

October, Wednesday 5th

While Ren might have made this whole “leader of the Phantom Thieves” thing look easy at a glance, it was pretty clear to Futaba that she was starting to reach her point of exhaustion. The annoyed, orange-haired girl couldn’t help but let out a tired sigh as she stepped into Tae Takemi’s medical office. There were so many aspects to Ren’s life Futaba couldn’t have even imagined! From all of her duties as a student, to her part-time job working with Sojiro, Futaba also had to make sure to keep up with all of Ren’s random connections (which she was pretty sure were all dating targets). *Some* of Futaba’s exhaustion was coming from the fact that she was having copious amounts of intense, passionate sex all the time, including with her own teammates and many of Joker’s confidants. By this point, her hacked MetaNav app included entries for everyone she knew, and plenty of people she didn’t know too. B-B-But still!!! It was wayyy too busy and unfair of a position! The fact that Futaba’s libido had for some reason exploded and was only getting stronger had nothing to do with everything else!

For example- Despite being the respected leader of the Phantom Thieves, Futaba was also somehow in charge of doing the team’s menial labor of buying weapons and medicines! Wouldn’t someone who’s the... Not leader do that?!? Not to mention how, just because Futaba forgot to buy supplies for the team’s last two Mementos run, Makoto wrote her a list and forced Futaba to go get all of the stuff right now! Futaba looked at the long list of medicines in her hand with disdain. It was so humiliating! Treating her as if she was a kid! After all Futaba had done for the team, like...

Uhhh..

Ummm...

...

R-Regardless that was no way to treat their leader!

“Well, what do you want?” While Futaba stewed in her frustration, Takemi reclined against the backrest of her chair, crossing her legs in her usual cool and collected style.

“Oh-! Umm-!!” Futaba jumped from the sudden attention, a leftover instinct from her days as an antisocial NEET. Having been caught totally off guard, she began to fumble with the list in her hand before she presented it to Takemi. “I-I’m supposed to get all the stuff on this list. L-Like potions and stuff...”

“Hmm...? What’s this?” Takemi leaned in closely to take a good look at the list Futaba carried. With every passing second, her expressionless face turned more and more into a

smile, until she couldn't hold herself back and burst into laughter. "Hahaha! What the hell- Did your *mommy* make you a list for the groceries? Hahaha!"

Futaba's face slowly began to redden like a teapot slowly boiling until she was beaming with a mixture of anger and embarrassment. T-This woman! How could she say something so rude to Futaba!!! D-Did she have any idea who she was dealing with?!?

"Hey, I'm joking! I'm joking!" Takemi wiped a tear from her eye, doing her best to calm her laughter as she noticed Futaba's plainly angered expression. "Let me get these for you." She continued, before turning around and fiddling with a bunch of medicines contained within her cabinets.

Having been met with such humiliation, Futaba huffed haughtily through her nostrils. It was a good thing that Takemi apologized. AND that Futaba was such an understanding, forgiving lady. With the power of the MetaNav at her hand, Futaba could do some very nasty things to Takemi! Very, very nasty! If Futaba hadn't already dumped two loads right into Makoto's self-righteous pussy before coming here, things could have definitely ended up going awry for the poor doctor. At least, that's what Futaba told herself to make herself feel better over Takemi laughing out loud in her face for her childishness...

After no longer than a minute or so, Takemi turned back to Futaba now holding a plastic bag that (presumably) contained all of the medicines Futaba was looking for. Takemi handed the full back to Futaba with a smile.

"Alright, this whole batch is gonna add up to... About ¥56,439." Takemi stated in a very serious, matter of fact manner. "Though I'll throw you a discount for being a good sport, so we can leave it at ¥54,439."

Just hearing the number was almost enough to make Futaba almost stagger. It was... Definitely a lot more than she was expecting. But considering that they hadn't stocked up in a while, it did make a modicum of sense... Oh well, Futaba had more than enough money to pay for it. She promptly reached into her pants and snatched her wallet, opening to pull out-

Pooooooffff...

As the flaps of Futaba's wallet puffed open, however, the only thing found inside was dirt, dust and a couple of her game center cards. Futaba's mouth drooped wide open. Oh crap. Oh craaaapppppp!!! Futaba totally forgot! She'd spent a TON of Ren's money on crane games down at Akihabara in order to get some skimpily clothed anime figures!!! And since Futaba hadn't gone to any of Ren's part time jobs... Her wallet was now painfully empty.

Meaning the team had no funds with which to buy the important medicine that they needed!

Panic quickly began to fill Futaba's mind. What was she going to do?!? Sure, if she told her team the truth and asked to borrow some cash, she was sure they would help her, but- Begging her companions for money was not a very leader-like thing to do. And more importantly, they would all think less of her and treat her like some sort of irresponsible kid! If only there was some other way for Futaba to get what she wanted without money. Some kind of cheat code, one which satisfied Takemi so much, she would give the medicine to Futaba for free. To satisfy Takemi, eh...?

Futaba's eyes lit up brightly, the annoyed expression on her face quickly shifting into one big, smug, gremlin-like smirk. All Futaba had to do to get exactly what she wanted was pull off a *special technique*. One she had seen plenty of times replicated in Adult Videos and R18 doujins. Futaba straightened her posture with confidence, her leaning towards Takemi with an inviting, suave pose.

"Woaaaaah... That's so expensive! I don't have any money right now, but I *reeeaaaaalllly* need that medicine..." Futaba stepped closer to Takemi. She cocked her hips forward, showing the large bulge of her cock protruding through her shorts and waving it left and right. "I wonder... If there wouldn't be some other way to pay you~"

Takemi stared at Futaba for a couple of seconds in complete silence with her eyes widened, almost as if she just couldn't believe what she was seeing.

"Bwahahahahah! You can *NOT* be serious right now!!! Ahahahah!!!" Before she began to burst into uncontrollable laughter, recoiling back against her chair with so much force, she almost tipped herself over. Tears began to form on Takemi's eyes, the plastic bag of medicine in her hand shaking so much it threatened to spill over. Doing her best not to totally lose her cool, Takemi continued. "Ahah... Wow... I really did not expect that kid. You've been watching one too many lewd videos lately, but... Yeah, that's not how the real world works."

If Futaba had felt embarrassed previously, right now she felt downright humiliated. Her head was almost as vivid red as her hair was orange. All of the bravado and confidence she'd built up deflated like an untied balloon, leaving nothing but the most pathetic, quivering pout imaginable. It genuinely looked like Futaba was about to cry, the way she trembled awkwardly in place. But as the initial shock of embarrassment began to subside, *anger* started to take its place. Futaba's clenched fist shook with growing fury. S-She didn't deserve this! Futaba was doing her best as the leader of the Phantom Thieves! There was

no reason for her to take this kind of treatment!! Especially considering the incredible breadth of power within her fingertips!

Futaba said she wasn't going to mess with Takemi and abuse her app, but at this point she wasn't thinking logically. Violently snatching her phone into her hand, Futaba opened the app and began to tap away. As the world around her twisted into shades of black and white, Futaba thought over what sort of changes she would induce onto Takemi as revenge. The most obvious one would be to mentally alter her so that sex would become a suitable manner of payment. But that seemed too boring. Stopping at Takemi's entry, Futaba's eyes were caught by the nearby entry of Shinya Oda, that annoying brat who kept beating Futaba at video games and was also part of the reason why so much of Futaba's hard earned money had been spent.

In an instant, an eerie, malevolent smile came across Futaba's face.

"I'm truly flattered though, that you'd find an old woman like me attractive." The colorless Takemi kept talking to Futaba, completely ignoring the fact that she was currently tapping away at her phone with a manic expression. "Feel free to ask me again in a couple of years, when you're a bit older. Okay?"

The monochrome aura around the office slowly began to dissipate, draining all the way back towards Futaba's phone as the vivid colors of the real world took their place. Futaba clawed onto her phone tightly, her face twitching with an almost manic, hungering expression.

"So, are you going to pay for this or not...?" Takemi spoke, but her voice was much softer and youthful.

All Futaba could do was smile in perverse satisfaction. For instead of the mature, incredibly developed, curvy, goth mommy of a doctor that was Takemi, the current occupant of Takemi's doctor chair was short, lanky boy. A quick Shadow Swap on her phone was all it took for Futaba to instantly swap Takemi's and Shinya's places. Now taking the role of a young doctor, Shinya continued sitting on Takemi's chair with the exact same demeanor and expression she had before. His old childish clothes had been replaced by Takemi's more adult, feminine outfit, all of which had been resized to fit his much smaller body. A tight, black one-piece dress clung closely to Shinya's bodies, ending in a miniskirt around his knees. Above it he wore a long, white lab coat that covered the rest of his body. He was even wearing the same strap high-heels and leather spike collar around his neck!

Despite having the same exact clothes and general attitude as Takemi, this Shinya was not intimidating in the slightest! His young boyish face was the same as before, just like his fluffy dark, brown hair. He could have crossed his smooth, slender legs or stared sternly at

Futaba all he wanted. At the end of the day, he was smaller and younger than Futaba herself. Which made him the perfect target for Futaba to take out all of her pent-up desires~ There was no way a cute boy like him could resist Futaba's advances. And if he did, Futaba was more than eager to correct him properly~

A menacing, clearly evil grimace shimmered on Futaba's face as she slowly began stepping towards Shinya. The poor boy suspected absolutely nothing before it was too late, his expression dull and overly serious in the same way Takemi's had been. With the swiftness of a snake lunging at its foe, Futaba launched herself towards Shinya. Her hands grabbed firmly onto each one of Shinya's wrists, pressing them firmly against his chair's seat rest with enough force to push the seat back. Panic began to fill Shinya's boyish face.

"W-What are you doing?!?" The boy asked anxiously, fear clearly present in his quivering voice.

"Like I said..." Futaba's pearly white teeth glimmered from her sharpened, goblin-like smirk, her eyes glowing like that of a predator. "I don't have any money right now. So I think I'll be paying in some different way~"

"T-That's not-!!" Shinya stuttered, attempting his best to keep his cool as his hands desperately tried to tug free of Futaba's grasp. "W-We're not that kind of establishment!!!"

As the words left his mouth however, Shinya's open lips were sealed shut when Futaba's own lips began to lovingly suckle them. Shinya's eyes shot wide open, a mixture of shock and disgust. Anxiety flowed through his mind as his head shook recoiled left and right instinctively. Yet, as he felt Futaba's slippery tongue delving into his mouth, her soft lips intimately caressing his own whilst the sweet flavor of her saliva began to slip into his tastebuds... For some reason, heat began to pile through Shinya's body. Shinya perfectly understood how violating Futaba's actions were, he had absolutely no desire for her to keep doing what she was doing. And yet, he could not control the way his body reacted. With each passing second of Futaba's suffocating kiss, Shinya's resistance died more and more, his body growing limper and calmer. Arousal began to flow through every inch of Shinya's form, heating him up from the inside to the point he felt he was melting in his chair. Why... Why was he enjoying this so much...?

Only after what seemed like an eternity of Futaba sucking up every single ounce of oxygen inside of Shinya's lungs was the boy finally released from Futaba's infernal kiss. Their damp lips made a pop as they separated, strands of spit still connecting the pair's mouths together. All Shinya could do was gasp desperately, his mind a swirl of confusion and heat.

“Hehe, don’t worry~ I pumped up your submissiveness and your sensitivity~” Futaba panted needily, the need in her eyes only dwarfed by the growing erection in her shorts. “So you’re going to be enjoying this very, very soon eheheheh~”

Shinya had absolutely no idea what Futaba was talking about. Alas, he wouldn’t even be given the chance to ask. While Shinya was still stunned by the brazenness of Futaba’s actions, Futaba quickly yanked Shinya by the wrists. She effortlessly lifted him off the chair as if he weighed little more than a game controller, before violently flinging him onto the nearby examination table. The plastic bag of potions clanged down onto the floor as Shinya’s back slammed atop the medical bed. Shinya groaned loudly, his body left in shock as it felt like the air was punched right out of his guts. Confusion filled the boy. How could someone much younger than him be able to overpower him, he thought, sadly unaware of the true power Futaba held over his very reality.

Before Shinya had any time to react, Futaba was already all over him. Climbing onto the bed alongside him, Futaba spread open Shinya’s slim, slender legs. She tugged at them hem of his form-fitting black dress, pulling it all the way up to his crotch, until she could finally see it. A set of thin, almost see-through black panties wrapped tenderly around Shinya’s legs, flat and completely uncrumpled with no sign of a bulge in sight. Futaba was basically salivating all over herself looking at Shinya’s sexy lingerie, its fabric already damp with moist, sticky juices. Like a surgeon carefully operating on their patient, Futaba gently grabbed of the panties’ strings and slowly pulled them all the way down Shinya’s legs... Finally revealing not a cute, boyish dick, but a plump, quivering pussy.

The cunt on Shinya’s crotch looked quite out of place on Shinya’s slender, male form. Its dark black hair was not fully shaven but trimmed in an orderly and cared for manner. The sort of thing that someone as chaotic and impulsive as Shinya wouldn’t normally be able to pull off. Its labia was puffy and thick, hole twitching constantly as vaginal juices oozed forth. The slight gaping and expectant reaction to Futaba’s attention made it pretty apparent that it was not the first time Shinya’s pussy had been used. Which only made sense. After all, this was not Shinya’s pussy, but that of Takemi now implanted on Shinya’s cute body.

Just being able to witness such an appetizing, gushing pussy was more than enough to send Futaba over the edge. While her mouth was already salivating with greedy desire, Futaba’s cock basically burst out of her shorts out of sheer excitement, popping its button off as it sprung into a massive, hardened erection. Futaba slapped the fat shaft onto Shinya’s stomach with a heavy thump that sent shockwaves all through the body. Her shaft was much thicker and fatter than it had been before, modifications Futaba had done to herself in service of her ever greedy arousal. And now the tip of her cockhead reached all

the way to Shinya's belly button. The hardness of Futaba's erection came from a mix of rage and unfiltered arousal. After all, Futaba couldn't help herself getting so horny at the sight of a cute boy with a pussy like this~

It was clear from a simple glance that Futaba's cock was not going to fit inside of Shinya. Sure, Shinya's pussy might have been Takemi's originally, but... Shinya's body itself was much smaller! And that monstrous member of Futaba's crotch looked like it could rip through toys! Despite his oddly dazed state, Shinya tried his best to let his concerns be known. His right hand tried to push Futaba's shoulder away, whilst he sheepishly mumbled something only scarcely comprehensible.

Of course, Futaba gave him absolutely no mind. The moment her eyes had laid on Shinya's pussy, she knew she had to fill him up. Cocking her hips backwards, Futaba pulled herself just far enough back until the tip of her fat cockhead was nuzzling against Shinya's vaginal lips. The sensation made Shinya gasp in place, an expression of pure panic filling his eyes. He knew he had to do something right now, but his body remained helplessly limp as if it had already accepted its fate. For a couple of seconds, it seemed as if time had frozen still, leaving Shinya at the edge of lust and dread.

PLAP!!!!

Just for Futaba to come crashing back down with the entire weight of her body, slamming her whole cock right into Shinya's pussy in a single thrust. Though Shinya thought there was no way such a massive log of a cock could get inside him, in actuality Futaba's entire penis slid right into his slick cunt without the slightest of snags. Futaba's hardened shaft only stopped when her fat, girthy cockhead slammed headfirst against the entrance to his womb, a strike so powerful it sent wave after shockwave of quivering pleasure throughout the entirety of Shinya's form. Shinya wailed. No, he *screamed* out in sheer ecstasy. The force of Futaba's cock violently claiming his hole was more than enough to envelop his body in a cataclysmic quake of pleasure. Already it felt like his pussy had been taken to the edge of climax, the way her vaginal walls consistently pulsated around the heat of Futaba's shaft.

And things were only just getting started~ Without giving Shinya even a moment to breathe, Futaba began to swing her hips back and forth in a series of desperate, intense motions. She slowly and painfully slid her dick out of Shinya's pussy, only to slam it back down with just as much force as before. Every second that passed, Futaba's hips shifted with increased velocity, each one of her thrusts was more violent than the last. It's not necessarily that Futaba wanted to completely overwhelm poor, quivering Shinya. Rather,

she just couldn't help herself. Shinya's boy cunny was so delectably pleasurable, she just couldn't help herself~

In fact, soon Futaba found that just pounding Shinya like this wasn't enough for her. She wanted to feel the entirety of Shinya, and more importantly she wanted Shinya to feel her over anything else. So while her hips continued to endlessly slam into Shinya's pussy, the girl slowly lowered herself onto Shinya, until her entire body was pressing down on Shinya's smaller form. Shinya couldn't help but let out a breathless gasp as he felt himself getting squeezed between Futaba's warmth and the soft medical bed below. The soft, plushness of Futaba's breast pushed against Shinya's chest, her arms locking around his own whilst her face rested right beside his own. It was as if Futaba was not just dominating his pussy, but laying claim to every inch of Shinya's body.

A dominating gesture that made Futaba's cock throb with utmost arousal. Sure, Shinya's pussy felt absolutely divine squeezing onto Futaba's cock. She loved the way it felt so tight and constricting, yet somehow it managed to swallow every single inch of Futaba's dick. However, the thing that truly turned Futaba on the most at this moment was just how much she was ravaging poor Shinya. The once proud and cocky young boy was left nothing but a panting, breathless mess thanks to Futaba's enormous dick. She could hear each and every one of his needy, mindless gasps right beside her ear as her shaft plunged into the depths of his quivering pussy. There was just no denying it.

"Punishing brats is the beeeeeessstttt~!!!" Futaba happily groaned in bliss as her cockhead once again slammed right against Shinya's womb. "Not so smug now, huuuuh~ This one is for beating me at Super Blast Bros 7~ And this one's for calling me a 'boomer'! And this one is for being such a needy brat!!! Oh, I guess for not giving me the medicines too. Though you weren't responsible for that specifically~"

None of Futaba's words made any sense to Shinya and not just because he had no idea what she was referring to either. Rather, Futaba's cock had turned Shinya's mind into such a pile of mush, any sort of speech became utterly incomprehensible in his ears. Right now, the only thing Shinya was able to process was the sensation of Futaba's massive cock teaming his tight pussy wide open. Her body heat came over Shinya whole's being like a blanket, whilst her actual body gently pushed down onto him just firmly enough that it became hard for Shinya to breathe. Each and every one of Shinya's senses were being completely taken over by Futaba.

And for some unexplainable reason, Shinya couldn't help but love every second of it. His vaginal walls tightly clung to Futaba's throbbing shaft as it slid inside of him, organ fully gushing with pleasure to the point it refused to let go. Whenever her cock would slam

fiercely into his deepest recesses, his entire form would uncontrollably tremble in accepting bliss. There was none of the aloof, confident personality he was supposed to have inherited from being in Takemi's place. Thanks to Futaba's modifications, as well as the relentless pounding of her cock, Shinya had been turned into little more than a mindless, submissive pocket pussy for Futaba to abuse to her pleasure.

A fact that further sent Futaba over the edge, as she felt her cock trembling eagerly inside of Shinya's warm womb. Seeing Shinya writhing and helplessly gasping beneath her like a beast in heat was perhaps twice as arousing as that of his pussy. His soft, whimpering voice that emerged in response to each of Futaba's thrusts was like delectable music in Futaba's ears. Not only did her cock feel so good within the tight constraints of Shinya's boyish body, but she also felt incredibly vindicated. All of the anger and humiliation she'd felt after dealing with this annoying kid was finally being paid off!

"This. Is what. You get!!!" Futaba accentuated every one of her words with vicious thrusts. "For being. A. BRAT!!!!!!!"

Only to slam her hips against Shinya's crotch one final time, releasing all of her pent-up cum right into the depths his pussy. Thick semen instantly blasted inside of Shinya's innards like it was being shot from a canon. Futaba's cock throbbed with each spurt, its quivering mast eager to spread her seed into every inch of Shinya's cunt. Breathlessly gasping and quivering below Futaba, Shinya felt his mind going blank with pleasure as the sensation of Futaba's hot goo began to engulf his organ whole. His womb spread wide open, accepting Futaba's seed and getting his eggs fertilized on the spot. Meanwhile, the rest of his cunt spasmed with its own uncontrollable orgasm, squirting and spurting against Futaba's shaft mired in a tempest of pleasure. With that, Shinya was down and out for the count. His eyes rolled to the back of his head, his head limply recoiling against the bed below him. Unable to cope with the overwhelming sensations of his new form, all he could do was pass out from the blossoming bliss.

Futaba didn't even notice as Shinya literally passed out beside her, much more content to make sure the little, annoying brat got to experience every last drop of her jizz. The girl cooed as she felt her balls squeezing out semen, her hips involuntarily bucked against Shinya's crotch in an attempt to push as much of her seed inside him as possible. Futaba would only feel satisfied after she felt the warmth of her own cum pooling around the entirety of her shaft. It was only after a couple more seconds of humping and squeezing that Futaba felt truly spent, having pumped a lot more than she would have imagined considering it was probably the third (or maybe even fourth?) time she'd blown a load today.

Satisfied with the feeling of her empty, unencumbered balls, Futaba finally pulled away from Shinya to give the boy some very well-earned personal space. Sweat clung to the underside of her clothes as she rose back onto her knees. Her hands grabbed onto her still semi-hard shaft, gently tugging it out of Shinya's pussy just to see cum gushing out of his stretched cunt. Standing over him like this, getting to observe the sight of a proud, bratty boy now reduced to a shaking, unconscious, mess of a boy... Futaba felt completely truly satiated. Not just in the sense that her arousal had been taken care of, but in the sense that she felt right. As if things had developed just as they had meant to. Unlike many of the times where Futaba felt qualms about changing the people around her, especially after her post-nut clarity hit, this time... Futaba didn't feel bad about what she'd done. Not even in the slightest.

A wicked smile came across Futaba's face. Without so much as looking back at Shinya, she dropped from the medical bed. Perhaps she should have been concerned about this alarming change of feelings. The fact that her sense of morality seemed to be changing with every encounter should have rung alarm bells in her mind. But frankly, Futaba didn't seem to be able to care at this moment. Instead, she just picked up the dropped bag of medicines and happily skipped towards the door.

"I hope this makes it clear who's really in charge here~" Futaba spoke with an innocent smile, as if her previous actions had been totally innocuous. "I look forward to '*purchasing*' more medicine from you in the future, *doctor Shinya*~."

Then Futaba just let herself out of the room, slamming the door loudly enough that it rumbled through the building. Back in the medical bed, Shinya was still a groaning, semi-conscious mess, suffering from a fate which he could not envision and had no control over. A victim of Futaba's slow but steady decline into her worst vices...

October, Thursday 6th

Alright... By this point, it was pretty impossible to deny it. Futaba was utterly *exhausted*. Going from a NEET who never left her room to the busy position of leader was way more than the girl could chew, and its weight was starting to bear down on her mind. Futaba's tiredness was only compounded by the sinking sun, as darkness began to seep into the walls of LeBlanc. Even the moody, soft patters of the rain outside which usually set a calm, relaxing mood in the coffee shop, did little to soothe her ails.

There were just so many things to do! On the days where she didn't have to go to school, which was already a tremendous pain in the ass, Futaba still had to go out. From talking to all the confidants and advancing on each of their capture routes, to buying equipment and

medicines for their dungeon runs, to training, leveling all her personas, trying to scrounge up some extra money- It was too much! And that was before even considering Mementos! Futaba didn't remember the last day she just stayed at home playing video games! Who could have thought someone as serious and collected as Ren would have it so tough...

Not to mention how... Unfortunately for Futaba, her favorite activity to 'destress' was also yet another of the reasons why she was so tired.

Plap-plap-plap-plap~

"G-Gyaahh~" Ren cried in a soft, whimpering voice as the sound of bodies sexually crashing together rang in the background. "F-Futaba- Y-You're too big!!!"

"Huh?" Futaba slowly raised an eyebrow, face furrowing at Joker's perceived complaint. "Oh come on! Yeah, I might have made it a bit bigger than before, but it's nothing you can't handle!"

As Futaba reclined against one of the tables in the dining hall, her hips slowly yet continuously shifted back and forth. Right before her stood Ren, his back left turned towards Futaba... Just so that his bare pussy could easily take the massive girth of Futaba's cock again and again. Though Ren stood far taller than Futaba, even as he reclined forward in a submissive manner, it was clear that Futaba was the one taking a dominant position here. Futaba didn't even have to do anything special. The very halfhearted motions of her hips were more than enough to make Ren quiver in place. His pussy shuddered around Futaba's cock, while the massive penis bulged through his crotch in response to her every movement. Futaba had gotten to a point where she could dominate Ren, and anyone she truly wanted, without really trying.

Though when she *did* try, things only ended up getting even crazier. Growing tired with Ren's submissive idleness, Futaba decided to kick things up a notch on her own. Each of Futaba's hands shifted down and wrapped tightly around Ren's slender hips. With her fingers digging deep into the boy's skin, she began to slam his body onto her shaft while her hips continued relentlessly thrusting. The sound of bodies slapping grew louder, as the squelching of Ren's pussy around Futaba's huge cock grew richer in each of their ears. This increase in intensity made Ren cry out in desire. His face seemed to twist with bliss, breath ragged and voice trembling. Poor Ren looked like a deer in headlights, completely frozen in place from Futaba's dominating thrusts as he could do nothing but stand there and take it. The fattened, hardened cock head of Futaba's penis slammed against Ren's womb without mercy. And the rougher she was with his pussy, the better it felt. As Ren's sensitive body reached its limits, his pussy tightened around Futaba's cock.

“Hngggghhhh~~~” The boy grunted in absolute bliss as his pussy audibly squirted all over the floor. Futaba couldn’t help but pop a smirk at Ren’s delirious orgasm. If there was anything that made her feel better, that certainly helped. Some other people, however, were not as enthused.

“Oh my god- Did he really squirt on the floor? I *just* cleaned it!!!”

All the way from the other side of the counter, Kawakami’s voice rose in unabashed annoyance. The woman had been taking care of some cooking curry in the kitchen, but as she walked to the other side and leaned over the counter, her expression instantly soured. Despite the cute, smooth black pigtails and the maid headdress on her head, this was, in fact, the same teacher that Futaba had already fucked plenty of times. It was apparent from the massive set of pillowy tits that extended out from her chest, titanic globules of fat that bulged prominently from her top. Or the hefty, chubby tummy Futaba had personally gifted a MILF like her. Except now, instead of working as a teacher, Kawakami had to serve the role of Futaba’s personal maid, helping around the kitchen or with the café.

“Fine! I guess I’ll mop the floors...” Kawakami grumbled with the same bored, disdain she usually showed in class “*Again!!!*” Before she walked around the counter to fetch her cleaning supplies.

“Heh, poor Kawakami, eh Futaba?” The small, black kitty known as Morgana gently tiptoed along the top of the counter closer towards Futaba, a mischievous expression shining on his face. “She doesn’t realize poor Ren is squirting on the floor *all the time*! This probably won’t be the last time she has to clean up after him, heheh.”

As Kawakami approached the duo with a mop in hand, Futaba gave her and Morgana little mind. She’d have so much public sex in front of others already, it did little to excited her as much as it used to. This was the new normal. Futaba could fuck anyone she wanted whenever she wanted, and no one would bat an eye. Which was still pretty arousing, but far from enough from entrapping Futaba’s attention. No, instead the thing that caught Futaba’s eyes was none other than Kawakami’s cute outfit. There was something incredibly special about seeing the fluffy white frills of Kawakami’s outfit ruffling as she swiped the mop along the floor. The massive cleavage window on the top of the black and white maid dress swung hypnotically, while the white apron clung tightly to her chubby midsection. With that long flowing black hem, as well as the semi-see through tights that exposed every inch of Kawakami’s legs... To say the outfit fit Kawakami’s very developed body would be an understatement.

That wasn’t all that called Futaba towards such clothes, however. This outfit was perhaps the perfect representation of feminine beauty and allure. It symbolized complete

submission and devotion towards a single person, the exact sort of control Futaba found exciting to exert on others. And... Well... It was also just sexy as hell! As good as it looked on Kawakami, Futaba wondered how it would be on someone... Decidedly less feminine. Someone who nonetheless was completely submissive to Futaba, and who would not object to being treated like a slutty maid that the outfit entailed he'd be. Who else better than the same boy whose pussy was busy swallowing the girth of Futaba's cock~?

Smirk widening with the mischievous, evil thoughts swirling inside her brain, Futaba slowly reached for the smartphone she had tucked into her pocket. The girl didn't stop pounding Ren's tight pussy as she did so, her hips crashing forward with the same levels of intensity despite the fact most of her attention was clearly going into her phone. Ren barely noticed as one of her hands released his slim hips, for the sensation of her girthy cock stretching out his innards was much too overpowering to ignore. With just a couple of simple taps on her smartphone, Futaba initialized her hacked MetaNav app. The world around her was quickly seeped into an array of depressing grays, though this effect had become so mundane at this point, it didn't even register inside Futaba's mind.

The real question now was... How would Futaba get Ren to wear Kawakami's cute maid dress~? She could try to do some kind of Persona swap, but those had a lot of effects and Futaba didn't like doing them too often... Except when she did it to Shinya and Takemi yesterday. A simple clothes swap would probably do. That's how Futaba had managed to keep a good amount of her wardrobe back. But that seemed too simplistic and boring... No, it wouldn't be enough for Ren to dress like a maid. He had to *be* the maid, to act like a maid, to become the submissive little thing Futaba wanted him to be. Scrolling through Ren's profile, Futaba's eyes lit up as they landed on the '*Occupation*' field. Ren's job was that of a part-time barista at LeBlanc (A job Futaba had returned to Ren after not wanting to do it for herself). Kakami's whole maid thing was also a job, which meant...

All it took was a couple of faint taps from Futaba's fingertips. There was no grand transformation, no flashing lights or extravagant sounds. By the time vibrant colors began shimmering in the world around her, Ren was no longer wearing his drab, boring, boyish barista uniform. Instead, his entire body was draped from head to toe in an exact replica of Kawakami's maid dress. From the poofy shoulder pads and fully exposed arms, down to the long flowing black hem. His legs were wrapped in slim white tights that clung closely to his every groove, while his shoes stood perfectly still inside of a set of black, high-heeled pumps. Ren had even been given the same mop Kawakami had been using to wash the floor with! Though it was currently being used as a sort of cane to save Ren's quivering legs from collapsing from all the pleasure. In the blink of an eye, Ren had turned into the perfect picture of a slutty, bitchy maid that Futaba had greedily conjured into her mind.

Futaba's cock hardened and throbbed, renewed arousal and excitement filling up her length. The girl slammed her hips right into Ren's ass, this time with violence and enthusiasm not seen in her previous lazy motions. Her cock pierced through Ren's defenseless vaginal walls with so much force, her cockhead bulged through his skin and even past the hem of his maid dress. All of these forceful motions made Ren quiver in bliss. His hands clutched desperately to the mop in his grasp, pussy squirming around the girth of Futaba's shaft. It was taking every ounce of Ren's willpower not to collapse from the pleasure. And even that was not enough, as his it found itself no longer able to stand the pleasure, once again eagerly squirting on the floor with arousal.

"Hey, what do you think you're doing, you stupid maid!!!" Futaba breathily reprimanded Ren, her fanged smirk growing sharper and wider as she continued to enjoy the dreamy sensations of his soppy cunt. "You're supposed to clean the floor, not make it dirty!!!"

"Ah- Ah-!" Ren groaned like a bitch in heat, his submissive moans more feminine than masculine at this point. "I-I'm s-sorry Futaba-"

"Uh-uh-uh!" Futaba sharply thrust her cock into the depths of Ren's cunt, causing the boy to give a shrill yelp in response. "It's *mistress*, remember~?"

"*M-Mistress~*" Ren's expression became dazed and hazy, a droopy smile surging on his face as the pleasure of submitting to Futaba's cock coursed through his veins like a toxin. "S-Sorry Mistress, b-b-but... Y-Your cock just feels way too good~"

Futaba's eyes widened, her breath stopped for a second as a surge of adrenaline coursed through her veins. Arousal pulsed directly into her cock, causing it to throb harder and hotter than ever before. Hearing such a slutty, porn-coded phrase coming from Ren's lips activated something inside of Futaba like she was a sleeper agent. Nostrils flaring with steam and hands uncontrollably twitching with feral need, Futaba's self-control shattered. In a moment of weakness, Futaba viciously flung her entire body right onto Ren. Though the boy was much taller and stronger than she was, his shivering legs were absolutely no match for the combination of her body weight as well as her intensity. Then, like a tower collapsing under its own weak foundations, Ren and Futaba both crashed down onto the floor.

Ren received the brunt of the impact, his forearms shielding much of the damage as he fell face down on the floor. Meanwhile, the little gremlin who had caused such a titanic fall in the first place landed basically unscathed, using Ren's body as a soft cushion to lessen her fall. The worst thing that happened to her was her phone slipping out of her coat pocket and landing a couple of feet away from her, though the device didn't even look like it had a scratch on it. Throughout the whole collapse, Futaba had not pulled her cock out of Ren's

tight pussy for a single second. And now that the two were down on the ground and Futaba's lust had been turned up to eleven, she had no intention of changing that.

Holding up the only part of Ren's body that was still elevated from the ground with both hands, his delicious, boy butt, Futaba began to violently pound the male maid's ass like a merciless beast. The sound of Ren's cheeks clapping as Futaba's hips struck them fiercely rang louder than ever before, his butt quickly growing red with heat and friction. Yet Futaba's grip on Ren's hips was for firm and tight, no matter how hard she slammed into him, the boy's elevated ass wouldn't move a single inch. All that moved was Futaba's gargantuan cock, reaching into the depths of Ren's pussy with its massive, pulsating erection. It constantly hit the entrance to Ren's womb again and again and again, like a battering ram trying to force its way into a fortified castle. With her lust inflamed and her cock thumping harder than ever, Futaba had essentially turned into a machine whose only purpose was pounding Ren's tight cunt into oblivion.

It wasn't necessarily that Futaba wasn't aroused or enjoying herself before. Rather, seeing Ren in such a slutty maid outfit had given her a second wind of uninhibited desire. The boy looked absolutely perfect in those frilly clothes, almost as if they'd been made to fit him. His large hem flipped over his torso, revealing his slender legs covered in beautiful milky white tights... Not to mention the skimpy, frilly, black-colored lingerie still clinging to his crotch, only just partially shifted so that Futaba's cock would fit inside his pussy, a very sappy and meaty colored pink slit which was currently gushing from every orifice and fold. It was hard to believe that this cunt had been Futaba's just about a week ago. The brilliant orange pubes at its front were enough to prove it. Yet Futaba had used it so much, it looked almost undistinguishable from her original slit, now little more than a worn cunt that had been widened and stretched not by mere fingers or sex toys, but by the massive cock on Futaba's crotch.

Futaba leaned all the way forward as the thrusting of her hips accelerated, no longer just kneeling on the floor, but bending her whole torso until it was basically perpendicular with Ren. It almost looked like she was trying to melt into Ren, while her hips kept on mercilessly pounding his raised ass as if they were hammering out a small mole hill. With every one of her violent thrusts, Futaba could hear the pathetic, submissive whimpers of her little boy maid. Ren squirmed uncontrollably beneath her, his pussy helplessly twitching around her massive cock as it barely held on to dear life. The way he thoughtlessly followed her every whim, the way he took Futaba's punishment like it was his job... More than being dressed like a maid, Ren was playing the part perfectly too. This was exactly how Futaba had imagined the change, her life playing more and more like those perverted porn mangas that she adored reading.

It was in times like these that Futaba, truly felt satisfied with her changes, as if her becoming the leader of the Phantom Thieves was not a bad idea. All of the exhaustion and stress simply melted off her bones the moment she got to live her most depraved fantasies. There was nothing that could ruin a moment like this.

Beep-beep-beep!

A quiet, electronic alarm bell rang out in the background, though Futaba gave it no mind, her focus squarely centered on the tight piece of boy pussy currently squeezing onto her heated shaft. If not for Morgana's words, Futaba wouldn't have even realized what it meant.

"Hey Futaba! Kawakami's shift just ended." The kitty spoke in a relaxed fashion as he licked one of his limbs. "Make sure you say goodbye properly this time."

The sudden realization made Futaba's eyes widen in shock. While still balls deep inside of Ren's pussy, she hazily craned her head left towards where Kawakami had been standing.

"God, finally..." Kawakami let out a depressed sigh, shoulders slumping while her eyes rolled in annoyance. "I can't believe I have to work at this stupid café to make ends meet..."

Just as Ren's clothes had all changed in an instant, so too were Kawakami's clothes totally different. Her maid outfit had been replaced with a dull, uninteresting barista uniform. Little more than fuzzy turtleneck with some baggy pants. The only noteworthy part of the outfit was the long, green apron atop the rest of her ensemble. Yet even with this modest set of clothes, the thick, perverted allure of Kawakami's body pushed through. Her two titanic breasts bulged from her chest with such breadth, they twisted the shape of her apron from flat to an elevated triangle. Her hips stuck out at each side of her outfit, threatening to spill out of her tight pants at any second. Not to mention how impossible it was to ignore the way her body wobbled and jiggled as if it was made of jelly with even the smallest of changes. Even now, Kawakami was a fat, stacked MILF that Futaba had every intention of sexing.

While Futaba blankly stared at the part time coffee shop employee, Kawakami was already making her way around the downed duo and out of the café. Panic began to fill Futaba. She quickly scampered to push herself up from the floor, her cock still throbbing greedily inside of Ren's twitching pussy as she rose to her knees. Though it's true that Futaba already had Ren to play with, a cute, imouto-boy friend maid Ren even, Futaba knew it would not be enough. Her engines had been revved up too much, and she was sure she would need a hot MILF to take care of her needs. The idea of Kawakami leaving before Futaba could fuck the shit out of her just didn't sit right with the girl. She wanted- She wanted Kawakami to stay a bit longer so the two could have sweaty MILF sex!!!!

“W-W-Wait-!!! S-Stop!!” Futaba helplessly flailed at Kawakami, while not going far enough to pull her cock from Ren’s cunt. “D-Don’t go-!!! S-Stay a bit longer!!!”

Kawakami’s head tilted back towards Futaba slowly, the expression on her face being one of pure, impassioned disdain. “Huuuuuh? Kid, you know I don’t get paid overtime, right?” A sigh escaped Kawakami’s lips, some of her venom dissipating as she looked at Futaba’s dread-filled expression. “Look... As much as I’d love to just play around and waste time with a student, I’m just too busy right now. I still haven’t finished the curriculum for tomorrow’s sex lesson.”

This gentler refusal did little to ease Futaba’s greedy concerns, as her libido had taken over for her better reason. “N-N-No!!! Y-You can’t leave! N-N-Not until I nut inside of this cute maid!!!”

This time, Kawakami’s response was much less tender. Simply turning around, the woman began to make her way towards the door. “I’ll see you in class tomorrow, Futaba.”

“P-P-Please!! I-I want to-!!!” Futaba gasped, reaching as far as she could without letting her cock slip from Ren’s delectable folds. Desperately pleas which failed to stop Kawakami in her tracks. Actually, the display was pathetic enough that even Morgana felt the need to comment.

“Jeez Futaba, what’s up with you today?” The kitty raised an eyebrow as he looked at Futaba. “Just let Kawakami go. You’re going to see her soon tomorrow anyways.”

Noooooooo!!! Futaba didn’t want to wait until tomorrow, she wanted to fuck Kawakami today!!! Stupid Morgana!! Futaba would make sure to punish him with- The app!!! If Futaba couldn’t get Kawakami to stay by asking, then she’d find some way to *force her* to stay using the app! Futaba’s hands frantically began to pat at her pocket, hoping to snatch her smartphone into her hands once more. Only for the panic bubbling inside of Futaba’s head to increase even further, as she realized it wasn’t there. Futaba’s head began to twist around in every direction, her eyes scanning every corner of the room until they finally landed on her discarded phone, gracelessly laying on the floor just barely out of her reach. Desperation reached Futaba as she stretched her arms towards it, her bones and muscles creaking from the herculean amount of effort it was taking her to pull towards the device while still fucking Ren’s cunt. At this rate, it felt like Kawakami would be long gone before-
Swish!

With a swift swing of her hand, Futaba finally managed to pull the smartphone into her hand. The relief of having reclaimed her most important object made Futaba’s fat heaving balls relax. But Futaba had little time for respite. In her cumbrained mind, she felt like if she

didn't alter Kawakami now, she would never be able to do it. Bringing the phone towards her face, Futaba's fingers began tapping away at her phone with the same intensity and speed that she used when hacking. The world was quickly submerged in black and white, her hips continuously rocking back and forth in a mixture of excitement as Ren lay totally flat on the floor, eyes dazed with pleasure.

The only real question left at this point was what kind of edit Futaba would make to Kawakami. There were so many options, Futaba soon found herself frozen in place with a horrible case of choice paralysis the moment she opened Kawakami's page in the hacked MetaNav app. A litany of disconcerting, distorted noises began to play inside of Futaba's head. Morgana's annoying voice calling Futaba, the sound of Kawakami's shoes thumping on the floor as she walked away, that delicious squelching of Ren's pussy around her cock. They were all overwhelming her senses, making it almost impossible for the girl to think.

"Fuuutaaaaabaaaa..." Morgana rang out in a sluggish manner.

It was as if the world itself was going into slow motion. Futaba's time was running out. She couldn't do some kind of complex change. She had to just do some kind of edit. Something that would let her fuck Kawakami's beautiful body. But what...? What?! The bell of LeBlanc jingled as Kawakami opened the door to leave. She had to do something now!!! Futaba's fingers frantically tapped the screen.

Ka-Thunk

The door to LeBlanc closed with a fierce, unceremonious thump. Little by little, color began returning to the coffee shop until the black and white aura was sucked up back into the phone. Futaba slumped down slightly, a sigh of defeat escaping her lips. Kawakami was... Kawakami was gone. Futaba's dreams of having sex with a sexy MILF tonight had been dashed, her last-minute attempts to edit Kawakami clearly not paying off. It seemed like Futaba would just be forced to abuse Ren's pussy until he had been totally obliterated.

Or at least... That's how it seemed at first.

For as Futaba's gaze slowly rose towards the counter where Morgana had been sitting upon, she did not find a cute, tiny black and white kitty. Instead, all that graced Futaba's vision was the magnificent visage of a plump, thoroughly developed Kawakami fully devoid of any clothes. Kawakami was assuming a cat-like position, with her ass pressing down on the counter while her knees bent upwards and her feet laid flat on the counter's wooden surface. Kawakami's huge breasts hung freely from her chest, her thick, rounded nipples poking out of her wide, speckled, darkened areolas. Tummy fat bulged forth from her midsection, her thighs squeezing with her calves to make more of her curvy body pop out.

Closing both her hands into fists, Kawakami took one of them and licked its back with a casual, blissful expression, in much the same manner a cat would be cleaning themselves.

For some reason, Kawakami didn't seem concerned in the slightest that mere seconds ago, she was walking out of the café. There was no semblance of shame as she sat there, a fully grown woman, exposing her entirely nude body to one of her students. Not the elements nor Futaba's bewildered glare made her aware of the fully nude nature of her own body. Even the dimness of negativity seemed to be gone from her eyes, replaced with a much more easy-going, innocent expression almost unaware of all of society's ills. The way she purred and licked the back of her hand certainly made it apparent that she was no longer acting like herself either.

But these were far from the most egregious changes. Revealed only when Futaba looked up to the top of Kawakami's head, two little triangular tufts of black hair poked out of her hair. Not fake accessories or trick to the eyes, but two genuine, black-colored cat-ears with soft fluffy white tufts. The same exact ones that Morgana used to have as a cat. Inspecting the rest of Kawakami's figure, Futaba found even more feline features. A long, slender black colored cat tail swung around her backside, springing from her butt as naturally as any other limb. Fastened around her neck was a yellow pet collar, with inscriptions that spelled Kawakami's name instead of Morgana. And then the crème de la crop, the most outlandish feature to grace Kawakami's already outlandish body...

Sitting right on Kawakami's crotch, between her thick, spread open legs, was a circular patch of black fur. A patch which contained the unmistakable shape of a feline penis.

It was a bit difficult for Futaba to see it fully from the distance, especially given the shaft was currently nuzzled within Kawakami's new soft, fuzzy sheath. But seeing the set of small, rounded balls sagging from Kawakami's body and resting atop of the counter, or the soft black fur surrounding Kawakami's crotch which was the same color as Morgana's... Hell, even the sheath itself was a dead giveaway. There was no doubt in Futaba's mind that Kawakami now had Morgana's kitty cock all for herself now, meaning that Morgana probably found himself with Kawakami's original mound.

In her panic to try and keep Kawakami around, Futaba had invertedly swapped Kawakami's and Morgana's shadows with each other. It was the same change she had made between herself and Joker, something which she had already experimented with in the past with other people. But now... It was different. Seeing Kawakami completely assimilate into the role of a cat was nothing but thoroughly arousing to Futaba. She felt her cock throbbing with intensity inside of Ren's pussy, her shaft burning hotter than when she was straight up fucking him before. The way she sat on the counter completely unbothered... Her complete

and total lack of modesty or shame... Kawakami had abandoned any kind of humanity. It was clear that she fully believed herself to be a cat.

Yet burning inside of Futaba's mind even brighter than Kawakami's perverse situation, was the idea Futaba could... Change her teammates to fit her desires. For some reason, she'd never even considered it before. Sure, she'd edited parts of her teammates, like their bust size and their awareness so she could fuck them. And she'd already swapped several of the confidants with each other, not really concerned how each of them ended up. But swapping her teammates for anyone she ever desired... It was such an erotically tantalizing idea. With the power of the MetaNav in hand, Futaba could essentially create her own personal harem. Why should she have to deal with all the annoyances? All of the work? All of the trouble? She was the leader of the Phantom Thieves, damn it! If she had all this power, didn't it just make sense to use it? Didn't she deserve to have a harem of sexy ladies tending to all of her whims?

As the idea of a harem of Phantom Thieves finished materializing inside of Futaba's mind, her cock thumped fervently. Between that, the arousing sight of this kitty Kawakami, and Ren's pussy still squeezing onto her hot length, it was too much for Futaba to handle. Involuntarily bucking her hips one last time right into Ren's cunt, Futaba groaned meekly as her balls tightened and cum began to spout freely right into Ren's pussy. The submissive maid boy beneath Futaba didn't mind that her orgasm wasn't solely brought by his efforts. Just feeling her hot jizz blast violently from her tip and start coating the damp squishy insides of his pussy was more than pleasurable enough for him. Gasping and breathing happily, Ren felt his pussy tremble in orgasm and squirt as more of Futaba's fresh, hot cum piled into his womb.

Futaba herself wasn't doing much better. Eyes narrowing and mind becoming hazy with lust, all the girl could do was groan mildly as the each one of her spurts coursed right through her head in a dazzle of pleasure. The only thought that thrummed around in her head as all of this ecstasy poured through her penis was that of making a beautiful, submissive harem of her own. To have stacked ladies as her servants, to become the main character of her very own doujin, like so much of the porn that she read... Feeling the pleasure of Ren's pussy and her own hot, flowing cum around her cock was almost like subtle reinforcement. Pleasure and desire getting imbedded into the depths of her subconscious.

Having given her last load to Ren's hungry cunt, Futaba's legs lost their strength and the girl fell back on her ass. Her cock finally popped free of Ren's pussy, cum exploding out of his freshly used hole like lava oozing out of the volcano. She panted and heaved, eyes

vacant as if she'd just received a godly revelation. She would have a lot to think about with this new information... But first it was time to test kitty Kawakami out~

October, Friday 7th

After having thoroughly enjoyed (and busted several nuts inside of) kitty Kawakami yesterday, Futaba was stuck in a bit of a Post-Nut-Clarity-Conundrum. It was the start of the morning class, and all of the students around her found themselves sitting patiently at their seats as homeroom once more came to an unceremonious end. The morning sunlight outside drifted calmly through the windows, whilst the bustle of Tokyo rang just barely audible in the background. It was about as pleasant and average a morning as you could imagine. But Futaba just couldn't concentrate. Face turned towards the windows, she looked off vacantly into the distance, her mind wandering with turbulent thoughts that would not let her relax.

Should she do it? That was the question she could still not answer. Should she just... Swap all of her teammates with sexy MILFs?

It was true that the idea of turning the Phantom Thieves into her personal harem was perhaps one of the most arousing things Futaba could think of. Futaba could picture it so vividly. Switching all of those dorky teens to mature, experienced women with alluring forms, further modifying their bodies so that would be plump and fuckable and altering their minds to make them all subservient to her. Every moment the Phantom Thieves got together would be dedicated to pleasuring Futaba~ Just the thought alone was enough to make Futaba's cock throb with needy greed. She would literally be living like one of those doujin protagonists in those futa and hypno fetish hentai.

Yet, as appealing as the idea might have seemed, Futaba couldn't help but start thinking that... Perhaps... She might be starting to get a bit carried away with all of her powers? The whole point of this experience was for her to give Ren some rest! ...Though in reality, it'd probably only tired him more, considering he'd been getting fucked by Futaba every day. The longer Futaba spent in this position of unstoppable power, the further her goals diverted from her original intention. It wasn't supposed to be this way! The Phantom Thieves themselves were meant to be a group that helped people, not one that was built around Futaba's sexual urges! Many of the changes Futaba had done so far, she'd justified to herself as useful for her cause, or as rewards for her work, or just stuff that wouldn't affect the world too negatively. But by now, Futaba was starting to get to the point where it was hard to justify things with reasons other than her unsatiable lust...

Whilst Futaba wrestled with these complex, philosophical questions, the beautiful, plump Kawakami sat atop Futaba's desk. Not as the teacher of course, but as a quiet, demure kitty she'd just been transformed into but a day ago. Kawakami's entire body was fully nude and devoid of clothes, just like any regular cat would be. Her bare ass smushed comfortably against the top of Futaba's desk, breasts wobbling left and right in soft, rhythmic, jiggling motions. An expression of pure bliss was displayed on Kawakami's face, her kitty ears twitching every time she panted. With her hands placed firmly on top of her desk for support and her legs spread wide open, Kawakami couldn't help but happily mewl and meow every couple of seconds.

Because as she sat happily on top of Futaba's desk, Futaba was currently slamming her girthy penis deep into the cheeks of Kawakami's fat ass.

Yeah sure, Futaba was still pondering on whether or not she'd made the right decision by swapping Kawakami's and Morgana's places. But that didn't mean she couldn't enjoy the results of her actions while she thought it over. It's not like either of them would realize if Futaba changed things back anyways, right? That is why, without feeling much remorse about it, Futaba slammed her hips forward, pushing the entirety of her fat fucking length deeper into Kawakami's core. The sound of meat slapping loudly echoed through the room each time that Futaba's crotch violently slammed against Kawakami's, while the creaky legs of the desk below scratched the floor from the rattling motion. Futaba leaned slightly forward as she continued fucking Kawakami, her torso pressed lovingly against the larger woman's soft, bubbly belly. Resting needily atop Kawakami's crotch, the cute, barbed, pink-colored shaft which had once belonged to Morgana now rubbed eagerly against Futaba's body. Futaba barely paid it any mind as she wrapped one arm around Kawakami's torso, holding onto the kitty so she wouldn't fall from the table from how hard Futaba was thrusting, while her other hand greedily squeezed and groped Kawakami's full tit for her own enjoyment.

Futaba's face remained forlorn and thoughtful, eyes vacantly staring through the window even as she plowed Kawakami's butt. Though some people might have found it inappropriate for Futaba to be fucking Kawakami while thinking about whether or not to change her back, for Futaba it was honestly a necessity. Feeling the tight, meaty sensation of Kawakami's anus wrapping tenderly around her cock was the perfect medicine to ease Futaba's current negative emotions. Feeling Kawakami's spiked, pink colored cat dick throb with every thrust was just the right fuel for Futaba's arousal. If her needy shaft wasn't being overwhelmed by the ecstasy of Kawakami's insides, then Futaba could have risked feeling something like guilt or remorse! Feelings which would only end up biasing Futaba towards a specific answer, whereas what Futaba needed was to look at this problem through an

objective, unbiased point of view. The sort of point of view she could only achieve when her cock was deep inside of Kawakami's butt.

Of course, Kawakami herself didn't have any complaints. The only thing coming out of her mouth were moans of pure bliss, her ass tightening around Futaba's length while her cock throbbed about excitedly. Using her app, Futaba had mentally modified Kawakami to be thoroughly subservient, horny, and always eager to pleasure Futaba. Futaba didn't even have to ask to shove her needy cock up Kawakami's hole, she just had to do it. F-F-Futaba hadn't done this for any evil reasons though!!! She just did it as a test!! J-Just a test to see how far Futaba could go modifying someone's mental faculties. Unfortunately, the test was a little bit too successful, and now Futaba couldn't get herself from fucking Kawakami at every available moment.

Futaba let out a forlorn sigh, her balls bloating and gurgling as need rose in her hardened shaft. Just when she thought being the leader of the Phantom Thieves wasn't difficult enough, Futaba had to get hit with such a complex, ethical conundrum. She truly wasn't sure whether it would be better for her to follow her desires or her mind. Honestly, just thinking about how Futaba could potentially never experience Kawakami's delicious butt was incredibly frightening!

In order to soothe herself, Futaba leaned closer to the massive tit she was already groping and wrapped her soft nipples around the nipple. Kawakami cooed in excitement as Futaba began to suckle and bite onto the MILF's succulent breast. Her salty sweat and soft, plush mass felt so good in Futaba's mouth, she could soon feel those horrible, scary thoughts leave her mind. Yes... Things were much better this way~ The sensation of Kawakami's warm folds wrapping around her cock whole, the heavenly scent of Kawakami's odor filling her nostrils. This was the only real way Futaba would ever be able to truly think through what it is she wanted to do.

"Alright class! Settle down."

A loud, chirpy voice came all the way from the front of the classroom. It had Kawakami's usual exhausted intonation, a pinch of authority and annoyance, except much higher pitched than usual. However, if Futaba was pounding the real Kawakami into oblivion on her desk, then that voice could have only come from...

Standing before all of the students, in the same spot where Kawakami would have once stood, was a tiny, slim black cat. Morgana effortlessly slid atop of the teacher's desk and looked over at the crowd of students with an unenthused expression. The students, in turn, gave back tired and unimpressed looks of their own. Not one of them found the fact this little black cat was speaking human language in an understandable manner particularly

concerning. In much the same way no one seemed to perceive Kawakami's fully nude form as inappropriate, they also failed to recognize the sight of Morgana standing on all four paws atop the teacher's desk as abnormal. Because of the shadow swap Futaba had made, Morgana was now the 'normal human' teacher of their class. And not just the teacher of any class...

"Let's get today's sex lesson then, I'm not getting any younger..." Morgana sighed as silence fell upon the room and all eyes were on him. He walked from one side of the desk to the next, his torso covered in a tiny yellow shirt and his bottom covered by a small grey skirt that looked almost comical on his feline body, until his eyes fell on one of the students. "Mishima, you're up first today."

"Y-Y-Y-Yes m-m'am!!!" The boy stood up almost in an instant, his face slightly red and his body twitchy.

From the way he began to slowly and awkwardly make his way to the front of the desk, it was very clear that Mishima was excited. Futaba could easily see the bulge in his pants as he continued walking forth. In Mishima's eyes, Morgana was an absolutely banging MILF of a woman and knowing Mishima's luck, he wasn't getting that kind of action anywhere else. Whilst most of the students around seemed to have already gotten used to the daily sex classes as nothing out of the ordinary, it appeared Mishima was just as excited to participate as ever.

This was in complete opposition to Ann, who sat in front of Futaba with complete disinterest around the whole situation. The face on Ann's face was about as bored as you could imagine, to the point she'd pulled out her phone and was actively scrolling through her social media without any intention of hiding it. Even as her huge, bare titties rested atop her own desk, too large to fit inside any clothes, or as Kawakami behind her mewled and cried like a kit in heat, Ann was fully uninvolved. Actually, Futaba was fucking Kawakami so vigorously behind her it actually seemed to start bothering Ann a bit, which was very strange considering how many alterations Futaba had made to make it completely normal.

It seemed so... Unfair in retrospect. Why was it that Futaba could enjoy this sexual paradise, while Ann had to sit there bored. Could it be that this was one of the reasons why Futaba felt so bad about the changes she was making? Maybe if she let Ann and her other teammates enjoy themselves a bit more, she wouldn't be so opposed to the idea. Maybe the issue wasn't necessarily that Futaba was changing her friends without their permission, but rather that she should be also changing her friends to improve their own lives and experiences...

While Kawakami's fat tit was still inside of Futaba's mouth, the girl reached into her pocket and quickly pulled out her phone. She didn't even have to look at the screen to know what she was doing, her hips rhythmically thrusting into Kawakami's immaculate butt as the world around her began to seep into black and white dullness. By this point, Mishima had already gotten to the front of the teacher's desk. As Morgana looked up at him with dull eyes, Mishima desperately unbuckled his pants. The boy's hardened cock popped free with excitement the second his trousers fell down onto the floor. But as color slowly began to seep back into the room around them, it was not Mishima standing in front of Morgana with a massive erection.

It was Ann.

"T-T-Thanks for the opportunity, M-Miss Morgana!!!" Ann spoke sheepishly like a boy who had only talked to a woman once, despite the fact that her tits were so large she had to lean forward to even look at Mishima. "I-I-I promise not to finish too fast this time!!!"

Morgana merely rolled his eyes, not even bothering to respond. Instead, the cat slithered his body around until his backside was positioned towards Ann. As Morgana lowered the top of his body and aimed his butt upwards, Ann was treated to his exposed nether regions. just barely visible through his tiny skirt. There, instead of any sort of feline member or slit, Ann could only see a plump, thick, very human-looking pussy. The area between Morgana's tiny cat legs was like a bare island of pale, human skin containing a very feminine cunt. It sat right below Morgana's slightly hairy butthole in complete dissonance to the rest of his black-furred form. The whole thing wasn't devoid of hair, as a set of fluffy, untended dark-colored pubic hair sat right above the slit's entrance. But it was more than clear that such an organ should not have been attached to Morgana's body, not just because it was the wrong gender, but because it was the wrong species altogether!

Standing before Morgana, Ann found no such flaws or complaints. All Ann saw at this moment was a beautiful woman spreading her legs so that she could get conquered by Ann's cock. The pervy, excitable smile Futaba saw on Ann's face was one she never even knew Ann could make. Her cheeks were flushed red, her breaths ragged and uncontrolled. Each one of Ann's breasts were just as large as they had been before, hanging bare past a white shirt which could not even dream of containing them. They constantly jiggled and wobbled without control because of how hard Ann was shaking with enthusiasm. It was honestly kind of strange how fitting it all seemed. Despite the fact that Futaba knew Ann as a reasonable and perky person, seeing her desperately lusty over their teacher just felt kinda right.

Even the cock currently jutting out of Ann's feminine thighs didn't seem that out of place. It was especially not as attention-grabbing as her titanic tits. Ann's penis wasn't particularly small, but it was certainly on the lower range, barely scraping up into the 4-inches. What it lacked in length though, it more than made it up in energy, twitching uncontrollably with pent up desire almost as needy as Futaba's own. The scraggly, black colored pubic hair surrounding the shuddering penis was somehow very sparse, yet at the same time barely tended and cared for, giving it a disheveled appearance that as neither intimidating nor impressive. It was about as average of a cock as you could ever manage to imagine. After all, it did previously belong to Mishima.

Yet even this subpar equipment did little to dispel Ann's greedy enthusiasm, as she basically drooled all over herself greedily gawking at Morgana's waiting hole. Still trembling from the sheer amounts of excitement, Ann slowly lowered her hands towards Morgana on the desk. Her fingers landed on each of the cat's sides, gripping his furred body softly enough not to hurt him, but firmly enough it wouldn't slip from her grasp. Then, Ann slowly slid her hips closer and closer, until the tip of her cock was budding against Morgana's vaginal entrance. Morgana grumbled mildly at the sensation of heat against his nether regions. Futaba could swear she saw a slight, reddish blush past his cheeks, even through his annoyed expression. For a moment the two stayed still, wallowing in anticipation at what was to come.

When Ann violently slammed her hips forward, and the sound of bodies coming together made it clear that her cock had gone in. Morgana mewled softly at the sensation of Ann's hardened shaft spreading open his insides. Though Ann's cock wasn't particularly massive, in comparison to Morgana's small body it came with a hefty punch. Even having Kawakami's mature, experienced pussy left Morgana weak to the force Ann could exert on his much smaller body. At first, it was easy enough for the feline to manage. Ann just stood there for a bit, breathlessly gasping to herself as the pleasure of a woman's tight slit wrapping around her inexperienced penis completely overwhelmed her brain. It gave Morgana enough time to catch his breath and not get lost in the simmering pleasure coming from his crotch.

But then, Ann began thrusting. With her fingers firmly holding Morgana's ass in place, Ann started moving her hips back and forth with slowly rising intensity. It was clear from the start that Ann wasn't very experienced at this. Her motions followed no sense of rhythm or direction, a series of completely thoughtless movements fueled only by Ann's arousal. Ann's cock poked and prodded the inner walls of Morgana's pussy at random spots in arbitrary intervals, a random pattern that wasn't particularly mind breaking for Morgana in terms of feeling good. However, with every passing second, Ann's body moved with

increasing speed, with each of her thrusts the strength in her hips only continued to climb. While it was only just barely acceptable in terms of performance, the inertia of climbing force was starting to have an effect on Morgana.

Morgana started to feel the extent of this change as Ann's sharp nails dug into his skin, sending little goosebumps all over his furry body. Morgana's cunt trembled and squelched tightly around Ann's cock after the hot shaft smashed against the entrance to his womb once. The cock started to bulge down from his tummy every couple of thrusts, not because of its size or girth, but because of how hard Ann was swinging her hips. This sort of excessive force was manageable if it only happened once every couple of seconds, but Ann was showing no sign of slowing down, and what had started as a sudden spike in pleasure that occurred only rarely was quickly evolving into a consistent attack on Morgana's senses. Not just in terms of the copious amounts of pleasure Morgana was starting to feel, but even in the physical impact it was starting to have on his body.

Morgana knew that if he didn't try and reign it in, things would only get worse. He was an educator after all, it was his job to direct the students.

"H-Hey!! S-S-Slow down!!!" The cat yowled with shakiness, his body growing unsteady with every passing second as his pussy tightened around Ann's cock. "Y-You're being too rough!!!"

Unfortunately, by this point it was already too late. The pure, uninhibited expression of Ann's face was a clear indicator that she was no longer thinking clearly. Drool dripped from her twisted smirk, her eyes glazed and blank of thought. Ann's perversion had fully taken over, meaning her body was basically acting of its own volition. And the only thing it wanted was to feel as much pleasure as possible. Morgana's warning was plainly ignored and discarded as Ann's grip on the cat's body grew tighter and her hips started pounding with increased fervor. But even that wasn't enough to satisfy Ann's greedy need. Little by little, Ann began to lean her body forward, closer and closer to Morgana's own. Her body weight shifted forth, her balance shifting further ahead with each of her thrusts... Until the girl finally tipped over, and she fell face first on top of the desk.

"MRAAOOOWWWW!!!" The shrill yelp of a cat could barely be heard as Morgana's entire body was squeezed between the desk and the weight of Ann's whole form.

Scratches and desperate struggling rang from under Ann's tummy, Morgana's final attempt to escape the crushing prison. But the endeavor was entirely wasted. Ann's body was much too heavy for Morgana to scurry out of, not to mention how Ann's cock was still plunged into the depths of Morgana's cunt. As escape proved utterly impossible, Morgana's struggling grew quieter and quieter until he accepted his fate. The warmth and musk of a

cute girl's body embroiled Morgana whole, twisting and dulling his senses as he was flattened and fucked at the exact same time. Ann's head rocked back in pleasure, her hips smashing down onto the desk with just as much force as they had been doing before.

"Haaaaah~ Haaaaah~ S-Sorry Miss Morgana~~~" Cried between desperate moans, though the expression of pure joy seemed to lack much remorse. "B-B-But it feels too good to stop myself~!!!"

The desk beneath the duo creaked and shifted in loud defiance as Ann smashed Morgana's pussy using every single inch of her body. Her full, expanded titties splurged forward onto the rest of the desk, swirling around in circular motions to match the tempo of her hips, whilst her fat ass clapped loudly with every thrust. The rest of the classroom remained eerily quiet, as students either watched attentively or had their minds wander in boredom, reacting in much the same way they would to any other class. Though none of them could ever come close to matching the sheer enthusiasm and excitement Ann was currently displaying for Morgana.

It was honestly kind of ironic in a way. Ever since Futaba joined the team, she'd seen Morgana desperately longing for Ann. The little kitty showed such strong devotion towards her, always defending her honor and holding her up on a pedestal even though the feelings were never really reciprocated. Who could have imagined how far the roles had been reversed now? That Ann would be so obsessed with Morgana's body, she literally couldn't hold herself back from throwing her whole self onto him. Or how Ann would be taking him the same way Morgana probably wanted to take her before. Though it was hard to tell exactly how Morgana felt about it at the moment, considering he was currently buried beneath Ann. But Futaba had a feeling that even with Kawakami's turbulent personality... He had to be enjoying himself as well, right~?

Futaba's cock throbbed with might as it pulsed inside of Kawakami's tight ass. She bit onto Kawakami's nipple harder, her hips thrusting with further intensity. For some reason, thinking about how she'd fully inverted Morgana's and Ann's relationship was giving her a rush of arousal. The girl swung her body with enough force, the tip of her cock began to smash right against Kawakami's new prostate, causing her kitty cock to quiver and splurt several droplets of precum. Could this be what Futaba had been missing all this time? Instead of focusing on changing things solely for her selfish enjoyment, maybe what Futaba truly enjoyed was making the lives of other people better...? It was clear that both Ann and Morgana were enjoying their current lives much more than their previous ones, after all! So as long as Futaba just kept making changes like these that benefitted everyone, then... Then-!

Then she could just abuse her control over reality in any way that she desired!!!

“H-Hey Futaba?” Just as Futaba was really getting into it, however, the head of Mishima poked out to the right from behind Kawakami. His face was mired with mild concern, body drabbed in the red tights and sports jacket Ann usually wore. “Shouldn’t you stop playing with Kawakami in class? People are going to find out we snuck a cat in!”

The comment was completely normal. Mishima had taken Ann’s place, so not only was he now seated in front of Futaba, but he also had the same reasonable concerns that Ann would have had. However... Futaba was NOT having it right now. Instantly, the girl’s expression soured, eyes sharpening into an annoyed glare. Futaba wasn’t sure whether she was particularly annoyed because it was Mishima saying these things, or if the comment struck a particular nerve in Futaba’s mind at the wrong time. Regardless, Futaba had no intention of taking such disrespect. Especially from a brat like Mishima. Without skipping a beat, Futaba summoned her smartphone into her hand once more. Her fingers moved swiftly, even as her eyes were glaring at Mishima and her lips were tightly sealed around Kawakami’s breast. Futaba didn’t even need to see what she was doing. Her mind had already decided what to do with Mishima, body instinctively knowing which buttons to press and what settings to modify. The black and white monochrome aura surging from Futaba’s phone didn’t even reach the end of the classroom before it fully receded all the way back.

Then, as Futaba’s attention turned back to Mishima, she didn’t see the short, black haired boy wearing Ann’s long jacket and red tights. Instead, standing in that exact same spot was none other than Chihaya Mifune, that adult fortune teller Ren had been friend with now drabbed in the exact same outfit. It was clear from her age that Chihaya did not belong here. But... This was far from the strangest part of it all. Chihaya’s once modest breasts were now ballooning out of her chest, clearly edited by Futaba to the point that Ann’s jacket couldn’t zip up the whole way, causing her thoroughly exposed cleavage to jut out unimpeded. Chihaya’s ass too was severely enlarged, stretching out Ann’s bright red tights to their absolute limit. Even Chihaya’s face seemed a bit different, her usually calm and collected expressions twisted into one of lustful, excited bliss, full of indomitable devotion.

This new Chihaya standing in Mishima’s place, taking on the role of Ann’s life... She seemed almost like a hyper-sexualized version of her original self. A being created for lust and devotion, modeled exactly after the busty, plump MILFs of Futaba’s dreams. Futaba’s cock throbbed merely from seeing her there in all her glory. The perfect replacement for Mishima to take a spot on Futaba’s new ‘*team*’.

“Mmmmffff~” Futaba groaned happily as she finally released Kawakami’s nipple from her mouth, saliva and sweat dripping down her lips while she glared at Chihaya with nefarious intent. “What were you saying again, Chihaya~?”

“What was I saying...?” Chihaya put up a finger to her mouth, staring dumbly out into the horizon as if she’d just forgotten something that was at the tip of her tongue. Her eyes glimmered with a vacant glaze, almost as if there was not as much going on in there as there had been before. Only for excitement to return to her face as a new thought popped in. “Oh right! You should totally let me help you get off while you fuck Kawakami, Mistress!”

Before even getting any confirmation from Futaba herself, Chihaya was already darting forwards. She quickly slid into the space between Futaba and the desk behind, eyes downright shimmering with excitement at the thought of pleasuring her mistress. With Futaba’s pants already down to her ankles, Chihaya was free to place her hands around each of Futaba’s legs and gaze upon the magnificent smooth curve of Futaba’s butt. Hunger filled Chihaya’s heart, her mouth suddenly salivating with greed. Holding Futaba firmly in place, Chihaya’s head dove forth like a hawk, her face squeezing between Futaba’s cheeks as she began to greedily suckle onto the rim of Futaba’s butt.

Futaba groaned out in arousal, pleasure instantly sparking all throughout her system. The feeling of her often-neglected butt getting pleased and massaged in such an intimate manner was just exactly what Futaba needed to get the edge off after that uncomfortable encounter. Futaba’s cock throbbed with excitement, her balls shuddering pleasurably as she let out a couple of spurts of pre. Chihaya was real good too. There was no inkling of inhibition or restraint as the woman thoroughly locked Futaba’s asshole. Her tongue spread open the rim of Futaba’s butt, swirling around and stretching its insides while her lips remained dutifully suckling away at its rim. Not only did Futaba get to revel in the physical pleasure of Chihaya’s tongue on her anus, but also on that delectably intoxicating devotion her newest teammate was so eager to demonstrate.

“Aahhhhhh~ M-M-Miss Morgana!!! I’m gonna cum!!!”

From all the way on the other side of the classroom, it seemed Ann was close to reaching her own orgasm. Futaba couldn’t see her face right now, but she was sure Ann had the most depraved, perverted expression she’d ever made in her life. The sounds of their sexual encounter were certainly perverse. Loud, damp, continuous shlops of fluid took over the airways of the classroom, only matched by deafening slams of Ann’s hips against Morgana’s body or the creaking desk beneath them. It made Futaba almost proud in some twisted manner. Now one of her best friends could experience the same pleasure that Futaba had been experiencing all this time. It was the perfect proof that Futaba could make

the lives of her friends better, just like she'd done with her own. Undeniable evidence that Futaba *shouldn't* worry about abusing her powers. That's she was *meant to* edit the world in any way she desired. That... It was time to let her doubts go and take control~

“Nggghhhhhh!!!”

Between the tightness of Kawakami's fat ass, Chihaya's tongue stretching out Futaba's own asshole, and the excitement of no longer being constrained by any sort of moral boundaries, even someone as powerful as Futaba couldn't help but reach orgasm too. Pulling her head back, Futaba let out a wail of absolute bliss as her cock began to shoot thick ropes of semen directly into Kawakami's ass. The fat, MILFy kitty beneath her meowed just as loudly, her body trembling uncontrollably whilst her tiny kitty cock started to spurt out its own spritz of bodily juices. Even Kawakami's bloated tits seemed to leak milk, her long cat tail swinging happily as pleasure spread through every inch of her form. Still lapping up Futaba's butt, Chihaya didn't feel any direct explosive pleasure herself other than the joy of knowing she'd helped her Mistress achieve orgasm. Even as Futaba's butt tightened from her most recent climax, Chihaya continued happily kissing and slurping in her Mistress' delectable bottom.

This was it, the best possible life Futaba could have ever imagined. Getting to experience the pleasure of her cock buried deep inside of Kawakami's hot insides, fresh jizz pulsing out of her massive shaft and pooling around her length. Having a dutiful, loyal teammate who thought of nothing other than bringing Futaba the utmost of pleasure. It felt like Futaba had achieved Nirvana, her destined fate. For the first time since she had gotten these powers, Futaba felt no sort of remorse or regret, as if things were always meant to be this way. But even now, in the deepest roes of blissful orgasm, Futaba did not yet feel fully satisfied. Her cock trembled, her gremlin smirk growing wider. Things were only now just getting started~

October, Tuesday 11th

There were fewer places Futaba found cozier than the confines of her own room, regardless of whether this room was in Sojiro's house or in the attic of LeBlanc. After the initial swap with Ren, Futaba had been forced to move to the worn attic in order to live out as the new leader of the Phantom Thieves, though getting to live at LeBlanc all by herself wasn't all that bad in the long run. Her new room was certainly a bit of a fixer upper. Futaba struggled moving all of her computers, monitors and high tech gadgets over, not to mention the pain of installing high speed internet in the crumbling infrastructure. But now that Futaba had

fully settled herself into the space, it actually might have been better than her previous abode.

And what better way to enjoy the comforts of her specious room than with her brand new team~?

As Futaba gently shifted backwards, her entire body was enveloped in fluffy, pillowy warmth softer and comfier than the highest quality pillows money could buy. Her head reclined backwards with no restraint, feeling a pair of round, doughy mounds gently pool around her face until she was submerged into them. These fluffy cushions piled atop Futaba's shoulders like jiggly warm jelly, weighty enough to bear on her shoulders yet never uncomfortable. Futaba's back was also treated to a deliciously plump and doughy backrest, which shifted and sunk to perfectly fit her body shape in. Even her legs were laying atop of a set of long, thick pads of fat that were firm yet malleable.

One would think Futaba had spent a fortune on some kind of high-tech, advanced massage chair. But in reality, she was merely sitting atop Kawakami's lap as the two lounged on Futaba's bed, with Futaba's torso comfortably resting bac against Kawakami's body... While of course, Kawakami's kitty cock was being gently nuzzled into Futaba's tight butt. The much larger and plumper Kawakami seemed to be shivering in place from sheer excitement as her Mistress rested so happily on top of her. She tried holding her breath for as long as possible, being forced to inhale after a couple of seconds only to hold it once again, only so she could disturb Futaba the least humanly possible.

It was taking every inch of her self-control not to go crazy over her own mistress. Every breath, every slight twitch Futaba gave while sitting on top of her felt like it was going to send Kawakami over the moon. Just the sensation of Futaba's tight butt wrapping around Kawakami's small penis already had her dripping pre. Nevertheless, Kawakami was committed to her duty. She stayed painfully still, recognizing her role as Futaba's chair demanded total immobility.

Thankfully, Kawakami's small cock wasn't thick enough to provide any real stimulation. It felt more like a pleasant trembling inside of Futaba's ass, allowing her to fully wallow in her relaxation. Although it did, of course, come with the obvious side effect of causing Futaba's own cock to grow fully hardened and erect. The thick, engorged, large dick twitched pleurably in place. How couldn't it? Considering the fact that Futaba could feel every inch of Kawakami's warmth pressing against her body, from her pillow thighs to the soft, hefty roundness of Kawakami's breasts squeezing her face. Futaba's raging hard-on might have seemed like something that could interrupt her relaxation. But Futaba had just the right tools to deal with that~

While Futaba rested atop Kawakami, the beautiful, mature, and well-developed Sae took care of Futaba's arousal. Using her large, rounded, pillowy breasts, she eagerly wrapped her bare tits around Futaba's shaft with a large smile on her face. Having taken the place of her sister, Makoto, Sae performed her job just as seriously as Makoto would have. Her massive titties rocked up and down thanks to Sae's hands and gently body motions, not in a frantic and aggressive manner, but in a series of slow, tender, smooth movements. Futaba didn't just want to cum as fast as possible, after all. She wanted to truly seep in the delicious glow of sex, enjoying every last second of the interaction along the way. A direct command Sae was more than happy to follow.

The sensation of Sae's soft tits shifting up and down Futaba's throbbing shaft was just enough to manage her raging erection. Pleasure pulsed through the shaft in slow, thumping waves. Her balls gurgled and bloated with cum as the seconds passed, slowly building up towards a monumental climax that would soon come. Every couple of seconds Sae would plant a gentle kiss on Futaba's glimmering tip, more out of her own self-satisfaction than anything else. Just like the other members of the Phantom Thieves, Sae's mind had been modified to find Futaba utterly irresistible, so not being able to just pounce and devour Futaba for herself proved to be quite the challenge.

"Mistress! Mistresssss!!! Please enjoy my titties while you relax!!!"

From Futaba's right, a pair of enormously exaggerated fat breasts pushed into her line of sight, coming so close that its nipples poked right against Futaba's face. Just from the voice alone Futaba could tell it was Chihaya, but the titanic titties certainly sealed the deal. There was a genuine desperation and need in her voice that sent chills down Futaba's spine, as if she couldn't bare to not be pleasuring her beloved mistress. Not to mention how her proposal certainly sounded plenty exciting in it of itself~

"No! Mistress OBVIOUSLY wants to suck on my cock!!!"

Before Futaba could speak a word however, Ohya's loud, boisterous voice rang firmly through the room. Within seconds, the woman's large cock was being waved about right in front of Futaba's face, its fat shaft pulsing and bright blonde hair surged from her crotch. The thick, virile musk emanating from Ohya's cock was certainly nothing to scoff at. Futaba could see it pulse with need, almost like a beacon calling for her aid. Just like Chihaya, the desperation was palpable. There wasn't a Phantom Thief now who wanted to be left out of Futaba's pleasure.

"Mfff~" The smooth, velvety voice of Takemi slowly oozed from below, as she snaked her way up Futaba's body as she licked and kissed Futaba's bare skin. "Mistress, I can give you my ass to enjoy if you'd so like~"

Takemi smiled lustfully as she uttered her proposal, her hands wrapping around Futaba's breasts and squeezing gently almost like she was sweetening the deal. She rubbed her hardened cock against Futaba's legs, clinging tightly to the rest of Futaba's body while awaiting some sort of response. Takemi didn't seem to care that Futaba had already been requested by two other teammates already. She didn't mind being the one to take their place. In each of the Phantom Thieves' eyes, their only purpose was towards pleasuring Futaba, and they would each do whatever it took to reach such a goal. Especially if they were the ones to achieve it.

Futaba couldn't help but sigh in content bliss. Sure, having all of her MILFed up teammates fighting over her wasn't exactly what you'd call, relaxing but... Seeing how desperately they showed themselves off just to get an inkling of attention from their beloved mistress was just the stimulation Futaba needed. A fulfilling sensation far more pleasurable than any tight pussy or soft pair of tits.

Suffice to say that eeeeeverything was going juuuuust right for Futaba right now. There was absolutely nothing that could ever come close to ruining this moment of victory for the new leader of the Phantom Thieves.

THUNK!!!

"Guys! Guys!!! Hold up!! Terrible news!!!"

As the door to Futaba's room swung wide open, the short-haired Ren ran through in a hurry. Sweat dripped down his cute face, body still drabbed in a cute maid outfit as his body trembled from going up the stairs at full-speed. As he looked over at Futaba, he shot her a glare of concern. Not that it seemed to bother Futaba too much.

"Oh, relax Ren! No need to get anxious!" Futaba cooed calmly, not even budging a single muscle as she enjoyed the pleasuring of her teammates. "I'll fuck that tight little boy pussy of yours next, okay~?"

"N-N-No! I-It's not that!!" A light blush crossed Ren's face, clearly excited at the suggestion. Nevertheless, he stayed strong in his convictions. "It's Haru! W-We were too late!! She's being married off to that horrible guy!!!"

"Huh?" Futaba raised an eyebrow with an annoyed sigh. That was something they were supposed to do, but Futaba still had time, right? Slowly, the girl reached out to her phone and began checking the date. "What on earth are you talking about? That isn't until tomorrow... Oh..."

But as the phone screen glimmered right at Futaba's face, the date on display was plainly apparent. October, Tuesday 11th. The exact date Haru was supposed to be sold off. A

sensation of harrowing dread filled Futaba. How- How the hell did this happen?!? Had Futaba seriously spent the entire weekend and even Monday just fucking her new harem in her room?!? The mere idea was hard to believe, and yet as she thought about it... It did kinda make sense. Her stupid horny ass straight up forgot to keep doing her work as a Phantom Thief!!!

“Ah shit-! Fuck- Fuck- Fuck-!” In a single instant, all of the bliss and peaceful relaxation Futaba had been accruing during the past few hours (days??) converted into pure, unmitigated anxiety.

Like a rat suddenly flung into fight-or-flight mode, Futaba quickly scurried up from the bed. Kawakami’s kitty cock popped free from Futaba’s butt as she lifted herself up, accidentally stepping on Kawakami’s thigh firmly enough the cat yelped out in pain. In the process, Futaba’s erect cock swiftly swung up and out of Sae’s cleavage, before slapping the MILF square on the face. Even the girls to Futaba’s side weren’t safe. The sudden commotion on the bed caused Chihaya and Ohya lost their balance and fell down, with Chihaya landing safely on her soft boobies while Ohya slammed her flat ass hard down on the floor. Since Takemi was clinging tightly to Futaba, she too got dragged along the bed as Futaba frantically rushed forward, though the heavy drag caused Futaba to tumble and even almost come crashing down on the floor. As Futaba’s feet finally connected with the firm wooden floor of the room, it was honestly a miracle nobody had gotten seriously hurt in the absolute whirlwind of chaos she’d swirled up.

Not that they had any time to worry even if somebody had gotten hurt. With her cock still furiously throbbing from all of that intoxicatingly sweet stimulation from before, Futaba rushed towards her pile of clothes on the ground. She clumsily threw a shirt on, struggling to get her underwear to cover her massive penis.

“P-P-Phantom Thieves!! S-S-Suit up!!” The panicked, orange haired girl squeaked nervously as she did her best to pull one of her pant legs through her leg. “Just-! Quickly get ready or whatever!!! We gotta fix this now!!!”

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The massive, imposing high-rise of Okumura Foods stood tall in the midst of Tokyo’s busiest business sector, clearing past any of the surrounding buildings with slick, black tinted windows that gave it an intimidating corporate look. The building was about what you’d expect for the headquarters of any international corporation, cold, blocky, and

strictly designed to maximize efficiency. Certainly not the place where you'd expect any special events to occur within business hours. And yet... Right in front of the double-doored entryway of the building, a cheap white table had been set up, with little more than a simple white tablecloth on top of it along with several mics and cables littered about. An array of cameras arranged in the shape of a semi circle before the table and all pointed towards it gave the game away. Hungering reporters stood back with bated breaths and excited expressions. It seemed Okumura Foods was having an impromptu press conference.

Lined up behind the ominously simple table were the usual suspects, directors, associates, board members, all high-ranking employees of the corporation here to pay respect to whatever the company's latest controversy might have been. They all wore similar looking grey business suits, holding their heads down in shame with their eyes averting the sights of any camera. Whether they truly felt shame or they were just pretending was anyone's guess. But out of all of these fat, balding, boring businessmen, only one person truly stood out.

Taking the center spotlight of the table, they stood more firmly than the rest of those faceless suits, despite being several heads smaller in height. Their hair was soft, peachy brown and fluffy, tender curls that made it clear this was no middle-aged man, but a cute high-school aged girl. The suit that she wore was also much fancier and colorful than that of the surrounding men, with a jet black coat, tan pants and a bright red tie that exuded exuberance and pride. With a sorrowful expression, she slowly stepped closer to the table, sitting down in a single, graceful motion and inching close to the microphone.

"Greetings everyone..." The girl sighed as she spoke, taking a deep breath before continuing. Whatever was in her mind must have been weighing heavily. "I am Haru Okumura. I am sure many of you have heard about me so far, or at least of my name. But for those who haven't... I am the CEO of Okumura Foods."

A heavy silence filled the courtyard. The idea of this cute, young girl being the CEO of a massive, multi-million dollar company was downright laughable! It almost seemed like a complicated setup to a practical joke... Yet as the time passed by, none of the adults nearby seemed to react in any sort of unusual manner. They all continued standing there, fully embracing Haru's assertion as if it was completely true.

"Over these past few months, there has been a lot of public outcry regarding Okumura Foods' business practices and its treatment regarding its employees. And I am quite regretful to admit... It has all been true. Though I have been the one at the head, the one pursuing all of these unethical tendencies has been my daughter. He had been pursuing

these aggressive maneuvers in an attempt to bring even greater power to our company, at the cost of our customers and employees.”

Suddenly, Haru grew more animated, slamming her fist onto the desk and causing the microphones to jump. Her face too became even more serious, the sparkle of determination shining in her eyes.

“But all of that will stop now! Okumura Foods has been a company that takes care of the people of Japan! Be it our important customers or our close employees! I will be taking over the daily business operations of our corporation once more and making sure we can wipe this awful stain off our long and accomplished history.” Taking a deep sigh, Haru seemed to relax. She smiled warmly at the camera. “As for my daughter...”

A tall imposing man soon made his way behind Haru. Except... Unlike the rest of the men who were all drabbed in slick, fancy suits, this man was wearing what could only be described as a cute, gyaru-ish outfit. His top was a soft, fuzzy pink shirt with a big cleavage window that showed off his manly, flat chest, as well as his slender flat stomach. Instead of pants, he only had a tiny black skirt that didn’t even reach down to his knees. Then to complete the look, he had fuzzy white arm and leg warmers, as well as two pink-colored high heels that gave him a couple extra inches of height. The slick, combed black hair and thick glasses atop the aged face of a middle-aged man went completely against the rest of his outfit.

“My lovely Kunikazu will be marrying a dashing young man, so he may live a happy life and someday bring bright, energetic children to the Okumura family!” Haru spoke with a smile, motioning with pride to the tall man standing behind her.

“Hey, hey~! It’s me, Kunikazu Okumura!” Kunikazu leaned down towards the mic, causing his top to hang and show off even more of his body. There was not an ounce of serious, masculinity or maturity in his demeanor, as if it had been all wiped away. “I’m real sorry I did all of that nasty stuff with the company. I just- Wanted to handle it super well so daddy would be proud of me! But it turns out I’m real bad at managing a company. And I would much rather just marry a cute, handsome guy to be with for the rest of my life~ Ooops, teehee~!”

Kunikazu did a couple of hops, before striking a pose at the cameras, mimicking hitting himself on the head. There was a series of laughs coming from the camera men behind the camera, though several of them also seemed to be staring at the old man in a lecherous manner.

...

The TV at LeBlanc flickered and glimmered as it showed the picture of Haru and her 'daughter', its soft, background static being one of the only sounds currently filling the desolate café. Seats were empty, the stoves turned off. Only a few people were currently present to witness Okumura's 'change of heart'.

"Oh, btw! Shoutouts to the Phantom Thieves!" Kunikazu cheered in a bright, earnest voice. "I've been following them for a while, and they're the coolest! Totally helping out Japan, just like my dad!"

"Bahahaha! Just look at that old bastard bouncing around like he's 18! Hahaha!"

Futaba's voice boomed in the midst of the café, interrupting the broadcast as she found herself unable to keep her laughter in. The girl smiled nefariously as she watched the live broadcast, her ass resting comfortably atop one of LeBlanc's tables. There were few things in this world that made her happier than using her power to punish horrible people that truly deserved it. Haru's father always craved power and control, so having him live as a submissive harlot marrying the same misogynistic man who he'd arranged to have Haru marry was a maliciously fitting fate. It kinda sucked that Haru herself was no longer a member of the Phantom Thieves, but... It seemed like she would do a great job managing her father's company in his stead!

"See? There was nothing to worry about!" Futaba gloated boastfully, as if she'd planned for this to happen all along. "Eeeeeeverything turned out juuuuuust fine in the end. Wouldn't you agree~?"

As Futaba's smirk grew wider, she turned her gaze away from the mounter TV and down towards her crotch. There, bent down on his knees between Futaba's legs, was Ren once more, his lips stretched out wide as he carefully swallowed Futaba's massive shaft into his mouth. Ren's eyes were somewhat hazy, a flicker of lust glowing behind them as he barely managed to maintain Futaba's exaggeratedly large penis in his mouth. Nevertheless, the boy made sure to work every inch of Futaba's shaft with all the strength he could muster, his lips dragging and squeezing onto Futaba's girth as he slowly bobbed his head. Even now, he was still dressed in the same exact outfit he'd inherited from trading jobs with Kawakami, an outfit which had basically become a mainstay in Ren's usual wardrobe since Futaba loved seeing him in it so much. Though Ren's eyes flickered with some sort of recognition at being called by Futaba, his mind was much too preoccupied with the sensation of Futaba's hot cock in his mouth to mount any sort of response.

"Heheheh~ What's the problem, maid boy?" Futaba giggled menacingly to herself, her cock throbbing with fervent arousal at the sight of Ren slobbering on her shaft. "Cat got your tongue or something~?"

The only thing Ren could even muster was a whimpering, muffled moan. Beneath his long, flowing, frilly maid dress, his damp pussy quivered and trembled in lust. By this point in time, Ren's mind had been molded so that he was little more than a lustful, loyal cock slut, hungry to please his mistress in any way possible. And he was far from the only one. Whilst Ren occupied himself fully with sucking Futaba's throbbing shaft, the rest of the Phantom Thieves were also giving Futaba a sloppy tongue bath. Sae took residence in Futaba's right armpit, gently lifting Futaba's arm as she violently smushed her face into the fuzzy orange cavern of Futaba's pit. The other pit was currently being slobbered over by Takemi, who groaned lustfully as her tongue swirled around suckling around every last ounce of sweat and musk from Futaba. Though the scent and flavor of Futaba's body was strong, Sae's and Takemi's senses were fully overridden by their sheer desire to serve and please Futaba.

"Mmmmmmmh h h h h h~ Oh yeah, keep sucking you sluts~ This is how it should have always been~" Futaba happily groaned to herself, basking in the sweet pleasure of her most perverse dreams come true. "Leave all of the Phantom Thieves business to me. All you sluts gotta worry about is taking care of my erection~"

Suddenly, Sae's eyes lit up in recognition. The stacked MILF gently pulled herself away from Futaba's pit, saliva still dripping sloppily from her lips as she began to talk. "Ah! Mistress Futaba! Speaking of Phantom Thieves business! I-I heard my older sister Makoto is looking to take the Phantom Thieves down! M-Maybe we should try to steal her heart to stop her...?"

"Hey, who said you could stop licking my armpit?" Futaba's eyebrows furrowed in anger, eyes bubbling with rage at the mere idea that someone would stop pleasuring her without permission.

"Eeep! S-Sorry Mistress!" Sae humbly tipped back in apology. But Futaba wasn't having it.

"Get back to sucking!" Futaba snapped loudly, before wrapping her arm around Sae's whole head and pulled it back into her armpit.

Though Sae initially resisted the violent motion, giving muffled groans while she feebly attempted to pull back, as the delectable flavor of her Mistress began to assault Sae's senses, her resistance slowly died down. It took only a second or two before Sae was once again greedily suckling and nuzzling her face against Futaba's armpit, almost as if the very idea of pulling away from it was an impossibility. This wasn't some sort of punishment after all, it was a reward. Sae loved being placed so closely to her Mistress' body so much, her foggy brain was wiped off any other thoughts.

"You do bring up a good point though, Sae. It would probably be a good idea to take care of your sister~" Little by little, Futaba's menacing smirk grew wider and sharper, her little

gremlin brain filling up with all sort of ideas for perverted scenarios Futaba could enact.

“Eheheheh~ I was getting bored anyways- The Phantom Thieves are back in action! It’s time to go back to changing hearts!”

“*Glurkkk~*”

A shiver ran down Futaba’s spine, her cock trembling pleasurably inside of Ren’s tight mouth as precum began to flow from her tip. As thundering pleasure began to course through Futaba’s veins, the girl couldn’t help but place her hands on REN’s head, firmly holding it in place while she began thrusting into it with more vigor.

“Though not before I blow another nut~ Or two, eheheheh~”