key. “Nothing other than some old boring but fragile documents,” he adds while getting back to bed and starting to dress himself. Sasha gets dressed herself and leaves the Headmaster’s room who let her know she is free to visit any time.

Sasha sighs. Like with Sato, nothing really of interest to be seen. That meticulous attention thing isn’t working out all that well, but she can’t give up now. Determined to be of use to her father’s plight.

The next day Sasha’s class is sitting in their usual lecture hall. No classes scheduled until noon, but they do have to assemble here at this hour of morning. The reason for that assembling enters the room right now. Oldor and Sato come in together with a cart holding a pair of crates. They seem to be on the heavy side as that cart makes quite some noise when crossing the lecture hall’s floor. No surprise as they are filled with silver.

Today every member of this Academy will get their protective talisman. One of those things doesn’t weigh all that much, but two crates full certainly does. The crates themselves are subdivided, probably holding an entire supply for the Academy. Once they are done handing them out here, this duo will move on to another class to do the same. Whoever already had a talisman, handed in their old one a couple weeks ago so they could be recharged, enough freshly charged fairy powder sprinkled in its silver to last for a couple days once activated.

Oldor explains that this year it was Sato who helped work the furnace and smelted silver to a proper mold. Sato tapping his chest in pride while adding he also came up with this year's design. Sasha and her friends can't quite see it from where they sit, but apparently there is a cute fox girl, what else..., crafted in each silver slab.

"That must have been a lot of work!" Sasha yells out to the front. Sato nodding in agreement, but truth getting revealed by Oldor that those weren't crafted one by one. That ornamental design was simply a part of their used mold. But Sato did put in plenty of effort into crafting said mold.

One by one, all students get called forward. Each time Sato picks out one of these talismans and hands it to Oldor, who reads out loud a specific name that has already been painted on for customization. Neatly marked down as part of a small magic circle. Then the matching student comes forward, dips a thumb into paint and pushes it against that circle, thus completing and activating it. Bringing the talisman's protective powers to life.

When it is Sasha's turn, Oldor makes sure to instruct the newcomer once more on its proper use.

"Always keep it with you. That's all you have to do."

Sasha places down her thumb coated in paint and notices a small glow from its activated magic circle. Then its glow quickly fades like it did with all others.

"And werewolves hate this?" she asks quietly.

"Silver is their natural weakness, and this specific spell taps into that characteristic in order to pacify any werewolf nearby."

Taking the talisman back to her seat, she looks over its design. Yup, a cute little fox girl decorating the side opposite this magic circle. Very much in that same style Sato uses for his wood crafting and sketches.

"Alright then. With everyone having received their talisman, you are dismissed till afternoon classes."

Leaving the classroom, the others head out early for lunch, but Sasha shakes her head when being invited.

"I'll be there soon," and she dashes off.

Entering her old room, she sits on the bed that was her sleeping spot until relatively recently. Taking an old book out of her bag and flipping to a chapter which already had a mark placed. That book being her trusty source of information on mating with any humanoid. The picture decorating a very specific chapter, depicting a small fox turning into a giant threatening werewolf.

Danger rating: Extreme.

Sasha licks her lips upon reading those words.

Alexei and his harem have fallen asleep after spending their entire evening and early night making sweet love. Sasha is wide awake, staring at the room's ceiling. Eventually turning her head around to observe the others. They all seem to be sleeping comfortably. Their talismans right here on this bed, not that they will actually need them. Odds of a werewolf entering the Academy's premises are very low, but howls have been heard now and then from outside its gates and perimeter. How the evening was spent reminds her of Halloween. A mood that originates from fear for the unknown with some ghost stories mixed in, while nobody is actually in any real danger. At least, not with that enchanted silver object nearby.

Sasha gets up slowly, not trying to awaken anyone else. Better that they don't know what she is about to do. No need to get properly dressed. It is mid-summer. Plenty warm outside at night, and this part of the world doesn't seem to get much cold weather at all anyway. Her father's private shirt will do. Oh, and some socks. Tackling with a beast is one thing, but getting one's feet dirty is another entirely. Socks can simply be washed. Not even closing the shirt, Sasha simply hangs it around her shoulders. Way too large, but that's not an issue if worn like this.

The blonde girl looks towards their bed and grabs her talisman, taking a good look at it. This thing should protect her along the way, ensuring a safe return. Placing it against her chest, its cold silver lets a chill run through her body. A beating sound can be felt easily with her hand. In fact she can feel it all over her body.

Standing before the desk's lineup of toys, recently joined by Coco's little cow, Sasha places down the talisman and holds her own bear. Wrapping both arms around it and

hugging it close to her chest. Waiting in silence for a minute. Then she gives it a kiss and places the fluffy ursine amongst its friends where it can wait for her return.

One last look at that talisman on the desk, and Sasha turns around towards the door, leaving it behind.

The night is filled with an eerie silence. Using the same method as always, Sasha has climbed out of the Academy, breaching all safety of its walls. A thrill running along her back when placing a foot onto chilly ground. Walking into this dark of night all alone. Trying to understand why she is doing this again? And failing to come up with an answer, only knowing it is in one word crazy. Yet she feels strangely serene.

A howl in the distance. There are definitely werewolves around. Picking up on the scent of a human girl all alone in these woods shouldn't be too difficult. According to that book they can pick up on scent of the opposite gender from a distance around here to town. Hopefully there is a male in that radius. If that howl was from a female, this crazy stunt would end damn fast.

The book has some advice for anyone caught without a talisman.

Pray.

Other than that, try not to show any fear for they will pick up on its scent immediately and consider you as easy pickings. Don't look in their eyes, for that is how one asserts dominance, with the werewolf very likely to pick a fight with whatever challenger who dares to claim that title. And lastly, never turn one's back to them and run, because doing so automatically gets you classified as prey.

Another howl, this one getting close. Alarming any potential competitors that this target being hunted belongs to nobody else, and anyone willing to claim it will have a brutal fight on their hands. Sasha simply walks on, only changing direction to head straight towards the source of that howl.

The amount of trees isn't very dense around here. Ahead of her lies the darkness of night. Inside that darkness stands a sole creature. Sasha can't see it yet, but she already knows. An owl in a nearby tree has turned its head toward the dark while remaining silent. A squirrel has come running past her in fear, rushing into a tree and freezing in place. A

heavy breathing audible from an unseen creature, like a horror movie monster lurking, before it steps from underneath the dark canopy of this forest into full moonlight. First thing visible a pair of predatory eyes and a full set of sharp long teeth. A long rough tongue appearing as if indicating the werewolf is licking its lips in anticipation of a delectable meal.

It stands broad and tall. A body larger than the strongest man she ever saw on television, arms with powerful muscles and sharp claws. A thick wild fur coat of hair just a bit over the length of Sasha's longest fingers.

Another step closer. The beast is growling aggressively. It's a male. This much is obvious as it gets closer, so that worry can be put to rest. The werewolf sniffs loudly. Confirming that this is indeed that young bitch in heat it tracked all the way here. The creature deliberating on whether it will let itself get tempted by her pheromones, or if it is more interested in satiating its hunger. Those two instinctual drives being the only ones that play a role in its current crazed state of mind of a fox male hidden somewhere in the core of this beast.

Playmate, or food?

Sasha doesn't seek eye contact with the wolf, slowly turning when this monster tries to observe her from the side. Making sure she is always facing him. Very slowly and in as harmless a way as possible she moves her hands to the sides of Alexei's shirt and lets it glide down her back.

The werewolf stops and growls, drool falling from its mouth. Attention grabbed by that shirt on the ground. Another sniff. The growling gets stronger. He is smelling a competitor. Odor of another male envelops that shirt. A male who has claimed this female. A loud blow of air from the nose of this werewolf in sheer disgust of a rival, feeling his own desire to declare dominance welling up.

The blonde girl slowly sinking to her knees and opening her arms.

Another loud snort and the creature walks closer with determined steps. Its face standing still right before Sasha's. Teeth bared and a hot breath flowing over her face as Sasha avoids eye contact. Lips puckered up in full open aggression.

A pair of hands touching his chest's fur, surprisingly soft for such a wild monster. Not pushing him away or trying to defend herself, nor an attempt at attacking him. But a simple touch of two soft hands fearlessly touching a large chest tensed with muscle. Caressing gently and letting him know she is not here to compete. Neither is she here to struggle for survival.

The werewolf opens his mouth and places a full set of teeth around Sasha's fragile neck. He is testing her response while asserting dominance. She has responded properly by offering her neck without any resistance. Only those same hands on his chest. A girl holding a dark monster in the midst of night, pale and fragile. Telling him only one thing with their subtle gentle touch.

This female is here specifically for him.

She is here to mate.

He lets go of her neck and moves his nose downwards, along her chest. Blowing warm breath with force over her soft breasts. A single lick. A rough tongue rasping against smooth skin, flicking over a nipple. This time the werewolf can feel a warm breath flowing over his fur. A breath filled with lust, which the wild beast's keen nose picks up on easily. Mouth opening and teeth sliding past one of her tits.

He moves lower again, placing his nose underneath her arm. Sasha lifting it up lightly, simply letting the beast take in all features of this potential mate. Lower again, past her belly, its nose diving into her triangle. Pushing with enough force that Sasha almost falls over. A deep sniff. Taking in an arousing aroma of her pussy. Mixed with the infuriating smell of another male. A smell that has to be erased. Replaced.

He pushes with his head, knocking Sasha backwards, from knees onto her bum. Legs slowly opening when the werewolf wants to put its head between. Another nudge into her vulva. Another deep sniff. That infuriating competitor's smell getting rapidly drowned out by all fluids leaking out. Fluids filled with more of this aroused girl's natural aroma. She is making him drunk. A large penis between his legs taking on proportions fitting for a monster drunk on raw primal lust.

Sasha feels the beast moving over her, letting herself lean backwards onto the ground, grasping onto his fur and pushing her head into it. A large pelvis further spreading her legs

apart. Something hot and large poking with strength against her lower body. Trying again and again to find that exact spot where a sticky fluid is leaking from. Getting frustrated at its attempts, the werewolf stamps its arms down right next to Sasha, its head moving down and an angry growl blowing past her. With increased force the creature pushes, shoving the girl's legs all the way down. She can hardly raise them again to place them next to such giant hips belonging to this monster.

Then both creature and girl get which they are here for.

In an instant the werewolf's cock has noticed a touch of two wet lips and brutally forced itself into what lies beneath. That large hunk of meat only goes in halfway. The werewolf snorting once and starting to plow into its mate.

Sasha's mouth gaping at the large size that rapidly bangs forth and back like a bull. Holding her brutal assailant with intimate care, entrusting body and mind to the wills of a hungry nightmare. Feeling its fat rough cock dig deeper bit by bit with every thrust, making her entire body thrill with excitement.

The werewolf drooling and breathing increasingly heavy at an ever growing stimulation provided by the ever deeper grip of such a fine tight pussy. Its mouth lowering and breathing over Sasha in a couple deep snorts, like the creature seeks closer contact with its mate, appreciating her submissiveness. Subconscious traces of intellect recognizing this girl too is enjoying his performance greatly, stroking a sense of dominance.

Sasha moves her hips the tiny bit she can, trying to get that angle just right. Instantly, the werewolf shoves his cock in for three quarters. A different kind of growl audible as it feels a pleasing increase in depth. A growl of satisfaction. Its claws digging into ground with ease to hold steady while increasing pace ever faster.

Sasha is holding on to long fur and hears the heartbeat of this beast beating in joy at the affectionate touch of his mate, both with her vagina and with her arms. Pressing a pair of tiny tits against his strong chest.

The werewolf himself is gradually changing angles, noticing small changes in depth as he does, each time he drives deeper. Determined to have his entire length be loved by her insides.

A loud howl fills the night.

The werewolf can feel his entire shaft inside his mate. Her warm tender tunnel making vibrations run through every muscle in his body. The beast is howling its war cry to declare both victory and joy. Then he continues to plow like an ox. His entire length shoving in and out incessantly in that amazingly tight but soft spot.

Sasha bites her lips while containing her voice. She has never taken a size like this, and never expected it to actually fit completely. Now that it does, the experience is overwhelming. Massive thrills running through her body; squeezing both tiny hands in fur with all strength she has left. Incapable of containing herself at the next hard thrust and letting a loud moan escape her mouth. The werewolf reciprocating the open ecstasy of this mate by holding his face closer and blowing more hot air from his lungs.

The thrusts getting different, more erratic. The occasional pause at the deepest point, until his crotch finally smashes into her and stays firmly in place. A constant low-toned growling hum leaving his jaws, strong spasms shooting through his pelvis. A throbbing from that fat meat inside of Sasha which corresponds with a monstrous amount of werewolf cum flowing into her. An amount that only keeps coming from the lasting stimulation her pussy is providing by squishing itself around his entire shaft, encouraging its occupant with a sweet sticky caressing to not hold back.

“Nnn~” Sasha clenches her mouth together while tensing every muscle in her body, feeling the hot flow fill her womb and spilling out. She lays on the ground, one hand holding onto fur and the other affectionately caressing her partner.

The werewolf pulls out and observes his work. Pleased by this female being covered in his smell. Jaws hanging over her face, moving to her hair and nudging it, revealing his sharp teeth with a low growl. Sasha turns her head and reveals her neck once more. Feeling sharp fangs nudge into her skin again. Then he lets go, moving downwards for a single lick over her chest and raising himself, turning around to walk away satisfied.

Sasha breathes heavily, still recovering from what happened.

Placing the back of her right hand on her forehead.

Thrills that still run through her body.

Laughing.

INTERLUDE



The night's silence gets broken by a door opening. With almost inaudible footsteps a girl enters Alexei's room. It is Sasha returning from her thrilling adventure, hanging her father's shirt back where it belongs and tiptoeing to bed. Tired and content.

An hour later more movement in this room. Coco wasn't awake to hear Sasha leaving, but she noticed her return, pretending to be asleep. Having a good idea where her blonde friend must have been.

If only she could be so courageous. Not that Coco is interested in anything sexual with anyone other than Alexei or her friends, but daring to face a monster seems like climbing a tall mountain to this small girl. And Sasha did it, all on her own. Coco can only feel admiration for her human friend, but is left with the usual disappointment in herself. Didn't she promise to take up the challenge? Wasn't she confident these last couple days

that when this moment came, little timid Coco too would face a monster without turning tail and fleeing? Yet here she is, shaking in her bed.

Disappointed.

The sheets rustle as Coco moves to the edge of their bed, getting up.

It's now or never. Being clumsy is one thing she has learned to live with. Alexei called that one of her charms. But she can't accept her cowardice. What if something were to happen to him, or to her friends? Would she even have enough courage to step up and save them? No, she cannot remain here. This has to be done.

Coco picks up the talisman and turns it around. There is always a candle left burning in this room so it is easy to read its backside in dim light. That is definitely hers, it has Coco's name clearly written on it.

She repeats the same mantra in her head that has been going on since getting up.

"All will be okay."

Of course it will be, as long as this talisman is here.

Coco looks at Alexei's face with a warm smile. What a wonderful couple days she had. Truly the best in her life. Finally someone who accepts her with all these flaws. Not a shred of doubt he would be perfectly happy if she simply remained some cowardly scaredy-cat, saying there would be nothing wrong with that and he will love her regardless.

But that is exactly why she wants to change.

Holding tight onto that talisman, she slips into that same shirt Sasha wore on her adventure. Going to the desk to say goodbye to her gifted plushy friend, and heads out into the night with a heart beating in fear, fueled with determination.

Coco's skin is showing goosebumps. Looking around nervously at any small movement or sound. A tiny little voice in the back of her mind screaming to go back to those safe comforts of the Academy and their shared bedroom. Both hands holding tight to that talisman, pressing it close to her heart.

Lights visible in the distance, leading to town. The ground has changed beneath her feet and a sound of water coming from nearby. This has to be that one road leading to town. Hard to see in this darkness. She stumbles and almost falls, managing to hold on to her

talisman and remaining upright with some quick but clumsy footwork. Definitely close to a river, that was the riverbank she almost fell down from.

A loud howling. Not the first time she hears it, but getting closer. Hands starting to shake.

Something is approaching...

But Coco is steadfast and continues to wait, resisting every urge to turn around and run like the wind. Constantly trying to remind herself: "It's just a fox." A nice friendly fox with a sudden growth spurt who will look mean but act like a puppy in front of her talisman.

A deep growling comes from ahead. The girl turns to face it. To face terror head-on and conquer all fears once and for all. Nothing will be scary anymore after going through this experience. Only a minute or two of courage, it won't take any more to succeed.

The werewolf puckers up its lips, revealing its grotesque fangs. Each like a dagger ready to slice prey. Drool running from its mouth indicating a strong hunger for fresh meat.

Coco stretches out her arms, holding that talisman towards the werewolf while staring it straight in its eyes. It will stop now. It should stop. Either this werewolf will fear the same fear she has, or it will come slobbering and licking for attention like a friendly dog. Or maybe brush its head against her leg like a cat? Hopefully not, that would be nasty. Either way, Coco doesn't really know how this protective magic effect will work out, but it should regardless.

The werewolf raises itself high and starts to growl louder and even more aggressively, like it feels angered somehow.

Coco's face turns pale. What is going on? Why is it getting angrier?

The wolf takes a step closer.

"No... Go away..." she mutters with a stuttering voice.

Another step closer, Coco placing one foot backwards.

Something is going wrong. This talisman is having no effect? She pulls it closer again, maybe it was too far removed from her? Yeah, that must be it. She held it out too far. Any moment now that monster will calm down...

The werewolf is lowering itself.

See? It's working! It does work!

The look on Coco's face turns from fear to hope, than plummeting straight to terror.

That werewolf isn't cowering at all, but lowering itself to pounce forward.

"No..." Coco whispers in disbelief, shaking her head to try and bargain with the werewolf. Eyes flickering to the back of this talisman. It has her name, it has that magic circle... Yet it doesn't work.

The creature pounces forward.

With a loud scream, coco falls to the ground from a huge weight pushing her down. Voice turning to complete silence when noticing the beast is standing over her on all fours. Its fangs bared at the harmless child beneath. Coco's lips are shaking, breathing erratically, every muscle frozen in hopes this creature will lose interest and walk away. One hand still clenching onto that talisman in some faint and quickly fading hope it will suddenly let its power be felt.

The werewolf sniffs over her body, examining what it has caught. A small short shriek coming from Coco when she feels those teeth brush against her thigh when the werewolf carefully places its jaws around her soft flesh, but doesn't bite through. Releasing again straight after.

Slowly she moves her hand carrying the talisman and drags it to her chest, the werewolf turning to look at it.

"S... Silver..." Coco mutters, hoping that even if its magic effect isn't working properly, at least silver will do its job of scaring it off. It should, since werewolves utterly hate the sight and smell, usually fleeing from it in response.

An angry growl immediately followed by a mocking snort spitting some saliva at the small slab of metal. A large claw mauls from right to left, slapping the thing out of Coco's hand and creating a deep gash in her palm, causing a streak of warm blood to drip on her chest.

"No...? Please?" she pleads for her life so meek the werewolf can hardly hear it over sounds of flowing water in the background. Thoughts running through her head trying desperately to find a way out. But what could a little girl do against a monster such as this?

Ah... Her wand.

She brought her wand along. She stuck it in the shirt's pocket, if it hasn't fallen out when getting knocked on the ground at least. With her luck, that is about what she expects to have happened.

Please be there... Please don't have fallen out. But her bleeding hand can't feel anything other than an empty pocket. Tears are quickly starting to form in her eyes. Why? Why always such bad luck? First that charm doesn't work, now this? Coco turns her face while the werewolf is sniffing enticing blood on her chest. It has to be around here somewhere. It's just a small stick, it can't have gotten far.

Tear filled eyes light up with a sparkle of hope. There it is! And within hand reach no less. While the beast is occupied with examining its prey without a care in the world, she moves her arm slowly to reach for it.

Only a bit further...

Fingers touching the stick and her shaking hands trying to latch on.

Now what? She has a functional wand, but what spell in her limited repertoire could help in this dire situation? Coco can only think of one. A basic light spell. She could stick it and create a blinding light. Yes! That should work! If she doesn't mess up the incantation, which will be tricky with her shaking lips and unstable breath. She won't have much time either, needing to stick it at least three times to be bright enough to scare off the beast, probably four. That will take a couple seconds...

Coco moves her hands quickly while starting to mutter those words, realizing this is her best bet at getting out of this alive. Aiming her wand towards the werewolf and...

It falls from her hand.

The creature had turned its head and bumped into the wand, causing it to fall and roll down the riverbank.

Tears in Coco's eyes turn to a bawling, lamenting her own tragic fate.

Why can't she do anything right? Why is she always such a stupid klutz?

The werewolf couldn't care less about its prey crying and is more interested in other things, like that delicious smell of blood. It definitely caught a female, proof to be found in this alluring aroma between her legs, even if it is obscured by warm urine running down. What should it do? Feast, or mate?

Coco's bawling starts to freeze gradually but erratically when she can feel the beast is deciding her fate.

"No... No... Don't," she tries to hush the beast, feeling it sniffing over her breasts. A strong poke into her squishy tits with its nose, moving back in surprise at a white liquid running out. Licking its own nose covered in that stuff and finding it particularly tasty. Pushing down again to cause more to spill out and licking with its rough tongue over her breasts, letting it slide down between them to lick up every bit that keeps on pouring out. Greatly enjoying both the taste of this milk and that subtle flavor of fear-filled sweat coming from her skin.

Another good snort, its warm breath flowing over her chest.

The creature wants more... This is so delicious, why isn't it coming out faster?

Coco holds her breath in pure terror. She can feel sharp edges of large dagger-like fangs moving past one of her tits as the beast tries to squeeze out more milk. Jaws firmly around juicy soft fat and flesh, poking into her skin.

More! The werewolf is definitely satisfied with this milk running out, but that is exactly why it wants even more! Beginning to squeeze even harder.

Coco's eyes start to dilate in shock. She understands what is happening all too well. A sharp pain is starting to pierce her skin. Hands moving without any strength, finding the head of this monster and holding it. Trying to push it away, but the creature doesn't even notice such trivial effort. Too captivated by this wonderful new addition to the rich taste pallet flowing into its mouth. That milk is mixing with a bright red substance which tastes equally as good, and a rich flavor of cow-girl skin and fat.

Coco can't hold her breath any longer and it comes out in a high-pitched subtle squealing when she feels fangs dig deeper with renewed vigor, the monster having tasted a hint of these bountiful fruits her body has to offer and now wanting it all.

The silence of night gets broken by the sound of a breast's skin and fat slowly tearing open, its juicy contents filling the mouth of this werewolf with a true feast. A mixture of warm milk and blood running all over Coco's chest, some continuously spilling out from the open gash left by that bite. The werewolf gnaws on its bounty and tears off the remaining connected piece.

Of what there were four, now only three remain.

Coco's lower jaw is trembling in combined fear and pain of her lower left breast being torn off. Using what little strength left in her body to look down, noticing the werewolf is opening its mouth again. Licking over the nipple of her upper right breast, squishing the tit it stands on to confirm this strange spongy thing also has that white juice. Planting its teeth over it with glee at the upcoming banquet.

"Don't eat me pl..."

Her whimpering words get cut off by those jaws quickly mauling her upper - right tit and yanking it off in one sideways swoop, a single raffled piece remaining. Coco's expression frozen while getting splattered with her own fresh blood and milk.

Her mind has cracked. She knows it's over and has surrendered herself to it, arms falling down. Simply waiting for this suffering to end. To end her for good. Not even bothering to look anymore when that werewolf gets joined by another one, drawn by the enticing smell of blood. One growling at the other with a quick gnash of its blood-soaked jaw, stating this is his prey. The other one settling for a quick bite out of her thigh, savoring its luscious meat while a severed artery sprays blood out of a wide-open gash.

"Ah... It's eating my stomach..." A sole thought left in the poor girl, devoid of any emotion. While the alpha standing over her claims all contents of her soft belly by tearing it open and dragging out all entrails, enjoying its best meal ever. Feeling a sudden thud through her entire body as those intestines getting pulled out have reached full length, dragging the poor child along for a short amount before it gets torn.

Then her thoughts cease, simply waiting for a vision blurred with tears, milk, guts and blood to inevitably fade to black as those jaws now latch around her throat, sinking in their teeth and ripping it open with a horrible fleshy tearing sound.

Coco will never have to be brave again.

CHAPTER 18



What Lurks Beneath

One month has passed. Alexei has finished getting dressed, overlooking the bed afterwards. Another empty spot. Another morning woken up by a nightmare. His face is rough, filled with raw emotion hidden under its surface. A brooding anger aimed at whoever took Coco's life, and at himself for failing to stop it once again.

Siera is trying to get up. Alexei moves closer to help her out. She is highly pregnant now, won't be many more weeks before giving birth. At least something to keep his mind occupied.

Mood in this bedroom the last month has been dark to say the least. The girls had it difficult too, losing another friend in such a short amount of time. Though there never is a correct time for tragic matters like these.

Placing his arm underneath Siera, he helps her up and goes to get the shirt she will be wearing today. Since the cyclops' body has advanced so far in her pregnancy, she is allowed

to put her uniform aside and wear a normal shirt for their scheduled morning classes. A white shirt of Alexei's. It's too large, but in her current condition it is about right around that belly area. Often even leaving lower buttons open.

Where that shirt hangs, some of Coco's clothes are still laying on a chair. Nobody bothered to remove them. Nobody felt like removing them either. Like she still lives here and could stumble in at a moment's notice with her usual clumsy way.

Alexei sighs. What a horrible month his has been. Even now, the sight of what he witnessed near the river bank doesn't leave his memories. The only fortunate thing about this entire fiasco is that at least these other girls were spared from seeing it. They were forbidden from looking underneath that one piece of cloth holding Coco's remains, promptly escorted back to the Academy after trying to get closer.

An accident... She dropped her talisman. That's the official story. No doubt most would believe that, considering how clumsy she was, but Alexei doesn't. Neither does Sasha.

He holds Coco's medallion hanging around his neck while stroking a thumb over it before picking up the shirt for Siera, and heads back towards the cyclops to help her get dressed. Maybe he never should have accepted that gift from Coco and Sasha. Coco could have used it herself far more. If it has any power maybe it could have saved her. She certainly would have been a lot more deserving of it.

An accident... What a stupid thought.

Alexei tries to hide his anger when Siera notices it and wants to give him some comfort with a hand on his cheek.

"I'm fine, love. Don't worry. Let's get you dressed," he tries to assure her.

Playing it cool is hard to do at this point. Underneath the surface he is a raging volcano of hate. Whoever is behind this won't get off with a simple arrest.

Placing the shirt over Siera's arms, he thinks back on that horrible scene from a month ago, near the riverbank. Blood stained grass, some guts laying further away that wasn't cleaned up properly yet. All other remains gathered underneath that cloth. The talisman was indeed found a bit further away, but there were traces of blood on it. If she really dropped it before getting attacked, wouldn't that mean it would be clean? Unless some got sprayed over there, but all grass surrounding it was free of blood. Coco's wand was also

found nearby, rolled down a riverbank and almost into water. It got burned together with her remains during the funeral. That's the third funeral these kids had to attend in around three months... Way too harsh, but somehow it does provide a sense of closure for them. And above all an opportunity to let go of plenty of emotion through tears. They are doing okay now. Not good, but okay. The occasional attempt at cracking a joke returning.

Sasha asked a difficult question after that funeral.

"Why is it always good people who die? While broken ones tend to come back home safely."

It was a strangely odd question. What a peculiar way to phrase things... "Broken ones". Wouldn't people usually say bad ones? Regardless, Alexei has no answer, struggling with a similar question himself. Why all these good-natured girls? Is it for revenge? But why not simply exact revenge on him instead and leave these innocent children out of it.

But that is how the world turns. Things don't always make sense. That world he escaped from was a fine example of that, raging with madness. A society in a desperate search for meaning, trying to find it in the most asinine of actions and struggles, taking them up as some cause of justice and assaulting anything and anyone who opposes. That world is a crazy place, and some of it may have seeped into this one. If that is the case, whoever is in charge here should close that Gate instantly and forget it ever existed.

Sitting before Siera, he wants to close the buttons of that shirt, but the cyclops puts her arms around him and pulls his head to her chest. Alexei doesn't resist... Too tired to resist. This same action has happened before, like yesterday. She is comforting Alexei after noticing pain written on his face, and doing it in the only way she really knows that works. Holding him to her chest, where he simply reciprocates her hug. Starting to drink from Siera's milk after a while. Finding it to be extremely soothing, like he is getting pampered by a doting mother, easing his suffering and hinting all will be fine. With eyes closed it also drowns out those bad memories, at least for a while. Reviving good ones instead... of Coco doing the same with her bosom.

Afterwards, he gives Siera a kiss and closes her shirt. The other girls in their shared bedroom starting to wake up too.

“So what do you think? Boy or girl?” he asks her while closing the last button, wanting to do something in turn to give her mind diversion. Siera thinks for a while, but can’t make up her mind.

“Any preference?” Elenor asks her.

“Yeah, I want both,” the highly pregnant girl replies innocently and honestly without any delay. In the end she doesn’t care if her child is a girl or boy, happy to love both equally as a parent should.

“We can make that happen,” Alexei pats on her head, shifting his attention to Serenia who is getting up while being sleepy still.

“I can dress myself,” she mumbles with a fatigued voice, but Serenia still lets him dress her. Alexei knows her well enough. Yes, she *can* get dressed herself, but still wants him to do it.

“What do you think?” he asks Serenia about the topic of children.

“Hmm... maybe twins?” she answers while wiping sleep out of her eyes.

“Sounds good to me.”

Alexei gives her a kiss too before moving on to his next young partner.

Having made the rounds of greeting them all, he gets off bed again and goes to say morning greetings to what stands on his desk. Heading to the mirror to comb his hair and waiting afterwards. Eyes drawn by the chair that holds Coco’s clothes. There is something that lays on top.

“Huh, didn’t I place that in the desk?” he wonders out loud. Picking up the object from that chair. It’s a talisman from a month ago. Bringing it to the desk, he notices there is another one already there inside its drawer. Turning the one in his hand, he realizes his mistake. This is Sasha’s talisman. The one in this desk is Coco’s that he took with him as evidence, allowed to keep it after asking Tudor.

Alexei can’t help but hate these things. If only it did its job properly.

He picks up Coco’s in his other hand and stares at it, getting flashbacks of that day.

Then he stops...

“Something wrong?” Sasha asks, noticing her father standing still at the desk, holding an object in each hand. No immediate reply. Only some skipping of both objects in his hands, letting them fall in his palm. Then he finally replies.

“No, nothing,” he puts them both in his pocket and closes the desk’s drawer.

“Going out?” his daughter asks another question.

“Yeah, to the Gate. Just going to pick something up.”

While all girls are having their morning classes, Alexei heads towards the Gate. It is Thursday, so his contact should be there.

“Hey,” Kenji raises his hand and greets Alexei.

“Not on duty?” Alexei asks.

“Technically I’m supposed to patrol the area. Around here that usually means relaxation time.”

Kenji changes his mood once taking a closer look at his old colleague.

“Something happened? You look rough, man.”

Alexei sighs, not feeling like explaining.

“Stuff happened. So, about that favor I asked last time...”

Kenji gets more serious and lowers his voice while looking around.

“Right... Today is your lucky day. It just so happens there was an administrative error in our arsenal’s inventory, showing one piece and matching clip too many. Imagine that.”

“I’m sure you had nothing to do with it,” Alexei replies in a dry tone.

“Completely innocent,” Kenji laughs, holding pride at having succeeded in some good old smuggling.

“So, how do I get to it?”

“See that garbage can over there? That’s where the locals who are on base dump their trash. It gets brought out of this encampment on a daily basis. They dump it in a pit behind the base, you can’t miss it. The only red sealed plastic bag that got accidentally mixed in there.”

Alexei gets a frown on his face. A garbage dump of all places?

“Hey man, I can only work with what I have available,” Kenji insists that was his only option.

“Sure. Good enough. As long as I get the piece.”

“Did you see the base commander?” Kenji asks.

“Yeah, my leave has been approved for next Thursday.”

Alexei starts fiddling in his pocket, taking out two objects.

“On another note, I need your opinion. Take these.”

“What are they?” Kenji looks at them curiously.

“Talismans. Doesn’t matter, really. Give them a feel.”

Placing one in each hand of Kenji, Alexei waits for a reply. Kenji looking confused at first but deciding to go along, getting curious himself.

“Notice anything other than the name?” Alexei asks with a stern look.

Kenji peers closely and starts weighing them in his hand. Throwing each up and catching it, then fiddling around with both some more. His attention has been caught by a difference. Grabbing his army knife and starting to scratch on the surface.

“Same color, but different metal. Weight and hardness don’t match.”

“Both should be silver,” Alexei clarifies, getting a negative response from Kenji.

“No idea what they are, but one of them at least is definitely not silver.”

Alexei already expected this response, but wanted a trusted mind to come to a same conclusion.

“Right, I’ll be going then. See you next Thursday.”

He turns around and walks off, hand raised in a goodbye gesture.

Grumbling out loud Alexei throws some more trash to the side. Where is this damn red bag? Food remains all over, but not a hint of anything plastic. Then his eyes catch a hint of a red object.

“Finally.”

Picking it up, he opens the bag and holds his face away, stench of rotting food leaking out. But Alexei isn’t complaining at all.

“Ever the skilled conman.”

Kenji had properly masked sight, smell and noise by burying the piece inside some disgusting remains that nobody would really want to touch. As expected from someone who has experience with undercover work by infiltrating into gangs as one of them.

Alexei doesn't further open that bag, not until he has reached safety of the Academy's walls. Satisfied with a glimpse of shiny metal belonging to an H&K handgun peeking through underneath some remains he brushed aside. The first hints of a bitter smile forming on his face since a month ago. In the sky above, flying from tree to tree, a small owl-like figure following his every movement.

Alexei joins his harem as they are practicing with their wands. The red bag is already neatly disposed with its metal contents safely hidden and stored for future use. He thought long and hard on where to place it, but decided on his own room in the end. This Academy and everything outside of it is still too much of an unknown to hide anything anywhere else. High up on a closet the others shouldn't notice it and can't reach it anyway. The cleaning crew never touch that area either since it has dust, so that won't be an issue. Wiping some dust from a stone wall, he takes a seat near the girls and observes them. After a while he opens his mouth.

"Next Thursday I will be gone for most of the day."

"Going back home?" Sasha asks.

"Yeah, got some things left to do there. Sorry I can't take you along."

Sasha is saddened to hear she can't visit Kasumi, but understands that things are a bit complicated lately. Expecting that her father's return to Earth must have something to do with catching this culprit.

"So, while I'm gone, I want you girls to look after each other, okay?"

They all agree, though Sasha is the only one really in the loop on what is going on. Letting her friends continue practicing, she takes a seat next to her father.

"You'll come back, right?"

Alexei places a hand around her shoulder and gently rubs it.

"Definitely. I'm only going to check some info."

After some silence he continues.

“What was your friend’s name again...? Kirumi?”

Sasha pokes him with her fist and corrects him. “Kasumi.”

“Oh right, Kasumi.”

Sasha looks at her dad and notices a change in expression. “What’s wrong?”

Alexei shakes off the thought he just had, and says it was nothing. That name Kasumi brought back his first conversation with Kenji, when they talked about those murders in Tokyo. Wasn’t that third girl’s name who got murdered the day before they left also Kasumi?

“She did that dating thing too, right?” he tries to ask as inauspicious as possible, getting an affirmation in return.

Alexei curses on the inside. No guarantee it’s the same one, but her profile would fit those other victims. Better not let Sasha know. At least, not for now. Rubbing his little girl on the back to help assure her all is fine.

...

The girls have stopped practicing, talking about a topic that seems to invoke a sense of mystery.

“What are you all talking about?” Alexei wonders out loud.

“A ghost story,” Elenor replies.

“Ghost stories? I knew some back in my school days...”

“Yeah, about noises coming from the old dried-up well. That rumor has existed for decades already.”

Decades? Definitely false stories. But any topic that can get their mind of things is a fine one to Alexei. Some made up stories and gossip can actually serve a purpose at times.

“They are not mere stories,” Nerine addresses him while appearing fully serious, stating her reason immediately after. “I can hear it occasionally. Always could.”

Alexei’s face changes, turning more serious to match Nerine’s.

“Really?”

Elenor is looking miffed, asking why he believes Nerine but not her. Getting a pat from Alexei with the explanation she fools around too much to believe her ghost story straight away. But there is a more concrete reason why he is starting to take things a bit more

seriously. Nerine's hearing is different from a human's. If a scylla says she can hear it more often, there may be some truth to this rumor. Not that he expects there to be a creature or whatever actually making those noises. Certainly not for decades. But she is picking up something at least, probably an environmental sound or such. Might be a good idea to spend some time fooling around with everyone. There wasn't much opportunity for that recently, and this might be a good way to get their lives going again. If it can help his harem, he is up for it. And what child doesn't like some good mystery?

"Alright then, let's go and find the source of this sound."

Some of the girls look confused, some excited, but they are all interested to go on a ghost hunt. First obvious place to visit is that dried-up well itself, right behind the garden shed. The place is deserted. Never much people here, as this location does have a reputation of being haunted. The well is covered by a grate. Peering inside, it's impossible to see the bottom.

"Hear anything?" Alexei asks.

Nerine shakes her head. Nothing so far. No hints around this area that seem out of place either. However, right as they want to leave, Nerine stops and gestures all others to be silent.

"I heard it again."

Returning to the well, Alexei places his ear over its covering grate. Not a single sound. The others waiting silently.

"Hello?! Anyone in there?!" he yells out past the grate, getting quite the echo in return. That place down there has to be bigger than he thought. Placing an ear on the grate again afterwards.

He raises his hand to indicate silence, Serenia holding her own before her mouth, Sasha starting to balance on her toes and the others simply having their mouths open in surprise and looking at each other. They all heard it. A low sound that came from far down this well, probably further than its actual depths. Just how big is that underground place?

"Well shit..." Alexei says when raising up again, never having expected to actually hear a voice. Wait, was that even a voice? It did sound organic. If he has to compare it to the closest matching sound he knows it would be... a whale? Yeah, the low sound a whale

makes. A bit like Lorelei but deeper. That would explain why Nerine can pick it up more easily.

“Are you sure these rumors are decades old?” he asks, getting a reply from Siera.

“My mom knew of these rumors and heard it herself when she went to school here.”

Alexei has heard by now of her mother Rumia. That is almost three decades ago, and those rumors already existed before then? This is getting eerie. But the girls aren’t about to stop now, with a mystery shining its charm on them, they are actually getting some of that lust for life back. But now what? Opening this grate is an option, but that’s going to take some effort. It has been welded shut so no students can fall in. No idea what technology or magic they used, but a different and probably easily smeltable material covers the grate on various locations. Trying to force it open with brute strength might work, like if Nerine tried with her tentacles and they all pulled together with her. But let’s not break shit before having tried other options. If something or someone is down there, they may not have gotten in through this well at all. How would there even be enough food or water down there?

“Nerine, were there any other locations where you could hear that same sound?”

Alexei is still weary of calling it a voice.

“Yeah, in the library. Very rarely, and like it comes from very far.”

Alexei stretches out his hand like a general giving marching orders to his troops.

“Very well then. To the library!”

He is genuinely starting to enjoy seeing his partners have some fun themselves, not wanting those faces filled with mystery and wonder to disappear any time soon.

Entering down the basement their path splits towards Oldor’s workshop and the library.

“Let’s start from furthest away and work our way towards the library,” he says, guiding them into a strange room that resembles a clock where the wizard’s workshop is located. “Look for anything strange or out of place.”

“Like a torch that is actually a handle to a secret door?” Sasha jokes out loud.

“Yeah, or a stone that can be pushed in,” he adds, half joking and half serious. This is a wizard’s dungeon after all, who knows what they have down here. “But stay close together.”

The clockwork room is quickly searched. Plenty of doors, some strange looking in design, but those shouldn't be what they are looking for. Besides, they are locked anyway. Plenty of torches in the hallway and some stonework that is inviting itself as a possible candidate for a secret switch to an even more secret door. But none end up being anything more than a regular sturdy rock or torch. Except for that one empty torch holder which came loose from the wall when Nerine pulled it a bit too hard with a tentacle, quickly placing it back with some nudging after an awkward look going "oops". Letting it stand there loosely for some unfortunate soul to get the blame when it falls out again.

Only the library itself left, but that is a large place with multiple floors. Which is the main reason why Alexei decided to search the adjacent hallway first.

"Okay, at least in pairs and yell when you find something."

That said, it's going to be a challenge to find anything in this library. At least there are only a couple people around so weird looks are kept to a minimum. Nerine is the only one who searches differently, placing her ear on a book case and slowly walking along it. The others are pulling on books at random or trying to awkwardly push into a case. But this place is so huge, it will be almost impossible to find some secret passage. Maybe opening that grate really is the only way to go.

Right as Alexei thinks that, he hears a voice calling for him. It's coming from Nerine. She is standing near the back of the library on its middle floor. This place of the library is abandoned of visitors. Holding the oldest of books in an archaic writing that most students consider boring since it is too far removed from vernacular. Nerine has her hand placed on a bookcase against the wall.

"I could hear it very faint from behind this case."

Alexei lets his hands glide over that bookcase including the ones right next to it, stopping to place his ear right where two of them connect.

"You're right, there is a cavity behind this door."

He is certain of it, not hearing anything like Nerine can, but having felt a draft flow against his ear. Only reasonable explanation is a passageway that has a connection to the outside being behind this bookcase, creating a draft. There has to be a way to get there, some door or sliding mechanism. Simply pushing or pulling on the case doesn't work.

There has to be a switch of some sort. Alexei tries some books on numerous shelves, pulling and pushing every single one but none do anything.

Wait, he is doing it wrong. If there is some mechanic, it is unlikely to be on the case covering this cavity and thus having to move somehow. It will likely be a bookcase or wall nearby. Looking around for anything that seems a good candidate, trying some and eventually noticing a particular book that is larger than the others. Grabbing it and pulling...

Nothing.

Pushing instead...

A clicking sound as the book slides backwards. With a loud dusty creaking, the middle bookcase shakes but doesn't move much. However, that little bit is enough to grab its edge and pull. No resistance this time and that bookcase turns open without much effort. All girls standing around Alexei, gasping when they see a dark hallway unfolding behind.

Alexei stares into it. This ghost hunt sure turned out a lot more involved and delivering on its namesake than he could have ever guessed. Not much is visible other than a straight hallway leading into pure darkness.

"Stairs leading down," Siera tells him.

When he looks at her, she points at her eye. Right, she can see better in darkness.

The girl wants to walk inside the hallway but Alexei stops her immediately.

"No, I will go. You girls will stay here and guard this door. Someone, go get a Master."

Serenia heads off to go get help. Alexei asking one of the remaining girls to get a torch as well, not going himself since he doesn't trust these curious children going off into the dark on their own while he is gone. Siera may be able to see better, but who knows what is down there, in addition to her being in late pregnancy. No way will he let a pregnant girl go down some shoddy and potentially slippery stone stairs leading into who knows where.

Grabbing a torch from Sasha who brought it, Alexei notices Sasha and Elenor are following him. He flicks his tongue. Those two aren't going to stay behind. He makes a quick gesture to Nerine to make sure the pregnant pair at least don't follow, even if she has to use her tentacles for it, getting an understanding nod in return.

“Stay behind me,” he warns the other two while going ahead. Thinking on whether he should have brought the gun, at least concealed.

This draft is pretty strong now that the hidden door is opened, wind howling through the narrow passage. Torch flickering wildly as a result. It probably won’t go out, but it does bother the flames enough to make lighting erratic.

“*Luma!*” he hears from behind him, a light shining from Elenor’s wand.

Oh yeah, that option exists too.

Elenor is holding her wand in the off-hand for some reason, having taken some sort of round object from her skirt pocket. It’s not very big, about the size of a large marble.

His attention returns to the floor ahead as he almost slips from the damp stairs leading down. Well, they searched for adventure, and they got one. The stairs stop and a large open cavity stretches out before them. Oldor once said this Academy has plenty of underground workshops and passages, and boy was he right. It even has secret passageways and halls, this one being so big it has four lines of tall pillars as support. This place has to be old, dust and cobwebs everywhere, probably unopened for a very long time.

A low sound comes from a hallway far ahead.

“The ghost...” Sasha whispers.

It’s that same whale-like sound he heard back from the well. A bit of light is coming in from above, that is where the well with grate on top is. No wonder it echoed when he called out. This place is huge.

“Stay close to me,” he warns the other two, really wishing right now these two would have stayed in the library. “If something happens, don’t hesitate and run back where we came from.”

Things will probably be fine, since nothing big can really live in here. How would something big even get in? Unless there is some other entrance. Besides, you never know, this is a world of magic after all. And small rodents might make it in regardless. Enough for a nasty bite.

Walking through the open hall they are about halfway when a strange sound becomes audible.

“What’s that?” Sasha asks, hearing it as well.

“Sounds like shuffling feet,” Alexei thinks out loud.

It’s moving around, coming from...

Alexei turns towards the pillar next to him.

“Whoa!” he yells out loud, swiping his torch forward.

A large black centipede has crawled down the pillar and seems particularly interested in these newcomers to its lair, its pincher jaws slashing towards fire of the torch. The black creep is about the length of Alexei himself, which is more than enough to be plenty dangerous. Thankfully, its instinctual fear of fire is preventing the wiggling creature from getting closer.

Alexei waves the fire before his opponent, holding his free arm out wide next to him to try and shield both girls behind. Damn it, he told them to run when something happened! Why aren’t they running yet?!

“Don’t breathe!” Elenor yells out.

Alexei looks from the corner of his eyes at the girl who is holding that same sphere in her hands she had earlier, raising it for a throw.

“What are you?!” he wants to ask what she is doing, but Elenor yells out her same warning not to breathe again and throws that object.

The sphere misses the centipede and hits a pillar right above its head, a sort of smoke or vapor is billowing around where it cracked, enveloping the creature.

“Step back!” Elenor yells out, causing Alexei to respond by quickly getting back with Sasha. Fire in his torch dimming quickly and going out completely from coming into contact with that cloud. Only light of Elenor’s wand remaining.

The creature starts squirming around violently. Its attention completely gone from these three intruders in its lair, trying to run off with a panic while making erratic movements, eventually falling from the pillar to wildly twist and turn in place on the ground. Like it is struggling against an unseen foe. Then it falls silent laying upside down, its numerous legs cramping together.

“It’s... dead?” Alexei tries to grasp what happened, hearing cheers from Elenor right next to him.

“See that?! I took it down!”

Alexei scans the area, but there don't seem to be any other of those things around. Focusing his attention to Elenor.

"What was that?"

The girl has a rush of victory going through her, but still keeping distance from that creepy crawly.

"That's what my dad made!" she answers with pride, searching in a pocket of her skirt and picking out another. "I have one more. They are against fire or for self-defense."

Sasha asks how it works, but Alexei has figured it out already. That's why she told them not to breathe. These are like fire-hydrant grenades. Such things exist back on Earth too, the first ones being developed as early as 1870. They douse fire by releasing a chemical that has an effect like denying it any oxygen. Depending on the chemicals used inside, they can be quite dangerous when breathed in, as demonstrated here by this centipede. Elenor's father being an alchemist who is developing these spherical tools... or weapons, depending how they are used.

"Don't drop it, okay?" Alexei doesn't feel all that comfortable with Elenor holding another one.

"It won't break from simply dropping. Needs a good hard throw for safety."

Alexei doesn't want to spend too long in this dark hall and moves on, as they are close to the hallway that is their destination. At the end of that hallway stands a single door. Grabbing its handle, he breathes in. Hoping they had their share of vermin for one day. As the door slowly creeps open, Alexei makes sure he is situated first to go in, taking a step inside and...

Stopping at a strange sight. There is a single creature with its back towards him, slowly turning around. A face with two eyes looking straight into his own. Elenor raises the other sphere to throw it, but Alexei stops her by raising his hand. This creature seems to be made out of mud, with the strange effect of it constantly running down and getting sucked up again at the bottom. Like it is keeping some sort of stable form by disintegrating and reshaping itself non-stop. As it turns around, it looks like a girl. She cannot stand and is simply dragging herself over the floor, one hand occasionally held out to Alexei, then another crawl forward. Dragging both legs over the ground, legs of mud that seem to be

fused by more mud, constantly melting while reforming. Her mouth opens and that whale-like sound they tracked all the way down to this room is coming out.

“Stay at the door,” Alexei tells the others, while he takes two steps inside, taking some distance from both girls. Unsure on whether this being is a threat or not, but his intuition is telling him to calm down, that this strange being is not harmful. Her face certainly doesn’t seem to contain any malice. Still, he remembers examples like that mantrap. Looks can be deceiving. But the way she moves and reaches out to him, that low sound she makes, that weird expression on her face... It is filling him with a strange feeling.

Pity.

She is stretching out her hand again, fingers reaching out as far they can, touching his own. Holding his hand and placing the side of her cheek against it, like asking to be caressed. Now Alexei understands where that feeling of pity came from, and what that weird look was on her face. Of course... These rumors are at least thirty years old. This poor lifeform of mud has somehow lived inside a tiny enclosed space for thirty years... That was the look of a girl who is finally seeing another living being after living here all alone for such a long time.

“Oh my...” a voice comes from behind Elenor and Sasha. It is Tudor, who has arrived after Serenia warned him about the secret passage.

An hour has passed inside this small room. Alexei has that weird girl all over him, who is constantly playing and asking for attention with her typical slow and gentle mannerisms. While she may be all mud, strangely and fortunately his clothes aren’t getting dirty at all. She constantly melts onto his clothes, but every single molecule gets sucked up again by her body straight after.

Elenor and Sasha are sitting at the side. Oldor and Sato have by now come to take a look as well, having heard of that mysterious door in the library. Sato standing guard now at the library entrance to ensure no curious students go in, and having informed that trio of Nerine, Serenia and Siera not to worry about the others. Oldor has by now searched this entire hall for any further possible threats, of which there were none remaining, being quite curious how a novice like Elenor could best such a dangerous creature as that dead

centipede. Lamenting how such a majestic animal had to die, but that she made the right choice by using her peculiar self-defense weapon. That guy sure has some odd taste in animals.

Alexei looks around some more while getting showered with attention. This room is pretty small. Remains of an old magic circle are drawn on the floor. Not much else other than one peculiar detail. There is a large bundle of dust partially covered by an old set of clothes, what looks to be a similar fancy outfit to what Tudor is wearing.

“Fascinating,” the Headmaster thinks out loud, busy reading the only book found in this room. A diary. “I have a good idea what happened now. Most intriguing.”

He sits down in front of that large pile of dust, a nostalgic look on his face.

“So this is where you went, you old geezer. A magnificent Grandmaster till the very end.”

He is touching that outfit as if paying respects to some old acquaintance. Then Tudor goes to sit next to Sasha and Elenor while beginning to explain what he learned through that diary.

“When I was only a student in this Academy, a long time ago, there was one individual I looked up to like no other. The Headmaster of this Academy.”

He goes on to describe this individual as a Grandmaster with a reputation like no other. The greatest there ever was and founder of this prestigious institute. Until one day he mysteriously disappeared, never to be seen or heard from again. That happened shortly after misfortune had struck this Academy and its Headmaster. His young granddaughter who had an illness that could not be cured had drowned in the river. Suicide to escape her condition of suffering. As cruel fate decided it, the Headmaster himself being the one to discover his own granddaughter’s corpse.

“I remember it like only yesterday, such a sad day, to see that man I looked up to so much, suffer and break down into tears. As infallible he may have seemed, he too was a mortal man like all of us.”

Alexei and Sasha are each having their own thoughts on how to relate to this incident. One having experienced the sight of a drowned girl himself, which had a serious effect on his life, the other almost having ended up as such a corpse if not for a certain scylla.

“That was when our Headmaster secluded himself, taking her dead body with him... And that was the last day we saw him.”

He looks towards that pile of dust on the ground.

“Until today...”

“So is this girl...?” Alexei wonders about the muddy lifeform clinging to him, guessing she must be at least related to that granddaughter, possible even be her.

Tudor goes on with his explanation.

“That circle you see there is one you will never find in any book or scroll, for it is a circle that should not exist.”

“Resurrection?” Alexei guesses.

“Aye, that is what it was made to do. A forbidden magic, using the body of his dead granddaughter combined with a magic circle underneath, interacting with a powerful source of energy and a component of equivalent exchange.”

“What could provide so much energy?” Oldor wonders, having listened to his story.

According to Tudor, its source lies inside this mud girl, as her heart so to speak. A crystalized form of magical energy. The main research project this previous Headmaster had spent years on trying to make a reality. Condensing fairy powder into its theoretical smallest form possible and creating a single shard infused with massive amounts of energy.

“Everybody called it impossible... And yet here we see the result.”

“What happened to him?” Sasha asks.

Tudor points at the pile of dust with a Headmaster’s toga partially covered.

“Equivalent exchange. Main reason why this form of magic is forbidden. To create life, you must first take life.”

“So this is his granddaughter?” Sasha continues asking.

“No. He should have known himself, and probably did deep inside, that the end result would never be his lost granddaughter. After all, it is impossible to bring back the dead.”

Alexei bites on his lip. For a short instant he had faint hope for those he lost.

“Look at her, she is alive for sure, and her source may have been a human body, but she certainly isn’t human.”

She can't even speak properly and doesn't seem to have much of an advanced intellect. In that light this strange girl is closer to a norn or mantrap.

"But in a certain sense, she still is a daughter of his," Tudor adds.

"How long until her core runs out?" Oldor asks him.

"Impossible to say. It lasted for so long already, maybe it will outlast all of us, or maybe it will cease tomorrow."

Her "father" must have already been preparing for the inevitable demise of his granddaughter, using all resources available as Headmaster to secure vast amounts of fairy powder and continuously infusing it into a single shard. Preparing for that fateful day he would exchange one life for another. How much he managed to infuse and how long it will last is unknown.

"For now, we can't leave this poor creature in here. I'll be leaving her in your care," Tudor addresses Alexei.

"Why me?"

"Because you were the first person she ever witnessed. You are the one she imprinted on."

Alexei wants to ask for clarification. Imprinted? What? But Tudor is already putting it into words he can understand.

"Thinking about a name might be a good idea, because *you* are her father now."

"Yana," Alexei thinks out loud, looking for approval from his assembled harem. They are all inside their bedroom after bringing the girl of mud here. They will look after her now, as part of their family. All girls very curious about this weird newcomer and falling over each other to get to play with her. One other individual present who normally never enters this room, that being Tudor.

"Yana is a Russian name, my native country. It doesn't mean anything inappropriate in any language over here?" Alexei asks him, just to be sure he didn't call his newest addition to the family by a regrettable name.

"No, not that I'm aware of. Yana it is then. I will fill out her paperwork. She needs to be properly added to our administrative registry after all." Tudor then makes an apologetic

gesture. “My apologies for how this turned out so sudden. I hope it is not too much of a bother, but we don’t have any other options here.”

Tudor tried to interact with Yana, but she doesn’t seem all that interested in any adult other than Alexei, the man she first met. Theorizing that the magic circle must have “programmed” her to imprint a bond with the first adult in sight who could be a proper caretaker. Children on the other hand she seems to accept straight away.

Alexei doesn’t particularly mind. If he was told about this half a year ago, he would have considered it utterly absurd to not only believe a story like this, but the mere fact he would simply accept such a preposterous notion that some weird lifeform of mud would be so easily added as a natural part of his life. He doesn’t really understand it himself. Is she replacing a gap in his heart, left behind by loss of life precious to him? Or is this world starting to rub off, making its magical and mystical happenings nothing more than a normal part of day to day life? Was it that pity he felt when understanding the plight of this girl down in that well, all alone for decades, which makes him so easily accept her? Or is she another anchor to this world where he doesn’t understand half of what is possible while the other half is filled with mystery, ensuring he never has to go back permanently to that spiritless, soulless machine of a society that is Earth? He doesn’t know and it doesn’t really matter either. That scene of his partners playing with Yana is enough proof that whatever motivation may have been involved, he made the right choice in accepting her. Or differently said, even if his initial motivation was one of selfish desires at its core, right now he is driven by a genuine caring for the wellbeing of this child now known as Yana.

“So does that mean I have a sister now?” Sasha asks her father while curiously brushing her hand through that mud-shaped long “hair” of her new sibling. Alexei shrugs it off by raising his shoulders with an amused smile, hinting she has no choice but to accept it.

“Then who would be older sister here?” she adds the all-important follow-up question.

“Good question... Technically Yana would be but...” This is a hard matter to decide on. Technically Yana is far older, but look at her, she is practically a toddler in behavior. “I guess you could be older sister? Yeah, let’s settle with that.”

Sasha is pleased at her father's conclusion. Older sister has a nice ring to it, makes her seem wise and mature.

Tudor gets up from the chair he was using and decides to leave Alexei's family so they can get to know their new member in private. They have an agreement that the Academy won't really bother them as long as a diary is kept on her life and presented once in a while. Habits, quirks and things like that. Yana is a unique lifeform after all, nothing is known about her so there is much to learn. Alexei was fine with such a condition, as long as no experiments were going to be performed. Saying if he is to be a father to her, he will act like one as well and protect his newest daughter from any mistreatment by any means necessary. Getting assurance from Tudor things would never get to that point.

With the Headmaster gone, Alexei observes Yana playing with Serenia. Like down in that hidden basement, she is constantly melting. An imperfection in the method used to revive her, or create, since this is not the dead person she is based on. Those dead are gone forever, that is by far the harshest bit to swallow out of this entire day.

Yana is obviously nude with a clear outline of a flat girl around the other's age. Clear but smudged together at the same time, easily demonstrated each time she moves an arm, causing its mud to separate from her main body, and fusing back to it once bringing that same arm back. "Fascinating," Tudor described her as, and that is about the right term. Not a single bit of it smudging on the floor and carpet she is sitting on. Even parts that fully separate from her main body, like pieces she drips on the floor when holding out a hand, simply run back with absolute perfection to her main body, like liquid metal attracted by a powerful magnet. Yana would make for an excellent blockbuster villain if she didn't have that harmless expression and mannerisms.

Alexei joins the others, Yana holding out both arms for a hug, rubbing her head against his chest like a pet greeting its owner. Her lifespan is a complete mystery, like basically everything else, but that doesn't bother him much. You cannot live life while fearing tomorrow. Even if it were to end the next day, she at least got out of that lonely basement and had this moment, as short as it would have been. These last months have more than demonstrated exactly how fragile life really is, always followed one step behind by death,

ready to catch up at any moment without a single notice, as it one day inevitably will. But is it not exactly that fragility which gives life value?

The next morning Alexei wakes up covered in mud. Lingering sleep instantly leaves his mind.

“Yana?”

Some fidgeting around his legs causes a breath of relief.

Good... She is fine. Only sleeping. For a moment he had thought Yana had turned into a puddle of mud and was no longer alive. Looks like her form gets a bit less firm when sleeping. Didn't she get to sleep on the carpet last night? They tried to get her in bed, but she always got back to the ground. No surprise with what she is used to. Turns out Yana must have snuck on top during the middle of night.

Her head lifts up slowly and looks at her new father.

“Go back to sleep, it's still early,” he whispers. Patting on her head as the girl lays it down again against his chest. Yana is strangely warm for basically being a mud elemental. It appears she has a functional sense of touch as well, as shown whenever she gets caressed. In addition, a sense of pleasure and pain seems also present, which would make sense if one can properly feel. How would that even work without nerves and synapses? Best not think about it. With a large crystalized piece of wonder acting as a beating heart, magic is the only answer necessary. And perhaps some things are simply better left as an eternal mystery.

“So this is what your father made?” Sasha asks to Elenor, playing around with that one remaining sphere.

“Yup. He has his own alchemy lab, biggest in the country.”

Sasha lifts it up and tries to look through that sphere by holding it in front of a light source.

“Ooh, I can see smoke inside when it shakes.”

When trying to give it back to Elenor, her friend declines taking it.

“You can keep it. I’ll get more next month anyway,” leaning closer to Sasha to keep her next statement between themselves. “Since you’re the adventurous type, might be useful one day.”

Elenor knows of course about Sasha’s nightly excursions outside the Academy, something that hasn’t happened since Coco’s death, this being Elenor’s way of stating she hopes things go back the way they were. Sasha accepting both gift and underlying emotions behind said gift while peering into the sphere some more.

Alexei knocks on Sato’s door. The first bit of time he has since visiting the Gate encampment. Either his harem was around, or he had to teach classes, or Sato had to. Finally he can have a good man - to - man talk without anyone interfering.

Sato opens the door and instantly shows a grimace, trying to hide his discomfort immediately after. Wanting to ask Alexei what he can do for him, but not getting an opportunity since his uninvited guest already puts a hand on the door and pushes it open further, walking in himself.

“I’m only here for a little chat, that’s all. I’m sure you don’t mind,” Alexei says emotionless.

He walks around the room and lets his eyes glide over every nook and cranny, not even trying to hide he is looking at every little detail. Then Alexei shows a certain object in his hand to the nervous Sato, not looking the Japanese man into his eyes as he keeps scanning this room for any oddities, while simultaneously making sure that figure of Sato doesn’t leave the corner of his eyes.

“Remember this?”

Sato looks at the object and recognizes it instantly. “A talisman?”

Alexei grabs the curtain dividing Sato’s workshop from the rest of his room and swoops it open.

“I’ve heard you played a significant role in crafting this thing.”

Sato raises his hands defensively, stuttering in his reply.

“It... It was an accident, remember? Tudor said so. She dropped it... When I heard the news, it shocked me too.”

Sato shuts up straight after, frozen in place, a pair of eyes quickly having shifted to him and glaring in anger at what he said. Sato is “shocked” at that news? How dare he insinuate that is somehow at an equal level?

“O... Obviously not as shocked as you... I mean...” Sato stops his attempts at trying to show empathy as anything he says on that topic will only make it worse. Alexei suppressing his anger and getting back to his purpose here.

“I didn’t ask about an accident or whatever, I asked what your role was in making this trash.”

“I helped out, yeah. That’s true.”

Alexei continues his observation, looking over all wooden figurines and tools used.

“How did you help?”

“I designed the mold prototype. You know, I have a woodworking and metallurgy background,” with Sato going back into defensive mode immediately after. “There is nothing wrong with it. One of our gate guards can attest to it, he encountered a werewolf that night. These talismans worked fine!”

That’s one piece of useful information and easily verifiable as well by simply asking those guards. Making Alexei conclude he is probably speaking truth about the guard’s encounter and the other talismans were indeed working properly, further pushing the angle these “accidents” are specifically targeted.

“Really, you can ask them yourself. They all work!” Sato insists.

“Not this one. Do you know why?” Alexei turns around to Sato and asks him.

“N... No?”

Alexei raises his hand and throws the talisman before Sato’s feet.

“Because this is not even fucking SILVER!!”

With a dull sound the object drops down and flings itself against Sato’s leg, the man himself cowering.

“What do you mean?” he asks meekly.

Alexei places his arm on the workbench of Sato and swipes his tools onto the ground.

“It’s a FAKE! You call yourself a metallurgist, why don’t you check for yourself?!”

Sato hesitates on what he is supposed to do, but then decides to slowly lower himself and pick up that small slab of metal. Observing the object closely. It is his design alright, that much is obvious by the fox girl emblem on one side. Everything else looks fine visually as well.

“The sheen is off...” he murmurs.

Sato places the talisman next to his ear and taps the metal with a knuckle, trying to bend it afterwards. “I... I don’t understand. We used silver.”

“Where and how was this made?” Alexei tempers his attitude back to seemingly emotionless.

“We used Tudor’s furnace, Oldor and I. Oh and Tudor was there too since it’s his furnace to begin with. Only one in the Academy that reaches minimum necessary temperature required. It’s a very simply process really. Melting blocks of silver, most were old talismans, sprinkling in some fairy dust and pouring that liquid silver into a mold. That’s it. All done in a day’s work.”

Alexei gives a hard to misunderstand expression to Sato. He is disappointed at the information provided.

“Look, I’m sure you understand everyone involved is under most suspicion here. You’ll have to give me a better argument to ease my mind,” he steps closer to Sato and looks him straight in the eyes, starting to speak with almost a friendly tone, but filled with underlying threat. “See, all I want is to have a personal little talk with whoever made this counterfeit, that’s all. A good heart to heart, you understand?”

Sato nods tensely while Alexei continues, his tone turning into a confidential whispering.

“But I need to know who it is, but for that I need information, or I might end up picking the wrong person to blame. And that would be such a shame now, wouldn’t it?”

“I... I understand.”

“Good man. Now could you give me something more? Anything that could help scrap you off my list of suspects?”

Sato thinks hard, coming up with an answer.

“Alchemists! Anyone with an alchemist bench in this Academy could have done it.”

Alexei tilts his head with a sigh in disappointment. Like he is saying Sato is going to have to do better than that. Practically every wizard in this Academy has one of those.

“Look, I’ll show you!” Sato insists.

Alexei steps back and gestures his hand for Sato to not waste time and get to this showing part. The man slowly reaches out for his tools that got shoved on the ground earlier.

“I need my tools... To cut off a small corner of the talisman.”

Alexei takes some distance, but keeps his eyes focused on Sato and the objects in his hands. Using a chisel and hammer, he chips off a corner from the soft metal with a couple heavy slams.

“I think I know what metal this is,” he says.

Opening a shelf underneath his desk he starts rummaging inside, taking out some small cylindrical object and holding it close to the chipped off corner. With a light metallic sound that triangle connects to the cylinder.

“Magnetic, as I thought. Silver isn’t by the way.”

He walks to the side of his workspace and activates a small furnace.

“It will take some time to heat.”

“I’ve got time,” Alexei replies, leaning himself against the opposite wall while crossing arms, waiting in silence while not letting his eyes dwell from Sato or that little triangle.

...

The furnace is heated and Sato lets the chipped off triangle fall into a small scale above the fire. Sato keeps his vision on a thin object behind the scale as temperatures build up.

“See?! I was right!” he suddenly beckons Alexei to come take a look.

Cautiously, the Russian man steps closer and looks at the apparatus. That triangle is quickly starting to melt inside the scale.

“Look, see? Two hundred and thirty two degrees. That’s its melting point.”

Alexei can see it on the thin object which turns out to be a thermometer.

“It’s tin,” Sato proclaims. “Possibly with an extra coat of paint over it to help mask the difference. Doubtful there is any fairy powder in it either, but I’m no expert on that.”

“So what would you conclude?” Alexei asks him.

“Silver requires a bigger furnace that can reach almost a thousand degrees. Only Tudor’s can do that. But every alchemy bench like this one can reach the smelting point of tin easily.”

Sato raises his hands defensively once more.

“We had nothing to do with this. This got crafted in someone’s personal workshop. Anyone could have stolen our mold, it was openly available once we were done with it.”

Alexei sighs.

“Alright then, I’ll be going. I’m sure this talk stays between us?”

Sato doesn’t stop nodding like he is one of those bobble-head toys.

Alexei raises his hand towards the man behind him and walks out, closing the door once having left.

Sato lets out all air from his lungs and begins to check the couple figurines that fell on the ground when Alexei swooped his desk.

No damage.

Then he picks up his tools and a white piece of cloth rolled around a work in progress.

A simple four-legged wooden cow.

Entering his room, Alexei greets Yana who is crawling towards him, petting her on the head.

“Yeah, you’re a good girl.”

It’s like Yana recognizes that expression on Alexei’s stern mug as filled with disappointment, trying to cheer him up with her presence. And disappointed he is. Why is this rotten scum behind these murders not even making the smallest of mistakes? He had hopes finding out some information on the crafting of that fake would lead to an oversight, a sloppy mistake, but it didn’t. In the end nothing has changed. This culprit was smart enough to use a type of metal that can’t point to anyone in particular. It were so much easier if he had used something that could only be used on Tudor’s furnace. Whoever is behind this knows what he is doing. His successes while covering all tracks are too consistent to be pure luck. But even the greatest mastermind criminal makes a mistake at

some point. For now Alexei will have to content himself with writing down what he learned in his private talk with Sato. A pen flowing over another new document to add to his growing pile. Looking over them afterwards to help calm himself from the emotional outburst that happened in Sato's room. He lost control there for an instant, that shouldn't be allowed to happen again. He can't afford to be the one who ends up making a mistake.

Another deep breath while placing down a document. Finally some sense of calmness again. Looking over to the carpet where Yana has been playing with plushy toys belonging to the other girls for about an hour now. No problem if she does. It's actually somewhat easing on his mind to see those who lost their owner getting some actual use again.

Raising up from his chair he heads towards the wardrobe and stretches out for a hidden roll of cloth laying on top. Once reaching it, Alexei takes it to his desk, sliding the chair further back and sitting on it once more while beginning to unfurl that cloth. A metal shining in the afternoon sun becoming visible.

The Heckler & Koch USP.

It's not exactly a new design, but that is all the better. Means it has been tried and tested by time, found to be reliable and performing in its duty. Alexei checks every part of the gun in detail, disassembling some parts and putting them back in place. The muzzle is clean, cocking hammer works perfect, magazine comes out instantly on command, basically a piece in excellent condition. There is a rail underneath its barrel for a laser scope, but a laser itself is not included. No need for that either. He had plenty of mandatory training hours with handguns to have confidence in his marksmanship.

He places down the handgun with magazine clip still in his hand and starts to remove the bullets. Counting and checking each before placing them all one by one into the clip again. Slamming it into the gun and taking aim at nowhere in particular. Removing the clip again afterwards and rolling it combined with the handgun back into its cloth wrapping. Placing his deadly but trusty package where it was on the wardrobe.

Sitting down, Alexei notices Yana has been observing with keen interest. No big deal if he was her object of attention during his gun check. Yana can't speak and doesn't even understand what a gun is. Neither can she reach the top of this wardrobe, unable to even

stand on her legs. It's the others that he doesn't want to be in the know on what lays hidden. Curiosity might drive them to play around with it behind his back, which could spell disaster.

Yana is crawling towards him and reaching out.

"Bored of playing?"

Finally, some peace of mind again. Writing down that gained information, followed by disassembling and reassembling a handgun, made him feel serene again. A confidence having returned that things will find a proper conclusion soon enough.

Yana pushes her head against the inside of his leg to caress him. A low whale-like sound filling the room.

"I know. I'm feeling much better now, don't worry."

He lets his hand flow over the hair on her head. It's not actually hair at all, completely made out of some compound of mud heated up to around body temperature, but it doesn't feel bad at all. A bit more wet to the touch, that's all.

"Thankfully you're a magical wonder, or my clothes would need a thorough washing right now."

Alexei looks towards the window where some owl-like animal is flying off. He simply stares through its glass at the afternoon sky while petting Yana. A strong nostalgia having awakened from thoughts that went through his head right now. Reminiscing about when his clothes got stained with norn nectar, something that happened more than once when fooling around with Layla. Good times. If only he could go back to that moment, before any of those tragedies happened.

A warm touch gliding over his crotch draws his attention to the girl sitting with her head between his legs. A hand touching him at an intimate spot.

"Yana, that's a sensitive spot. I appreciate your affection, but how about showing it somewhere else?"

Yana doesn't listen however, not that she could even understand his words. Alexei figures out that she must have seen him last night while getting plenty of love from his harem. Elenor did take place between both legs similarly like this to play around with her

favorite Popsicle. Well, of course Yana saw it, not noticing would have been the bigger challenge.

“Yana, seriously. You’re going to get me turned on.”

Actually, it’s already too late for that. The girl is now pushing her head between his legs curiously trying to find what Elenor was playing with the night before.

Alexei looks at this girl playing around, starting to wonder how it would even feel to do anything sexual with someone like this. The thought of mud by itself isn’t a particularly enticing one, but she is alive, warm and has an actual body out of it, as structurally unstable it may seem. How would it even work? Yana does have a mouth, so that could work. But what about down there? Physically her body does imitate the outer appearance of a girl’s vagina at the age that granddaughter she is based on must have been. Her insides however remain a complete mystery, if she even has those.

But finding out does sound enticing.

“Want to try the Popsicle?” he asks, knowing that waiting for an answer is futile. Getting a happy stare in return.

“Alright, let’s try this.”

He unbuttons his pants and pulls them down, the girl getting more excited when seeing a rod between his legs. There it is, that same object she witnessed doing various lewd things to young innocent children. Well, lewd and various at least, the innocent part can be excluded.

Yana looks closely at that erect penis right in front of her, not a single bit of shame or shyness to be found in her body or mind. Only curiosity. A warm smudgy touch gripping around his shaft as the ever - melting girl touches it.

“Not too hard okay?” Alexei says softly, hoping she doesn’t start squeezing with superhuman strength in ignorance. Getting some confidence that won’t happen from her plushy friends who were a previous target of affection and are all still perfectly fine.

“Yeah that’s it, move your hand around,” he lets her know through tone of voice whether she is doing right or wrong. Mere words will never reach her, but raw emotion will.

The stroking feeling is getting enjoyable, making his shaft get fully erect and a small bit of pre-cum starting to leak out. Yana peering at it with high interest while opening her mouth and closing it repeatedly, unsure what to do.

Alexei holds her head and nudges it closer.

“Want to taste it? Just open your mouth.”

As he nudges her mouth against his tip, he can feel the warm dripping feeling of melting lips. Her mouth opening and the girl moving forward herself to take it in. A strange feeling flowing through Alexei’s cock as it is the first penis ever to get oral loving from an earth elemental.

Yana licks it with her tongue and lets her mouth hug around it as she closes her jaws, pressure being put onto the rod of meat while not harming it since even those jaws are a soft smudgy shape that easily forms itself to fit. Alexei wants to push her head further over his shaft, but is unsure how deep it can go. Nobody in his harem is capable of taking its full length into their mouths. Considering Yana is a similar age in body, it shouldn’t be able to either. But he is wrong on that account. The girl is moving further forward and takes its entire length with ease, letting a warm mushy feeling flow over the surface of his cock. Alexei can feel he is pushing into the back of her throat, and there lies the secret why she could take him completely. Her throat simply shapes itself to match what pokes into it.

No need to worry whether Yana herself is okay with this, or in any way harmed. By now he can recognize from subtle tonal changes in her voice if she is happy or not, and this low gentle tone right now is definitely the former. Moving her head forth and back like polishing with care and love, letting go once to look up at her new father and noticing he is plenty pleased with her efforts. Making her mouth go wide open again with happiness, a warm smudginess enveloping his cock once more immediately after. A palm of Alexei’s hand touching her cheek as indication she is doing great.

So far so good, this type of sexual play her body is perfectly capable of.

“Want to try something different?” Alexei asks her, getting into the mood for more himself.

Yana tilts her head while smiling innocently, looking curiously when noticing Alexei is taking off his clothes.

“Let’s see how well this goes,” he prays for success when putting an arm underneath her legs and another behind her back, about to lift Yana. Unsure if that is even possible with her weird body. Quite possibly, she will simply fall through his arms and reassemble on the ground. But this will be a good test on exactly how firm she can hold that body.

Yes, a test, definitely not purely in hopes of some more sexual fun... definitely.

Or so he fools himself when putting strength in his arms and lifting. Arms sinking into a squishy warm weight, but almost miraculously he can lift her up without issues. Sure, bits and pieces fell off, but those are already tingling his legs as they are crawling up to reattach themselves to the girl in his arms.

“You are one crazy weird existence.”

Sitting down on his chair, he lets Yana sit sideways on his lap. Fewer pieces fell down in the process of sitting than during lifting, like she can adapt her own density at will and has understood she needs to increase it to stay in his arms.

“That wasn’t too bad,” a bit heavier than the fully pregnant Siera, which was to be expected from a being made out of mud, but nothing he can’t handle.

The side of her upper body is nudging into him as Yana immediately comes to cuddle like the affectionate bundle of love she is. Her legs have partially sunk over Alexei’s, but keeping enough density to not sink deeper.

“Right, now up you go for a little bit,” he repositions the girl so his penis can slide underneath her, aiming for his tip to touch her pussy when lowering. With this amount of smudginess, it should be pretty easy to find at least some place to poke into. An airtight sucking of her melting body grasping around his tip when he lowers Yana, feeling a shifting density all around it guide his cock to the right spot. The girl sliding down and covering his shaft entirely.

A difference has become clear straight away. It was already known that Yana could feel basic emotions like pleasure and sadness, but now it has been proven this peculiar child is also capable of feeling sexual impulses. The look on her face has changed. While before there was only a basic genuine happiness and desire to please, now that face shows the same kind of lust Alexei has come to recognize easily from any of his other partners. Furthermore, she has started moving her hips in random positions, but quickly learns that

moving them up and down is most pleasing. Drippy arms holding onto Alexei to move her body to the raw impulse of sexual drift.

“That’s it, good girl,” Alexei encourages her, thoroughly enjoying the great workout of Yana sinking onto his cock over and over again. Letting one of his hands plop onto her flat chest, playing around with tiny boobs of mud and a little nipple that crumbles under his pressure while reshaping itself nearly instantly. This area too is stimulating the girl in ways neither she nor her partner were aware of as possible. Yana is experiencing her first man, her first time of having sex, and she is not even the slightest bit aware what sex even is. Shoving a dripping melting pussy over a hot hunk of hard meat while only knowing she wants more of this blissful feeling welling up. Raising her head to seek increased intimate contact with this man she is deeply connected with. Unable to speak her affection with recognizable words or even the comfort of a warm breath, but doing so instead by placing her face into the side of his neck and ever slightly caressing.

Her vagina is one unlike any other in feel, a thought not unusual in this weird world. What is unusual is Alexei being the first ever in this world’s entire history to experience the delights a child like this has to offer. Constant yet unpredictably shifting stimulation provided by a tunnel that is caving in non-stop in a sugary thick flow, a tunnel made entirely out of warm melting pussy, while getting continuously reconstructed to let its smutty comforts never end.

Does she have a womb? Can Yana have children? So many questions that do not have an answer readily available. Answers that will have to be sought over time and at least some might be answered by what is happening right now on this chair.

Yana’s body is starting to drip more and more as the girl gets closer to that sought for height of bliss, increasingly unable to maintain form anywhere other than her main body. Grinding her hips over his cock at a faster speed, shoving her crotch into his with greater force than she ever exhibited in everyday activities, including those many decades down in that basement. Every time her smudgy cheeks plop down onto his lap, a wet splatting sound reverberating in Alexei’s ears.

Alexei can't resist the stimulation of this virgin pussy any longer and presses Yana down onto his lap, a rush of pleasure running through his mind and body as her tunnel changes its density like a rolling wave, stroking the entire shaft and head cradled inside.

Where his cum is shooting into, he has no idea, but it certainly is gushing forth with a repeating throbbing inside Yana's body. The girl actually starting to melt in his arms from all bodily functions being focused purely on maintaining an orgasm for as long as possible.

...

Alexei breathes heavily while feeling his grip loosening as her physical cohesiveness weakens, starting to panic at what might be happening, but feeling relief under the lingering afterglow of ecstasy when noticing her body is suddenly shifting to getting firmer again. Various muddy pieces that fell on the floor already crawling up once more.

"Sheesh, don't scare me like that," he says while pulling her head to his chest to let Yana get some rest.

What a truly strange girl.

CHAPTER 19



Motherhood

A pair of pregnant children are inside the medical ward, getting a health checkup by Master Oldor. They are Serenia and Siera, accompanied by the man they share their bed with and his oldest daughter, Alexei and Sasha.

“How are they doing?” Alexei asks, always worried during these regular checks.

Oldor removes his stethoscope-like device from his ear and replies with the assurance of a smile.

“They are both in perfect health. That goes for mother and child. Good heartbeat, urine and vaginal fluid analysis with no abnormalities at all,” Oldor points his stethoscope to Siera. “Won’t be long now and she will give birth. I’d estimate six days from now, maybe seven.”

Alexei is relieved to hear that estimate. In Earth days, that would be Saturday or Sunday. He should be back from his trip past the Gate by then.

“Want to know what sex the child is?” he asks, getting a reply from Siera herself already.

“I want a surprise!”

Alexei raises his shoulders at Oldor. “There you have it, a surprise.”

“You can really tell all that from a little dish and some tools?” Serenia asks him, intrigued by the entire process.

“Most assuredly. Well, in your case it is still too soon to get a clear conclusion on it being a boy or girl. But these kind of tests can teach us plenty of things. Sex, health, species, even who the father is, but I’m sure you would know some of those yourself already.”

He places down the stethoscope and gets off his seat.

“Alright then, you two are free to go. And I’ll be seeing you specifically next week for the big day,” Oldor winks to Siera, getting an excited response in return.

Before leaving, Alexei thanks the wizard for this routine checkup.

“You sure take a lot of jobs in this Academy.”

Oldor shrugs. “It keeps a man busy. What else is there to do in this place? Lots of people have romanticized views on Academy life, but not every day is filled with research and experiments you know? Without diversions like these, life here would honestly get boring fast.”

As Alexei leaves with his pregnant girls while supporting Siera, one person stays behind inside the medical ward.

“What’s the matter?” Oldor asks Sasha once the others have left.

She remains silent for a bit, gathering thoughts while the wizard patiently waits.

“They both sure are happy... about becoming a mother,” she begins to speak.

“Of course they are, giving life is the greatest gift that we are bestowed with. And while it comes with plenty of responsibilities and sleepless nights at first, I know no parent who ever regretted becoming a parent.”

“My... My mo...” Sasha wants to talk about her mother, but she still can’t get that word over her lips.

“Your mother was an exception?”

Sasha nods in silence, making Oldor rub over his stubbed chin as he tries to find the right reply.

“Think about it this way. Exceptions only exist because there is a norm.”

Then he points to Sasha by poking her on the shoulder.

“And you will certainly become a part of that norm, especially if becoming a good mother is already on your mind. Think of your past experiences as an example of what not to become and you will do perfectly fine.”

Sasha’s eyes widen, having found more than what she expected in Oldor’s words.

“If I may ask, what changed for you to be troubled by this matter only now? Could it be you are pregnant? Or perhaps...”

Sasha shakes her head and gestures that is not the case.

“No, that’s not it. It was merely on my mind after seeing the others, that’s all.”

“Hmm,” Oldor mumbles, stopping Sasha as she gets up to follow her family.

“Oh, one more thing. Our Academy has received an official report that there is a potential mimic terrorizing town.”

“A mimic?” Sasha asks, curious what that might be. The word terrorizing doesn’t make it sound all that nice.

“Yes, a mimic. A dangerous foul beast with the power to deceive your eyes. It tends to prey specifically on young girls, particularly when they are fertile,” Oldor gets up from his seat and places his examination tools back where they belong. “The report only suspects a possibility of one being around, so it is too early for spreading panic. But I just wanted to let you know, considering it wouldn’t be the first time you sneak out at night.”

“I’ll be careful,” Sasha replies, leaving his office. Aware that Oldor may have guessed another reason, a more hidden one, why she brought up that topic.

Sasha enters the inner garden where her friends and family are sitting under some trees, having a picnic for this afternoon. Her father is the only one missing, writing a report on Yana’s day to day life like Tudor requested. Yana herself is out here with the others. A change of scenery will do her good. This poor girl was already locked up in a room for most of her life, doing so again with only difference being another room is not an option. She is wary of hanging around other people, but right here in the garden it’s not too busy. Most students are at their leisure in their own room or out of the Academy to meet their family

since it is weekend. Even so, there are always a couple curious eyes around the garden to take a look at a type of humanoid they never saw before. But that kind of socializing is something Yana will have to get used to for her own good. Plus it eases Alexei's mind that they are safe out here in the open, all together with others around. He can't exactly keep them locked in their bedroom either, even if under current circumstances of a killer running around he would actually want to.

Everyone is sitting on a blanket, some looking for shade under a tree, others looking for some warmth of the sun. All enjoying food and drinks that got brought along while playing with Yana as well as each other. Sasha takes a seat next to the pregnant duo who are currently seeking some calm and shade.

"How does it feel to have a body like that? Isn't it bothersome?" Sasha is asking a question of which the answer is already known in advance.

"Nothing bothersome at all," Siera laughs while chomping down on some more food.

"Yeah, no big deal at all," Serenia confirms. "I'm not as big as Siera yet, but I can't imagine much changing." She looks down to her still quite modest but bulging belly and caresses it affectionately. "This is our child, a new life growing in here. It's like a miracle."

Siera nods in agreement while having her mouth filled with food, swallowing it quickly and giving her own impressions.

"And it feels like a miracle too. Often there is a kick or a punch," stretching out her arm with a balled fist, throwing a punch in the air without any strength behind it. "Oh, and apparently you can hear movement when placing your ear, but I can't do that with myself," said with some sense of regret.

"Doesn't it hurt when the baby kicks?"

Siera laughs at a question that seems awkward to her.

"Of course not. It feels great, like holding a little kitten really tight."

"Or puppy," Serenia adds.

"Hmm... Do all mothers feel like that?" Sasha asks.

Another question that baffles both girls expecting a child. Unable to understand how anyone could experience motherhood any different than this.

"Are you too going to be a mama?" Siera asks suddenly.

“Huh? No, that’s not it. I was only curious,” Sasha replies, pushing the topic away from herself immediately after. “Can I have a feel?”

Siera nods and Sasha gets closer, placing a hand on the cyclops’ belly. Waiting patiently in silence while others in the background continue playing.

“Ah! Right now...” she suddenly yells out, getting an understanding glance from Siera who perfectly knows what Sasha felt, that expression on Sasha’s face clear proof she finally has caught a glimpse of the true meaning behind this word “miracle” these girls were talking about. Placing an ear against Siera’s belly in search for more of that wonder which is known in any functional world as the sanctity of life.

Sasha has fallen quiet after that experience, lost in her own thoughts while the others enjoy their picnic. Eventually she brings up another topic.

“I’ve heard there are rumors about some evil creature lurking around the area.”

“The mimic?” Serenia replies.

“Oh, you know already?”

“Heard a group of girls talk about it earlier. It is probably merely a rumor.”

“What are they like?” Sasha asks, curiosity starting to grow.

“I don’t really know, descriptions are always vague about them,” Serenia replies.

“Don’t they just eat people?” the cyclops interjects, not really knowing a proper answer either.

“Are they humanoid?” Sasha continues her questioning.

“I think so,” her friend with off-center ponytail gives as answer.

Sasha is intrigued by what she heard. Serenia is somewhat of a model student, usually knowing at least a couple bits about any creature or humanoid out there. But even she hardly knows anything about mimics. Not even sure if they are humanoid? That sure makes for a mysterious lifeform.

“I’m going to walk around for a bit. Have fun,” Sasha says to the others, getting up afterwards to head towards her old dorm room.

Not much left in here other than some spare clothes and study material. And one particular book Sasha wants to take a look in. Now to find the relevant chapter, if there even is one.

This book is all about humanoids after all, and Serenia wasn't sure this rumored creature counts as one. The index will provide that answer rather quick. Sasha's finger slides over the index, expectations dropping the lower she gets down that list, having all but given up by the time she reaches its very bottom and suddenly noticing the right word.

Mimic.

So in the end, it *is* a humanoid. Or not? This chapter itself begins very vague in its description. Describing an ongoing dispute amongst scholars on how to classify this species. Some level of compatible reproduction being the main qualifier for humanoids, and this peculiar species indeed doing so by fertilizing an egg cell. But many others argue it should be classified as a parasite since birth comes with a frightening one hundred percent mortality rate for the host. This species is an outlier in another area as well. They are practically all male, with some females existing as genetic mutations, but those are basically evolutionary dead ends since only males are fertile. They are an inert magical species like fairies, but their magic cannot be practically used by other humanoids since mimics are too rare and too dangerous. With a remarkable ability to read brainwaves within a decently sized radius and using inert magic to create an illusion for anyone who witnesses them. You will never see the creature itself, only an eerily accurate image of your desired partner.

Sasha turns the page and takes a good look at a picture drawn that is supposed to depict such a creature. But this image is only a vague shadow. Too little is known about this species to get a proper reliable description other than it being "monstrous", "nightmarish" and apparently having a weakness to silver like werewolves, though to a lighter degree. What is written down on this page however, is really grabbing her attention.

A mimic has no interest in members of the same sex and will use its passive illusionary power to lure a victim for nothing more than consumption. Members of the opposite sex however are never considered as a source of food at all. Not even when the creature is basically starving. They are for illusionary seduction followed by mating. Which works the same way as with any other species, by fertilizing an egg. This is where that one side of the debate on how to classify this species comes from. What follows after is where the opposing side gets its argument. Once fully grown, the young mimic will be born in a manner that is

always fatal to the host, basically biting, eating and forcing its way out. Attempts at surgically removing have been made, but have never been met with success.

The book's danger rating for this species? Suicide for those who are fertile or same sex. Harmless for those who are opposite sex and infertile or already pregnant. Though the book questions why anyone would even bother with a monstrous creature like this.

Sasha flips through the numerous pages of her book. So many chapters left, what a weird world this is. Her eyes fall on those strange scribblings that the masked man made on some pages back when she received it as a gift. Not that many in total. Four scribbled words she can find, like the one she is looking at right now that is easiest to remember since it is on page one hundred, an easy round number. She can read them as they are in that same language this book is written in, but still has no idea what context those words are even supposed to represent or are there for.

With a loud slap she closes the book and places it back on her shelf.

Time to head towards her next destination.

The door opens to Alexei's bedroom. He looks up and notices Sasha entering, giving her a greeting nod and continuing to rummage through his papers. That report on Yana is already finished, for this last half hour he has been reading his papers once more. Sasha silently moving next to him and picking up her bear plushy to fiddle with in her hands.

"What's wrong?" Alexei asks.

"Hmm... Nothing."

He stops looking at his papers and turns towards his daughter, indicating there is no point in trying to hide anything. Well aware she is brooding over a topic.

"What was... that woman like?" Sasha asks while keeping attention onto her teddy bear.

Alexei shoves his papers aside and pats on his lap. Sasha sits on it and leans her back against him, continuing to fiddle with the fluffy ursine.

"We first met in university, found each other through our shared heritage," Alexei begins a story he never told to Sasha, one she never showed any interest in till now. How he met her mother, a first date that followed after an awkward invitation on Alexei's part and leading up to the point of marriage.

“She still had long hair back then, much like yours.”

He goes on with the story, describing how they both tried their best to woo the other. She dressing up in a nice outfit and prettying her hair while trying to charm him, he dressing up like some boys band singer and trying his best to appear sophisticated and crack the right jokes at the right time.

Alexei chuckles while conveying his memories into words.

“Sound like you two had fun,” Sasha responds.

“Yeah, back then we did. And that only became better when you showed up unexpectedly.”

“Me? She was happy about that?” Sasha wonders, finding it hard to believe her existence was desired by that woman at some point.

“And very much so...” Alexei replies with confidence.

“Then why...?”

He falls silent to think about this one. Hardest question by far for now. One he struggled with for a long time. What changed?

“I don’t know... Honestly, I’m not even sure if that part of your mother even changed at all.” Alexei plays around with Sasha’s hair, removing a leaf from inside the garden that got stuck in it. “Maybe she just... broke?”

“Broke?” Sasha asks curiously.

“Yeah, remember how we were before coming here? We were sort of a broken family. Like that, only different in how it turned out.”

“And coming here changed that?” Sasha asks her father.

Alexei has thought hard on this before, and he thinks that is at least a significant part of the answer. Coming here changed something deep inside of him. That other world sapped life and motivation out of them, but this one has rejuvenated it like an enchantment has been cast on them. An enchantment of being surrounded by mystery and wonder. A mysterious wonder that fills and fuels hearts and minds. Driving those living here to seek out the unknown, tap into the realm of magic and discover that no matter how much one knows, in the end they still know nothing. Hope and optimism still rule this world, fueled by this seamlessly never-ending aura of mystery. Even in a tiny insignificant place like this

Academy was an all-new species waiting to be discovered in a small hidden basement room. It makes one truly appreciate how insignificant we all are, yet simultaneously it makes even the smallest life precious and grand for there is still mystery surrounding it, elevating that life to a higher plane of existence, making it feel sanctimonious. That other world had long lost this sanctity, life being nothing more than either a resource to tap or degraded into a meaningless clump of cells to be disposed and discarded for sheer momentary convenience.

That world? Alexei only now realized he started calling his home world as “that other world”. As far removed from his mind now as it had always been from his heart. *This* is his world now. And it has ignited a bond with his daughter that never should have been broken to begin with. Like it has forged strong bonds with several others he got to know here.

“I’m sorry Sasha. What happened to your mother is partially my fault as well. I should have noticed sooner she was being driven to madness.”

A madness caused by how empty and devoid of meaning that world is. But he was too blind to notice by falling into his own disenchantment with that world.

“Do you think my... mother cared for me at the end?”

Alexei is surprised to hear Sasha use that term. This has to be first time ever she recognized the mere existence of a “mother”.

“Deep inside, yeah, she probably did,” he answers.

Sasha has been sitting in silence on his lap for a couple minutes, thinking about what was spoken while starting to skip with her legs. At least that is a good sign to Alexei. She only does that when her mood improves.

“Papa, if I were to have a child, would you be angry?”

“Are you pregnant?”

“I’m not, why does everybody ask that question?” Sasha mumbles.

Regardless, his answer is easy.

“No, I wouldn’t be angry at all. Didn’t I mention that before already?” Considering what type of girl she is, his daughter coming home with a child in her belly someday sooner or later was already accepted.

Sasha skips off her father's lap and places her plushy back on the desk. Tugging at her father's maw to get him off his chair.

"Alright, I'm following. What's the matter?"

Sasha doesn't answer and pulls her father towards their shared bed. Letting go of his maw and opening his pants instead while standing right in front of the bed. Alexei simply lets Sasha do her thing. If she wants some good loving he is always up for it. As she has opened those pants, they fall down to the ground and Alexei steps out. Getting down on his knees before Sasha. Letting her tiny hands move over his shirt as they open its buttons, an intense flirting gaze connecting their vision. Those same hands flowing over the chest of her father with only the fingertips, holding her head close enough to his that they can feel each other's breathing.

Alexei pulls her a bit closer and gives Sasha a kiss, starting with a light touch to wet each other's lips, followed by his little girl giving lots of small flirty kisses with the occasional alluring nasal sound of her asking for more. Sasha gives one more kiss and moves her head backwards, pushing her chest a bit forward, hinting at her father that he is now free to get rid of that annoying barrier between him and her naked skin.

Lifting up her top, Alexei lets his eyes feast on the natural beauty that is his daughter, pulling the top over her head and letting her hair fall out. Sasha grabs both twin-tails and pushes them like a curtain in front of her naked chest, smiling seductively while now pushing hips forward. Alexei gets the hint and searches for the skirt's button somewhere underneath her blonde hair. Finding it and opening that button, the skirt falling down afterwards so Sasha can step out of it, nudging it under the bed with her foot. She is constantly switching on what foot her weight is leaning on.

Alexei lets his hands glide over her hips, following the curve of a young and feminine child's body, tracing it back down until he feels another annoying barrier. The edge of her underwear.

Putting his finger underneath its cloth at the back and tracing the delightful suppleness of a children's bum. Then putting his finger underneath the front and tracing it around her inviting inner thighs, soft flesh giving in with just the right amount. Alexei grabs the side

of her underwear and starts to slide it down, still unable to see anything with Sasha holding her long hair in front.

“Want to see?” she teases him, clearly intent on not giving in that easy.

“Damn right I do.”

Sasha sits down on the bed and offers her leg, still hiding her main body. Happy to go along, Alexei takes her tiny sock-covered foot in his palms, fondles it and massages her leg up to the thigh while Sasha giggles. Grabbing that sock and sensually pulling it down.

“Don’t want any cloth?” she teases him again.

“Not a single bit.”

Holding her other foot and starting to do the same.

“Why is that?”

“Because I want to feel every bit of my precious girl’s beautiful naked skin instead.”

Sasha laughs charmingly, pleased by his words. Getting up again from the bed to face her father still sitting on his knees. Deliberating on how long she will keep him hooked.

“Hmm... Should I?” Moving her hands slightly so her hair starts separating, a belly button already visible. Then she lets go and her hair returns to normal, the sheer perfection that is her naked body fully exposed.

“Happy?” she asks.

Alexei puts his arms behind her waist and pulls her close.

“Come here you sexy little angel.”

Pushing her body firmly close and kissing his daughter once more, no longer light and quick like before, but long and sultry savoring of each other’s lips, tongue and mouth. Sasha’s arms folding tight around his neck enjoying the warmth of her father’s large body, a constant subtle sound present of a pair of wet tongues seeking close contact.

There is something different about Sasha’s behavior. Alexei is keenly aware, but doesn’t understand what could have brought it on. She has always been very open about her affection since that day she invited her father to take place between her heavenly thighs and partake in all of her physical pleasures. But right now she is definitely a step even above that. More seductive, more loving, more openly filled with enjoyment from her father’s body seeking her solacing sexual comfort. That tongue in his mouth and body pressed

against his are overflowing with heart - filled intimacy and an open invitation for her father to take her on this bed as his loving daughter. It's like every cell in her body is masterfully tempting him, every bit of air in this room filled through every nook and cranny with her lasciviously alluring pheromones. And it is making him raging hard.

Alexei's mouth softly bites on her lower lip and licks it clean of saliva, his lips repeatedly opening and closing while sucking on every part of her body he encounters when going down. A subtle hint of sweat around her neck, licking it clean, kissing her in the neck immediately afterwards.

Sasha's mouth gapes open, breathing in deeply with eyes closed and an expression of total and devoted sexual enchantment while her head is tilted upwards, craving her father's lips on all parts of her body. Tiny hands moving behind his back to guide Alexei lower. Her father obliges to Sasha's will and lowers, kissing right over her breasts, around the nipple. Feeling it getting larger and harder as her savory nipples swell with lust, making themselves look at their most inviting for only that one man in this room to find them. And finding he does, flicking one with his tongue and repeatedly giving a little suck with just his lips, like short savoring kisses. Sasha standing tall on her toes and bending her back to let Alexei enjoy the fruits of her tempting bosom.

"Papa~" she lets her adoration of his contact be known in a subtle voice radiating the purest of lust and desire, asking for more.

Alexei stops teasing her chest and does as Sasha wants him to do. Take her nipple in his mouth and let his teeth roll over it.

"A~h..." A deep sigh of relief from Sasha.

Yeah, there is definitely something different about her. He can practically smell her alluring aroma emitting from between those pretty legs and feel himself getting drunk on it. Oh, and how much he eagerly wants to be between those soft warm legs right now... He so wants to fuck her without delay, like her entire body is enchanting him to do, effortlessly luring him in her loving passionate embrace with a constant stream of pheromones while leaking like crazy.

Alexei moves an arm underneath her perky bum and stands up, lifting his daughter to place her on the edge of their bed. He will endure for a short while longer. Getting down

again and holding her thighs that are already spreading, a delectably juicy pussy running thick with a translucent liquid already begging him for attention. Alexei's tongue licks over her tightly pressed lips, a familiar rich taste entering his mouth. A pair of legs take place on his shoulders and touch his cheeks.

"Nnn~... So good," Sasha mutters while openly yearning for more.

Alexei lets his tongue slide in the crevasse of her vulva, digging up its juices and licking inside her tunnel.

"Ah~... Papa~"

There is such a deep longing in her voice. Urging Alexei onwards, sucking Sasha's clit and flicking it with just the tip of his tongue.

"Papa~... There is something... nn~... you should know."

"What is it, love?" he replies, seeking out her flowing honey again straight after.

"A couple weeks ago... I had my first period."

Alexei stops licking and looks at his daughter.

"You mean, you bled?"

Sasha nods.

"And papa... Today happens to be a very dangerous day."

Alexei is waiting if she has something else to add. So this is why she broached that topic of her mother? Is this why Sasha's body seems to be so irresistibly alluring today, even more than usual? His precious little girl is starting to grow up, and is now capable of becoming a mother herself.

"I can have a baby now... So, Papa..." She caresses her father's cheek while speaking in a heavenly sweet voice, offering her proposal for this special day, coming from the deepest part of her heart, only for her dear beloved father.

"Please... make me into a mama?"

Alexei reaches out for his daughter, arms of a young twelve year old girl already eagerly reaching out for him with the utmost of dedication, affection and determination. Lifting the girl up and holding her close to his chest, feeling her heart beating from peak excitement at realizing her beloved father is going to fulfil her request, both legs hanging around his sides. Standing up and turning around to sit himself on the bed, his little girl on

top of his lap. Giving another deep kiss while Sasha can feel he is poking his raw cock into her lower lips, placing it in proper position to do the deed his daughter wants more than any other.

Somehow it never crossed his mind. Having unprotected sex with his own flesh and blood countless times by now, never considering the child she could one day come home with, could be his. And now Sasha is straight out asking him to make that a reality. He knows it is not appropriate. They really shouldn't. But his precious girl is showing him more love than ever before, and his own feelings are only capable of one decision.

Alexei can feel his raw hard cock sink into his daughter's sticky tunnel. Sasha slowly drops onto her knees while letting her hips lower, taking in the entirety of her father and stopping once she reaches his pelvis.

She is reminiscing on that weird feeling of wonder when she felt a baby kicking. Would it be something like this? Sasha giggles when letting a hand slide over her belly, feeling her father's cock make a little jump inside.

"Will we make a baby from the first try?" she asks him softly while placing her face as close as possible. Eyes connecting like staring into each other so deeply as if their minds are merged as one like their bodies already are.

"Hmm... Probably. But we could add a second and third try if you want?"

"Just to make sure?" she whispers adorably.

"That, and because I won't be satisfied with only once."

Sasha laughs, but quickly turns back to that feeling inside of her, starting to slowly turn her hips in a vertically rotating smooth motion. Alexei's penis getting hugged and caressed all around as its fleshy shaft gives for what little amount it needs to match her rotations, skin already soaked from being repeatedly bathed in Sasha's love fluids while indulging in all physical comforts she so easily and naturally provides through the act of raw fornication.

The thought of having reproductive sex with his own underage daughter is driving every part of Alexei's body to be filled with burning lust. Fueled by knowledge she is fertile, and shooting his cum into her on this day would be breaking the last moral line they had yet to

cross. This blonde girl riding sensually on his lap desiring nothing more than exactly that to happen.

Sasha speeds up her movement while keeping that same rotation going. Her pace is a passionate and sensual union, greatly enjoying the feeling of her father's penis pushing against her walls while sliding to its deepest point over and over again. For Sasha too, the experience is far more intimate than usual, courtesy of understanding what they are doing. Not just sex, not only making love, but now also making a baby. Their baby.

“Papa~”

Sasha only needs to call for him and Alexei knows what to do. Give her that long kiss she wants, taking in his saliva like her lower entrance is gradually taking in more pre-cum. Her ears enjoying the increasingly slippery wet sound of their connected genitals, sounding like a deliciously sultry melody as they are heartily rubbing into each other. His daughter's entire lower body rotating vertically in one smooth hyper-sensual motion, turning the practice of making love into pure art, a celebration of erotic sultriness stimulating all senses and dedicated to the timeless wonder that is giving life.

Sasha's saliva falls onto her own chest when separating mouths, sinking herself down over the cock in her pussy and starting to rotate horizontally. Letting out a good moan of earthly pleasure at the change in stimulation. Eyes instantly focusing back onto her man and father to reaffirm their passionate bond during their shared partaking and carnal consumption of mind and flesh. A never-ending trickle of fluids running down Alexei's balls and dripping onto the sheets, a symbol of how extremely turned on Sasha is.

She rests on her arms after placing them on his legs and leans back a bit, giving her father the opportunity to look down while slowing her pace at the same time. Alexei can see his manhood lewdly dive into that cozy tight space hidden past the pair of lips gripping around his shaft. Sasha herself shifting her look between that same spectacle and her father's eyes. Moving a hand downwards so her fingers can feel the cock digging in, in affirmation of what they are doing.

Sasha changes position again and moves forward, pressing her body against her father and hugging tight, now moving in an irregular pattern. Listening to his heartbeat and enjoying the deep search for air flooding in his lungs, hearing her father is completely

absorbed in all pleasures she provides. Pace isn't particularly wild or fast, but the union between both couldn't be any deeper.

With her tits pressed against him, she tilts her head up high for one last look at her father, letting him know the moment has come. Then laying her head against him again, enjoying his arms reassuringly tightening all around as her hips start freezing with an intermittent spasm running with force through her tensed body.

“Aa~h.”

The living rod of meat moving around inside in similar tense jolts, its release of pre-cum changing into a thick squirt of white fertile sperm, followed by another squirt as it keeps rushing forward. Sasha reaching pure ecstasy and bliss at the thought of her own father wildly creaming into her now fertile womb. Alexei's mind and body completely focused on only one job. To make sure his seed is the first and only one to reach out for his precious girl's fertile egg.

Sasha sinks in his arms as all strength leaves her body. Both of them completely lost in the moment while feeling a stronger than before satisfaction at that warm flood of thick white cream spilling out and what it signifies. Both feeling more pride and joy than ever at seeing Alexei's entire manhood completely drenched from tip to base with Sasha's love. A large hand brushing through Sasha's hair, easing all her worries and conveying with complete contentment that surely they have successfully put their little baby safely inside her tight young belly.

It is past midnight. Alexei had his second and third try hours ago. The pair joined by all other girls once they came back from their picnic, Yana now naturally included. Nerine was last to finish with Alexei and they have now all fallen to sleep.

All have except one girl.

The blonde who feels both too excited at what happened today, and who has one thing left to do tonight. Putting on some fluffy slippers and her father's shirt. It is time for an adventure again. Yana has noticed, having woken up from Sasha getting off the bed. But that's okay, since Yana only knows innocence. Someone going to the toilet or going out for

a nightly walk makes no difference to her, for she doesn't even know. Sasha pats her little sister on the head and goes out, making sure their door is properly closed behind her.

That usual climb over the wall and off she goes into the night. Not really expecting to encounter a mere rumor, but one never knows. She is out looking for a mimic that should be around... maybe. Odds are really good if there is one, it will be a male. According to the book they are really hard to recognize, but Sasha is confident she can see through its illusion. But only one way to find out.

She has dwelled in the forest and grasslands around town, but nothing other than the usual nightly animals. Time for a change of strategy. Since this thing has almost perfect camouflage, why not search inside town itself? How goes that saying again? Hide a tree in a forest? One odd behaving "citizen" in town is not going to attract much attention after all.

The village is quiet at night. There are some people around, coming back from having a drink at the bar, or strolling into welcoming arms of those lusty employees at the brothel. But such lively activity is mostly situated around that specific part of town. The rest is almost devoid of life other than a couple lights coming from some houses.

Sasha has gotten a couple looks, but nobody is particularly bothered by a young girl walking around on the streets at night. While dressed in Alexei's shirt which is way too large, they might think this is normal nightwear for one of those quirky otherworld folk. Good thing she brought her slippers, as these stone cobbles would probably be chilly to walk on. Sounds of that more busy night area getting further and further as the street in front gets increasingly darker.

A small pet animal runs past her from a narrow alley. Sasha peers into it, but can hardly even make out the outline of surrounding houses. She turns to that alley and begins to walk, slowly, unsurely.

Why? How odd, this is the first time she is feeling a bit unsure about this. Heart beating fast as always, thrills running over her body as was expected. But there is something lurking beneath her façade. Could it be some actual fear? But where would that suddenly come from? This isn't any crazier than courting a scylla, a werewolf, or that mantrap back on her first school day. But still she walks on.

A sound, coming from ahead. Someone or something is walking, creeping or whatever it does, getting closer towards her direction. Sasha stops, breathing coming to a halt. The shape of a man, too far to recognize, getting closer gradually and erratically. Swaying along this narrow alley. A hand stretching out towards Sasha...

She steps aside. It's some drunk man who merely wanted to pass. A sigh of relief. How odd, almost as if she is happy the shadow was only a man. Tracing movements of the old man as he turns around the corner towards the main street, asking herself what she even came here for.

...

Sasha turns around instantly. What was that? Another drunk? She looks into the dark but can't see anything. Gathering all courage and determined to complete what she came here for, Sasha takes a step forward... and another.

A squishy sound, she looks down.

"Yuck."

She stepped into some thick slimy substance. What is that even? Looking around she can spot more of it, leading to a crevasse belonging to one of these houses. There she understands what that weird substance is. Drool, some of it falling to the floor, coming from a shadow standing above. That shadow looks up to Sasha, who freezes on the spot.

The book was right... Monstrous, nightmarish, that is about the best way to describe what Sasha is looking at. She instantly knows this is a mimic. Having been confident her method of spotting such a creature would work, and so it turned out to be. A method that is rather simple, but none other than Sasha could pull off. A mimic will always take on the form that an observer desires as current partner. That is why she can see the true form of this creature. After all, isn't that exactly what she is here for? Though her method wasn't fully perfect. The vision she sees is one that constantly shifts. One form being a clear depiction at creepy levels of accuracy, forming a certain man she knows very well, her own father. Shifting regularly in a hazy shape of the monster lurking underneath that illusion. A contrast between her true inner erotic desires, and a temporary thrill-seeking one. But all for the better. Simply seeing that dominating illusion of her father is enough to ease those strange fears that existed deep inside.

Sasha pulls up the large white shirt, not wearing anything underneath its oversized protection. Another flash of the true monster. It has three heads close to one another to form a trio of slimy mouths with large human teeth, a creature sleek and dark, bony pointed spine sticking out, while thin but deadly fingers holding claws reach out. Then it shifts to a perfect illusion of Alexei again, looking at her like he does during the best of her dreams.

The hand touching her arm feels normal, that same comforting warmth her mind remembers from her father. No surprise, as that illusion comes straight from her own mind, pulled out by this creature. Another quick shift, the true monster for only an instant. All warmth gone, nothing but a cold sinister touch remaining. One of those heads opening its slime covered mouth to identify what has been caught. Prey or mate? As long as this monster is a male, which it should be, it will choose to mate. Meaning that unless Sasha is pregnant with her father's child, she will die without a shred of doubt about nine months from now by giving birth to a monster. Regardless, once this encounter is over, she will carry either the child of her father, or the child of a nightmare.

All or nothing, but being a mother either way.

Then the illusion shifts again to that comforting fear-easing depiction of Alexei. Sasha leans against the wall and lets a hand crawl between her legs, spreading her thighs for a bit. The cold touch of a bony claw noticeable for a split second before the warm touch of an illusionary human finger finds a female's slit.

The creature has made up its mind. It caught a female, which means only one thing... As the illusion prepares his warm penis for entry, the mimic is placing its cold hard shaft in the right spot. This thing has no concept of foreplay.

Sasha's body gets suddenly pushed up before lowering again, then the process starts to repeat faster and harder as a horror repeatedly thrusts between her legs. A union of sex between young girl and deadly nightmare.

CHAPTER 20



Prelude to an End

In Earth terms it would now be Wednesday. Sasha knows, because tomorrow her father will be leaving past the Gate for an entire day. There is a tension in the air, a change in mood. Like a group consciousness that is aware something is about to take place. Sasha can feel it, see it on her father's face and his stressed and tensed mannerisms. When he returns, it will be carrying the seed of change. What that change might be, the girl has no idea. Others too are remarkably silent, not in the loop on what motivates Alexei to go back for one day, but understanding it must be very important to him.

As her father takes a short break from checking his documents to get some food in his stomach, Sasha comes snuggling against him. He has been very affectionate to all his partners this morning and this time is no different. An arm instantly wrapping around her while the other one reaches out for his daughter's belly, whispering in her ear.

"Get some good advice from your friends while I'm gone tomorrow, okay?"

Sasha lets her hand join her father's and nods before intimately pressing a cheek against him. No need to clarify what she has to get advice for. The day after they tried for a baby, he brought her for a pregnancy check to the medical ward. As Sasha already knew, that test came back positive. Of course she would know. After what happened that night, there is no way she wouldn't be pregnant. But even with no proof to back it up, Sasha has full confidence that this child is her father's without even the tiniest of doubts. Reason being remarkably simple, yet remarkably assuring to this blonde child. This constantly present sense of wonder filling her entire being since her father finished pumping life-giving seed into a fertile womb.

Sasha reaches out to the medallion that hangs around Alexei's neck.

"Don't forget it tomorrow."

Alexei gives her a kiss on the cheek and eases his daughter's worries.

"I won't, don't worry. Won't even remove it when going to sleep," he wouldn't want to leave it behind at all. If Coco's heirloom can offer even a tiny bit of additional luck, he will hang on to it for dear life. Anything that can possibly increase the odds at finding a strong lead on who is that twisted mastermind behind these recent tragedies.

Sasha lets her eyes scan over the desk while enjoying being held close. The usual documents detailing all information he has. Oh, so Coco's talisman turned out to be a fake? She had no idea, having caught a glimpse of that from a partially covered paper. Then her attention gets caught by a document lying on top, a single sentence written on it in larger letters, circled for emphasis.

"Who went through the Gate?"

A question Alexei has been struggling with for a long time, with no immediate means of answering it. Much to his frustration. This world is already hard enough to get a decent investigation process going with its foreign societal and administrative structures still largely unknown to him. On top of that, there is Tudor being an obstructionist and the entire nature of this world being magical, making things complicated and unpredictable.

Sasha however has right now remembered a crucial detail. One that could possibly help answer this specific question on her father's mind. But she wants to be sure first...

Sasha is sitting in the big communal dining hall, having her evening meal. Her father will be getting a quick nap after this since he leaves later today. With only twenty - four hours of time for his leave, he wants to use as much of it as possible, going through the Gate once it is officially Thursday on the other side. Coincidentally, time difference between both worlds about matches, so midnight here will be around midnight over there. Meaning there aren't that many hours remaining before he departs, and Sasha is increasingly nervous on how to get that piece of information she has been thinking of this entire day. Brooding on how to acquire what she has in mind, knowing where to go but no idea on how to get to it. There is always a last ditch option of seducing her way to that information, but if that fails it could ruin her chances of success for the remainder of this day. She will try going that route if only an hour or two are remaining, for now Sasha keeps thinking about alternatives.

"What's wrong?" Elenor asks, noticing Sasha's plate of food is not emptying at a normal rate, courtesy of her friend being lost in thought. Sasha doesn't respond until Elenor asks again, causing a surprised look since that friend didn't even notice the first time. "Seriously, what's wrong? You are completely spacing out."

Sasha contemplates on whether she should try asking for help. Not really wanting to involve her friends into this, for fear of being caught and getting them roped up in a mess, and because it involves the investigation her father is trying to shield them from. Settling on probing for advice while keeping this matter involved a secret.

"Do you know a way to open a locked door?"

"Get a key?" Elenor laughs, getting more serious immediately after. "You can't get to the key?"

"No, not easily. It's uh... guarded."

Elenor thinks for a bit, coming up with another solution. "A thief could open the door."

A lock - pick would work, but getting one or knowing how to use it is another problem entirely.

"Isn't there some kind of unlock spell?" Sasha throws out some far-fetched idea, getting a no as a response. If it does exist, nobody here knows how to cast it, if their novice

wands are even capable of such a spell. Sasha sighs out loud, putting some cold food in her mouth. Looks like it will end up being seduction after all.

“If only I could put someone to sleep,” she murmurs in discontent.

“Oh, good idea. Why not do that?” Elenor says, getting a disgruntled reaction from Sasha who isn’t in the mood to fool around. Elenor insisting on that idea immediately after.

“Hey, I’m serious. Why not use that sleep spell?”

Sasha’s eyes light up. That’s right! They talked with Tudor some time ago about his past with Siera’s mother, Rumia. Didn’t he mention Rumia’s most recent invention was a sleep spell? Sasha pulls out her wand and observes its runes. If she remembers right, it should be right around...

“Here.”

A rune they haven’t learned yet and isn’t even on the curriculum for now. Light in Sasha’s eyes dims again. There goes that option... Who would even know a spell still in its earliest phase of introduction? Tudor would know, but he is a no go. Too risky to ask one of those three suspects. They would want to know why Sasha is in need of learning a sleep spell, and she can’t spill the beans on that.

“Why not ask Siera?” Elenor proposes like it’s the most straightforward path to take. Giving her reasons immediately after. “She knows. Told me about it when I asked.”

Sasha starts shoveling food into her mouth at a rapid pace. Finally, a path has opened to get the information she wants.

“Thanks Elly, you’re a lifesaver,” she says with her mouth still full while Sasha runs off.

Siera and Serenia are eating together with personnel in the kitchen. An arrangement they made with Alexei since both girls are pregnant. Harder for some other student to bump into them, also meaning they don’t have to wait in a line to get their food and can get extras easily. Sasha taps her foot impatiently outside the kitchen until Siera has finished eating her usual double portion. Clamping onto the one-eyed girl once she gets out.

“Siera, is it true that you know your mother’s sleep spell?”

“Yeah?” she replies, confused what this is all about. “She taught me how to cast it.”

“Could you teach me?” Sasha pleads her friend like her life depends on it. Getting Siera’s usual smile without a care in the world.

“Sure.”

“Like with any other spell, think about the appropriate rune and say its incantation,” Siera instructs Sasha once more.

“No-no, not now!” she panics straight after, afraid Sasha is going to cast it as she is lifting her wand.

“I’m just doing image training. You know, preparing myself mentally,” Sasha replies. “So I only have to point this at the target before casting my spell?”

Siera affirms that is really all there is to it. Easy, but with one small issue.

“It does cause some temporary heavy fatigue once the spell wears off, in addition to some garbled memories about what happened right before falling asleep.”

“All the better,” Sasha replies. Garbled memory means it is less likely her target will even remember having a spell casted on him, probably left thinking sleep must have come naturally. Siera giggles out loud when Sasha gives her a hug from behind in gratitude, then she heads off to go perform what was learned.

A deep breath in, a flow of air out. Sasha tries to calm her nerves before reaching out to the door handle. Having asked Sato where Tudor was, the Headmaster should be inside his private room right now. This same room Sasha is about to enter.

As slowly as possible she turns the handle and peeks into that room. Tudor has his back to the entrance, busy reading in a book at a desk near the back window. His familiars are sitting quietly inside their cage. Sasha’s heart skips a beat at seeing them, then realizing they are not real animals and shouldn’t respond to give away her location.

She walks closer on the tip of her toes, having removed shoes to come here. Socks are most quiet, and getting closer is a must after all. According to Siera this spell has an effective range of about three arm lengths. That is pretty short and his desk is certainly too far removed from the door. Another tiptoe closer, stopping in place when Tudor suddenly moves his hand. Holding her breath afterwards as not to make a sigh of relief when he is

merely turning a page in his book. One more step and she should be well within range. The back of his seat is partially covering her target... Should she aim for his head? Ugh, should have thought about asking that. But aiming at one's body would do Siera said, so his head it is. The only way to be sure.

Sasha slowly raises her hand holding the wand. Taking one last look at the rune to form a vision of it in her mind. Now only to say that incantation properly.

"Dormo!"

...

Nothing seems to happen. Did it fail?

No wait, he isn't turning around at what was yelled behind him. The book he was reading falling onto his lap as it slides out of Tudor's hands. Sasha gets closer and pokes her finger against Tudor's shoulder.

"Headmaster Tudor? Hello?"

No reply. The old man is fast asleep.

Sasha makes a jump in the air followed by a victory pose. She did it!

Quickly getting serious again and doing what she was instructed to do by Siera when a human target was hinted at. Sasha removes the book from his lap and guides the Headmaster forward with his head and shoulders firmly on his desk. Since this sleep is an unnatural one, it is important to ensure the target can breathe properly and is not at risk of falling or sliding onto a hard or cold surface. For at least two hours he should be completely out.

Sasha's hands search underneath Tudor's toga, finding the object she is looking for. A little key on a necklace. That same key he used to lock a particular cabin in this room. Pulling it from over his head with some struggling, Sasha heads towards said cabinet and puts in the key. With a metallic click its matching lock turns and she opens the door. A stash of documents and books revealing themselves inside, their topic already known from last time she noticed them, back when Tudor got to have a taste of what lies between her legs. Sasha doesn't have much time left to search through these before her father departs, better not waste any time. Quickly she begins searching through the Gate related files, looking at their titles and focusing on which ones seem most relevant.

“Gate summoning,” no, that’s not it.

“Otherworld culture and social strata,” of no use at all.

In the end it has to be this one... That same one she noticed the title of back then.

“Agent Registry: History of Covert Operations.”

This one sounds important and has plenty of names. Sasha flips through them. Yup, long lists with dates in local and Earth calendar, this should be able to help her father. Hopefully. Then Sasha suddenly stops turning pages...

“Huh?”

Her eyes have caught the mention of a particular name, matched with a peculiar date.

Almost falling over herself, Sasha stumbles upright wanting to run out of this room and deliver the document to her father straight away, but she stops herself in time. Better make sure nothing suspicious remains here. Placing all books and documents at about a similar spot where they were before she searched through them, minus the one laid down next to her which will be brought along. Afterwards closing Tudor’s cabinet again and locking it, hanging the key back around his neck like nothing ever happened.

Now she can leave with the registry file.

Alexei is preparing for his trip, bringing along some summary documents and wearing a good set of warm clothes. It won’t be winter temperatures anymore back on Earth, but it could still get chilly. He is packing quietly since the others have gone to sleep. Time is approaching midnight by now. About time to go, though he wishes Sasha were here so he could say goodbye to her too, like he did with the others.

His door opens and that girl he wished for enters the room. Alexei wanting to talk to her but remaining silent once he notices the look on Sasha’s face.

“Papa, here, look at this.”

Alexei looks first at the document title, getting goosebumps when reading it. Could it be?!

“Page thirteen,” she says.

Alexei flips through the pages and reaches that one marked as thirteen. Letting his eyes follow a list of names downwards and suddenly stopping, mouth opening in surprise.

“Sasha... How...” but he stops. How she got this is irrelevant. That she got it is the only thing which matters. That name on the list is of especially high interest, though he doesn’t understand yet how there could be a connection to himself. Still, this is an excellent lead to sniff out.

Alexei hugs his daughter tight.

“Thanks love. You have done great.”

Then he quickly lets go and grabs his bag while putting on a coat. Even more in a rush to get through the Gate. Some noise coming from his bed making him turn around. The others have woken up, or weren’t really sleeping and getting upright on their shared bed.

“Are you leaving?” Serenia asks.

Alexei quickly heads towards his partners and gives them all a good hug and a kiss.

“Yeah, I’m leaving now. Only for a day though, I’ll be back before tomorrow is finished as promised.” Then he does the same with Sasha who was still standing near the door. “Go back to sleep now, no nightly adventures okay? And be careful tomorrow.”

Nerine mumbles half asleep they will be fine. But Alexei repeats for all of them, to stress the point without trying to cause worry.

“Be careful, and don’t go somewhere alone.”

The Academy guards who stay near the entrance give him a nod when Alexei steps out. They were already informed a Master would leave at this hour. With a rapid pace Alexei marches towards town. Going in his head over all necessary formalities he needs to get back to his old world. A copy of his leave permit he got from the military encampment, a similar document from Tudor, and some report he is expected to bring along for the government. What a bunch of annoying crap. He doesn’t even consider that world to be his. Not anymore. But going back was not a matter of choice. There is something he needs to check there, and this piece of information his daughter brought him only confirms it was the right path to take. An answer as to who is the mastermind was never to be found in this world to begin with, always having been present in that other one, waiting for this particular moment to arrive.

“Hey there. Going home?” Kenji greets Alexei, having just started his usual Thursday shift.

“Time for the big day,” Alexei replies monotonous. For him and his loved ones, this day when he will walk through that Gate will mark the beginning of the end.

A same sort of routine repeats as when he first came through. Full body search for any potentially smuggled goods, a check of his documents and some basic questions like what he intends to do during his leave. Naturally Alexei doesn’t give them the whole picture, but isn’t outright lying either. The possibility always exists his movements will be traced. If he strays too far from what he describes now, it could lead to further delays and annoyances he really could do without.

“Visiting some old colleagues on the police force. Been a while since I’ve seen them and maybe giving them a hand with some old files.” They don’t need to know more about underlying reasons. Trying his best to contain a growing frustration at how long this all takes.

“Alright, everything in order. We’re ready to go,” the base commander finally concludes, letting Alexei get escorted towards the Gate while accompanying them himself.

The same blue circle of liquid once leading to the unknown but desired, now leading towards the known and undesired. Once done he will gladly make the trip back, this blue hue a comfort ensuring Alexei he can and will. Walking through decisively, a similar tingly feeling covers his skin as it did the first time. That large military hangar with protective walls which can be sealed waiting on the other side. An instant difference in temperature noticeable.

“Welcome back,” one of the guards greets him. Alexei recognizes him as one of those who were stationed here back on that fateful day in January. As Kenji explained, these guards rotate according to the day. Alexei lets himself get escorted to the commander on this side, which technically counts as an entirely different base. Handing over that report for his government and once more a thorough check of all possessions.

“These documents will have to stay here,” one of the inspectors mentions about Alexei’s notes. Alexei pretending not to be annoyed and agreeing without hesitation. He

wrote them down in Russian, hoping they would let it pass, but apparently not. That's okay, he has plenty stored in his memories. At least they shouldn't get very suspicious about them since they are written down in a format like he is working on a script for a book.

Once all checks are done a military vehicle drives him to the city. There he is provided with a phone having only one number registered on it.

"Call us on that number if you're ready to return, within twelve hours from now."

Alexei takes the phone and looks at it. That briefing he received in the base was clear. He can use this phone for calling family or whatever business he has, but only that phone. As he expected, they will definitely trace anyone who came through the Gate and this is how they do it. No doubt every number he calls will be tapped and probably its microphone is even listening right now. Better not turn it off or pull out its battery either as that would raise suspicion, besides no doubt even then there will be a backup battery in this thing to keep its eavesdropping and tracking functions active. No big deal, a minor inconvenience. He will simply have to pay attention to his words.

It's already past six in the morning. Damn searches and questions have taken up so much time. And going back will be just as long at least. Alexei uses the phone to call a taxi as other public transport would waste too much time. Then he places it in his inner pocket, a precaution in case it has a camera installed as well. Too much risk involved if anyone finds out he is part of some murder investigation at the Academy. Who knows how they will respond? That kind of meddling in foreign affairs will definitely not be appreciated. And if this base finds out people connected to Alexei are involved as victims, they could hold him up indefinitely in their own investigations.

The taxi arrives and Alexei gives his destination, the police bureau. Not that long of a drive, thankfully.

Alexei pays the taxi fare. Cursing himself for almost having made a mistake, getting lucky he still had some cash in his pocket. This world's affairs are so in the back of his mind by now he didn't even think about bringing local currency or a bank card along. Thankfully his cash is a couple large bills so should be more than enough for today.

Not that much activity at the police department. It is around seven now and most are only starting to arrive. They should be expecting him, if Kenji did his job properly of notifying them.

“Long time no see,” the receptionist addresses him.

“Likewise,” Alexei says while handing over a piece of paper he had been writing on during his taxi ride, gesturing to keep silent until the receptionist read it. Pleased he was at least allowed to bring along an empty notebook and pencil. Oh well, otherwise he would have used one they have here on the counter. Sure comes in handy now that he is being monitored. This note’s content should be easy to understand. “Under surveillance by Gate security, need discretion.”

The receptionist nods in silence and plays along.

“We are very thankful you are here for helping to clean our archive. Such a mess of old documents, and none of our newbies know their way around the place. You know how things go.”

Perfect, that’s the setting Alexei planned, as properly conveyed by Kenji.

“Yeah, that basement was always a mess. Sorry I couldn’t do it before I left. Had my hands full with other things,” he plays along.

“I can imagine. How’s your family doing?” the receptionist keeps on chatting about seemingly random and inauspicious things, some out of genuine curiosity, while guiding Alexei to the archives.

“You know the place. Have fun.”

Alexei thanks the receptionist and heads to the nearest computer, using an ID badge he got silently shoved in his hands along the way to log in. The computer boots up and shows a familiar OS login screen.

“They still use this old crap? Some things never change,” Alexei thinks to himself. But secretly praising the IT guy in charge for not updating this software since he left, as this means he doesn’t need to figure out where the required data is. A database that holds his past cases the main focus of his visit.

First a quick check on that third murder victim in Tokyo. Doubtful there is any new information to be found there, but Alexei is more interested in the victim herself.

...

Kasumi Okada, female, twelve years old.

Alexei holds his fist in anger. That school and class, one of Sasha's former classmates. That has to be her friend. How is he going to tell her more tragic news? Should he even?

Next up, searching in the national registry for Sato's ID picture and letting this computer perform a background search for matching name and pictures in all its databases. All that Orwellian facial recognition tech sure comes in handy at times like this, as easy and inevitably it is to abuse for practically everything else. Sato is the easiest of all three suspects to try and find a connection with. And whoever this mastermind may be, such a connection to Alexei *has* to exist. This is clearly an act of revenge, there is simply no other explanation for why people around him are being targeted by a criminal who has some kind of knowledge or background from this world. The other two suspects are more difficult to get information on. But that doesn't mean they can be ruled out from being in these archives either, in fact Alexei is convinced that if one of them is the culprit, he too should have a background in this world and thus be in the registry somewhere.

There is no time to go through all files, but there is no need to. Alexei has a cutoff point on his mind. A specific year mentioned after one specific name in the file his daughter provided him with. Every case before that can be ignored, which will increase the odds of finding what he seeks greatly.

Even so, hours go by and it is noon already. The computer has long finished its search on Sato and couldn't find any matches. No mugshot of him in any case file, didn't come up in a name search either in any report, likewise no known family member or friend to a past culprit or victim. Other than one parking ticket, but surely seeking revenge for that would be unlikely.

Alexei breathes in deeply and sighs. He doesn't get it. He is almost through these files in chronological order, only a couple left. That's years past the date he started.

His breath freezes and heart rate goes up...

The last file, one he is afraid to look at for it had such an impact on his life. A particular case where his career came to a voluntary end. Could it be that in some cruel twist of fate this case is the one that keeps on haunting him even to the present? If next mugshot looks

anything remotely like his suspects, it will honestly come as a shock. That's what you get for merely stamping arrest papers without personally being involved in the arrest itself.

Another deep breath and he clicks to show the next and last file.

A picture of the arrested man shows up...

Alexei lets his breath flow out again. This picture looks nothing like Tudor or Oldor. His name obviously doesn't match either.

Damn it! Time is running out and he still hasn't found anything! Alexei grits his teeth. Now what? Look for family members? But that would take time, too long for going through all of these cases, even with that cutoff point. Isn't there something else? Anything? Even if it is only on a hunch?

Alexei stares at the picture of that accursed file. Visions coming to mind of a dead drowned girl, then his body cramping up at visions of his own loved ones that were victims.

What would he do? If there was any case amongst these in this computer where he would seek revenge instead, which one would it be?

...

His eyes dwell on a little detail from that fateful statutory rape file on the screen. A single word drawing his attention. A detail mentioned in the autopsy report status of that drowned girl who committed suicide after insisting they never did anything wrong.

Pregnant.

...

No doubt, if there was any case where Alexei would choose to seek vengeance for if he were the arrested criminal instead, it would be this one. A relationship that was strong enough to push the girl to suicide when driven apart. And her being pregnant no less.

So what about her partner?

He reads the entire file.

Two attempts at suicide in prison. Depression. Released early for mental health issues on condition of seeking continued therapy from an appointed psychiatrist. Those therapy reports should be included in the file.

"Huh?"

Alexei clicks again to make sure the computer loads these files properly.

Where are those reports? They should be here yet there aren't any at all. That is unprecedented.

Alexei starts to look for family members and friends of both individuals involved in this case, the girl and her partner. But none can be connected to his two remaining suspects. Thoughts linger back to what Sasha showed him. That has to fit in somehow... But if so, it would mean all these years the person that name belongs to has been living...

Alexei's mouth opens, getting out of his seat in a hurry and starting to rush through the basement. Looking impatiently for the right alley, searching countless shelves in it afterwards.

Where is it?!

He slides open the correct file shelf brusquely, rummaging through it in haste. Picking out one file. One which matches the case on that archive computer. If his hunch is right, than the answer has to be in here. Current picture on the computer is the culprit's national registry picture... not arrest pictures. What if they don't match at all? What if this is a case of identity fraud? The other world has been scouting this one for years. And one name was amongst those first scouts. What if he never left during that time and took on an identity of someone else? What if the reason those psychiatric reports are lacking, is because they sent him back where he came from for diplomatic reasons, keeping everything hush - hush?

Alexei opens the file and looks at the arrest pictures.

...

"You sly son of a bitch..."

Alexei slams the file shut and rushes off, back towards the Gate.

Sasha is inside her father's room. The others have left together to get lunch, but she decided to stay behind for a bit longer. Spending time with Yana while pondering on what her father might be doing now. He seemed very interested in that name on the register. Could it really be the killer? But how would that even work? Didn't the killer come from Tokyo? Sasha never really understood how Tudor or Oldor could fit into the picture. Sato, yes, though none of them seem like dangerous people really. Maybe her father is on a

wrong lead? No, that can't be true. He is a great detective. If intuition tells him it's one of those three, it has to be.

Sasha pats Yana on her head.

"You stay here and guard our bedroom until the others get back, okay? Your big sister will return soon."

Yana smiles at Sasha as she gets up and heads out of the room, leaving the girl of mud to patiently wait for her family to return.

There is only one room where Sasha hasn't been into yet out of those three suspects. And now with lunchtime having only started, it should be safe to take a peek inside. If the door isn't locked, that is. A knock on that door first to make sure nobody is inside. No reply. With a turn of the handle it opens. Not locked. Sasha walks inside, into the room of that one suspect she hasn't been alone and intimate with.

The Master wizard Oldor. Same person whose name is on that register. One of those first explorers who travelled through the Gate over a decade ago.

His room is rather plain, very similar to Sato's in design, also with a dividing curtain for a workspace. That smell of wood is absent though, in its place a subtle odor of tobacco. Nothing much of interest at first sight. Biggest eye catch being its closed curtain. Sasha gets closer and wants to reach out for it.

"Oh hello there."

Sasha quickly turns around. Near the entrance stands Oldor, closing the door behind him.

"Can I help you?" he speaks calmly.

Huh? What is he doing here?! Shouldn't he be eating lunch? Sasha tries to find a proper excuse for having barged into a Master's room.

"I was looking for you," she says, trying to keep calm.

"Well, you are in luck then. I skipped lunch. I'm having a busy day you see," he takes a step closer to Sasha. "Oh, but don't worry. I always have time for a fine student like you."

What now? Finding an excuse is proving to be difficult. Simply running away isn't really an option either. Maybe she could try and get some info out of him?

"I was curious, that's all. To see how Master Oldor lives. You know so much, I thought..."

“My room would be gaudier than this?” he tries to complete her sentence when her voice drops below audible volume.

Gaudier? She has no idea what he said right now, but sure... “Yeah...”

Oldor lets his arm guide through the room.

“Well, as you can see, I live rather sober. I don’t really make use of these tiny workshop facilities in here. My work happens down in the basement.”

“The clockwork room?” Sasha asks.

“Oh you know it? Yeah, that’s all mine.”

“It looks big. So many doors.”

Oldor laughs. “I can assure you, there are plenty more behind those doors. My workshop is as large as Tudor’s and runs underground past this Academy’s walls. You would get lost in it without a guide.”

Sasha shows her open curiosity, starting to calm down. He doesn’t seem bothered with her being in here at least. No harm in asking some questions.

“Wow, as expected from a Master wizard. But aren’t you curious about our world as well? I’ve never heard you ask questions about my world,” which would make sense if he has actually been there before. Oldor should know plenty about it already.

“Your world is quite fascinating, but I already have both things Earth truly has to offer right here in this Academy,” he gets closer to Sasha and touches her blonde hair.

“Both? You mean...?” Sasha asks.

“Yes, *you* for one. A very interesting and charming girl.”

“And... The other?”

“Your father of course. Such an interesting man. His emotional strength is remarkable.”

Oldor lets his hand flow through Sasha’s hair.

“Such beautiful hair. So similar...”

“Similar?” Sasha wonders, not particularly bothered by his touch. This could always be useful information for her father once he gets back.

“Aye, so similar to my beautiful Aiko,” he answers, thoughts reminiscing on a long gone past.

“Aiko? Who is that?”

“The one girl who was my entire world.”

“Where is she now?” Sasha inquires innocently.

“Dead,” he answers in a short emotionless voice. Quickly returning afterwards to his normal tone. “Oh, but don’t worry your pretty head over that. Such is life. It gives, and it takes,” his hand moving to her shoulder, feeling it, sliding down along her side.

Sasha is starting to feel sorry for this old man and lets him continue. He lost a loved one in the past? That’s similar to her current family’s lives, like papa’s life. She can empathize with Oldor’s pain easily, a feeling rising up that is very similar to one she felt when Tudor had his story about unrequited love for Rumia.

Pity.

Poor Oldor, she must have misjudged. Surely he can’t be the culprit. Look at that emotion on his face when talking about this Aiko person. He is clearly capable of caring deeply for people.

“Life must have been lonely,” Sasha tells him, placing her own hand on Oldor’s which is caressing her. Not to stop him, on the contrary, a gentle nudge of her hand encouraging Oldor to feel no restraint at all and fondle her some more, wherever his hands want to lead him. Her body language and motivations not being lost on this wizard.

“You are such a kind girl. Surely you are aware your father thinks I’m suspect in the tragic loss of your friends? And yet you still pity me?”

Oh, he knows about that? Sure caught Sasha by surprise, but it doesn’t upset her. It actually eases her mind even more. Surely if Oldor was dangerous, he would not so openly remind her of that suspicion?

Sasha seductively smiles at him and slowly guides his hand lower, right underneath her skirt where she isn’t wearing anything. Basically offering this aging man the same thing she did with Tudor. A pity fuck, with no conditions or strings attached, topped with plenty of genuine care for his mental wellbeing provided through the best of physical comforts her body has to offer.

“Your offer is most tempting...” Oldor says to her, his hand feeling the wet touch of a most enticing little spot which is already well prepared in stickiness to let this old man bathe in hot slippery youth. “I will take you up on it, if I may.”

Sasha grabs the wizard's toga and opens it with an experienced tug. Turning around so her back faces him and lifting up her skirt to reveal the naked glory of her naked flesh in supple form of a pair of butt cheeks, a tightly pressed pussy too young to have even a single hair on it clearly visible as Sasha pushes her hips back and slightly upwards. A single string of vaginal fluid already running out onto Oldor's floor as visual indicator what perfect conditions are contained inside as the girl is eagerly awaiting his entry.

She won't hang around for too long, returning to their room soon like her father would want her to. But there is enough time for a quickie.

Oldor lowers onto his knees right behind Sasha, touching her soft bum, letting his hands push into her cheeks. Getting closer while holding her hips in place.

Sasha can feel his tip sliding into place with the experience of a man who has done this before, his cock effortlessly pushing her lips apart, an almost inaudible frothing sound entering her ears as his penis squishes out her fluids when digging and rubbing its way in. A cushion of hair around his base tickling her pussy as it compresses while she can feel his crotch pushing against her cheeks. Entire shaft of meat disappearing into her lower body.

"Oh, what a wonderful feeling," he says to her while holding it in, thoroughly enjoying all warmth and grip Sasha is providing naturally, starting to pull back shortly afterwards.

The somber room gets filled with the sound of a man on his knees plowing into a young girl standing up. Even with his lowered position she gets lifted onto her toes with every thrust. Sasha simply closing her eyes and enjoying the experience of his raw aging skin rubbing into her. Not exactly as stretchy as old man Tudor's, but it is starting to get there. A sensation Sasha doesn't mind as it reminds her of an age gap, something that is always a lust inducing thought. But there is one peculiar thing about this cock sliding back and forth into her sweet tight embrace. About these thrusts that just lightly change angle or take a miniscule moment of pause to truly appreciate the caressing and slippery charms her inner body has to offer.

It feels familiar.

Like she has been intimate with this same penis before, that same man who wields these same techniques. But, she hasn't? Not that Sasha can remember, and she would never forget about her favorite hobby. Even now when offered out of pity thoroughly enjoying

every bit of stimulation her partner provides, recorded down as a memorable moment in her life like she does with every round of sex, no matter who her lucky partner ends up being.

Sasha leans against the wall, tits pressing against its hard surface, hands placed next to her head. The wizard behind her plowing harder, faster. She can feel her tiny tits getting squished against the wall every time his pelvis shoves her booty forward with a meaty slap, a sound she enjoys more than any other. Her voice leaking out, unable to resist pleasure. A string of wetness touching her inner thigh as she leaks some of those fluids that are welcoming her current guest inside. Two large twin-tails dancing in flowing motion by the repeating movements reverberating through her body.

Sasha rises up on her toes once more and stays there. Oldor's cock firmly planted inside, refusing to leave this moist home of utmost comfort, jolts running through both the girl's body and this man deeply attached to her. A familiar warm flow of bliss spreading through every cell, together with that equally familiar warm sensation of a liquid spreading out in her tunnel.

That is when she remembers, during the height of orgasm. The shape of that cock, technique of those thrusts, these type of spasms running through her partner's body and that subtle tobacco odor surrounding her. All of them are the same as that certain man's. A man she first met around three months ago, in the city of Tokyo.

Oldor pulls out and drips on the floor. Sasha puts her skirt in place and turns around. Could it be? This is the masked man from in Tokyo? That she couldn't recognize his voice makes sense, since a mask distorted it, but what does this implicate? Did she judge wrong and he really is...?

Oldor gets up and takes a seat on his bed to recover. Meanwhile Sasha's eyes scan this entire room. Did she miss anything? Is there a potential weapon around? Worst case scenario she still has that little knife of Kasumi in her shoe. Should she pull it out now? No, if he really is a killer and noticed it, he could attack her right then and there. Besides, maybe he is only very similar, but not actually the same guy?

As Oldor is distracted while putting his clothes in place, Sasha sees an opportunity to look around a bit more. What could be behind that curtain? A step closer and her hand reaches out. If there is nothing troublesome behind this curtain, he shouldn't object anyway to her taking a look. She grabs the curtain and pushes it aside for a bit, enough to look past.

Sasha gasps...

On a wall behind that other side of the curtain hang a pair of masks. A red *tengu* mask and a white *kitsune* mask.

A hand plops down on her shoulder and Sasha lets go of the curtain, freezing in place.

"Something wrong?" Oldor asks.

Sasha turns around and tries to keep calm.

"No, nothing. I uh..." she mutters out while almost stuttering over her words. Stomach growling from an acute burst of stress straight after.

"Heh, right... I haven't gotten lunch yet. Maybe I should go get some?"

Oldor looks at her for a couple seconds and releases the girl's shoulder, turning around and sitting on his bed.

"Well then, you better not waste any time. Lunch break will end soon."

Sasha wants to run for the door but restrains herself. Walking at somewhat of a hasty but normal seeming pace. Feeling a wave of relief flow through her body when closing that door behind her, taking some deep breaths.

"Holy shit..." she whispers.

Oldor is the killer!

Sasha's nerves are freaking out, an uncontrollable shaking having taken over her arms and legs. Stomach feeling cramped. Did Oldor do something to her? No, it's pure stress piling up. What route to take now? Wait for her father to arrive and pretend she doesn't know anything? Things have been calm for about a month now, one more day should work out... But what if it doesn't? What if he has a new "accident" planned for today? Waiting this one out is not an option.

Tudor!

She could tell him! He is the big boss around here, and probably most competent wizard in this Academy. He could have Oldor arrested, or trapped in his room or whatever! Yes, that is a good idea. Let's go to Tudor right away!

Sasha forces her paralyzed legs to move and begins to run, looking behind regularly to make sure Oldor isn't following.

The door to Tudor's room is locked. Sasha bashes on it hard and yells for him to open.

No response.

Damn, that sleep spell shouldn't last nearly this long. Besides, his door wouldn't be locked if he were still unconscious. He is not here, and at this time? Such horrible luck... If there is even luck at play here to begin with. Now what? He could be in his workshop in the basement, but she doesn't know that place, never having been there. All Sasha knows is that his workshop is normally locked as well, even locking himself in when needed. Or maybe he is out to town?

She grabs her hair in frustration. Think! What other options are there?

Sato!

If Oldor is the villain, then Sato is proven innocent, he is the only one she could possibly convince. Who else would believe her? Sasha runs towards his room, banging on it when it doesn't open. With a clicking sound the door opens and Sato looks at whoever is causing such drama.

"Oldor!" she yells out, gasping for breath from running straight after.

"What? What about Oldor?"

"Oldor is the killer!"

Sato lets the girl in, utterly confused what is going on. "What do you mean, killer?"

"He has the masks! He murdered Layla, and Lorelei and Coco!"

Sato tries to calm Sasha down. "Whoa there, that's a serious allegation. You can't simply say that about people without proof."

Sasha wants to sink through her knees in frustration and clamps on to his shirt.

"Please! You have to believe me! Oldor is a bad man!"

"Alright, alright. Calm down. Have you gone to Tudor?"

“He isn’t in his room...” Sasha wants to start crying from desperation on what to do, “and I have no idea where he went.”

Sato seems to remember something from the words his panicked student just said.

“Right, he went out to town, some request for Oldor or whatever.”

Sasha panics further. He sent Tudor on an errand... While her father is gone... He must have something planned in the meantime!

“You have to stop him, please! He is going to hurt my family!”

Sato is completely baffled on how to handle this situation. What is this girl even talking about? Is she referring with murders to those accidents? Those were only unfortunate...

He stops his line of thought. No, that last one was different. He checked the metal of that talisman himself. Alexei was right, that was a fake. But Oldor? Come now, he is merely an aging friendly man.

“Look, I get that you are upset, but I don’t have enough authority to do anything.”

What is he supposed to do, lock Oldor in his room? Knock him out? Without even having any proof himself? What kind of inter - world public relations disaster could that turn into? Sasha mentioned something about masks, but he has no idea how that is even relevant. They really should wait for Tudor to return before confronting Oldor with whatever this might be about.

“Please~” Sasha begs him with tears in her eyes, desperately pleading Sato.

“Look, I’ll have a talk with him, okay?” Sato replies, some hope returning to Sasha.

When she wants to follow him he instructs her not to.

“No, I’ll go alone. Go to your room and lock yourself in.”

Sasha is probably overreacting, panicked about some random stuff she must have misunderstood. But still, that desperation in her eyes is real and he has never seen anything like it before other than during that horrible incident in the aquarium. And then there is that suspicious part about Coco’s talisman... Better be safe than sorry. Just in case Oldor is dangerous, some young child definitely shouldn’t come along.

Sasha sees Sato walk past the corner, feeling some relief that he at least didn’t completely dismiss her. But now what to do... Go to her room and lock herself up like he instructed to?

That would be the safest thing to do. If it weren't for her friends and family still being out... Maybe they are back in their room since lunch time is already finished by now? That would be the best possible situation. Then she can lock everyone inside until her father returns. Alright, decided then. Towards her room it is.

The door to their shared bedroom opens. Nobody in here other than Yana who doesn't have a care in the world. Sasha curses out loud, feeling anxiety rising again. Only option left is to go look for them. Before leaving, Sasha goes towards her younger sister and tells Yana to safely stay in here.

"I'm counting on you to guard this room, okay? I'll be back soon with everyone else."

Then she closes the door and heads out in search for her loved ones.

An hour has passed since Sasha started her search. She feels like pulling out her hair. Why can't she find anyone? Only the occasional other student who doesn't have classes, none of them having seen them either. These random others are not at risk, her father's notes explicitly said only their close circle is targeted. And where is Sato? She hasn't seen him this entire hour either, even going back to his room a while ago but the Japanese man wasn't there. By now she has even tried sneaking across the wall to have a quick look over there, returning inside these premises when nobody was around. Why does this place have to be so damn big?

Finally, Sasha gets a lead on a single name from a fellow student.

"I saw Nerine. She was heading towards the north section, near that stinky water disposal mill."

The water mill? A large wooden construct helping to flush used water to an outside waste basin, a structure meant to prevent the waste disposal canal exit from clogging. A peculiar spot to head to. Hardly anyone ever goes there since bad smell of that waste basin behind the Academy is not exactly alluring.

Picking up the pace again, she quickly heads towards the water mill, a fear starting to rise as she gets closer. Clinging onto hope that she won't be confronted with some horrible scene.

“Nerine!” she calls out when seeing her friend waiting on land next to the water mill.

“Sasha? What’s wrong?”

“Are you okay?! Where are the others?”

Nerine is startled at the panicked Sasha, realizing something is up.

“I’m fine. No idea where the others are, I went to the toilet after going to lunch and haven’t seen them since,” she replies.

A painful grimace forms on Sasha’s face, but at least she found one of her family. That’s a start. “Why are you here?” she asks the young scylla.

“I met Oldor some time ago, he told me to come here and wait for him.”

“NO!” Sasha yells out. “You have to get away from here! Hide somewhere in our room, or even better, in those water canals where he won’t find you.”

“But...?”

“Go hide, please. And if you encounter the others let them do likewise. Oldor is a bad man, trust me. He is the one who caused those accidents.”

Nerine finds it all hard to believe, but Sasha’s expression is earnest so she feels deep inside it has to be true. Agreeing to get away, Sasha helps Nerine to the nearest clean swimming canal.

“Don’t go anywhere on land, you’re safest in water.”

“What about you?” Nerine asks.

“I’ll be fine, I have my boot knife, remember?” Sasha replies, more meant to ease Nerine’s worries rather than actually having faith she can take on Oldor by herself.

Sasha pushes Nerine away from the edge of this canal, nodding one last time before the girl seeks the safety of water by diving away. That is at least one person who should be safe. Nerine is vulnerable on land but a powerhouse in water. She will be fine there. Now she has been warned, any wizard trying to dive underwater to harm her is going to end up with a nasty surprise.

Reaching the main building again after another fifteen minutes of searching, Sasha is at a loss on where to go next. Then her eyes catch sight of a small flying object. A tiny owl is sitting down on a handrail in front of her. Sasha recognizes what it is. One of those

familiars, almost identical to those Sasha saw in Tudor's room with some minor differences in color. It is turning its head to her, tilting it at an angle and looking straight again afterwards.

Sasha looks around. No Oldor to see anywhere. Another one of those individuals who seems to have disappeared from this Academy. Taking a step closer to the familiar it flies up and lands a bit further, looking at Sasha again while completely ignoring a couple other students who pass along. Is she supposed to follow it?

Following it, the familiar eventually lands next to a door. Sasha's body is feeling tired from all this running she had to do today. Thankfully her pregnancy hasn't nearly advanced as far yet that she has to be worried about physical exercises. The door next to this owl familiar is one she knows very well. Her own bedroom she shares with all others close to her, where Yana should be waiting. Fear rises again, like it did when going to look for Nerine, clinging onto hope that nothing bad happened to Yana.

Sasha opens the door, fear peaking at the sight of a struggle which must have happened in here.

"Yana!" she looks around the room. Sighing a breath of relief at seeing Yana in a corner, the girl of mud startled by whatever happened in here, but recognizing Sasha and reaching out to her.

"Are you okay? What happened?"

But only a low whale-like sound enters her ears, unable to comprehend what Yana is saying, if those sounds even have meaning.

"Shh, it's okay. The bad man is gone now."

There is some weird syringe looking object on the ground, traces of a liquid in it. But thankfully no hints that anything is wrong with Yana.

The owl flies in and lands on the desk holding a line of plushy toys. Sasha gets up and walks towards it cautiously, noticing a letter on that desk addressed to her. A letter which has been placed in the arms of that rabbit plushy belonging to Serenia. Picking it up and opening the letter.

Its contents is a simple rhyme...

One tiny rabbit, caught in a trap,
One tiny bear, following a map.
Bring your wand, book and treasures too,
For who knows what lies waiting for you.
Are you lost and astray?
Then light may find the way.
What can a little bear do by itself?
Save your friend... or save yourself?

The owl suddenly falls to the ground, its commands finished once Sasha read that letter.
What does this mean? A rhyme talking about a rabbit and a bear...
Sasha looks at the line of toys.
Serenia and herself?

Bring your wand and book, at least that is obvious. But what could these treasures be? Her most prized possessions? Sasha thinks for a while, getting a grasp what those would be for her. This last line is ominous sounding though, but she has no other choice. Her mind already made up on what to do, but struggling with one last part. Knowing what to do is one thing, knowing where to go is a different one entirely. This letter is talking about following a map. But what map?

“Are you lost and astray, then light may find the way,” Sasha mumbles out loud. This has to be a hint. But the problem only gets shifted, what light is this talking about? Sasha walks around with the letter in her hands, wondering what she is to do. This is clearly some trial for only her, and that trial has already begun. When she turns towards the window, light covers her as it shines through and eyes start to squint at this mysterious rhyme.

What’s that? It’s like there is some vague stuff written down. She holds it up right in front of the window so plenty of light hits the letter, getting her suspicions confirmed. There is a bizarre bunch of lines visible, but very vaguely. Rays of the sun shining at the paper make it just barely visible. If only there was a stronger source of light.

Sasha quickly grabs for her bag and pulls out the wand. A fresh one no less, recharged yesterday by Oldor himself. Raising her letter before that window again and holding the wand behind it.

“*Luma!*”

The wand lights up and Sasha lets out a little yell of victory. That vague outline has become more visible. Enough so she can actually make out what it is.

A map. Hidden on the inner side of two pieces of paper glued together. Of this Academy for sure, she can recognize several parts. The clock tower, this must be the dining hall, and right here is their bedroom where she currently is. One area is marked with a circle. Where is this? That looks like the basement.

Yeah! It’s the basement alright, more specifically it would be Oldor’s clock shaped room. And what is specifically marked is a door that matches the eleven o’clock position, or Hour of the Bear as they call it here, indicated with a circle around it.

That is her destination.

Sasha enters her old room, having come here for one specific reason. To check if there is anything left here to bring along. That letter did say to bring all treasures. Opening her bag, she goes over her inventory of anything that could be of use.

A bottle of fairy dust.

The single scale of a water dragon.

A small sphere with the power to neutralize oxygen.

Her trusty little knife.

And a wand with most of its reserves still left.

Wanting to leave, Sasha turns around and takes one more object with her that has been of use to her in the past. Can’t forget about that one as the rhyme does mention it.

A wholesome guide to cross-species mating.

Placing the book in her bag with these other objects and heading off on her greatest adventure.

INTERLUDE



Oldor hears the door of his room close as Sasha has just left in a sudden haste after their intimate round of sex.

“What a curious little vixen.”

He goes to the back of his room and opens the curtain. A pair of masks stare back at him. He knows... Sasha has spotted these. His identity as the mastermind behind these recent “accidents” plaguing their Academy has been discovered. Still, he let the girl go. Her task is not finished yet. The grand finale he has in mind is yet to fully get going, but with his identity discovered its gears have already begun moving, planned to reach its culmination before this day will be over. Sadly, a week earlier than he had hoped. According to his original plan, everything was finely schemed out for next week, when the killer’s identity would be automatically revealed by a certain natural cause. Alas, if only that annoying stubborn man would have waited a week longer for going through the Gate. The risk he will

find out Oldor's identity is too high. All his plans had to be expedited and some overhauled entirely at what is proverbially known on Earth as the eleventh hour.

Ah yes, Earth, that place rotten to the core... A world which had only one source of bright light, which got snuffed out mercilessly by that detective. What fortune it was to encounter his daughter on that fateful day. Truly a miracle that must have seeped through the Gate from this side, as miracles no longer exist on the other. Living life until that fateful day by seeking vengeance on Earth's accursed society of spiritual death by murdering those little wenches.

"Innocent proves guilt," a most fitting judgement of those wenches. Tempting with no sense of responsibility, and once they get caught, pretending to be innocent little ducklings who got abused by their partner, when they knew damn well what they were getting into from the start. Any semblance of care for their partner dropped at the slightest convenience.

When only one cared...

Only one was pure light...

But that one is no more...

His Aiko is no more... And their unborn child died together with her.

However, after carving down two of those wenches, Oldor still felt just as empty.

Broken... Disenchanted... Like so many in that world. Lost to any meaning in life, eternally searching but never finding, mere ghosts walking until they inevitably fade out into oblivion. Like that detective and his daughter used to be, until they came here.

Here, they became enchanted and learned to love life, to treasure it, to sanctify it.

But for Oldor? That journey was one of complete polar opposites. He came from this world, filled with enthusiasm, filled with lust for discovery and wonder.

He left the other as a hollow corpse, walking around while simply waiting for death.

Until that day. The day a girl called Sasha stumbled into his life.

Now his life has meaning again, for now he can give it the closure he seeks.

Now his vengeance can be truly complete.

Equivalent exchange... That detective will suffer like he did, and therefore take on this same burden of Oldor, so he himself can finally be released from it. Released from the curse that deranged world has casted on him.

Oldor grabs his hand mirror and calls up a vision from his familiars which have been following his order for the entire day. To observe Sasha's friends. He has to hurry. With Sasha having found out about his identity as the killer there is no time to waste. He had hoped to have this entire day to carry out his plans, but now these too will have to be expedited and overhauled. At least he doesn't have to worry about the only one with authority and power to stop him. Having asked Tudor to do a favor for his good old pal, naturally keeping him busy and as far as possible removed from this Academy for most of the day.

"Excellent," his mirror shows the girls heading out of the dining area, all except Nerine. Oldor opens his door and heads out for his own great adventure. Carrying out his masterpiece that has already been planned in its rough outlines ever since the very first day he met Sasha.

"Hello Master Oldor," Serenia greets him.

"Oh, wonderful, I was looking for you girls," he tells them. "Siera, good child, could you go to the medical ward? Since you are so close to giving birth I would like to perform a daily check."

The cyclops nods and heads towards the medical ward.

"Shall I go too?" Serenia asks.

"Oh no, I could use your help somewhere else. Elenor, could you guide your friend here to my basement workshop?"

"Sure. Right now?" Elenor asks.

"Yes, now. Make haste, hop-hop. I have a busy day ahead," he gestures them to go eagerly while keeping a friendly tone.

Following Siera, they enter the medical ward together.

“Here, swallow this. Need some water?”

Siera takes the pill he gives her and puts it in her mouth, shaking her head. No need for water.

“What is it for?” she asks curiously.

“Oh, nothing special. Vitamins. You want to be healthy, right? You’ll be giving birth real soon now,” he guides her back out of the medical ward. “I know, why don’t you go get some fresh sunlight outside the Academy? A simple casual stroll from here to town and back. That bit of movement will do you and your baby good, and soften your muscles for when the big moment comes.”

“To town?” Siera asks for clarity.

“Yes, and back, at a slow pace. Go on, doctor’s orders. Here, I’ll write you a pass for the entrance guards.”

Siera smiles at Oldor and heads off with her permit to leave the Academy. If it is good for her baby, she will happily do anything he asks.

“One down. Next two coming up,” Oldor says to himself after Siera has left, an overjoyed tone in his voice as he has a perfect vision in his mind on how this will all end. Entering his basement workshop where two children are waiting as they were asked to do.

“Could you wait here? I’ll bring Serenia to where I need her help first,” he asks Elenor.

“No problem,” Elenor replies, playfully taking a guard position as Oldor takes her friend into one of many doors in this circular clock-like room.

“What would you like me to do?” Serenia asks Oldor once he closes the door behind them.

Oldor picks something up from his bench and heads to the pregnant girl.

“Could you sit over here?” he taps on a low wooden bench. “Do use a step for safety.”

Serenia uses the little step he pointed at to sit down on that bench, the wizard grabbing something from a nearby shelf. A piece of cloth he puts some water-like liquid on. Its smell strong enough that it fills the entire room. Coming up behind Serenia, he suddenly grabs her and holds the cloth in front of her mouth and nose. Serenia tries to struggle, but within

seconds she loses consciousness, Oldor laying her down on the table afterwards and beginning to tie the pregnant girl down.

“Done and ready. Onwards to number three.”

“Oh, back?” Elenor says when she sees Oldor return.

“Yes, you know the way,” he gestures for the girl to enter the room she is facing.

Elenor enters and sits herself on a bed, wiggling with her legs. It’s the bed Oldor uses when he spends his nights in this workshop.

“I don’t really have much new information though,” she says out loud.

“That’s okay,” Oldor assures her.

The Master wizard had been working on a secondary source of information after he lost one of his familiars to Layla. That’s why she had to go first, with that annoying magic affinity making it hard to observe from afar. But his secondary source came in quite handy. This girl known as Elenor. A chatty type that is quick to pick up on rumors and keeps her eyes open for anything curious. How easy it was to trick this innocent child into being his unwitting accomplice. Only needing to tell he suspected a foul hand at work in these accidents involving her dear friends. A hand that seemed to be specifically targeting the object of her affection, Alexei, in addition to her friend Sasha. Offering his Master wizard skills and knowledge to help keep an eye on Elenor’s loved ones. All she had to do was offer him information that could help unmask the evil mastermind at work.

Unfortunately for her, she has been offering that information to the mastermind instead.

“You’re such a kind girl, wanting to help your friends is a truly noble thing to do.”

“Did it help? Do you have any leads on who it could be?” she asks him.

“In fact, I do,” he proclaims to the pigtailed girl, getting closer to her.

Elenor smiles, happy to know her information will have helped catch an evil man and prevent more of her friends from dying. Smile turning to surprise when she feels a strong arm pushing her down onto the bed, while a hand is covering her mouth. Surprise turning to shock when she feels Oldor placing his entire weight onto her to keep the girl in place, reaching out for an object from underneath a pillow of this bed.

It is the ceremonial dagger he had with him back on earth, that same one he used to slash the throat of a certain girl with pink meshes in her hair. Elenor's eyes turn to complete panic at the sight of this dagger's pointy tip facing her. Unable to comprehend what is even going on. Realizing only one thing. She has to get out of this room, away from this man, and fast.

Elenor tries to kick, but her legs only reach air. She tries to bite, but she can't open her mouth far enough for his large hand covering it. She wants to shake that hand off so she can yell for help, but his arms have too much strength.

Oldor lets the sharp tip slide over the skin of her chest. The dagger sharp enough that this motion is enough to cut through her uniform's bikini top, a naked breast being exposed.

Oldor slides the tip over one of her tits, poking down a bit to push into her soft flesh, barely enough as not to pierce. Then he slides it around, making a circle over Elenor's areola around her nipple.

A desperate muffled screaming leaks out from underneath his hands. Elenor's eyes are tearing up, pupils widened in complete despair, realizing she is totally helpless. Hoping for some miracle to happen, like someone unexpectedly entering this room. Or maybe he will change his mind and let her live?

Oldor places the dagger's pointy bit right over Elenor's heart, breast tissue above giving more and more under pressure. A tiny bit of red starting to appear.

Elenor tries to shake her head, but she can't as the strong hand prevents her to.

"Shh... Don't worry. It will all be over soon," Oldor tells her in a very soft voice.

He puts some of his own weight onto the dagger by leaning forward some more, the metal object slowly starting to sink into her breast, slicing open its skin by digging deeper.

Elenor freezes up, trying to hold her breath since breathing in would only rise her chest and make that blade sink even deeper. But its sharp point drives constantly further at an agonizingly slow pace, splitting her breast in half and digging between a pair of bones from her ribcage, reaching a lung.

Elenor begins to cry hard, a river of tears running over Oldor's hand that holds her down. She knows her heart is right underneath that pointy blade. And if it reaches, she will die

then and there. The grueling thought of her heart being split open in a slow manner almost making her puke and causing strength to leave her entire body. Oldor can hear something running on the ground. Elenor is pissing herself in pure fear, feeling her own warm liquid running down both legs.

“Shh... Hush now... Only a bit longer and it will all be over,” he gently whispers.

His knife sinks deeper, Elenor’s eyes suddenly widening even more, dilating to an extreme. She can feel it, that horrible agonizing sensation of her heart beating while pushing into that sharp tip after every beat. Her lung punctured and flooding with blood. A garbled coughing coming from underneath Oldor’s hand, thick stream of blood beginning to appear from her mouth and nose as it flows past the wizard’s fingers. Noises of choking audible. Her shoulders shake and spasm, muscles on her chest following suit, trying every last ditch attempt at preventing her heart from being pierced.

Elenor’s expression turning to complete agony when the knife doesn’t stop, a sharp pain shooting through her chest when her heart bursts open, blood splattering all over her inner chest as it keeps trying to pump with a gaping hole in it.

“Shh... See? I told you... It’s already done.”

Elenor knows... As she can feel her body falling completely limp, vision darkening, that horrible pain quickly turning into nothing but a strange warmth flowing through her chest cavity, similar to how it fills her lungs.

She knows.

That her death has already been decided and fully carried out.

Oldor wipes his hands clean from still warm blood and thanks the girl for her provided services. One less loose end to take care of.

Next up, a door marking the Hour of the Sheep, corresponding to one o’clock. This is obviously some kind of alchemy purposed room. Various alchemical apparatuses fill this place, bubbling liquids in various colors adorning many of these weird devices and flasks. Oldor grabs an object that looks like a syringe and heads to one of those bubbling devices, tapping all yellow liquid into a beaker first and starting to pour it into that syringe. Until a

sudden noise near the door scares Oldor and he drops his beaker with half of that fluid still in it. He turns towards the source of that sound and notices Sato standing there.

“Look what you’ve done!” he yells angry towards the Japanese man.

“Sorry,” Sato replies awkwardly while walking in and looking around.

“Hey, so... What are you doing down here?” Sato asks.

“I should be asking that. Why are you here?” Oldor replies, clearly frustrated with being interrupted by this unexpected intruder.

“You weren’t in your room, so I thought maybe you would be in the basement workshop.”

“I’m here! What is it?!” Oldor barks at him.

“I had a talk earlier with Sasha. That girl was really upset about something you must have said or done.”

“And you are here to verify what she told you,” Oldor completes for Sato, starting to make his tone friendlier again.

“Yeah, she said something about masks. Would you know what that is about?”

Oldor takes a step closer but Sato backs off.

“Ah, yes, those masks. My apologies for that overreaction earlier. I was merely upset at a day’s hard work dropping to the floor.”

“So, the masks?” Sato insists.

“Yes, masks, of course. They are part of my experiments. Tools really, but they do look a bit scary. I guess the poor child must have gotten afraid of them. My mistake, I should not have worn one back then.”

Sato’s suspicion is not exactly dropping, but there is still a lot he doesn’t know about this magical world, so it doesn’t sound out of the realm of possibility. And he doesn’t really see a connection between those accidents and masks. So Sato broaches a different topic.

“Okay, so hey, there is another matter I wanted to ask about. Remember those silver talismans we made? Would you know about a tin version existing?”

Oldor doesn’t blink and tries to bluff his way out of this one too. Meanwhile he grabs a piece of cloth and starts cleaning the floor where he spilled half of that yellow liquid and picking up the broken pieces of a beaker.

“Aw! Damn glass!”

“What happened?” Sato asks.

“I cut myself, quite deep. Hopefully I didn’t sever a tendon,” he wraps the cloth around his hand while moving it near his waist like he is in pain, a grimace on his face. “Could you get some antiseptic? This yellow stuff is not exactly clean,” Oldor nods towards a nearby bench.

“Um... Sure,” Sato hesitates, but walks towards that bench. Keeping his eyes on Oldor while reaching out to some flasks on top.

“Which one is it?” he asks the wizard.

Oldor raises his hand to the desk in a pointing manner, cloth falling off and the wand he grabbed from his waist at the ready.

“*Dormo!*” he yells out now that Sato is in range of his sleep spell.

Falling first onto that bench, Sato slips onto the floor. Oldor holding no interest at all in Sato who is now fast asleep for several hours.

“Damn you, simpleton!” he yells out in fury over his spilled beaker fluid. He has one more bottle of it stored in a different room, but that one has another use planned already.

“Ah well, this much should do.”

The syringe is still half - filled after all. According to his estimates that should be enough for what he has in mind. Completely ignoring the sleeping intruder, Oldor heads towards his next destination. Looking into his small hand mirror he first checks with his familiars if the road to that destination is clear of any obstacles. Sasha is looking for her friends it seems. Perfect. Only one of those should be around, the scylla, and Oldor has already caught sight of her first with his flying spies.

Nerine is standing outside. Curious where her friends are. She hasn’t seen them since finishing lunch and heading to the toilet. They are not in Alexei’s bedroom, that’s for sure. Only Yana was there.

“Hey there,” a voice calls out to her. It is Oldor, who approaches her while walking past a couple students.

“Could I have your help for a bit? There is a problem at our water mill and we could use someone strong. And let’s face it, your tentacles are much stronger than my aging arms.”

Nerine happily obliges and makes her way to the water mill.

“I’ll be there soon, got a tool to pick up first. Do wait for me there,” he tells her before continuing, a certain destination in mind where he will indeed pick up a tool. Not for helping Nerine, but to dispose of her in what he considers to be a safe yet elegant manner. Safety is after all an issue with that girl. He first needs her at a spot with no witnesses, then he needs to take care of her in a manner that leaves her no chance to retaliate. Way too risky otherwise. And Oldor doesn’t like taking risks. Always a bad idea when you have a carefully laid out plan to follow.

He opens the door to Alexei’s bedroom. This is his destination where he has some things to do. First of all, let’s deal with this Yana.

“All alone? How sad, but I’m here to keep you company now, for a while,” he sits down next to Yana, who holds no suspicion at all towards Oldor. She has seen him a couples times before by now.

“I’ve got some medicine for you,” he says while taking his syringe, plopping it into her thigh with a grimace appearing on Yana’s face from pain. “It’s only a tiny shot, that’s all.”

Oldor injects the yellow fluid into Yana. Once he pulls the needle out, its effects becoming noticeable immediately.

Yana is screaming out in pain, though only a strange whale sound audible. Her body starting to fall apart as bits and pieces of mud fall to the floor and no longer rejoin her main body.

“There, I knew this would be enough left,” Oldor states satisfied.

What he injected her with, was gathered in the garden from that mantrap living there. Same kind of fluid that trapped Layla by blocking her ability to use magic. And since Yana is a lifeform fueled by magic, she would no doubt feel those effects as well. And with her flow of precious magic short-circuiting, she will soon be nothing more than a simple lifeless puddle of mud. And like with all life, once lost it well never return. Even if that magic inhibiting fluid disperses, the puddle of mud will never come to life again.

The screams of Yana get weaker and disappear as her ability to produce a whale-like voice is getting affected as well. No need for any voice to notice the heavy pain she is in, her entire legs already reduced to a formless pile and the rest continuing to melt at a rapid pace.

Oldor turns around, not interested in this being of mud struggling for survival. Not as “elegant” as he would have preferred, but this lifeform is an exceptional one. Killing an unknown and weird existence like Yana is not straightforward and he does not have enough time to experiment. This fluid was his safest option. All attention is now towards the wardrobe and what lies on top. A gun rolled in cloth. Oh he knows. Even if his cute little human spy wasn’t aware of this, his familiars often peeking through the window certainly were.

“Only the squid left.”

A bit too simple and direct for his tastes, but there is beauty to be found in murdering Nerine with Alexei’s own weapon. Pickers can’t be choosers. He had other plans for that girl to meet her end, but those had to be shelved when Sasha found out his identity prematurely. Once again, too much risk involved in taking a lot of time now. What if she were to run to town out of desperation and bump into Tudor? Can’t have that happening. Such is the difference a couple hours more or less can make.

Oldor is a tiny bit smaller in stature than Alexei and has trouble reaching the gun. Stretching out repeatedly and occasionally brushing that cloth wrapped package with his fingertips, but unable to get a proper grasp. Frustrated this is taking too long, he tries jumping. Eventually getting a grip around some cloth and flinging it over the edge, wanting to reach for it as it falls down, but failing as something is grabbing his toga and pulling it.

Gun falls to the ground and the source of what pulled on his toga reveals itself. Yana is crawling behind him, dropping her main body on top of the wrapped gun.

“What the fuck?!” Oldor curses out loud.

Why is this mud mongrel not dead? She isn’t fully recovered yet and is still obviously suffering, but that mud pool she left behind while crawling here is catching up at an increasingly steady pace.

“Just how much magic do you have?!” Oldor yells out in disbelief that the mantrap’s fluid has been sufficiently neutralized already by Yana’s body, magic properties of her power source far exceeding what he had expected.

“If not for that stupid idiot!” Oldor now curses Sato. If he had not barged into his room, Oldor would have a full injection of this stuff. She was practically half dead moments earlier, nothing but a muddy mess! No matter how fast it went, that recovery process was close to borderline. A full injection would have been enough to finish the job properly.

“Give me the gun!” he starts kicking the harmless girl.

Yana has no means of defense whatsoever. Technically she could smother and choke him in mud, but this girl does not have any murderous impulses. The entire concept of using her body in such a manner is completely foreign to her. Instead simply taking these kicks and punches while clearly feeling the brunt of those hits.

Oldor grabs his wand and tries a fire spell. But that doesn’t work either.

“Just *die* already!” he yells out in anger. Managing to kick her aside but noticing the gun is not where it fell. Neither can he see it under the bed or any other furniture. She is not holding it either.

“Don’t tell me...” he runs to Yana and tries to shove his hand through the mud of her main body, but she has tensed up its density and he fails to get deep enough.

Able to recognize when a cause is lost, Oldor steps away and puts his toga back into place.

“Fine! You are irrelevant,” he tries to control his anger, understanding such emotion is a bad judge for any situation. Pulling a letter from his toga he brought along afterwards, and placing it in the hands of a certain plushy rabbit. After leaving this room he uses his hand mirror again to check on those familiars. Noticing Sasha has found Nerine and is getting her to flee.

“Have it your way. I don’t need the squid either for my grand finale.”

He could look for Nerine, but that would take too much time and get too risky without a proper ranged weapon like the gun. Things have already started going south, better get back on track and give them these two minor wins. As long as his main plan is carried out, vengeance will be deemed complete anyway.

“Other things have higher priority, and time is running out.”

Especially now that he placed the letter, he has to make sure this next part of his plan goes off without a hitch. Heading towards the Academy’s entrance where he picks up a small bundle he left behind, heading out towards the forest for a quick trip before returning to his workshop and all will be ready for his finale.

The afternoon sun is shining down on a cute happy cyclops girl who is puffing up her black hair, putting it neatly in place while heading back from town to the Academy. Completing her assigned task of getting some movement and sunshine as ordered by her doctor. That pill she took probably doing its job already to make sure her little baby boy or girl gets born healthy.

Siera holds her large belly, overcome with happiness. A feeling that has been missing for quite a while as the loss of Coco came as a hard hit to her, so soon after Lorelei. And Siera happens to be that type of girl with a lot of empathy for others. Thinking what her friends must have gone through in their dying moments made her feel literally sick. During those dark days having found comforting solace in the company of her chosen man, ironically perhaps, doing so by having provided him with comforting solace instead. But lately life has been better again, and her beloved Master Alexei seems to be doing okay too.

Oh, how she is looking forward to putting a baby boy or girl in this world and add some busy life of fresh parenthood into their schedule. That should give them something to pull their mind away from lingering sad thoughts. That’s what her mother always used to say. Those times when she cried her awake as a baby were hard and sleepless times indeed, but they were among the best of her life. And Siera can’t wait to experience such for herself and share that experience with her own happy family. Hoping she can live up to all expectations of being the number two greatest mother in the world. Obviously, number one spot being reserved for her own mother who she looks up to like no other.

Siera holds her belly again. Having felt a kick once more. A pretty strong one too. There have been a surprising amount along the way back to the Academy. Maybe it’s that medicine making her baby livelier?

Siera stops.

“Ow!”

That kick actually hurt. Wow, this little rascal sure is being active this last half hour.

She continues walking. Nobody around on this part of the road during normal week days. Maybe a courier once or twice a day. Oldor should give her a permit more often, this is quite relaxing.

Siera takes two steps and stops again, bending over a bit, holding her belly as a pain starts growing inside. Maybe she needs some rest? Or the baby might be getting born... Is that it? That would be about a week early though.

“Aa!” she yells out, a sudden jolt of sharp pain shooting through her belly.

She needs help, something is clearly wrong. Siera’s face is getting bleaker. This pain is bad news, even if it is a premature birth, she should move on as long as possible, getting help from the Academy’s entrance guards. Once they can see her, raising a hand should be enough and they will come. That’s a bit further though, past this bend with trees. Siera tries walking on, almost falling ahead when another large jolt makes her scream in pain once more.

“Someone?! Help me!” she calls out, but there is no person around who can hear her. Only some birds and squirrels who look at her not knowing what is going on.

This time that pain lingering with constant sudden surges flaring up.

“Aaa~”

Siera falls to her knees. Wanting to get up again but looking down between her legs instead. She felt something warm between her inner thighs, and eyes can see a drop of blood on the ground. The cyclops is wearing a large shirt from Alexei, like she always does recently. Lifting up its bottom, her eyes turn to panic, face getting even paler and head getting dizzy. Processing what she just saw.

Her inner thighs are covered in blood.

Fear is starting to run through mind and body. Something is seriously wrong!

Stumbling onto both feet while biting her teeth in pain, she gets up again and starts struggling ahead. Bending over constantly at these increasingly stronger and frequent jabs in her belly, like someone is stabbing her with a large knife, over and over again. Sweat breaking out all over her tiny body.

The shirt... She needs fresh air... She needs to open this shirt. Cold sweat running over her body, trembling in fear, hands trying to open its buttons, shaking wildly and having a hard time even finding their target. Eventually she manages to open it, touching her belly directly, supporting it with both hands.

The twelve year old cyclops leans against a tree. Trying to recover from the most recent agonizing pain that shot through her body. Taking deep breaths and forcing herself to move on. She has to... No matter how much it hurts... She has to walk. For the sake of that precious life growing inside of her. No matter what happens to herself, she *will* give birth. She has to.

Siera stumbles along. Only a bit further and those guards can see her.

She screams out loud, falling on her knees again.

Behind her a long trail of blood making her afraid to look back.

Trying to stand is no longer possible, strength fading rapidly, dragging herself over the ground instead.

There it is, that tree ahead! If she can reach that one, guards can see her.

Looking between her legs once more, afraid to do so, fear turns into something far stronger.

Siera's single large eye starts to cry.

Why is this happening? Why~?

What has she done wrong to deserve this?

Between her legs is another puddle of blood. By now it is streaming down her thighs like a river. Another high-pitched scream of pure agony. A feeling inside her vagina as if something is coming out. Unsure what it is, only trying to crawl further.

She reached the tree. A matter of pure willpower, pushing herself to all limits purely for the sake of her unborn baby. A hand held out while raising on both knees. Standing is no longer possible, this is the best she can do to catch those guard's attention.

A sense of relief... They have noticed and are running over. It's quite a distance, they will have to run a minute or two. But they are approaching.

Again that feeling of something coming through, and it is getting stronger. Siera looks down once more. All that relief from earlier blown away in an instant. The warmth of red

liquid streaming down like a river, source of that feeling now clearly visible. Pieces of flesh are flowing down together with her blood, splatting on the floor and flooding out underneath her, forming a thick pool of red blood-soaked mushy substance.

She leans backwards against the tree for support, breathing heavily while the entire world is turning around her from massive blood loss. Heartbeat getting irregular at a rapid pace. Won't be long now before it gives up trying.

Siera is dying.

Shoulders are shaking from her desperate crying out of equally desperate denial.

But it's true... She is dying...

That large streak of blood on the ground leading all the way to this tree, it's all hers.

Those bits and pieces of mushy flesh laying between her legs? They are all hers.

Torn, bitten, crunched and flushed out with a constant river of blood that still pours out. Pieces of her own womb, her own vagina, her own belly and innards.

Siera is being eaten from the inside out, and its source is hidden inside. A poke visible as her large belly's skin gets stretched out, something in there is trying to get out. Shape of a head visible underneath her bulging skin. The shape of something that is not human nor cyclops. A creature far more horrifying than she could have ever imagined.

Siera's mouth gapes but no sound comes out anymore, a result of massive pain as her intestines get torn and munched to pieces. Another poke of a head... Or is that a trio of heads? Trying to voraciously eat their way out, her lower body expanding at their struggle.

Soft perfect skin of Sierra's belly gradually tearing open with a horrible meaty sound. A flow of red mush running out containing bits and pieces of this girl's mangled inner body.

A young mother who went through great suffering purely for the sake of her baby, looking with one fading dying eye and one last heartbeat at her pride, her joy, her healthy new born. Its bloodstained teeth tasting fresh air of the outside world after it savored its own mother's flesh. That creature scurrying off into the forest with surprising speed, seeking a shaded hiding spot where it will quickly grow into an adolescent, when it will attain its inherent power of illusion.

Siera has successfully given birth to her healthy baby mimic boy.

CHAPTER 21



When Worlds Collide

Alexei is finally leaving the base. They started asking questions about why he is in such a hurry, having to come up with some excuse that the woman he dates is about to give birth. It's not so much of a stretch. That would actually be a week from now, and Siera is not exactly a "woman". But good enough to get them to stop asking annoying questions, as establishing relationships to foster better contacts between both worlds was encouraged after all. Now to head back towards the Academy quickly, give a good hug to his loved ones and go arrest this asshole who took three of his partners and four of Sasha's friends.

Arrest... Yes... He repeats that word in his mind. Honestly far more desiring to simply put a bullet through that rotten sack of shit, but aware he should try to keep his calm.

"And? Any luck?" Kenji asks near the exit of the military camp.

"Got all I need," Alexei replies, grabbing his old colleague's arm firmly and putting the other hand on top. Thanking him for his help and walking on in haste.

That lady at the brothel waves towards him and Alexei waves back. Always such a kind woman. When this is all over he should go pay a visit to let go of stress. In all honesty, he is simply trying to ease his worries. This has been a long day and leaving his family behind for so long with a killer around is mentally hard to endure. But at least he knows who it is now. An explorer who came to Earth over a decade ago, took over the identity of probably some dead loner guy who had no active social connections left, and eventually got himself arrested. Only to be released prematurely and not getting the necessary follow - up because of his diplomatic connections to this world. The Master wizard Oldor.

Leaving town, Alexei notices a small crowd of people gathering further ahead along the halfway point to the Academy, right around a bend. Stress starts to get worse. What are they doing there? What are they looking at? Some of those spectators take a couple steps away to sit on the ground after looking, and is that someone bending between his legs to puke?

Alexei's blood pressure begins to rise. This better not be anything related to his family. Legs start to tread faster, turning into a running motion. Physique is thankfully not an issue, taking in plenty of air with each breath, getting closer to that small crowd. Hands starting to cramp increasingly as he gets closer from feeling nervous. That is definitely a crowd who are witnessing a horrible scenery.

No... Fuck no, it can't be true...

Alexei's muscles push his running to a limit, until he suddenly starts slowing down again, all strength leaving him.

That's a body sitting there against the tree.

It can't be true...

A small body. With a long red streak of blood leading to it.

It must not be true...

Black hair to around shoulder height.

Fuck no...

A large oversized shirt visible from the back.

Alexei's heart sinks to his stomach, mind completely blank as he gets close enough to recognize her past the crowd constantly getting in his way. A girl with one eye, half open

and lifelessly peering into the setting sun, sitting on a large pool of blood and some kind of mushy parts of flesh. A gaping red hole from her once filled belly.

Alexei stumbles, almost falling with every step.

“Siera...”

He falls down on his knees right next to her corpse.

“Siera? It’s me...” he says in a meek voice.

All bystanders keep quiet, not sure how to act or intervene, realizing this must be someone very close to that poor young child.

“Hey... Love? Please look at me... I’m here for you,” in complete disbelief of what he sees. Alexei just can’t take this anymore... Another one? Losing another one? That can’t be true. This must be an illusion. Alexei touches her cheek and feels Siera’s body falling down into his arms, still warm. Looking towards her belly and finally starting to realize his adorable and very lusty cyclops girl is forever gone. Holding her head close and starting to shed tears. Screaming out in agony at yet another precious bond brutally stripped out of his life, erased from this world.

How?! ... Why?!

No, he already knows enough. Specifics don’t matter, all answers existing in one simple word.

Older.

Alexei clenches his teeth in fury, blood running over the chin from his lip.

Placing Siera against that tree again, careful so she doesn’t tip over, as if the poor girl could still harm herself from falling.

He stands up, fists balled and clenching hard, taking two steps towards the Academy, stopping and turning around. One step towards Siera again, a last look... Finding it gruelingly hard to leave her behind. Then he turns and runs to the Academy, realizing more lives of his precious family are at risk.

Alexei barges into his room, door banging wildly against the wall from all force it got swung open with. He looks around and notices traces of a fight.

“Yana!” he runs to her as she sits in the corner, reaching out to her father.

“Are you okay?” he asks, knowing she can’t respond but still needing to ask.

What is this syringe thing? He picks it up and throws it to the other side of the room, far away from Yana. Checking the girl from head to toe for any harm while she tries to get some comfort from him.

“It’s good... It’s all good... I’m here now. You are safe,” he whispers to her, trying his hardest to suppress tears for Siera in the presence of Yana as not to upset her. He holds her close to his chest and gives the girl an assuring pat on the back. “I’ve got to go now, okay? You stay in here. I have an important job to do.”

Alexei doesn’t want to leave her here alone, but he has no other option. At least she is alive and well. Pulling up what is clogging his nose from crying, he gets up and looks at the wardrobe, noticing straight away the object he is looking for is missing.

“Fuck!” he yells out while trying to reach on top to see if he can feel his gun somewhere near the back of his wardrobe. But it’s not there, as feared. Now what? That was his best hope of taking down Oldor. And that is exactly what he intends to do. Fuck arresting. That piece of shit is going to die by his hand. Fine, if he can’t use the gun, he will simply beat him to death with his bare fists.

A low whale-like sound comes from behind him. Alexei turns around and notices Yana is crawling towards him, out of her belly an object is starting to appear.

A piece of cloth...

Could it be?!

He reaches out to it. It’s the gun’s wrapping alright!

He unrolls the cloth as quickly as possible. A trusty color of metal belonging to a reliable handgun revealing itself.

Full clip... Slam it in...

“Yana, you’re a treasure,” he says to her while giving a quick kiss on the forehead. The girl finally returning to her normal happy self.

A deep breath... Counting to five... Safety off.

Alexei heads out of the door and closes it, promising the one remaining occupant he will be back. Having a good idea where to look for Oldor. That bastard has to know Alexei is coming... He has to. He was Siera’s doctor. He performed all those tests and said she was

just fine. He knew what species the baby was, what sex, who was the father. Alexei has no idea how he did it, but Siera clearly died from something breaking out of her belly. And that could only have been one thing... And Oldor must have known.

Without hesitation, he runs straight to the basement, towards the clockwork room, also known as Oldor's workshop.

Arriving at the strange room, Alexei looks around. A door for each hour. All of them closed. One door immediately catching his attention. The twelve o'clock door. Straight opposite the open doorway he came from.

The twelve o'clock door has a large magical circle painted on it. That certainly wasn't there last time he was in here, when following a ghost hunt story around which led them to Yana. Alexei has heard of these circles before, his daughter Sasha explaining eagerly weeks ago about what those are and how they work, though she had heard about them only recently herself. If he remembers correctly, magic circles are a triggered form of magic. This door with such a circle on it certainly isn't budging a bit, not even when banging it with his full weight. It probably has to be opened by a trigger.

Looking around he begins to observe all other doors, quickly noticing a detail that has been placed specifically for him. Small wooden figurines are placed before certain doors. Alexei picks one up and feels his anger rising.

It's a little wooden cow.

He wants to barge in but restrains himself, checking out the other ones first.

As he expected, they all match a victim. A butterfly, a fish, the cow he had picked up earlier, and lastly the one-eyed figurine of a cyclops. They likely were crafted by Sato without knowing what they were for, having mentioned taking requests before. Carefully placing these objects back down before each door where he found them before checking the other ones. His instincts as a detective of not harming a crime scene are coming at play, realizing in time that there is a twisted game being played here. Mixing up the figurines and what door they belong to could have been a serious mistake already. But he can't stay here waiting forever. He has to make a decision, and going through one of those doors seems like the only way forward. The first one coming naturally to him.

The door holding a figurine matching the first victim, Layla. The two o'clock door.

Turning the knob, an audible click rings in his ears and the door opens. Cautiously he enters the room.

Candles fill this entire area. Multiple objects are placed inside in a clearly visible spot with nothing else around, lined up next to each other. These objects immediately attract attention by how unnatural they are deposited, and they don't seem to serve any purpose in here either. In the middle of the room is another eye catch. Another magic circle like that one on the door, but shaped differently. A large circle with four smaller ones spaced out along the edge. This room is otherwise empty. Not even a chair, desk or anything of furniture.

Examining these laid out objects, they are a diverse bunch of items. A rake, pair of bags filled with whatever may be inside, shovel, a single brick, bucket, wand, sealed bottle of yellow fluid, a carrying harness for a single man and a gemstone. Alexei ponders what he is supposed to do. If Oldor is treating this as a game or challenge of sorts, this must be a part of that challenge.

Four circles... Four objects?

He does recognize the bucket. There are even fresh stains of nectar on it, probably put on by Oldor as a little aide for this first test. That object has definitely a connection to Layla's death. The bags he recognizes too, they are of a same type that were used to feed the mantrap. Is that what this bastard wants him to do? Relive Layla's death through some sick puzzle game?

Alexei kicks a wall in frustration but already knows he has no choice but to play this stupid game. And better take it seriously, because very likely he only gets one shot at not messing this up.

Alright, so four objects to put in four circles, but which ones? The bucket seems obvious. That was used to carry nectar in the garden, from a norn to a mantrap, helping to conceal the latter's identity.

Now let's see what this pair of bags is, as they are probably connected too, at least one of them. But which one? They are made out of some sort of dried plant fiber, like a stronger

papyrus. Probably to help them digest. Definitely the same type as used back then. With enough force, Alexei can poke his finger in them. One is filled with pressed plants, the other is...

“Ugh,” Alexei pulls up his nose, a rotting stench coming out of this second bag.

Okay, this one is easy too. The plant-filled one is the correct item. Oldor used that instead of normal rotting meat and fish to starve the mantrap.

He looks through the remaining items but nothing comes up straight away.

“Hmm, what’s this?” Alexei picks up the bottle containing yellow fluid. Is it nectar? Sure looks like it. No, wait. Its color is slightly different. Then he understands what it has to be. The magic inhibiting fluid of a mantrap as described in the book he read, a book given to him by Oldor no less. That makes number three then, only one left.

However, none of these remaining items grab his attention straight away. A rake or shovel? Irrelevant. The gemstone and brick he can’t remember playing any role at all either. That leaves only two options to choose from. But they don’t immediately ring any bells concerning Layla’s case.

A wand and a carrying harness.

After some thinking Alexei comes up with an idea. Taking the bucket and hanging it on this harness. Works just fine and would make it easy to carry two of them at a time, resting all weight on the carrier’s shoulders. And there were two buckets stained with nectar back then. Alright then, that is four. Let’s try this thing.

Picking up these four objects, Alexei starts placing them inside the small circles one by one. First the bucket, then the bag and that bottle of fluid. Lastly he grabs the harness... And hesitates. Looking back to the wand next to those pointless items.

“Think, damn it...” trying to remember all details from his notes, wondering if he overlooked something.

...

Alexei’s face lights up with a clue. There was a long walking distance between the mantrap and norn. Sure, birds-eye view it was not far at all, but that garden is a maze changing every night, randomly no less. To fill the mantrap it would have taken a long time

to get there, and having to do it a large amount of times to transport enough of that sticky stuff. That sounds like too much work for an aging man on his own.

Alexei picks up the wand.

That's it! When Alexei asked him why he didn't use his wand to get Layla out, still refusing to accept she was dead, Oldor said it was impossible and his wand needed a recharge anyway. But he would never empty his wand for trivial chores, he said so himself when explaining about free-casting! He used the versatile but power expensive free-casting to automate a bucket transfer with levitation. That way it could simply go over the maze as well for shortest distance.

Alexei is convinced, this wand it is. Picking it up and holding his breath when placing it down in the last empty circle, immediately stepping back when he does.

A light emits from that circle on the ground. Success!

But... Nothing happened? The light went out again.

Fuck! Did he get it wrong after all?

Alexei paces around nervously, then takes a look at the clockwork room.

No, it wasn't a failure after all. That door at twelve o'clock has one quarter of its circle glowing. This thing is in turn triggered by triggers? For fuck's sake. Three more trials to go then. And the next door to enter is already known. One with a wooden figurine of a fish. Lorelei's door at seven o'clock. With a loud creaking it opens.

Three small round tables are lined up close to each other. Both outer tables have an aquarium placed on them with similar looking fish swimming around. Underneath each of those tables is wat looks like a magic circle.

As expected, another trial simply meant to torment by being forced to go through painful memories.

The middle table carries only three objects. A small handsaw and two tiny statues. One of those statues is a mermaid carved in stone. The other a simple piece of thin flat wood glued to a round base, a colorful and somewhat erotic depiction of a mermaid that must have been cut out of an anime or manga hobby magazine glued on its upright flat surface. Oldor probably got these from one of those Earth magazines Tudor lent him.

With only three objects, doesn't look like there is much that could go wrong in this trial. Alexei decides to examine both aquariums more closely, the fish inside already getting antsy when seeing him from expecting they are going to get fed. The aquariums look identical but a sign is placed in front of each, one marked as "safe" and the other as "unsafe".

Above each aquarium is a small shoddy construct. A short thin plank that is supported only on one end, the opposite end which hangs over the aquarium being held up by nothing but a piece of cord attached to the ceiling. If that cord weren't there, the plank would instantly tip into the water. Especially so since there is an object lying on the outer end where the cord is. A fish head that must have come from the Academy's kitchen. With right behind it a white circle made with chalk.

Alexei traces his memories for all details pertaining this case. Students were in the unsafe aquarium, one of the supports that Sato stood on was sawed off so he fell through when placing his weight on it, plunging straight into water. And Lorelei got eaten by a hidden predator when saving him. That's the gist of it. That is what he has to use as a guideline to trigger the correct magic circle. But to know the correct circle he has to decide on the correct aquarium.

That should be the unsafe marked one, the circle beneath it the true magic circle that needs to be activated. What would its triggers be? A likely candidate would be the correct item falling into the correct aquarium. That chalk circle on the tipping plank is probably an indicator, like something should be there.

Not much choice, since there are only three objects on the middle table. That handsaw is too big for the chalk-marked spot, leaving only both small statues. They each have a round base that would fit the right diameter. But there is only one marked spot on each aquarium, and two statues to choose from, which one is the correct choice? The stone mermaid is finely crafted, the wooden one a sloppy self-made construct. But it is the latter one that draws Alexei's attention, feeling confident this has to be the correct choice. Sato is a complete nerd for this kind of anime stuff. Enough so to have brought along his favorite series on his laptop, what was it called again, *Magical Girl Pururu~n whatever-chan*? And his craftwork is clearly influenced by that same hobby.

Confident in his choice, Alexei picks up the colorful anime -styled mermaid but doesn't place it down just yet. Not until he has a clear picture on what other steps to take.

The handsaw seems definitely important, but where precisely to use it? The tipping plank is an option but it has no additional markings. It wouldn't really be accurate either, as it was only the support that got sawed, and in this case that would be a cord hanging from the ceiling. Looking up and tracing that cord with his eyes, Alexei notices another chalk marking on the ceiling.

Alright, that should be it then. Place down the mermaid statue, saw the cord, let this statue and fish head fall into the unsafe aquarium.

He moves to place down the mermaid on the plank but stops.

It feels too simple. Did he miss something? Taking a couple steps back to observe both aquariums.

...

Alexei bites his lip, he almost messed up again. Walking closer to the unsafe aquarium and taking a good look at those fish swimming inside, then moving to the safe one and doing the same.

"Knew it..." he grumbles.

Labels of the aquariums are switched, like was the case back then. Those students were never supposed to be in that aquarium, if only the wrong one wasn't marked for use.

These fish in the tanks may look similar, but they aren't. With a good look, sharp teeth can be spotted on those in the safe tank, while the unsafe tank has non -carnivorous fish.

Alexei places down the wooden mermaid statue on the marked spot above the safe tank and begins to sever the cord with the handsaw. With a plunge, both that statue representing Sato and the fish -head representing Lorelei fall into water as the plank tips, hungry carnivorous fish immediately rushing in for their attack while Alexei looks away in pain at what this feast symbolizes.

A glow appears underneath the aquarium's table, Alexei bolding his fist at another success while gritting his teeth at the bad aftertaste these trials leave in his mouth.

Entering the main clockwork room, another segment on the twelve o'clock door has lighted up. Two more to go.

Next door, next victim in line, leading to Coco's room. The nine o'clock door, distastefully matching as it is known here as the Hour of the Wolf.

Alexei enters, expecting another mockery of a trial.

Nothing? At least no instantly visible objects that are obviously put there for him to use. No magic circle visible either. Did he pick a wrong door? No, that can't be, this wooden cow figure before the door was a clear indicator this has to be the correct place.

Alexei concludes he wasn't wrong when walking further into the room, recognizing a specific type of utility furniture. The side of this room is filled with an alchemist bench, like Sato used back in his own room when getting questioned rather intimidatingly by Alexei. A small furnace with a same type of scale Sato used to melt metal hanging over it. The bench's drawer is half open. Looking inside, Alexei confirms what he already could get a glimpse of when getting closer to this bench. There is a mold inside and four raw pieces of metal.

This room has two hallways leading to another area further ahead. Both hallways are almost right next to each other parallel and lead into the same space. Why two? Strange architectural choice to have a pair of hallways leading into the exact same area. There is a clear difference though between both hallways. One is dark and brooding with suspicious alcoves and gaps in the walls, ceiling and floor. The other hallway right next to it is well lit and absent of any oddities.

Alexei wants to take a look what lies on the other side, but hesitates to make a choice between both hallways. This is a trial after all, with such an obvious division it feels like making this choice is already a part of that trial. He shouldn't decide in haste.

A single pedestal with chalk marking on top sits right between the entrances to both hallways. If previous trials were an indication, an object has to be placed here. And Alexei painfully remembers what this marking's shape is representing. The fake talisman that lead to Coco's demise.

A pair of clenched fists land on the alchemist bench. Lots of effort and time must have gotten into preparing these trials. And what is this bastard doing this for? Only to mock

Alexei? Mocking these innocent victims at the same time for shits and giggles? The urge to blow Oldor's brains out at first sight is constantly peaking to greater heights.

But Alexei clenches his fists even harder, urging himself to come back to sanity. Getting vengeance will not be possible if he can't get past that one important door in the central room. The door leading to Oldor.

So if the pedestal needs a talisman, it will get one.

Taking that mold, he examines it closer. Simple stuff to use, pour molten metal in it and cool with water. At least there is only one, so no option to pick poorly. Metal on the other hand has four candidates as a source. They seem slightly different but Alexei is not an expert on deciding which one looks like the right type of metal.

Observing the scale to melt metal in, a same kind of temperature measuring device is visible as Sato used. Some wood is present to stoke a fire, but not much. Based on what he remembers when Sato did his testing, enough for only one attempt at smelting the correct metal piece.

Alexei picks up all metals out of this drawer, finding an actual talisman hidden underneath. Judging from its marked name that indicates the beneficiary of its protective power, it is Oldor's. In other words, this has to be real silver. That gives him a baseline on picking the right metal for the job.

Deciding to go for it, Alexei lights the fire using a nearby candle and lets it heat up while examining these four pieces of metal. They have some subtle differences in color, but he is no expert on recognizing which one would be the right material purely based on that. Weight is an indicator though, since these hunks of metal seem about the right size for filling one mold worth. Which means two of these four pieces can already be excluded using some simple deduction. Coco's was a lighter and softer metal than silver, so the one piece that is obviously heavier can be put aside already. And another one is close to the same weight, hardly a difference noticeable. That chunk can go too since it is either real silver or some element that has a similar atomic mass like cadmium.

That leaves two pieces. One to pick out and not enough firewood to melt both.

But Alexei has an idea. He did pay some attention at least to classes back in the day, and understands how the Mohs scale of hardness works as a result. While he doesn't know the

specific numbers, he does know silver is harder than tin as was used for Coco's fake. That means silver has a higher Mohs rating.

Alexei picks one of the remaining two pieces and starts smashing it against the metal corner of the furnace. Then he takes that other piece to do the same. Finally finishing with the real talisman last, letting it smash into that metal corner. Then he compares the results.

Alexei sighs a breath of relief.

Exactly what he had hoped and deep inside already expected, since Oldor has clearly designed these trials to be solvable. One of two pieces remaining has a similar amount of marks onto it as the talisman. The other has more "scars" to it. That is the only metal both softer and lighter than silver. This is the chunk he will use to forge an appropriate fake.

...

Alexei holds his head away at all steam rising up from his crafted talisman cooling. By now completely confident he chose right. The thermometer having shown a precise two hundred and thirty two degrees Celsius when the chunk started melting.

"Ow!"

Alexei shakes his hands in the air from that metal still feeling hot, even if it has cooled down enough to retain its proper molded shape. Removing his shirt to help carry it to the pedestal. As he puts it back on afterwards, thinking about what path to take. The dark and dangerous looking one, or the safe and lit one?

The safe hallway seems like an obvious choice, and definitely the more comfortable one, considering sharp pointy arrowheads can be seen sticking out from some gaps in both wall and ceiling of the other. Far from enticing to take this dark route, looking like a complete deathtrap.

And yet that is the one route Alexei has decided on.

Only reason Coco would have been there that night, was to perform a dare. Hoping to improve her courage by confronting danger. So that is exactly what Alexei will do, with every part of his body already screaming this is a horrible idea. But if Coco could face a werewolf by her own will, then he can complete this.

Holding onto Coco's medallion around his neck for good luck, he begins to walk forward into the dark, slowly, and paying good attention where he places his feet.

...

Halfway there... Passing another gap in the wall that a sharp and poisoned object could shoot out from at any moment. A loud sound suddenly scaring Alexei to the point of freezing.

What was that?!

Nothing seems to have happened. But it sounded like some kind of mechanism activated with a loud noise. Slowly picking up courage to continue on for those last few remaining steps.

Reaching the other side, he instantly notices a magic circle inside this room. In addition to finding the source of that noise moments earlier. That other hallway which seemed so safe has a wide open gap in its floor from a trapdoor that opened up. The likely deadly contents of that dark bottomless pit unknown, as it is too deep and too dark to peer down to its bottom.

But now what? There is a magic circle, but he didn't bring anything with him to place into it, and this area is completely empty. Touching the floor to try and search for some hidden panel or whatever, the circle surprisingly lights up. Simply someone being inside was the trigger, getting there the challenge.

...

Three quarters of the twelve o'clock room have now lit up. Almost there. Only one trial remaining, and Alexei is already dreading to enter it. The five o'clock door with a cyclops figurine in front. Siera's trial. One where mental torment is still fresh into his mind, the vision of her body with that red gaping hole burned into his retina. Eyes getting red again from a combination of sorrow and rage. Opening the door and walking through.

One table, one closet, a magic circle on the floor and four walls. That's it. The most simple room out of all so far.

The table has only two objects lying on it. Some piece of paper and a ceremonial looking dagger. Examining that paper first, it is a simple calendar which confirms what Alexei already knew since witnessing Siera's body. Oldor planned her death in advance. This

calendar is an identical copy of the one used when she had her first period, showing which days are safe to have sex and which ones are not. A calendar Oldor made for her.

How he managed to put in whatever that deadly thing may have been that killed Siera, Alexei has no idea. But one way or the other, Oldor got a monster or parasite into her belly.

What about this dagger? Did he use this to cut her open and implant a creature? No, that would leave a scar and he saw her belly plenty of times in its perfection. And to his knowledge, sufficient medical procedures do not exist here to get rid of such scars, not even with magic. Ugh, if only he had more time to investigate that horrible scene. But emotions were too overwhelming, too painful to pay any attention to the how or why about Siera's death.

Did that scum let her eat parasite infected food? That could be a method, but then why this calendar? It must have a purpose here, even if only to reveal and boast to Alexei how the murderer accomplished his victim's death. This calendar directly implies her death must have something to do with her period, meaning she had to be fertile for his method to work.

That fuck literally had Siera impregnated with a monster, using all data he gathered from his medical examination to know when to perform it. And since he was her doctor, he had it easy to get her to visit in private for accomplishing exactly that.

A fear suddenly overwhelms Alexei...

Serenia and Sasha! What if...?

No, he should focus on this. Both should be safe for now. This monster only killed its own mother once she was close to giving natural birth. Serenia still has two thirds of her pregnancy to go through and Sasha's has only begun. He only needs to bring them to Tudor for a check-up. And if all else fails, drag both across the Gate to a medical facility on Earth where they can surgically remove the parasite, if there is one.

Still, it is unlikely they would be affected. Oldor has used a different method for murdering each victim close to Alexei. That kind of pattern is not a coincidence. This murderous scum is following the mindset of those taking pride in their "work".

Alexei tries to put aside his worry and focusses back to the present. Taking a closer look at the dagger. Double-edged, well maintained but has seen use. A couple dried up blood

spots remaining around the handguard. Others seem to be eerily fresh. He slides it against the wooden table. Definitely sharp. Holding it up against a nearby light source, observing its blade. A sheen on it he hasn't seen before on knives, reminding him of the talisman. Different metal, silver possibly?

...

A sound makes him look up. Where did that come from?

Alexei looks around but can't find anything that might have made noise.

But there it is again, a shuffling of sorts, coming from that one closet.

Is there a person locked inside?

Remaining quiet, Alexei pulls out his handgun and holds it at the ready while getting closer to the closet. This is still a trial after all, keeping a guard up is a must. Reaching out for the handle from afar, opening it with a quick swipe and holding his weapon ready to fire.

It wasn't really a closet, but a built-in dark storage running quite deep. Far enough that he can't see the end through this darkness. Shuffling comes from the far end, getting closer. Alexei takes a couple steps back to increase distance, waiting for what creates that sound to appear into light.

"Sasha!" he calls out once getting a glint.

His daughter is stepping into the room, now clearly recognizable. Walking closer to her father. Alexei wants to run over and give her a hug of relief, but he stops two steps shy. Immediately backing off again.

"Sasha?"

She isn't replying, not saying a single word in fact.

"Sasha, what's wrong? Answer me, sweetie."

His weapon was lowered once he saw her face and he keeps it aimed at the ground, but still ready to use it at any moment. Something feels off about this. What is Sasha even doing here? Why is she not replying? But most of all, why is she smiling?

Her father is standing here clearly stressed out and holding a gun... And she is smiling like there is no care in the world? That's simply not the daughter he knows and has come to love.

“Sasha... Did you know? Siera is... gone.”

She is still smiling... Definitely not normal. Sasha cares far too much about her friends to smile about news like that.

The blonde girl continues to walk closer to her father at a constant pace, that father continuously backing off and trying to keep the table between them so as not to be driven into a corner.

“Sasha, snap out of it!” he yells out.

Sasha being in that storage cannot be a coincidence. She is here as part of this trial, and that can only mean this has a connection to Siera’s death. But how? Alexei’s brain tries desperately to find an answer, coming up with only two possibilities. Either Sasha has been brainwashed or controlled one way or the other, or that is not Sasha at all. Considering the room he is in and what it represents, Siera must have been tricked in a similar way. Either she got controlled like this, or was deceived by an imposter.

“Sasha, I have a job to do here, you know that?”

The figure nods but never speaks.

“If I don’t, there are going to be more victims, you understand?”

Another nod, another step closer.

“So we can be one happy family again, like we always were. Just you, me... your mother.”

The figure nods and smiles.

Alexei raises his gun. A single shot resounds throughout the room. For a short instance, something monstrous and nightmarish was visible as the bullet hits center of mass.

Alexei stops at the horrible sight of Sasha’s stomach turning red.

Did he misjudge? There were three reasons that added up to pulling that trigger. One was that comment about her mother. Sasha would never have smiled and nodded at mentioning them ever having lived a happy life together. The second being a strange shadow he noticed when she passed close to a light source. A shadow that does not match his daughter. Third is that slippery slime or drool he just stepped in after having made a full circle around this table.

Alexei lowers his gun, starting to feel frightened by doubt. Then the creature lunges forward and flings itself to Alexei. He notices barely in time and steps back, both falling to the ground.

Whatever this monster is, he hurt it as it is bleeding, but he can feel his jeans getting a tear from sharp claws hidden under the guise of Sasha's delicate fingers. Getting a nice clean shot was never possible, as this thing is a mimic, and that figure of Sasha does not match the real shape of the creature hidden underneath that illusion. What looks like a shot in the stomach is in fact one that missed vital organs and hit a hip of the mimic. Still a good hit, but far from immediately lethal.

This thing is crawling on the ground in pain and lashing out angrily at Alexei. He wants to get up, but gets pulled down again by the mimic dragging on his foot, trying to pull him with surprising strength towards its deadly claws and jaws. Alexei holding onto a leg of the heavy table with all his strength to prevent that from happening. Looking away so he isn't confronted with the sight of kicking his free foot in the direction of what looks like his own daughter. A hand shifting to the top of this table as he drags himself over it, trying to reach for the object closest to him.

A silver dagger.

The look on Sasha's face one no longer laughing or smiling, but one of sadness, like pleading her father to help her rather than try and get away.

Alexei slashes near his foot and blood falls on the ground belonging to the creature. Another flash of its true form, this one longer than earlier. And from a mere slash in the arm. Is it possibly caused by silver? Does this monster have a weakness to it like those werewolves? Regardless, he cannot hesitate. Now that it has felt fresh pain is his best chance to seal the deal and take care of this vile imposter. Gritting his teeth while lunging forward himself, fueled by knowledge this monstrous thing must have played a vital part in the death of Siera, knife being swung to the head of this creature and stabbing it straight in the neck of what looks like his own daughter.

Alexei screams out loud in anger and disgust of being forced to see a sight he never wants to see again. A sight which resembles his own daughter choking on blood while squirming in pain, short flashes of the real monster making it at least somewhat bearable.

Then those flashes stop again, a dead corpse still looking like his precious daughter spread out on the floor.

Alexei stands up and stabs that knife he still has into the table, releasing his anger once more, loudly cursing Oldor with every Russian insult that comes to mind. Grabbing his gun again and putting it away for later use. For when he faces that rotten sack of shit.

He looks onto that dead body on the floor. So this freakish monster took Siera's life?

The mimic Oldor caught months ago through use of the new sleep spell he had as a prototype on his Master level wand. Smuggling the creature into this Academy wasn't all that hard thanks to its natural passive property of casting an illusion. Finding one once it turned out Siera had her first period was the true challenge. A couple sleepless nights while investigating rumors of villages nearby, combined with the observation powers of a couple familiars were a recipe for success. All the wizard had to do was observe at night and wait for a victim to be freshly eaten. Then rush in for securing his little gift to a fertile cyclops.

The circle hasn't activated yet, but Alexei has a good idea on how. What he had to complete in this room is pretty clear. Facing the source of Siera's death and taking it out, which he barely managed to do thanks to that initial gunshot.

Alexei grabs the arms of what looks like Sasha and drags her to the magic circle, looking away so as not to witness her dead eyes staring at him. Like he just killed his own flesh and blood. Not that any other illusion would have been easier for him. Though it could only have been Sasha under these circumstances where there is no room for desire in his thoughts, and thus only whoever he has most memories with becoming that default illusion. This was in some aspects the easiest or most straightforward of these trials, yet in other aspects also the hardest to face. Once that body enters the circle, it lights up in a by now familiar manner.

Alexei steps back into the main room, the clockwork room. A certain door which was sealed with a magic crest has opened by itself, a long hallway stretching out beyond. A hallway which will take him to the one destination he has in mind.

The place where Oldor awaits.

The place where Oldor will meet the hand of death.

Alexei walks through the open door that marks twelve o'clock.

Symbolizing an appropriate hour.

The Hour of Man.

Sasha has entered the door that was marked on her map. There was this weird magic circle thing drawn on one of the others, but only this one was already open, inviting her to step through. Once she did, it closed. On her back is that good old trusty backpack she came to this world with, holding everything she brought along. Feeling these will come in useful during what awaits beyond this hallway. Why else would Oldor have hinted at bringing her treasures along?

The place has turned pitch black since the door closed. Only one option to take, even if Sasha would have preferred not to.

“Luma!”

Walls light up from a bright glow emitted by her wand. Hoping this entire basement isn't covered in darkness. Her wand is still in good shape, but one use of a sleep spell on Tudor and lighting up that map does mean it is no longer in perfect condition. And the longer these dark tunnels last, the more power gets drained for illuminating her way ahead. Gathering air in her lungs while scraping together all courage, Sasha walks forward, understanding she has no time to waste.

Unlike she had hoped, these dark hallways seem to go on forever with the occasional turn or chamber here and there. Where is this leading her? The Academy having a large underground network that one could easily get lost in sure wasn't an exaggeration. Though Sasha has a feeling she is being purposely lead around on a goose chase. Isn't this door on her left the same one she passed ten minutes ago from the other side? What a waste of time, if only it wasn't locked. Far from the first one she passed either, but always only one path to take and all others perfectly sealed. Oh well, at least she can't get lost. As long as there is no sudden dead end, things are going smooth so far.

Sasha sighs. She shouldn't have thought that. Here it is, a dead end. A chamber with only one door ahead, and it doesn't budge. This stupid thing doesn't even have a handle or knob. Maybe there's a secret switch like during their adventure which led past that hidden library

entrance? Sasha starts looking around for any stone or rock that looks out of place, and eventually finds one she can push.

The door opens and her confidence starts to grow.

Other side is a small room with a torch, so Sasha dims her wand to reserve power and starts to look around, feeling less time pressure now those magic reserves aren't ticking down. The door she came through closing again once having entered, no way out.

Another door on the opposite side of this room, another lack of a knob or handle, and a weird smell lingering inside. There has to be another mechanism, so Sasha starts looking around again. Not noticing anything odd on the walls this time. Only one torch which is firmly attached to it, having tried to get it off for use as a light source later on but failing to.

Then she finds the source of this bad smell. A small beaker filled with a thick oily fluid and a handkerchief sized piece of cloth right next to it. She puts her nose closer and immediately pulls away at the vapid stench that reminds of some kind of gasoline. Right when Sasha thinks she found all there is to this room, one small oddity catches her eye. There is a narrow and shallow ditch running from a wall towards the locked door.

Sasha breaks her head over what to do in this situation. Is she to use these objects to trigger something? Not much choice to use there. A torch, some beaker with stinking oil, one handkerchief and a ditch.

An idea quickly pops into her head. A memory of not that long ago, of some children's detective show on Japanese television. That show always had riddles like these and one had a solution that might work here.

Oil and fire... And a route for it to follow.

Sasha picks up the beaker and starts to pour that oil into the ditch, her confidence growing when noticing this amount of oil matches to fill it. But how to light it? A fire spell does exist, but she doesn't know any proper incantation. A fire source is present in the form of a torch, but she can't get it out to light that oil.

Holding a hand under her chin like the detective in that children's show always does, Sasha starts to ponder.

Of course, the handkerchief! Why else would it be here?

Sasha picks it up and holds it by a tip while letting it catch fire. Then she throws it onto the oil.

Nothing? Isn't that oil supposed to ignite now?

Right as she tilts her head in confusion, that smelly substance reaches an appropriate temperature and flames start shooting out, forming a fiery path to the door along that ditch.

With a rumbling sound and some dust falling off, the door opens once fire reaches it.

Sasha makes a jump in the air at another success. As expected of a detective's daughter, she has the natural talent for this stuff! Smelling victory already, Sasha steps past the door into a dark hallway where she holds her breath.

"Ugh, Yuck!"

What a horrible smell. Same one as that beaker but much stronger. And just great, no lighting again in this area. Once again the door closes behind her.

As she takes a couple more steps forward, a splashing sound can be heard under her feet while she casts her light spell again. Sense of victory disappearing instantly when noticing this hallway she stands in has its floor fully covered by that same oil other than a small slightly elevated area near the door. And that oil's reflection stretches on far ahead where a corner cuts off her view.

Taking a couple steps backward again towards the closed door, Sasha gets a jump-scare as a sudden light bursts from underneath. Fire has come from the other room where it has ignited a cord that leads into here. That in turn having ignited the oil stuck on one shoe, making the blonde girl stamp quick and hard with her feet against a small piece of dry ground until it finally goes out. Thankfully it didn't burn her as those shoes are quite sturdy, only some rubber at the bottom having scorch marks.

"Oh shi..." she says in disbelief.

That still burning cord runs all the way to the field of oil filling this entire room, and it's already halfway there. Leaving Sasha with two options. Make a blind run for it and hope there is no more oil around that corner ahead. Or put out this burning cord. But thanks to messing up with her shoe, option one being available seems already a thing of the past.

Moving with haste, Sasha opens a front pocket of her bag and reaches for the one object she has in mind. No, that's not it, where is that damn thing?!

There it is... A small sphere fitting perfectly in her palm. With all strength her slender arm can muster, she flings it towards the source of fire that has already reached oil, starting to warm it up quickly to critical temperature. Any seconds now this entire room will light up in a massive blaze.

Holding her breath and looking away, Sasha takes a couple steps back while a vapor appears around the fire. Burning flames dimming instantly, turning into a dark red smoldering and eventually stopping completely.

Sasha sighs a breath of relief.

Holding her nose and mouth closed while passing the place where she threw Elenor's gift, better to be sure. Quickly running into the dark ahead, illuminated by her wand, feet splashing in oil, and turning the corner.

Fire wouldn't have stopped here. The oil continues on for quite a bit longer. Using that sphere was the correct choice.

Another door. The third one by now. But these follow a similar pattern as before. Only one open and thus no choices to make.

Then Sasha feels a chill through her spine.

An open room, and this one has the eerie feel of another challenge to it. She almost messed up on the previous one, better take more care here. A bad smell permeates this place as well, though not one of oil. If she were to describe it, the term used would be more... rot. This entire area is quite large and basically one giant garbage heap. Probably a trash dump for the entire Academy, mountains of old furniture, books, documents, crates and barrels all rotting away. Some organic remains interspersed here and there as well, mold growing on them.

Sasha definitely does not want to touch anything in this room or even get anywhere near it, but on the far end of this once again pitch black hall is the exit, barely visible by light from her wand. There better not be any rats in here.

No way around the mountain of trash, she has to get over it, finding the least difficult path. Taking a first step on it, she can feel trash giving in as all weight gets placed on her foot. Slowly making her way towards that other side while holding the wand ahead, careful so as not to fall since the mere thought makes shivers run over her shoulders all the way down her back. A movement to her right, a small rodent scurrying away from the large intruder. Ugh, so there are rats. Of course there would be, one merely has to look at this place.

Almost halfway. Foot sinking deeper suddenly and having to hold onto an old chair next to her to regain stable footing. As much as “stable” is possible. The piece of wood she is holding onto snapping off from being rotten to its core.

Sasha pulls up her nose at what she sees a bit further to the side. The corpse of a large rat, or more specifically what little remains of it. Only its head is left, the rest clearly eaten away not very long ago. Maybe by its own kind?

Another sound coming from the opposite side catches Sasha’s attention, making her look around, but unable to find its source. And another sound, a bit closer now. This time she spotted the location. Hard to miss since a piece of furniture was moving.

That thought lingers...

A piece of furniture moved. Not merely some tiny step or baby chair, but a wardrobe...

It fucking moved. Whatever is doing that has to be one giant rat, or that’s no rat at all.

“Shit, shit, shit!”

Sasha tries to go faster but has a hard time doing so. Getting her foot stuck from rushing and having to pull hard to get loose again. Clenching hard onto her wand because if it drops, getting to it might be a hassle or even impossible.

More sounds getting closer, more movement accompanying it. This time she caught a glimpse through some trash of a creature wiggling underneath. That sound it makes one she would prefer never to be confronted with again. That’s the same creepy crawling she heard back in that hidden basement when a giant centipede attacked. Sight of that monstrous mouth with mandibles a memory only making her want to rush even faster.

What if she uses her wand?

Instead of holding the wand ahead, Sasha holds it in the direction she thinks this creature is steadily making its way closer. Like her father did with a torch back then. That held it at bay long enough for Elenor to throw her sphere. If only she had another one of those... But the sound keeps coming closer, trying to find a route to its prey through that massive pile of rubble it has claimed as a nest.

Only a bit further! The pile is thinning out...

For an instant she could see the scary figure of a dark scaled monstrosity creeping along on what seems like at least a hundred legs.

“Get away!” Sasha yells out while swinging her wand like a weapon, hoping to intimidate the creature. But her fears turn to reality. Back then it was fire from a torch that scared it. Mere light of a wand will have no effect on its determination to feed.

Sasha thinks about other possibilities in these last few seconds remaining before the moving pile of rubble reaches her. She could make a mad dash through this remaining rubble, but if she falls it’s over. Using a piece of furniture as a weapon? No, won’t work... That chair earlier gave so easily even by simply grabbing on to it, no way can some rotten wood stop that thing. Her wand then? Is there another spell to use? There is, but all this rubble is going to make it hard to aim properly, only getting a chance at the very last moment.

More furniture gets pushed up by a big pair of mandibles attached to a gaping mouth that opens in four directions, a bunch of legs propelling it forward to lash out and grab its prey...

“*Dormo!*”

With a loud squealing, Sasha kicks at the centipede’s head, almost falling in the process. Quickly trying to make distance as the black mass of death slowly comes to a halt. Its deadly mouth only half an arm length away from Sasha.

Another squeal at the freakishness of it all and with goosebumps all over her body, Sasha crawls the last remaining distance, looking around at a horrifying sight of a small army of hungry rats coming forth and piling on to get vengeance at this creature that has terrorized them for so long, sensing it has now become vulnerable.

Startled and heart beating like crazy, Sasha runs through the hallway and sighs a breath of relief when encountering a door with a handle. Opening it and closing immediately once passed, leaning against it to let both trembling legs find some strength again.

Sasha gets increasingly frustrated. Just how long and wide does this underground network go? And again no light. That wand has to be reaching close to the end of its magic supply by now. Still, she can't complain. Siera's sleep spell saved the day there. More never-ending corridors, more of that feeling someone wanted her to take a very long detour to reach a nearby destination. But she can't stop now. Her family is in need of help.

Is her wand's light starting to fade?

No, what she thought was her light dimming, is simply it no longer reaching a large surface area ahead. A wide, deep and broodingly dark gap separates Sasha from a doorway on the opposite side. Keeping enough distance from the edge, she tries to peer down. Nothing but darkness to be seen, indicating falling down there would spell certain death. Even if she survives the fall, getting back up again seems impossible. Making the jump to that other side isn't an option either. That would take an Olympic athlete on a good day to cross successfully. A twelve year old girl like her doesn't stand a chance of reaching even halfway.

Sasha puts all thoughts of crossing to the back of her mind. There is an alternative available after all. Along the edge of this ravine is a path that leads to another hallway. It even has lighting, which is certainly a welcome sight. As she turns to continue towards the light a small sound catches her ear. Looking down to somewhere around her feet where it came from, Sasha can see the subtle rainbow hue of a water dragon scale on the ground.

Unsure if it's hers, Sasha checks her bag noticing the scale is indeed gone.

Huh, it must have been close to falling out after all that rushing and stumbling in the trash room. She takes a step closer to the dark ravine to pick it up, not wanting to leave Lorelei's gift behind. But when raising herself, the small object slips through her fingers again, making her try and reach out for it mid-air, but not getting a good grab.

"Ah!" Sasha shouts in regret.

Instead of grabbing it, she actually knocked it further, precious object now diving towards the ravine.

Sasha's regret turns to disbelief, her mouth opening in surprise.

That scale is not falling, like it hangs still in mid-air right at ground level. Squatting down, Sasha carefully reaches out for it and feels the texture of a hard surface where there should be nothing. Picking up the scale and looking at it.

Sasha remember what she was told about a water dragon scale and it having some mysterious power to show the way, its colorful hue now faded into a dull grey, devoid of any magical energy. Placing it into her bag again, even if its power is now gone.

Sasha looks to that lit hallway once more, picking up a small piece of rubble and throwing it into the light. The moment it touches ground, a trap goes off. As the rubble rolls further along the ground another trap reveals its deadly presence.

Sasha wipes her nose and sniffs, realizing these tests that have been prepared are far more dangerous than she expected. Changing focus onto the ravine again, feeling out the shape of a bridge with her hands and starting to crawl on all fours over an invisible crossing. A bridge concealed by a spell only a Master level wizard can pull off. One that carries a certain sense of irony, in that it mimics the magical abilities of a mimic. Creating an illusion of nothingness.

Trying not to look down into the abyss, Sasha crawls further, already much looking forward to reaching the end of this very uncomfortable bridge. Holding onto the edges of it with both hands makes it hard to carry the wand simultaneously so she has it stuck between her teeth, one eye closed since its light is shining too bright. Saliva starting to build up and making her want to swallow. Until a trickle runs down her throat and Sasha can't resist any longer, letting her tongue make a swallowing motion...

And her wand falls.

In panic, Sasha reaches out for her only lifeline in this place of pitch-black darkness, shaking hands trying to catch the object as it rolls to an invisible edge. Falling over it and barely grabbed at the nick of time as she leans over into the dark.

Another sigh of relief, stress levels peaking to all new heights from these constant challenges. The wand illuminating from a bit lower and just a tiny bit of that ravine's

bottom visible. How odd, it's like the floor is moving. Sasha's eyes narrow, trying to understand what she is looking at, then instantly pulling her hand back when the dots connect. The ground isn't exactly moving, but that mass of bugs creeping over it and covering its entire surface certainly do.

The blonde starts crawling further with renewed vigor, wanting to get away from this ravine as fast as possible. Reaching the end and feeling another rise of stress, as a large crumbling sound, followed shortly after by a disgusting squishing of hard pieces hitting the creeping bottom, indicates that invisible bridge has collapsed. Like Oldor is trying to tell her there will be no going back.

Not that she intends to, as Sasha has not lost any determination to reach Serenia. Only wishing Oldor had less of a preference for creepy crawlies and dark spaces because she does feel genuinely scared to her core by this point. A feeling that until recently has been unknown to this girl. And shaking with that fear, she moves on towards her next challenge.

Another dark room, fully expecting another dangerous monster, Sasha enters with a meek feeling while observing and listening closely. It's a decently sized room, but nothing overwhelming. Her wand capable of lighting it entirely. Some weird large shafts in the ceiling seem to lead to nowhere, probably meant for air to pass into this dungeon. A single exit visible in the form of another door. There is however one minor issue.

That door is at a higher level and there is no way to reach it. First thought that comes to mind is another one of those invisible structures, this time a staircase or such. But when feeling around like a blind man throughout this room, nothing invisible seems to be present. Only a couple weird loose stones lying on the floor that she almost fell over. Sasha did encounter one oddity however. A little box is standing all alone in the corner.

Sasha opens it cautiously, afraid some dangerous animal might come out, but it contains nothing living. Only four wooden objects are neatly placed inside.

Wooden figurines of a butterfly, fish, cow and cyclops.

It doesn't take long for Sasha to understand the significance of these figurines, each representing one of her friends. A different kind of fear entering her mind at the sight of this wooden cyclops.

Siera has to be warned, she is being targeted next!

Sasha is too innocent or naïve to even consider the possibility that Oldor's plans for Siera have already been carried out to fruition. Only willing to accept her one-eyed family member is next in line. Yet another reason to get out of this dungeon fast. But what are these things here for?

Taking out one of those figurines and observing it closely, she notices a piece of paper has been glued to its bottom. On it is nothing but a simple number written down. When examining the other three they too have a number, albeit a different one.

In rising order, twenty three, sixty six, one hundred and lastly one hundred fifty two.

What could these possibly signify? None of these numbers bring anything to mind straight away. Sasha searches her memories where one of these numbers may have shown up before. These got placed here for a reason, for her specifically. Where has she seen them before?

Then her eyes light up. Of course!

She opens her bag and immediately finds what is on her mind. That book she received back on Earth from nobody other than Oldor himself. The same Oldor who had back then already planned out at least this part of these trials, writing down words onto certain pages. Words that were a mystery till now. Sasha looks to confirm her suspicion and lets out a yell of achievement when flipping to page one hundred, her memory not having failed. This one number at least was easier to remember since it is such a nice round one. Probably why it was chosen to begin with.

Page one hundred has one of those weird words written on it.

Trying her best to remember that word while flipping through the book to look at those other pages as marked on figurines. Three other words written down, one each on those pages.

Sasha wonders what these could be for that could be of any use in this room, and can only think of one conclusion. This is a spell. Not one of those pre-recorded ones, but what they have been taught as "free-casting". A practice they have not learned yet and thus she has no idea what each of these words do on their own, and least of all combined.

What order would they even need to be in? Fiddling with one of those figurines in her hand, Sasha can think of only one order that would make sense. A cruel order. The order she lost her friends. Layla, Lorelei, Coco... And the next victim in line will be Siera. That is how this human girl begins to see the true form of a spell that no novice would ever learn.

Standing up to prepare herself for casting. This is free-casting after all. It is so energy-hungry her novice wand will be sucked dry. A thought that is extremely unnerving, but hoping that Oldor has kept that in mind as he seems to have made these challenges based on what she should be capable of solving if luck and good foresight are on her side. That means there has to be a way forward.

Holding out one hand with her wand towards that door which marks the exit, other hand placed on her chest to try and ease a beating heart, Sasha speaks the words in their proper order.

“Montr mi la vojo.”

Edges of her mouth start to curl upwards when a low rumbling can be heard, one of those stones ahead beginning to lift into the air.

Sasha wants to jump in excitement again. Another success!

Then that stone falls to the ground.

“Huh?” she asks herself with rapidly increasing anxiety.

Light on her wand is starting to dim. Her wand has run out of power and this entire place quickly turns a creepy pitch-black.

Fine. A part of Sasha had expected this to happen, knowing there wasn't much juice left in that thing. But she has a bottle of hope in her bag. Ugh... But she should have thought about getting it out before trying this spell in her dumb euphoria-induced eagerness at having found an answer to this puzzle. At least there was nothing crawling around in this room.

Only having thought of that, Sasha can hear a subtle shuffling in the dark, her body freezing up.

What was that?!

Another shuffling... Different from the centipede, but that doesn't make her feel any more secure. It's coming from... above?

The sound of something getting closer.

Sasha swings her bag in front and quickly starts opening it with trembling hands. Whatever that thing is, there is not much time. The trend in this dungeon has been set by previous rooms.

She is being hunted...

Where is that damn belt?! Open already! Why did she even close it?!

Sasha flips open her bag as if driven forward by the sound of death rapidly approaching. That death already clearly audible and getting livelier with every passing second.

Where is the bottle?!

A vague sparkling of powder guides the way for Sasha's desperate hands as they clamp around Layla's gift, twisting it open and quickly jamming her wand into it.

The sound gets close, very close... Only hope left the little sparkle of Layla's powder getting its magical energy sucked into her wand.

"Luma!"

A loud screeching of an animal makes Sasha sink to the floor and cover her ears. Terrifying sight of a giant bat reaching down from the ceiling making this fragile blonde child wet herself in fear.

"Luma!" she repeats, somehow managing to pronounce the word correctly to stack her light spell, making it very bright. The bat lashing around with its mouth wide open and retreating into the safety of its dark nest, situated in one of those large holes in the ceiling.

Sasha swings the bag around her shoulder and stands up, not even aware of warm pee running down her leg. No time to waste. Her wand is properly charged and any second longer in here with a stacked light spell is draining it again.

"Montr mi la vojo!" she repeats the free-cast.

Stones starting to move one after the other, forming a set of stairs leading up to the door. That door itself opening up slowly once the last stone has taken its place, with no time to waste since this cast will have been very power hungry. It's a miracle that even with a full wand of merely novice level it still has some energy left for that light spell, though it is slowly starting to dim.

Making her way over the stone stairs Sasha climbs to the top, room getting darker and that agitated creature in the ceiling smelling its second chance. Sasha runs past the door and doesn't stop even when she can hear those stones dropping and the door closing again.

Light on her wand goes out. Its power completely drained again. Light of torches prepared by a wizard who already foresaw exactly that. Sasha leans against the wall and sinks through her knees, starting to wipe tears from her eyes. Sniffing through her nose and gasping for air with an irregular breath. This is getting too much for a twelve year old. Unable to understand herself why these deadly situations are so different from the ones she sought out herself. Courting a deadly predator was no less of a danger than this, and yet it feels so different. So scary. But why?

Wiping some last tears, Sasha raises on her still shaking legs and moves on. Afraid to open the next door but going for it anyway. Serenia is waiting somewhere, and the sooner she gets there, the sooner they can get out of this miserable hellhole that is Oldor's dungeon and go warn Siera.

The next door opens... And Sasha can't believe her eyes.

She made it...? She really made it!

Serenia is laying down on a wooden bench. Sasha rushes towards her, but the moment she steps into the room a loud metallic sound reverbs throughout, making Sasha's heart sink once more.

What now...?

A constant clicking and prattling begins to form a constant presence, like some sort of large metallic clockwork is grinding away. Followed by a loud creaking as a large object begins to move above the bench Serenia lays on. Out of the ceiling is a plate with long sharp spikes slowly making its way down.

Sasha rushes to Serenia, calling out to her.

"Sera! Wake up!"

The girl is unconscious with the cause noticeable from a strong stench coming from the other side of this room. Even from such a distance that piece of cloth lying on a table is making Sasha's head feel a bit lighter. No doubt Oldor used that to bring Serenia here and

tie the poor girl to this bench. Both hands wrapped around with a thick cord and a tight knot.

“Sera! Please, wake up!” Sasha shakes her friend, giving her a slap on the cheek.

With a groaning gape for air, the pregnant girl opens her eyes and tries to make sense of this situation, head heavy as a rock and mind still clouded. Starting to panic quickly once noticing she can’t move and a bunch of deadly spikes are aimed right at her, lowering in a steady pace. Sasha struggling with the tied cord to try and free her friend, not much strength left in her fingers from those ordeals she had to go through already.

“Stop the machine!” Serenia tries to give an alternative.

Sasha looks around but the room is almost empty. Only thing visible of this construct bringing Serenia and her child closer to gruesome impalement is one piece of the wall nearby having a wooden board missing, revealing large metal gears turning behind it. And a single note hanging right next to it.

“Don’t block the gears,” it says.

“Put something in!” Serenia yells in fear.

Sasha just had that same idea, but what could she use? This room is practically empty. Nothing is small enough to fit. Then she gets an idea, grabbing her wand and sticking it into the grinding gears, but the small piece of wood can’t handle such massive power of these large gears and gets splintered instantly.

Sasha looks around some more but this room has clearly been neatly purged of anything that can be used instead. Is she supposed to watch her friend die while being powerless? Returning back to trying to get those bindings loose. One starting to, but she is not going to make it in time.

Serenia screams in fear. Multiple sharp spikes are hanging right above her pregnant belly. Only a couple more seconds or so and they will start to pierce her.

Sasha reaches out for her boot, thinking about her last resort. One she has been carrying since before coming through the Gate. A tiny little knife gifted by Kasumi. Rather than trying to cut thick rope with it which would still take too long, Sasha jams her knife between the gears with all her weight behind it.

The metallic sounds creak to a halt, as if the construct is screaming out in pain.

Right, the bindings! Now she has time.

One untied, she runs around this bench to work on the other one. Helping to drag her crying friend from underneath those spikes. The little knife finally cracking under all that pressure and all gears turning into action again.

...

Two girls sit on the floor and cry in the comfort of each other's arms.

"Oldor... It was..." Serenia tries to say with broken words while crying.

"I know," Sasha replies.

Not wanting to stay in this place for much longer, the blonde girl helps her fellow human friend up and supports her while they stumble to the door. A small magic circle activating once it opens, but nothing that seems to happen as a result.

They are back in the central clockwork room. A single figure trying to keep his balance while holding his head, some blood running from it.

"Master Sato!" Sasha calls out.

Sato looks at his students, not having a clue what is going on after having only woken up from Oldor's sleep spell, a bruise on his head from falling down and still feeling groggy, but otherwise unharmed.

"What happened?" he mumbles.

"We need to help Siera! She is being targeted by Oldor!" Sasha calls out to him.

Memories slowly start to return to Sato. That's right, Oldor... So he was a murderer after all. Not remembering what exactly happened down here, only that he came here after Sasha asked him for help.

A large sound like an explosion and some place caving in afterwards can be heard coming from somewhere in this dungeon, ground under their feet vibrating.

"Let's get you two to the surface first," he regains his composure. Guiding both girls back under the light of day, their nightmare in this dungeon having finally come to an end. Unaware that their quest to save Siera has already ended in tragedy before it even began.

One other person's nightmare in this basement is still ongoing but about to reach its climax. Alexei is walking without any hesitation through the hallway, determined to end this once and for all. A single well-lit room with no other doors signaling he has arrived at his destination. One other person already waiting for him. The mastermind behind all of these tragedies, Oldor.

With a loud clapping, the wizard welcomes his guest to the grand finale of his magnum opus.

"Well done. As I had hoped and expected," he says cheerfully to his guest.

Alexei raises the gun without saying a word.

"Whoa there, calm down," Oldor says while holding his hands up and pointing to the far end of this room.

Alexei looks for what he is pointing to and grits his teeth.

A child is sitting in a tall chair that has its back facing him. He can't see who it is, only capable of seeing a single arm on an armrest from his location, but instantly understanding that has to be one of his family. Wanting to run towards her, but...

"Ah, ah, Aa~h," Oldor shakes his finger, holding the other hand towards a large magic circle on the wall behind him.

Alexei lowers his gun and freezes in place. Anything could trigger that circle, including Oldor's death, and taking such a risk with one of his lovers in that chair is one he will never go for.

"Are you okay?! It's me, Alexei!"

No reply comes from the person sitting in that chair.

"Don't worry okay?! I'm here now, all will be fine!"

All won't be fine... He is already painfully aware of that, having lost Siera. But he cannot show that right now. Whoever is in that chair is counting on him.

"How I have looked forward to this day," Oldor says with a smile.

"Why them?! ...Why not me?" Alexei calls out. It should have been him. If only it were. Then none of those girls would have suffered. That thought torments him day and night.

"Why them? Hah!" Oldor laughs. "Not really any reason at all. Anyone close to you would do. If I have to give a reason, hmm..."

The wizard starts thinking and comes up with an answer.

“Right, that fairy has a reason. What an annoyance she was. That wench wouldn’t allow me to observe you properly. Yeah, she definitely had to go, first in line.”

Oldor raises his hand and starts making gestures like directing an orchestra, as he did the night Layla died.

“Oh, if only you could have been there, those wonderful sounds of an agonizing death struggle coming from down that dark hole. How long did it go on for again? Right... Fifteen minutes straight of pure music.”

Alexei bolds his fist and has to resist from raising the gun again.

“After that? All random really, whatever opportunity presented itself. If not them, someone else would have died earlier instead like the squid.”

“Don’t you fucking call her that!”

“Oh, upset? I know, octopus is more accurate, but it doesn’t quite have that ring to it,” Oldor mocks Alexei, knowing he can’t retaliate with an unknown hostage present.

“Oh, and the fish! Right, wouldn’t want to forget about that bit of fun. Got gutted real good and tasty, that one. Thankfully my familiar gave me a front - line view on the action. I actually thought I had failed there for a moment. Her response to save a drowning man was so fast it exceeded my expectations.”

Oldor puts his most mocking face on.

“But then she stupidly went to dive again for his wand. Hah, she died for that, how laughable! Truly a day of good fortune.”

“Shut up!” Alexei screams out, not wanting to hear any more of this. But Oldor has other plans.

“Who was after that again? Ah yes, the dumb cow.”

Alexei raises the gun again with a swift move, a painful grimace forming on his face.

“That dumb fuck walked straight to her death. Ha - ha! Who would have thought she would actually do it. I already had a backup plan prepared for that one in case she wouldn’t have enough guts. Facing a werewolf, when being *that* much of a dumb oaf. She could have a million years of time to do something and *still* find a way to fuck it up.”

Alexei has to strain his finger to make sure it doesn't pull the trigger at that stream of taunting words thrown his way.

"And Siera..." Oldor says in a more subdued tone, keeping a close eye on Alexei's expression, noticing it turning to torment at a memory so recent. Oldor's face immediately lighting up in joy.

"Hah! So you must have seen her already! Truly wonderful. That's what I was hoping for. Sending her on that trip to town was worth it after all."

"How?!" Alexei asks with his eyes getting red from holding back tears.

"By some local creature, nothing special. Put seed in, let it grow and poof, a baby one comes out."

Then Oldor pretends to only now realize the real meaning of that question, asking in an over-acted manner.

"Oh, you mean, how the poor girl let herself get impregnated by such a horrible monster whose child would eat and claw its way out in the most agonizing way possible?"

Then he laughs some more.

"Don't you know already? You met that very same creature who did it. Even killed it, hurray, vengeance completed," he shakes his fist in a happy bouncing manner.

"Want to know a juicy little piece of trivia?" Oldor asks with a mocking voice.

"No..." Alexei pleads him to shut up.

"On that day I let her meet the monster, did you know what my familiars observed?"

"No... Don't," Alexei repeats while shaking his head. But Oldor completely ignores him.

"She called your name when making love with it. HAH! Till the last day she was convinced *you* were the father of her child."

Alexei raises his free hand and places it over the bridge of his nose, trying to contain emotions that are at a boiling point, tears no longer able to be contained. Deliberating on what to do, using any bit of sanity left to not pull that trigger. Then losing himself into raw emotion.

"WHY....! WHY YOU STUPID FUCK!" he screams at Oldor in rage.

Oldor's happy face suddenly turns to a similar anger, bursting out wildly, almost bitingly like a crazed animal.

“Because of YOU! ...YOU TOOK HER AWAY!”

Turning to a sorrowful lamenting afterwards.

“You... You took my Aiko. My sweet precious Aiko.”

His tone getting angry again.

“You ripped her from my world! You ripped our child out of her womb!”

Turning to a more serious explanatory tone, like he is revealing a part of his inner self

“That world broke us... It broke me... That entire world is broken... Weren’t you as well?”

a genuine question. One Oldor already accurately guessed the answer to. One that Alexei knows is correct. “Isn’t that why you ran away to this world with your daughter?”

Then the broken wizard regains his bitterness, pitch rising to anger once more.

“You ran... You who destroyed our lives! You who carry guilt ran and acquired what you had LOST!”

Oldor wipes his eyes, he too is shedding tears from raw emotion.

“When it was US who should have ran. WE should have had that chance. Aiko... who deserved it... didn’t get that chance...”

Stretching his arm to cast verdict with a loud bitter biting.

“BUT YOU DID!”

Alexei doesn’t know what to say or do. If only there wasn’t a hostage, this would have ended already. He would not have had to listen to this. His gaze regularly shifting to that chair further in the room.

“Oh? Concerned? No more need for that,” Oldor says while regaining his calmness.

Alexei’s mind is struggling with the underlying connotation of that simple sentence.

“You should have heard her muffled screams of pure terror and agony.”

“No you didn’t...” Alexei says in a low voice, taking a step closer to that chair.

Noticing Oldor is gesturing him to go take a look, quickly closing the distance.

Alexei’s mouth falls open as he himself falls on his knees when seeing who is in that chair. A loud scream of continued torment running through these underground halls.

Another victim... Elenor is sitting in this chair, lifeless. Her mouth and nose covered with dried blood, a large and deep wound from a dagger visible over her heart. Alexei crawls

closer and raises himself over the chair, holding her in his arms while lamenting the loss of yet another loved one.

“Elly...”

Occasionally whispering soft words to her, words of comfort for a girl who can no longer hear them.

Oldor bursts out in laughter, holding open his arms to make clear he has not the slightest inclination to resist when Alexei gets up with frenzied furor in his eyes. There is no more hostage in this room to contain him. Taking large steps towards Oldor with intent that both understand very well.

Only one will walk away from this confrontation.

Alexei lifts up his arm that holds the gun and smashes the back of its grip into the wizard, who simply takes it with a smile. Old man falling to the ground from all brutal force behind that attack, blood running from his face from blunt force trauma. Alexei starts kicking with full force into the chest of Oldor. Again and again, a sudden cracking audible when he breaks one of the wizard's ribs, another pair following with the next kick. Changing his target for a hard kick to the head. Lifting up the bloodied face of Oldor and smashing him into the wall.

Alexei takes three steps towards Elenor again. Turns around and one step towards Oldor. His mind in a struggle. Still not fully accepting she is dead and wanting to go towards her, then backing off again to enact vengeance on her murderer. Facial expression constantly changing between these two.

Then he decides.

Stepping right before Oldor who is leaning against the wall with that large magic circle, raising his gun.

“How many lives did you take back on Earth?” Alexei asks.

“Does it matter?”

Alexei kicks Oldor's face into the wall.

“ANSWER!”

The wizard spits out blood and needs a couple seconds to come back to his senses.

“Three,” he has no reason to lie. Three it was. Two that Alexei read about in the newspaper, one he found out from Kenji.

Two shots resound through these halls, the wizard screaming in pain. They each went through a shin.

“That’s for those first two.”

Waiting a couple seconds to let pain sink in, Alexei fires a third shot in a knee.

“That’s for Kasumi...”

More time passes, a fourth and fifth gunshot fills the dungeon.

“Layla... Lorelei...”

Between each bullet always enough time to let the wizard’s mind fully become aware of the metal object driving through his body. Oldor’s mouth gapes at the pain of his other knee and one shoulder getting shot.

“Coco...”

A sixth round, the other shoulder this time.

Oldor starts to pass out but Alexei pulls him up by the hair and gives him some hard bashes against the face.

“WAKE THE FUCK UP!”

Dropping him again once the wizard coughs up more blood and his eyes return to the present. Gun pointed once more and firing a seventh and eighth round.

“Siera... Elenor...”

Both went in the gut, making sure to miss any vital areas since none of those bullets that carry a name, a life, are to be burdened with taking of a life. Alexei alone will carry that burden, finally pointing his gun to the head of his worst nightmare.

Oldor’s bloodied teeth become visible as he bites through the pain and smiles when he feels a magic crest on his own body burn with activation, understanding that in the clockwork room right now, a certain door has opened. Having known from the start what role he played in his own masterpiece would reach an end here. Opening a bloodied mouth to say his final words with satisfaction.

“You got your revenge, I just got mine. Happy end for all?”

Gunshots echo through the room as Alexei empties his clip. With Oldor's death as the trigger, that magic circle on the wall begins to glow and Alexei quickly dives away to a nearby pillar. With a loud bang that wall explodes and a large volume of water starts flooding in, coming from a large water duct on the other side that feeds the entire water dorm. Alexei wants to reach for Elenor, but water is already flooding her corpse out of the chair, Alexei losing his own footing and feeling a hard smash as it pushes him into the wall. Water level rapidly rising.

Is this how he will die? When raging with a storm of emotion? After only having taken his revenge? Alexei gasps one last time for air and gets fully submerged. Holding on to Coco's medallion around his neck.

At least those remaining will be safe now.

His mind unable to find peace since he can't say goodbye to those left behind.

He won't even get the chance to properly mourn those lost.

But air is running out, what else is there to do?

He feels so exhausted, his body is tired... lungs starting to hurt for air...

Visions flashing in his mind of all lives close to him, like calling out to them.

...

A warm touch surrounds his body.

Somebody is holding him?

Alexei opens his eyes and sees Nerine bringing her mouth close to him, letting much needed air flow in his lungs. Then those same arms start to drag him through the water with potent speed and maneuverability. His vision turning to black...

...And returning when they break the surface where a fresh flow of air gets sucked into his mouth. A succession of deep breaths following while coughing up water in between.

Nerine is crying, shocked by realizing she almost lost someone close again, but happy to have succeeded in dragging him back under this late-afternoon sun.

"How?" Alexei coughs out.

How did she find him? There was nobody else around.

"Didn't you call for me? I heard your voice."

Alexei gets out of the water and sits down. He didn't call at all.

All he was capable of in those moments he thought were his last, was thinking about his family. Those who passed, and those who are still here like Nerine.

Thinking about them all while holding Coco's lucky medallion.

A medallion that has now lost its magical sheen.

A long hard day has finally come to an end.

A day that will be carved into the minds of all those involved until the moment they die.

Events these last three months have revealed that day may come at any time, any place.

When the end inevitably comes, it does so too soon, too harsh and with too much left unfinished.

But those feelings exist only because those lives were worth living,

Because they had meaning no matter how short they burned,

A meaning that will always be better left as a sanctimonious mystery,

Even when there is no more sanctity left to be found in the world,

An enchanting mystery one can get a mere glimpse of within life's suffering.

EPILOGUE



Sasha stretches herself inside the mantrap's bath. That same one she has spent time with multiple times already. This familiar male enjoying the presence of that one girl he accepted as a mate. Fluids in his cup aren't as high as with a norn, but this is still high enough to reach her chest when sitting down. Two months have passed since that tragic day. Life has finally picked up again, this time supported by knowing the source of all their suffering is no longer present in this world. Sasha's family suffered hard, but even now she still has many left who love her.

Her father had it most difficult, carrying the brunt of their sadness on his broad shoulders. But he did so with his shoulders held high, making sure they will always be there for those left behind, no matter what happens from now on. One great relief and source of support is knowing all four his unborn children are fine.

Yes, four. Serenia and Sasha would be two of those mothers. The first having crossed the halfway point of her pregnancy, second one now a good two months in. Both had a test performed by Tudor to ensure no more dark influences of Oldor remained. Both were found to have healthy babies matching their father's genetics. So it turned out Sasha really is pregnant from her father and not a mimic, but she had full confidence in that already. Still, both the knowledge her child was healthy after that ordeal and having it confirmed as her father's did fill Sasha with a much needed warm feeling.

So what about those other two? One would expect Nerine for one, but although she has urged a strong desire to join that line of mothers soon, she is not yet having her period so will have to wait a bit longer. No, a miracle has occurred. Turns out that Yana's mysterious body is perfectly capable of reproduction. A couple months from now, a new species may perhaps be permanently added to the humanoid list. How exactly Alexei and Yana managed to accomplish that? Nobody knows. Not even themselves. One thing is known, that Yana's motherly caring is already showing itself in these early stages as proof even she understands the sanctity of life, perhaps better than people who try to grasp for its meaning.

Won't be long now when yet another addition to their once more growing family moves in soon. The young daughter of that brothel, Annabelle, has been visiting a lot lately. She is the fourth who carries his child. Having someone like Annabelle and her adopted sister Hanako around, who both have no connection to past events, will do good to help let go.

Sasha made one visit back to Earth a week ago, escorted by Sato since her father couldn't take leave so soon again. She went to visit the grave of Kasumi. Only person of importance over there. The only memory she intends to keep of that place. Alexei told her what happened, once the big brunt of that tragic day was passed, thinking she had all right to know about the fate of her one and only friend she had in that place.

Returning to that other world is now a thing of the past. The Gate is after all closed for good, connection to that other world permanently severed. It happened the day after Sasha and Sato returned. Convincing Tudor to close the Gate was Alexei's work. Having proposed doing so after Oldor's turn to madness had become known to the Headmaster. Turned out

there were other cases involving their pioneers that turned sour, though none to such a degree. No longer able to turn his head away in denial, it wasn't that hard to convince the old man recalling their people on the other side and sealing off all connections to that world was the right choice. The safest choice. After all, there is enough to discover right here in this little place of never-ending wonder. Leaving the choice to Alexei, Sasha and Sato on where they would like to live their lives, having received the offer to stay at this Academy. And all three made up their mind instantly this is their new home. Or perhaps it is better to say, this is their first home, as that other world never really qualified.

Now only thing Sasha has to do is wait for the Academy to get back into its normal operations. Oldor was someone who held lots of duties and influence so his sudden death caused a lot of administrative troubles, and new Masters are not that readily available to simply have him replaced on a whim. Since about two weeks ago she attends some classes again that are still being given, but Sasha doesn't even have a new wand yet. At least they don't have to worry about any backlash from what happened that day. As Alexei had predicted, Tudor is doing a great job of sweeping it all under the carpet.

And that brought her to today. A day that finally returned to a lively routine. Not a coincidence this happened after the night her entire family went to have that "moving-on" ritual in a cup of nectar, all together at the lake in this very same forest. And today she is here for her very own variant of that, like she did every time before.

And what a day it has been. Tons of raw sex and lust filled fornication from last night till this afternoon. Like they all had to let go of built-up lusts worth two months. Well, to be fair, that was exactly it.

Sasha lays a hand over her belly and lets it slide down to her vagina.

That is one thing which will never change about this girl. Her love for a good fuck. Letting out a little chuckle at the thought she is utterly and entirely filled up right this very moment with a mixture of her father's cream and this mantrap's sugary nectar. Even her stomach is filled with the stuff, still wiping off some nectar from her mouth but only ending up dirtying on some more.

Sasha laughs out loud and holds her hands out to the clear blue sky.

“Life is wonderful!” she yells out, for nobody specific to hear. Only the numerous squirrels that inhabit this forest looking up at the sudden noise that disturbs their sunny afternoon.

What a beautiful sky, birds chirping, squirrels building their nest for the upcoming winter, trees showing their autumn colors. Recently, Sasha has come to truly appreciate what life has to offer. The reason of course having a lot to do with that little wonder she lovingly fosters and carefully nurtures inside her own body.

“Haah~ ...The sun feels so warm.”

Sasha starts to hum a song, enjoying the warmth of sun as she lays herself down in the cup. While it is autumn already, this part of the world isn’t exactly cold at this time of year. Snow probably never falls here, but hey, she can travel to some other country on a holiday and go see some snow there.

“Right, time to go back.”

Sasha stands up and stretches one more time, her perfect smooth skin shining in warm rays of the sun from being completely covered in sugary sweetness. Ready to head back and start another orgy of continuous carnal sex with a large dose of incest.

Lifting herself up on the usual branch, she bids goodbye to her trusty mantrap and gets out. After all, she won’t be here for quite a while after this, with her pregnancy soon reaching a point where she won’t climb branches anymore. Time to go take a dip in the lake and then return home.

Sasha stops in her tracks, having noticed something that caught attention. A small wooden figurine is placed on top of a branch, wedged against the bark of its main trunk. An arrow has been carved inside its bark. Sasha picks up the figurine and looks at it closely, already having recognized what it is. A wooden sculpt of a butterfly, identical to the one she saw down in that dreadful dungeon, lodged in a location where she would definitely notice it when getting out of this mantrap. The thing is partially covered by moss, having been here for at least two months. Sasha’s eyes trace the location where that arrow is pointing, grabs her clothes and takes a couple steps in its pointed direction to observe the area.

Another tiny wooden sculpt, this time a fish. Placed on top of a rock, with a nearby fallen branch showing another arrow. Sasha follows its direction, her heart starting to beat a bit faster. What is the meaning of this?

A cow crafted in wood. All of them covered in moss, some affected by animals passing by or messing around with it. Another arrow that leads deeper into the forest.

As she had already guessed, this next one would be a cyclops figurine. Should be the last one. Yet there is another arrow leading even deeper. Sasha is getting confused. Weren't there only four of these things? Filled with curiosity, she goes to take a look. The arrow pointing down a steep slope. Going down here will mean having to go around to get back to where she came from, but it's not that far. She can see the proper path through this forest from here. So Sasha glides down the slope and encounters what this arrow has been pointing towards.

Another figurine crafted in wood. Which one would that be? She goes to pick it up and takes a look at it, heart starting to beat even faster.

It's a human girl with a large pair of twin - tails.

Sasha looks around with growing fear. Is Oldor around? He shouldn't be, the wizard is dead. And correct she is, moss on this sculpt proving it has been here two months, waiting since that last day he was alive. Waiting for a certain someone to find it. Another arrow underneath... This one is pointing to her right. Sasha looks into the opposite direction. Left of her is the known safety of a man - made road, that same one she used before. And on her right, where the arrow is pointing to, is a dark cave or tunnel which leads who knows where.

Sasha remains silent, only some leaves naturally falling from a tree disturb the scenery.

What path to take?

The old Sasha would not need to think twice, always rushing head first to go successfully flirt into the open arms of death.

Holding her pregnant belly, she turns her head away from that dark cave without hesitation, walking towards safety of an open familiar road.

Sasha comes to a sudden stop halfway towards the road. Her right foot is refusing to move. She holds her breath while being frozen in place. Heartbeat starting to rise rapidly. No

longer fluttering from lust of life like she did earlier, but an instinctual fear rising up from deep inside. Her mind refuses to look down, towards her foot. It's probably nothing. Just stuck under a branch... probably... hopefully. Yes, that has to be it. Surely it could not be...

She finally looks down slowly, breath stopping while her heart skips a beat before returning to its rapid pace.

“No...”

A simple word in a voice devoid of all that joy it exhibited only moments earlier. In its place is a tone of nothing but denial mixed with a sense of shock. She can't believe it. This cannot be happening.

Sasha's right foot is seemingly gone.

In its place is a weird looking round object covering that foot up to her ankle. The disgusting looking thing is dirt-covered and a strange beige in color. It is certainly not a branch, and not a rock either or anything inorganic for that matter. But a smooth slimy surface, bendable and somewhat stretchable, like a disgusting squishy sack around her foot.

And it is alive.

A strange motion runs through this thing. It doesn't hurt a bit and her foot is clearly fine, as she can feel it and wiggle her toes. This thing has no teeth. Not that it could, since there are not even any jaws in this weird creature that doesn't seem to have bones at all. Nothing more than a beige slimy sack of living and flexible skin.

Yet Sasha's face has turned from confusion to panic, for Sasha has a hunch on what this thing is, even if she desperately wants to deny it. It is the mouth of a giant slug. The same creature she once heard and read about in the library. Out of all possible places in this large forest, it just has to have a lair here.

“No...” she repeats her earlier word, this time no longer in disbelief, but with a pleading voice instead.

Another movement runs through the giant slug's mouth. Her ankle has now disappeared into it. Finally fully grasping the situation she is in, the young girl tries to crawl away, pulling with every bit of strength she has in her frail delicate body to try and dislodge her foot. However, in the end she is but a twelve year old child, with strength that

is far from impressive even for a girl. Though admittedly, even an adult would not be able to dislodge himself from the sucking grip of a fully mature giant slug's mouth.

She knows that.

She should know that.

People used this thing as a torturous form of death penalty long in the past. So horrible in its execution it was considered too harsh even for the worst of criminals.

Yet Sasha cannot stop frantically resisting, and as any living being afraid of death would do in her place, she starts kicking as hard as the other foot can muster at that vile thing.

"Let go! I'm not food!"

She has regained hope together with her fighting spirit. All will be fine. She had her entire day planned out already. This evening will be spend in Alexei's embrace, laughing about this stupidity. And tomorrow they have a visit planned to that usual brothel, where they will both try out some new species again. And the day after there was nothing to do, so she arranged to go together with her family to play with Annabelle and Hanako.

Yes, she will be fine. This stupid animal is not going to end it all now. Only two months ago she braved much scarier terrors, one after the other. All adventures have been filled with far greater dangers than some stupid giant slug. Yes, that's it, it would be plain stupid to die here.

Die?

No...

I can't die.

Not yet.

I'm only twelve. Only a child, with most of a full life still ahead of me...

And most importantly, with our child inside of me.

Those are thoughts that flash through Sasha's mind.

"Help me!! Someone, please!!"

She yells out as loud as possible. Maybe there are people nearby who can help. Maybe... Though deep down inside, she knows there is nobody in a wide enough radius that can hear her scream. Not around the forest, a spot where she has bathed multiple times before and never having encountered a single individual.

That's it! A knife! Why didn't she think about that before?! She always has that small knife on her. All she needs to do is reach her clothes and...

Nothing...

Of course there is nothing. Kasumi's knife was lost in that dungeon. She could have used it to slash the creature or cut herself free. A couple good jabs would scare it off at least.

A thought which makes desperation rise up appeared into her mind. That knife isn't the only thing she could have used to save herself from this vile creature. She could have taken a deep breath and cracked Elenor's sphere around her own foot. That certainly would have done the trick. Or that water dragon scale could have shown her the proper way towards that dark and brooding cave where a different yet safe exit would be waiting. Siera's sleep spell would have worked, but she still hasn't gotten a new wand courtesy to all those administrative issues after Oldor's death. Her old wand could have worked too, recharged with Layla's powder if she still had both, but that powder got used up and her wand got crushed in the last dungeon room. And lastly there was Coco's medallion, which would have caused a small miracle to happen.

Now Sasha is going to need a big one, with nothing to count on but herself and luck.

What should she do?! There have to be other options!

There must be, because if not... No, she can't think about that. There is always hope, even if faint. Only having to keep resisting and eventually an opportunity should present itself.

Sasha wants to pull her left leg up to start pointlessly kicking some more.

But she can't.

Looking down again, her left foot has joined the right one inside that giant slug's mouth. What little hope and courage she had built up is starting to sink as another contracting and expanding movement later, half her lower legs have disappeared inside that disgusting creature. The inside of its mouth can now clearly be felt. Like its slimy outside, the inside is an equally smooth and slippery texture. Like you could slide out of it with no effort. Yet the lips of that creature, if one could call them that, are like powerful suction cups. Preventing from moving even a bit in any other direction than deeper into its slippery cold embrace of death.

Another creeping motion. It seems the giant slug has gotten eager, sensing its prey is having an increasingly harder time to struggle. Sasha's knees have disappeared. The elongated and elastic creature is already clamping down on her nectar covered lower thighs.

A branch maybe? If she can snap one to make a pointy stick she can stab it. Even if that means stabbing her own legs together with it, that stupid thing will be the one who is going to die. But looking around, there are no branches in the nearby area, only loose mushy ground. Sasha crawls further ahead towards the nearest small tree. It is within reach if she can pull this vile thing some distance. That should be theoretically possible, since it can stretch. Then she can kill it.

Another movement. She feels sick to her stomach knowing this dirty slimy thing is clamping down right underneath her vagina, already pressing into the bottom of her soft and small butt cheeks. The next time it will surely go up to her hips, definitely too deep to still reach for anything that might help.

It is now or never. Do or die.

Sasha crawls with all remaining strength she has, admittedly, not much anymore since she has gone beyond the limits of her muscles this entire time already. Crawling away, trying to pull the whole body of that giant slug to come out of its underground burrow. All that disgusting thing is capable of is some vague emotions like anger, fear and pleasure. The creature has no idea what she is planning, so it cannot plan a counter. Sasha knows it is all up to luck now whether she can reach that destination and grab hold of a branch. She already had plenty of bad luck here, but luck should change eventually.

It must.

Halfway there. That hideous thing hasn't moved again yet.

Sasha's hope and fighting spirit are rising fast once more.

Almost there. One more stretch and she will have dragged this boneless creature far enough to be able to save herself.

A mere single hand width away from reaching the branch...

Then she gets quickly dragged back to the center, immediately followed by the slug creeping further.

Her face pales to its whitest possible. All that hope and fighting spirit falls into oblivion instantly. The giant slug had slid itself eagerly over her waist.

It is over.

There is no more hope. The twelve year old girl breaks down as she realizes she is going to die right here. In the most sickening way imaginable. A stream of light yellow liquid running between her legs as she empties her bladder, some of it running down into the giant slug, who doesn't give a single damn.

"Please... no. Don't eat me," she pleads with a sorrow filled voice, softly as if cautiously whispering to the giant slug to help convince it. Tears start to pour out of her eyes. After denial and anger, her mind has reached number three of the five stages of grief. Bargaining. Or in this case more accurately described as pleading. Even if she knows in the back of her mind it is useless to plead with a creature that cannot understand words.

"Please no... I don't want to die... Not like this."

Tears have become a constant waterfall.

Another contraction, as she tries with her arms to push herself out in vain. Soft naked breasts disappearing into the cold and slimy interior of that giant slug with its next move.

"Papa~! Help me~!"

Sasha's entire body is trembling with the ultimate of despair and sorrow. Voice choking under a stream of tears. Calling out to her most loved ones in her darkest hour. Entire chest has by now disappeared as that giant slug slips its way over those smooth curves of her shoulders, the girl's entire arms already gone inside the ever closer creeping mouth.

"Papa~... I don't... want to die~"

Large pauses in her desperate last words, caused by her body shaking and trembling hard, both breathing and crying being erratic from pure terror, knowing the cruel fate that awaits her. A loud scream resounding through this entire forest.

"PAPAA~!!"

The last word that will ever come over Sasha's lips. Voiced in a loud despair - filled last call for help that would put shivers down anyone's spine if they could hear it, immediately followed by a loud high - pitched shriek of pure terror which would turn those shivers into

freezing cold. The type of scream that makes it clear this victim knows without any shred of doubt she will never see that beautiful clear blue sky again, nor feel the warmth of a sun shining from above for all of eternity. A scream that symbolizes the greatest of fear and regret. A shriek that is muffled moments later when the giant slug covers her face, slides further up and swallows Sasha's entire head.

The giant slug closes its mouth completely. The human girl has been fully swallowed. Though Sasha will not choke from lack of oxygen. A giant slug naturally tries to keep its prey alive and fresh for as long as possible. By breathing through its two small holes hidden on its body, it will keep breathing in air and sharing it with its prey. And even though the giant slug's skin will stick like wet cloth onto her body, perfectly wrapping itself around every leg, every arm, every curve, it will always keep the head of a prey with enough space to breathe. That is exactly why the creature burrows underground, so it can sense vibrations of footsteps and catch any victim unfortunate enough to pass over its territory by its feet first. One has to marvel at nature when looking at such simple yet deadly efficiency of it all. Every day anew a never-ending struggle for survival, even if people are too often no longer aware of that in their societal comforts.

The foul stench of death engulfs Sasha's every breath and strengthens a sense of claustrophobia. Though through the giant slug's slightly transparent skin, the girl can still see some light seeping through. From an outside perspective it is possible to see a dark clump of mass resembling a small girl gradually getting pushed deeper towards the creature's digestive area. A place where no victim has ever escaped from alive. Then that faint little light seeping through turns to pitch black as the giant slug recedes into its underground burrow. Whatever gets pulled in there, shall never be seen or heard from again. The only thing that awaits is certain excruciating death.

That gorgeous little blonde who was always so cheerful and affectionate, courageously having saved her own friend, now sobs silently. It is all she can muster at this point. Wanting to naturally form a fetal position, she can't even do that bit of comfort as cold slimy walls that surround her body with airtight perfection hold her into place. Only an occasional movement rolling through the entire giant slug, like a wave, as it begins to

spread out its digestive fluids. She has already entered the fourth stage of grief, depression. Once Sasha's body will stop trying to move she will have reached the fifth and last stage.

Acceptance.

At the surface is the only hint of what happened a set of clothes still lying around, none of them ever to be worn again by their owner. A couple squirrels that scurried away earlier at the sound of Sasha's death-scream, have already returned to this scene. The vibrantly colored clothes and especially that sweet flowery scent of the one who wore them are attracting various little rodents. One biting into her camisole and tugging it deeper into the forest where nobody will ever find it. Another one lured by the inviting aroma of her panties. All of them dragged away like they were never there to begin with. What gets dragged down by a giant slug will only see daylight again after about a month from now, when this creature will crawl back out to poop out what little remains of its current prey, reduced to nothing more than a brown runny sludge.

The greatest feeling of sorrow has overcome Sasha, having fully accepted she has already started her process of dying, lamenting that she will never give birth.

A vibration runs through her head, attention focusing on the fluid that by now has covered her entire body.

It burns.

Her entire skin is starting to feel like it is on fire.

Entire surface sticking to the slug's stomach, not merely from its digestive fluids, but because her skin is actually starting the process of melting.

Unlike what Layla went through where death came in fifteen minutes, dying in the slow-burn of a slug takes seventy hours for an adult, fifty for a child like her. That will be fifty long and torturous hours. The constant pain of her skin and flesh melting is even now already reaching unbearable levels, and only half an hour has passed.

Half an hour... That is a mere one hundredth of all it takes to die.

One hundredth of the total time it will take for this tormenting suffering to end forever.

Only ninety nine percent left to go...

While a bear plushy waits patiently amongst family,
For an owner who will never come home again,
Too soon, too harsh and with too much left unfinished,
The enchanted world's light beginning to shine anew,
As the disenchanted world's shadow finally fades,
Having claimed its last life ever.