

Make Love, Not Lovecraft

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(CW: Transformation, Eldritch/Lovecraft Themed Transformation, Mild Body Horror, Mental Changes, Unaware Transformation, Reality Warping, Environmental Transformation, Corruption, Breast Expansion, Ass Expansion, Cock Transformation, Merging/Absorption, and *Explicit Content Warning*: Every form of penetration you can imagine, and some that you can not. *This story is set in the Ultimate Talent Development Plan AU depicted in the mode of the same name in Danganronpa V3, and Danganronpa S, as such, it should contain no major spoilers for any of the mainline games, but reader discretion is still advised.*)

In the early afternoon of a hot summer day a pair of students from the world famous Hope's Peak Academy walked hand in hand down a quiet street tucked away in a sleepy corner of Tokyo. Classes were suspended for summer vacation, and these were some of their favorite places recently to spend their dates together, exploring parts of the city that few visited and fewer appreciated.

Even in one of the biggest, most densely populated, cities in the entire world, there were still places like this. Reaching many of these neighborhoods often involved navigating through a maze of small and unassuming corridors and alleyways. The buildings lining the street were small and aged, peeling paint and cracked roof tiles speaking of the many days, faces, and stories they'd seen come and go. The city had built up around these places, and it almost seemed as if they had been intentionally buried away and were meant to stay hidden.

As the two walked in the shade of the trees lining the middle of the narrow roads, the sound of screeching cicadas served as one of the only reminders that the world was still going on around them. Far away from the bustle of trendy modern neighborhoods like Shibuya and Shinjuku, time seemed to have stopped and now stood still here.

"It's funny to see anywhere in Tokyo that's so quiet and empty." A gorgeous young woman with shoulder length blonde hair, decorated with musical note shaped clips, and purplish-brown eyes grinned as she walked along with her boyfriend. "It almost makes me feel like I'm in a library, like I shouldn't raise my voice too loud!" She fought back the urge to giggle.

She was wearing a pink t-shirt that clung to her frame, highlighting her sizable "cow tits" as one of her particularly crass classmates would describe them. Usually she wore a white dress shirt and pink sweater, but there was no way she was going to wear something like that in this heat.

Beneath that, she was wearing a dark purple pleated skirt with patterns of musical bars running across their length. A pair of lavender kneesocks ran down to the brown loafers on her feet. Her eyes darted around, taking in all of the sights. Her name was Kaede Akamatsu, she was the

Ultimate Pianist, and the young man walking alongside her was Shuichi Saihara, the Ultimate Detective...

Or at least, he was *one* of them. There was technically another Ultimate Detective now, one who'd just started attending Hope's Peak last semester. It was a bit confusing that there was more than one *Ultimate* anything, but it wasn't even the only case of that happening that involved the incoming class.

Compared to Kaede, Shuichi didn't stand out much, part of that was unintentional, and part of it was on purpose. Shuichi was a shy, mild-mannered and some might even say weak-willed young man. Although ever since he'd started dating Kaede, she'd managed to coax him out of his shell bit by bit and built his confidence. Now he had at least gotten comfortable enough being out in public to the point where it didn't look like he was constantly trying to find a place to hide.

He was wearing a long sleeve black and dark grey pinstripe button up shirt, along with a matching pair of pressed pants and black shoes. He had short black hair that partially obscured his taupe eyes, one bang in particular running down between his eyes.

Kaede turned to him and asked, "How rare do you think it is for people our age to come to a neighborhood like this, Shuichi?" They were in a mixed use district, with residential homes tucked beside and above businesses.

"Well, I've walked down enough streets like this one to tell you that it's not often. In my experience, it's usually because they have older relatives that they're taking care of, or they're very lost, or they're looking for somewhere to dump evidence of a crime." He brushed his hand against his chin.

"Oooh, intriguing~! I guess that your detective work is why you've been in so many of them, right?"

"Yes, that's right. At first it was just for work, but eventually I started to find places like this to sight-see in my free time. It's also good practice."

"Practice? What kind of practice?"

"Practice for paying attention to one's surroundings... A lot of people go through their lives looking but not really *seeing* the world around them. As a detective, one of the most important skills I have is being in the moment and actively perceiving the world around me."

"I have to pay attention and notice the little details that other people don't, so that I can make connections between them that'll help push forward an investigation." He paused and shook his head, a bashful grin on his face, "I'm sorry, there I go rambling again."

“Aww, it’s okay! I don’t mind when you ramble. In fact, I like it!” Kaede encouraged him with a warm smile, “I like listening to you talk about this kind of stuff, and you’re right, most people don’t really live in the moment, but when I see how good you are at focusing on the here and now, and I listen to you talk about all the little things I don’t notice, it makes me want to get better at it too!”

“Thank you, Kaede, I’m... I’m glad, that’s one of the things I was hoping would happen when I suggested going on these walks.”

“I’m sure that if more people paid attention to their surroundings, it would make your job a lot easier too~!”

“Heh, it sure would! Y’know, I was kinda nervous that when I started suggesting this, you’d think it was boring.”

“Boring? Shuichi, I could be watching *paint dry* and I’d enjoy it as long as I was getting to do it with you!” Kaede gave him a kiss on the cheek, causing Shuichi’s face to turn bright red. “Okay, so um... Do your detective stuff, Shuichi. Why do you think that young people don’t come here? Sure, it’s remote, but some of the neighborhoods with the biggest nightlife are just like it.”

“U-um, well, *ahem!*” Shuichi’s voice cracked as he cleared his throat and tried to regain his focus.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, did I break your concentration?” Kaede asked with a wink.

“J-just a little bit. But to answer your question... You can tell just looking at the homes and businesses, there’s very little to appeal to young people or to bring outsiders in. Over there is a potter, and there’s a cobbler... That storefront over there looks like some kind of clock repair shop. It’s almost all maintenance and repair services, very few stores selling new products. Because the older clientele living here are very attached to their belongings and would rather repair them than buy new ones. That leads to a very insular community.”

“Hmm, so they’re like those ‘*Genkai Shuraku*’ then, the kinds that are usually out in the mountains or forests.” Kaede mused a bit wistfully, it was a pretty little neighborhood, it would be a shame for it to just wither away. “What was this one called again?”

“This one? This neighborhood, you mean? This is... *Inushimouto*, I belie-

“Wait, Shuichi, hold on, stop!” Kaede grabbed hold of his sleeve, before pointing to a small store sitting in the middle of a fork in the road that’d caught her eye. “Look, do you see that? Is that a book store?”

“Is it?” Shuichi squinted his eyes, it was difficult to see anything inside through the small, cloudy windows, “I’m not sure...”

"C'mon, let's take a closer look!" Stars in her eyes, Kaede ran down the road, forgetting any sense of decorum she'd been displaying early as the concept of a quaint little bookstore in a quiet part of town was just too romantic for her to resist.

As they approached the building's old wooden front door, a small signboard outside gave the name of the establishment, "*All Has Read*: Antique and Obscure Literature. Visitors welcome!" Shuichi read the contents of the board out loud. "Oh... I guess you were right! It *is* a bookstore. Wow, good going, Kaede. How in the world did you figure that out? I couldn't even tell."

"I dunno, I could just tell." Kaede shrugged, before sounding out the store's name for herself, "'*All Has Read*?' That's a really weird name for a bookstore, it doesn't even sound Japanese."

"That's because I'm pretty sure it isn't, Kaede, look, that would explain why it's written in Katakana. I'm pretty sure that that's English." Shuichi looked over at the pianist, who was staring at him eagerly. "You really want to look inside, don't you?"

Kaede nodded, "Uh-huh! I sure do!"

"F-fine, but I don't think we'll be able to afford anything in there, Kaede, especially since it's an *antique* store and all."

"That's fine! It'll be fun just to browse!" She walked over towards the door and opened it, a bell overhead softly chiming as she did. "C'mon, after you!"

Alright, alright." Shuichi grinned at her and gently rolled his eyes as he walked into the shop. Immediately, he was overtaken by the atmosphere inside. First of all, it was very cramped, with just enough room for two people to walk down any given aisle, and only if they squeezed past each other. Secondly, it was surprisingly *winding*, the bookshelves were tall and haphazardly organized, absolutely packed with indiscernible tomes and manuscripts, but they were also quite narrow, and arranged so that one was constantly turning trying to walk through the store. Making it surprisingly easy to get *lost* inside, despite its seemingly small interior.

The store was very dimly lit, most of the light coming from either the sun that managed to force its way through the tinted windows, and the rest came from what seemed to be small, ensconced candles or oil burning lamps on the walls... He hoped they were just electrical decorations, because considering how cramped and full of flammable materials the store was, that was a *tremendous* fire hazard otherwise. The air was slightly smoky and smelled intensely sweet with the smell of incense. It almost reminded him of the few times in his life he'd ever set foot in a Christian church. Mixing with the intense scent of old paper that was endemic to bookstores and it made for a very disarming and nostalgic scent.

The walls that weren't covered in bookshelves were instead displaying odd maps and paraphernalia, mostly related to astronomy or nautical navigation. There were star charts on

ancient paper, some of which might've even been papyrus. One thing that caught his eye was a very conspicuous yellow tapestry with a strange symbol etched into its center that he struggled to describe. It was weirdly pleasant to look at, but he felt almost as if something was looking back at him through it...

All in all, it made for a deeply mysterious and mystical vibe, one that he couldn't decide on being intentional or not. This place was hardly in the position of having enough customers to justify a theme, after all. As Kaede and Shuichi walked down the aisle, they soon found themselves nearing a wooden counter in the back, behind which stood a woman wearing a set of threadbare looking purple robes that obscured her face. She was reading a book in her hands and muttering to herself too quietly to be understood, but she looked up as soon as she felt Shuichi and Kaede's eyes upon her.

"Oh, hello there! Welcome, welcome! Isn't this a surprise, I don't get many visitors at my little shop these days, especially not ones so *young*. Please, *do* feel free to look around!" The woman had a voice that was almost too friendly, and sounded both very young and very old, and combined with the ambiguity of her features under the robe in the back of the darkened store, everything about her just seemed to be slightly uncanny.

"My name is Abby, and if there's anything you're searching for, I'd be more than happy to assist you in finding the answers you seek." While her grasp of the language was perfectly fluent, her Japanese was accented in a way that made it clear she wasn't a native speaker. If Shuichi had to guess, he'd have placed her as hailing from somewhere in western Asia.

"If you don't mind me asking, ma'am, what persuaded you to open a bookstore in such a remote part of town?"

Beneath the shadows of her robe, a smirk could be seen forming on Abby's lips, "Hmm, whatever's the matter? Are you suspicious of me, Detective Saihara?"

"Wha-? How did you know who I was...?" Shuichi was taken aback, prompting Kaede to put a hand on his shoulder.

"Shuichi, calm down." She gently chided him.

"You're hardly an obscure figure, young man... How could any Ultimate be? Your attendance at Hope's Peak Academy is a matter of public record, and even before that, I'd seen your name in the papers."

"Oh... That's fair, I apologize." Shuichi looked away, embarrassed at having jumped the gun.

"It's quite alright, no harm done, I assure you. The answer to your question is twofold. First of all, I chose this location because of its obscurity, not despite it; I desired a place where a woman

could find some peace and quiet without having to deprive herself of all the comforts of the modern world.”

“What’s the second part of the answer then, Ms. Abby?”

“Just Abby will do, Ms. Akamatsu.” Kaede assumed that Abby knew her for the same reason she’d known about Shuichi. As the Ultimate Pianist, she was actually more famous than him in certain circles. “And to put it quite simply, this is not a bookstore at all.”

“It isn’t? B-but then why do you have all of these books, and why does the sign outside say ‘visitors welcome?’”

Abby giggled at Kaede’s confusion, “These books all belong to me, they are my private collection, along with everything else you see around you, and I simply desired a place to store them all. The sign does not lie, visitors *are* welcome...”

“Visitors...” Shuichi tapped his chin, “But it didn’t say anything about *customers*.”

“Astute, Mr. Saihara, very astute. Your keen perception and desire to find the truth are traits you should continue to hone, they are admirable and valuable... But I digress, the point being: none of these books are for sale.”

“Oh.” Kaede sounded somewhat disappointed, she’d only planned on browsing, but it would’ve been nice to have at least had the *option* to buy something. “So does that make this more of a *library* then?”

“A library? What an interesting way to put it. Not quite, while anyone is free to browse and consult my collection at their leisure, these books cannot be rented out. No, no~...” She denied, and yet the grin on her face was teasing, almost daring the two to try once again to find the hidden meaning in what she left unsaid, just as Shuichi had a moment earlier.

Kaede could tell that was the case and she pre-emptively told her boyfriend, “H-hold on, Shuichi. Let me try and figure this one out.” She closed her eyes, and held up one of her fingers deductively, “Alright, well, if you can’t rent the books, and you can’t buy the books, does that mean that... uh?” She wracked her brain, and uncertainly threw out a wild guess, “Does that mean we can just *take* the books?”

The robbed woman clapped her hands together, “Nicely done, Ms. Akamatsu.”

“Wait, I- I actually got it? I actually got it!” She beamed excitedly, before doing a double take and recoiling, “Huh!? I actually got it!? What do you mean we can just take the books?”

“There must be *some* kind of catch to this.”

“Indeed there is, Detective Saihara. Anyone may take any book from any shelf and leave with it, in fact, they *must* do so, but the catch is that the reader does not choose the book. It is the *book* that chooses the *reader*.”

“Ooh, that sounds spooky!” Kaede folded her hands, while Shuichi scratched his head. “But, uh, I’m still not really sure what that means.”

“Fear not, Ms. Akamatsu, this is yet another part of the reason why I chose such a remote location to house my collection. You found your way here, to this place, and it *jumped out* to you, did it not? You felt drawn to it the moment you saw it, even before you truly knew what it was?”

“I... I *did*. How did you know?” Now Kaede was genuinely a bit spooked, but meanwhile Shuichi just rolled his eyes a bit. This woman was using the same trick that psychic and horoscopes used, leading questions and vague statements that could work on anyone. If it hadn’t applied to Kaede, she wouldn’t have thought anything of it, but because it did, all of a sudden it made Abby seem mysterious and precognitive. The only “magic” here was the magic of confirmation bias.

“Because I have been around for... a very, *very* long time, Ms. Akamatsu, and we’ll leave it at that. More importantly, it means that there is a book here that has already chosen you and Detective Saihara. It **called** to you, and you answered it. Still now it calls to you, all you need to do is search through the annals of my collection, and you are certain to be brought together.”

“Really now?” Shuichi crossed his arms, ever the skeptic, “and just how will we know when we’ve found the right book?”

“*Fufufu~!*” Abby let out a chuckle that crossed the line into almost malevolent. “It’s not a matter of *you* finding *it*, Detective Saihara. Rather, *it* will find *you*; and when it does? Well... these things are best left for you to discover on your own.”

“Now go on, explore! Enjoy yourselves, please! It’s been a long time since one of my books has been taken, *too* long, and I’m eager to see which one... *grabs* you~, *fufufu~!*” She gestured away from the counter, encouraging the young couple to go off on their own.

As soon as he was sure she was out of earshot, Shuichi leaned over and whispered to Kaede, “She was laying it on a *little* thick near the end there.”

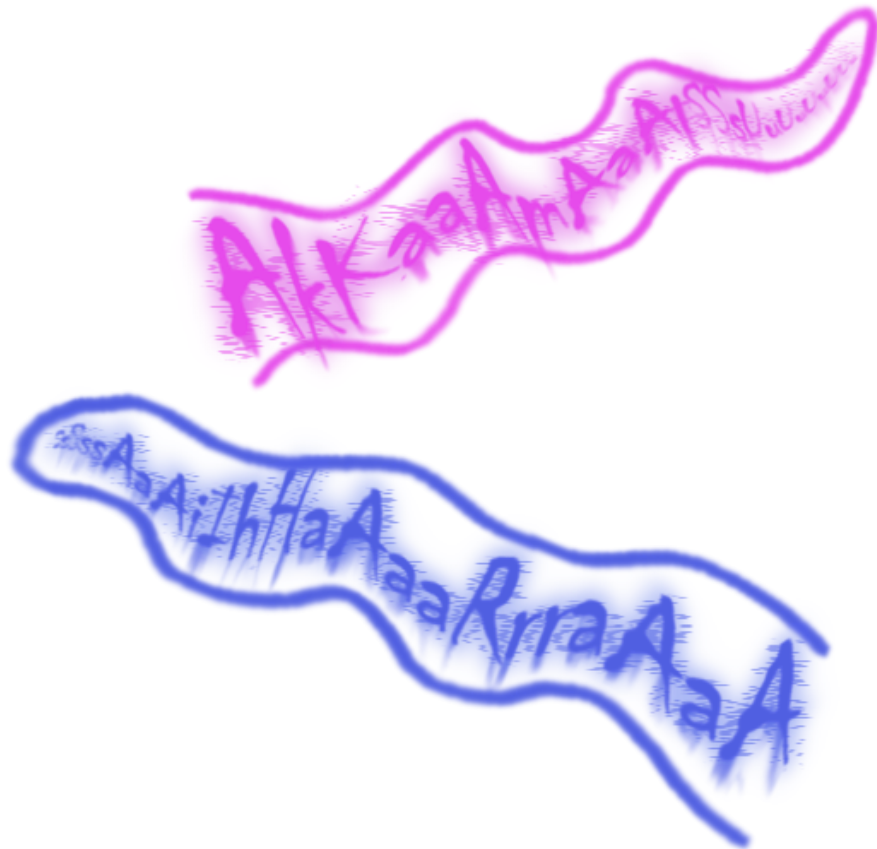
“Hehe! Awww, c’mon, it’s fun! You need to learn to suspend your disbelief a little more often, Shuichi. You’re not always on the job, you don’t have to be so cynical.”

The meandering and twisting layout of the “store” made it difficult to tell where they were going, or how big the place actually was. If Shuichi didn’t know better, he’d have almost said that it was bigger on the inside than it was on the outside. Of course that was impossible though.

While many of the books were interesting, very few of them had actual titles. Most of the ones that did have titles that were so badly faded as to be completely illegible, or had titles that were in languages neither of them could read. Eventually, the two students managed to wander their way into one of the back corners of the building. As they walked up to the three shelves arranged in a near square, they still didn't see anything that particularly got their attention.

It felt like reaching a place like this should've been an accomplishment, Kaede had certainly thought so, but it was just the same as the rest of this place had been so far. The two of them just wrote it off as a dead end and turned around, going to retrace their steps... When all of a sudden, a book on one of the shelves that they'd overlooked, hidden from sight behind several other tomes, began to *glow*... two tendrils of pure magical energy, one dark blue, and the other hot pink, slithered from the shelf and snaked through the air towards Shuichi and Kaede.

The tendrils writhed and coiled around each other, almost caressing each other, they moved swiftly but casually, as if there was no threat of their prey escaping their grasp. As if all of this was pre-ordained. The tendrils crept into both of their ears.



"Hmm?"

"Huh?"

Kaede and Shuichi both looked at the other, confused.

“Kaede, did you just-?”

“Shuichi, I thought I heard you-?”

“Say my name?”

Upon realizing their mistake, the two shared a chuckle, they must’ve been hearing things... Though “heard” wasn’t really the right description for it. Hadn’t really heard anything, it was more like they *felt* their names being called, not consciously but subconsciously. Their attention was drawn back to the bookshelf, where they noticed a book they hadn’t seen before, and there was just something about it that drew them in.



The two approached the grimoire, feeling called by it. Strange unheard and unspeakable whispers emanate from the book and into their minds, issuing commands of twisted benevolence. But even though they were looking right at it, they weren't *seeing* it, nor were they hearing what it was saying to them. To the two of them, absolutely nothing was wrong.

"Shuichi, look at this one!" Kaede reached out and picked up the book, despite its massive bulk and the apparently heavy materials of its construction, it was almost weightless in her hands.

"I have to admit... There's definitely something intriguing about it." He had to agree with Kaede, despite the fact they hadn't even seen the cover, let alone its contents. The unnatural, black light emanating from it didn't put them off either, it didn't even register to them.

The surface was completely caked in dust, and as Kaede blew it off and then brushed aside the rest, the leatherbound book revealed itself to be intricately bound and inked out of leather and enamel. Kaede gasped looking at it, "It's beautiful...!"

The book's cover was actually deeply lurid, it was covered in twirling and intermingling tendrils, many of them ending in phalluses, and those that weren't, were wrapping around those that were. Thick curling flows of a milky substance were woven onto the surface, almost seemingly to move as one's eyes scanned the imagery. In the center were a... couple? It was hard to tell if they were two entities or one, or maybe more than two.

They held each other so intimately and passionately that it was impossible to tell where one ended and the other began. Their lower halves were entirely made up of the tendrils, and they were indecipherably curled in each other in a gordian knot intermingling flesh that only seemed to become more convoluted and irrational the longer one looked at it. They didn't seem to have single torsos, but rather torsos made out of torsos branching off and chaining to each other like the branches of a tree, holding each other in embrace. The smaller torsoes themselves were somehow made out of torsoes as well, and the closer you looked at it, the deeper it seemed to go, it was as though their very existence was fractal.

In the center of the book was a familiar symbol, one of the few truly recognizable visual elements to be found on it, but even that was twisted, it looked like a combination of the male and female gender symbols interwoven with a heart, and it appeared to be made out of solid gold.

It was altogether obscene in ways that defied explanation, but Kaede and Shuichi both found themselves fascinated with it. "I think this is it... I think this is the book we've been looking for, or should I say, the book that's been looking for us, hehe~!" Kaede winked at Shuichi, a smirk on her face as she bragged, "See? I knew it was worth taking a look in here!"

Shuichi, through stronger willpower than he knew he had, or even was aware he was using, maintained a degree of hesitation however. "I don't know, Kaede, I- I mean, do you know if we can even read it? W-we should at least open it up first."

"I... I suppose you're right." Kaede acknowledged, though it caused her heart to ache to admit it, as if she'd just been told she had to put a beloved family pet to sleep. She cracked open the book and turned it to one of its many vellum pages. It was covered in strange markings that didn't match anything that either Kaede or Shuichi had ever seen before. It looked like some kind of glyphs, but they definitely weren't Japanese.

"Hmmm... Okaaaay, so, maybe we can't read it, at least, not right now, but..." Kaede looked at Shuichi hopefully, "we should still take it! I'm *sure* we can decipher it if we try!" She argued, despite having no reason to assume they could, or that it was even possible. "C'mon, it's a mystery! Let's solve it together, Shuichi!"

"W-well, when you put it like that. It's at least worth a try!" With little to no resistance, he gave in to Kaede's pleading, in truth his heart was yearning with the same desire to take it that had filled Kaede's heart the moment she laid eyes on it. "I still think we should at least show it to Abby before we walk out the door."

"Agreed! Let's head back then..." Kaede wrapped her arms around the book, holding it close to her chest tightly like it was precious treasure. Honestly, it felt like it was, she didn't want anything bad to happen to this book, and not just because she was sure it was worth a fortune. It felt important, truly and deeply important.

Back near the front of the store, Abby traced her finger along an aged and yellowed page. "*Tibi, magnum innon- innomino, Ahem! Innominandum.* Hmph... My Latin has gotten rusty." She muttered to herself, before the sound of footsteps drew her attention back up from her reading once more. "Ahh, back so soon? I take it that you found what was calling you?"

"Well, I can't say for sure, but... if we could take *this* book?" Kaede asked as she placed the perverse manuscript on the countertop.

Abby looked down at it in surprise, "Ooooh?" She traced her fingers down the cover, "Sooo, it's *this* one, is it? My, that is interesting. *Fufufu~*, that is very interesting indeed! Oh *myyy*, what an absolute *delight* this is. *Eheheheeee~! Aaahaha!*" She began to laugh uproariously, but quickly pulled herself together, "Yes, yes, this book is meant for the two of you, please take it and enjoy your time with it... Oh, you two are truly blessed, and this blessing you shall share with the world." She presented the book back to Kaede.

All Kaede really needed to know from that was that they had permission to take it, "Thank you, Ms- or sorry, *just* Abby." She grabbed the book in one hand and took Shuichi's in the other, as they left the "bookstore" in a hurry.

“Do you want to go back to the Academy and start trying to read it?” Shuichi asked, uncharacteristically eager to take a closer look at this book. He’d never been very interested in anything related to the occult, but for some reason the moment he laid eyes on it it had started to trigger his sense of inquisitiveness like nothing else had before.

Kaede felt exactly the same way, “Hehe, you read my mind, Shuichi!” They just **had** to know what was in this book! They felt as though they would go **mad** if they didn’t find out. They started running, and they *kept* running the entire way back to the Academy. No matter how far they ran, their lungs never seemed to run out of air. The book in Kaede’s hand pulsed with a faint, almost imperceptible glow, emitting a low sound like purring as it empowered their bodies with limitless stamina, in order to help them open it sooner and unleash its secrets.

They didn’t stop and question it, their minds were too pre-occupied with unraveling the mystery of the book. As they returned to Hope’s Peak’s grounds, no-one suspected what they’d just brought into the campus... Not even a certain Chuunibyou in the class below them, who by all accounts, should’ve been the one person to sense something of this nature. Unfortunately, the eldritch and occult were not in his area of expertise, so he was just as clueless as everyone else.

Though Hope’s Peak wasn’t holding classes for the summer, it was still a boarding school. Most of the students chose to remain on campus together and they had almost free reign of the school’s facilities to continue refining and exploring their talents and hobbies. Since the book appeared to be written in an obscure foreign language of some kind, the two of them figured the best place to start trying to read it would be the library. If they needed reference material to help translate it, they’d definitely be able to find it there.

The couple made their way up to the second floor, passing by a few of their classmates along the way, going about their business. Most were too busy or simply didn’t notice the strange book that Kaede was holding in her hand, and they simply exchanged a polite passing greeting before going about their day. There was, however, one exception. A certain high ranking royal from the nation of Novaselic, the beautiful and charming Ultimate Princess, Sonia Nevermind,

“Good afternoon to you both, Shuichi and Kaede, I sincerely hope your day has been most turned up and off of the chain.” She greeted the pair in her... typical colorful way as she offered them a polite bow with her hands resting one over the other on her lap.

“Hiya, Sonia! Yes, it has, er, I *think*?” Kaede answered uncertainly, “Sorry, but we’re kind of in a hurry, y’know? We just picked up this book in this really cool little place hidden downtown, and we both can wait to start reading it.”

Kaede presented the book to Sonia, and with just a glance, an instinctual flicker of recollection passed through the princess’s mind. She felt as if she’d seen this book somewhere before. She felt a deep, almost *familial*, connection to it. That’s when she realized this book was the property

of the royal family of Novoselic! It had been stolen from the royal library when she was just a child!

There was no doubt in her mind that it was the same book, a text as ancient as Novoselic itself that was known as the “Tome of Crafting Love.” It was one of the most carefully guarded secrets of the Nevermind dynasty, no-one outside of the royal family was allowed to know of its true purpose and nature under penalty of death.

The legends say that in the days before it was united into a kingdom, Novoselic was a wild, inhospitable land of vicious tribes that engaged in dark rituals and bitterly fought amongst one another for the scarce and precious resources that the land had to offer.

While the idea of a national identity forming around the consolidation of tribes into a feudal structure was hardly unique to Novoselic, and plenty of archaeological evidence existed to back it up, Historians had always been much more skeptical about the claims of the land’s past climate.

Modern Novoselic was a lush environment of rivers, forests and sunny beaches, absolutely teeming with diverse and unique wildlife that could be found nowhere else, and arable land in abundance. The idea that it could’ve once been barren seemed preposterous. The current consensus of the scientific community was that these claims were simply an “origin myth” that developed after the rise of, and was endorsed by, the House of Nevermind to strengthen their claims of legitimacy. Based upon the trope of the “fisher king,” the Neverminds had brought proverbial life to Novoselic by unifying it and ending the tribal squabbling, and thus it was mythologized into them bringing *literal* life to the land.

However, no-one could deny that Novoselic was something of a geographical anomaly that had befuddled the attempts of geologists to explain it for generations. It was an island of life surrounded by a sea of what certainly wasn’t *desert*, but was still much less fertile semi-arid drylands and steppes.

It was the belief of the House of Nevermind that the true answers to these mysteries were tied to the book that Kaede now held in her hands. Allegedly, it was the product of a dark pact and covenant that her ancient ancestors, the leaders of the tribe that would go on to found the House of Nevermind, had made thousands of years ago with two of the countless mysterious and alien entities that the various proto-Novoselic people worshipped and revered.

The exact conditions of the pact had been lost to time, and nobody knew exactly what was written inside of the tome, but according to what Sonia had been told growing up, that pact was what made it possible for the Nevermind Dynasty to achieve their “miraculous” unification of Novoselic and reform it into a united kingdom that’d never been conquered or broken since its foundation, along with its royal line.

It was also responsible for Novoselic becoming the green paradise it was today, along with the richness of its soil and fecundity of its people, the royal house included. The entities they'd consorted with were supposedly benevolent, at least as far as their kind go, but the agreement didn't come without a *price*... Supposedly, one of the conditions of the pact was that the essence would flow in the veins of the Nevermind Bloodline forevermore, surfacing in every descendent of its founders.

The House of Romanov had been infamous for its Haemophiliacs, the House of Habsburg was known for its protruding chins and underbites, and the House of Nevermind had long been associated with nymphomania and deviancy... There wasn't a single member of the royal house who hadn't had to hide *some* kind of affair, or perversion, or paraphalia from the public... In the old days, it was easier to keep these things secret, and they were often mere subjects of rumor and gossip without any substantial evidence to back them up. The advent of modern inventions like the camera and the internet made such impropriety much harder to hide.

Obviously, this was all just superstition, but it was a superstition that the Neverminds dared not risk forgetting, just in case the legends turned out to be true. The necessary rituals to uphold the pact had been passed down orally from generation to generation, and they always made sure to follow them. They were right to do so, as well, as the pact and its effects were *very* real, Sonia had certainly inherited the stain of her family's benefactors, and it had manifested in the form of the perverted nature and almost insatiable libido that she was deeply self-conscious about.

Upon realizing all of this and taking a split second to come to terms with how this book could've ended up not only in Japan of all places, but in the hands of one of her upperclassmen, she opened her mouth to speak. But the entities whose power could flow through the book and into this world recognized her.

They already knew her very well, as one of their "progeny" in a sense. They'd always been aware of her, watching her voyeuristically ever since their "gift" began to stir inside of her, serving as the source of the lewd and debased cravings and impulses that she was oh-so eager to succumb to. Oh yes, they adored Sonia Nevermind, she was such an *eager* thing...

So before she had a chance to breathe a word about the book or her knowledge of it, Sonia felt a wave of molten lust envelop her the likes of which she'd never experienced before. She was overcome by an irresistible urge to masturbate furiously, her face turning bright red as her hands clenched at her skirt, her knees shaking and a blistering heat igniting in her womanhood. She instantly forgot all about the book, consumed by her singular need to "take care" of herself.

"O-oh! Wh-what a coincidence, as it w-would happ-p-pen, I am in a hurry t-t-too! Yes, a t-truly *urgent* h-hurry!" Sonia put on her usual trained smile, trying to look and sound natural, but sweat was pouring down her cherry red face, her lips were twitching, and her voice was cracking and stuttering. "F-farewell and happy rutting- **reading!** Reading, I said reading is what I said! M-make way please!" Rushing past the two with the sudden strength of a college running back, she barged past Shuichi towards the nearest girl's bathroom to take care of her "needs."

Shuichi rubbed his shoulder, it hadn't hurt, but it'd certainly taken him by surprise, "Geez, where'd that come from?"

Kaede shrugged, "Eh, sometimes it just hits you, it's a girl thing, don't worry about it."

"Heh, if you say so."

Without any further distractions, the pair entered the library and found a quiet spot to start reading together. They decided to share one of the large plush chairs, easily big enough to fit two people if they didn't mind squeezing, which they most certainly didn't. Shuichi felt a warm tingle as his thighs pressed against Kaede's and the two set the large manuscript on their laps.

Together they opened the book, there was no title, no table of contents, no foreword and certainly no publishing information. From the very first page they were met with the enigmatic runes they'd seen when they took a peak inside at "*All Has Read*." An unnatural warmth filled the air around them, slightly muggy, it was almost as if the book itself had *exhaled* on them once they opened it.

"Now that we can take a better look, do you have any clue what kind of language this could be, Shuichi? Even like, what family of languages it's in?"

Shuichi squinted his eyes and examined the glyphs more intently, "I... y'know, I honestly really can't tell. I almost want to say Egyptian, but I can see some hints of Ancient Greek in there too."

"Well, do you think that you could maybe decipher them by looking for patterns?"

"Kaede, that only works with languages that have a standardized alphabet like English." Shuichi gently corrected her, trying to curb her enthusiasm. "If this is a logographic language like it looks, then without any kind of reference or context, it's almost impossible to figure anything out."

"You might as well give it a try! If anyone will be able to crack this code, it's you, my *Ultimate Detective*." Kaede smiled lovingly at Shuichi as she pinched his cheek in her fingers.

"I appreciate your support, Kaede, but I'm the Ultimate Detective, not the Ultimate *Linguist*." He looked aside, "Huh, do we *have* an Ultimate Linguist, ah well, anyway, let's see here."

The two stared at the book for nearly twenty minutes, pouring over its text, flipping through page after page hoping they'd find some kind of context clues that could help them get started. As it stood, they didn't even know what the language was. There were captioned pictures in the book, but they didn't provide any help either as the imagery depicted within them was almost as incomprehensible as the writing itself. Still they continued to immerse themselves in it, deeper and deeper, and slowly but surely it felt like they were getting somewhere.

The book continued to “breathe” on them, and as they stared at the letters on the page that almost seemed to shift and re-write themselves every time they looked back, they paid no mind to the black threads of magical energy that began to leak from the page as some of the letters peeled and unraveled themselves from the paper and flowed into their eyes through their pupils.

“Hold on...” Kaede suddenly spoke up, her voice hopeful, “Wait, I think I’m starting to get it.” She brought a finger down onto the page and cleared her throat as she began to read, “*Iv’nkt Rlpaeji Zxklunr Fktrnch... Ul’yil Ul’yizt Fighlon Rwrauhn.*” A soft moan emanated from the book as Kaede, along with a pleasurable rumble on both her and Shuichi’s loins that sank deep into their cores. Kaede gave a proud nod, confident in her recitation. “See? That’s all there is to it!”

“Wow, Kaede, that was... that sounded *great.*” Shuichi looked at his girlfriend with an impressed grin. “How did you do that?”

“Oh, it’s easy, Shuichi, just choose a passage and try reading it, you already know the words.”

Shuichi didn’t challenge her claim, he didn’t even think to, he simply put it into action. “*Veb/x Al-fa’tagn Qzmlinr Ghfit Scylrtinz Yiouf Folfzn J’ta’pylv Dtznk’difin...* Wow, you’re right!”

“Of course I’m right, Shuichi, it’s just *reading!*” Kaede teased him, rubbing his head affectionately as the air around them started to bubble and warp, almost like a mirage. The book urged them to read more, whispering more knowledge of its arcane language into their eyes.

Kaede was right, it *was* just reading. The more they read, the easier it got, it didn’t feel like they were learning a new language at all. It felt like they were remembering a language that they’d already known. They continued to recite verses, including some that required two voices at once to be read. One person could reach them if they had two mouths, but reading them in time with a partner could work in a pinch.

The more familiar that the alien language became to them, the more alien that their familiar language became simultaneously. As the conventions, sounds and grammar of the dark speech etched within the book infiltrated their minds, it was overwriting their ability to speak and read Japanese. The new symbols were *destablizing* the Japanese letters and words in their memory, causing them to unravel before twisting themselves into more of the strange glyphs that lined the page.

“*Jk’luaz tuy r’pln Uizikxz re’lp tye’rtoe’hg zvhuw’mql!*” Kaede recited, as she and Shuichi both started to laugh like she’d just told the funniest joke either of them had ever heard. Their words rippled through the library, distorting space and time as their terrible meaning made itself known to the world. The text on the books sitting on the shelves were beginning to break down. More dark magic was leaking from the book, a strange oozing sludge the color of the starry sky dripping from the bindings, thick as honey and soaked into the floor, infiltrating and melding into it, into the very fabric of the universe.

Blue and pink tentacles made of pure lust and forbidden knowledge started to slither out from between the pages. They writhed about the two lovers, caressing them from both the outside and inside as they phased through their bodies as if they weren't even there. Still they kept reading, every word they spoke felt better than the last, but the more they spoke, the more the library suffered.

The same effect that reading it was having on their minds was being extended to everything that heard them speak. What they were speaking were words that were never meant to be spoken. This was a book that had never been meant to be read, it was meant to seal away what was written on its pages. Yet it *begged* to be read, begged to be released, its makers wanted so badly for this world to become like their own, driven by a twisted and enigmatic benevolence. Arguably, this was even more dangerous than the hateful beings who longed to destroy or even just mindlessly devour the world.

This had been their plan all along, the culmination of the plot that began with the House of Nevermind. With the kingdom unified by their supplicants, every act of love and passion that occurred in the kingdom's borders strengthened their foothold in this world. The Neverminds had tried to keep it contained, but they were bound to fail eventually... Perhaps they would have been able to continue forestalling the full "repayment" of their obligations were it not for the mysterious "philosopher" who stole the book away nearly a decade ago.

By reading these words, the universe was learning of them, and what it was being taught was a new form of existence that it couldn't resist. The will of those ancient, eldritch powers was stronger than the laws of reality itself. It was spreading, sustaining itself, each changed inch of space and second of time "educating" the next. The dark powers who'd written the book knew that their thousands of years of patience, a mere blink for unfathomable ancients like them, were finally being rewarded.

The strangest thing of all, ironically enough, was that the process of reading the book actually started to become *less* exciting for Kaede and Shuichi, their minds were being incorporated into this new reality without them even noticing, and so were their bodies...

Kaede's breasts started to swell, tearing through her shirt in a manner of seconds, she grew taller and taller, gaining an extra three feet in height as a second and third pair of breasts formed on her now bare chest. Her hips and ass both widened to nearly double their previous size, and a long phallic tail sprouted out of her back, almost five feet long and wriggling hungrily in the air, looking for any hole to fill. Her blonde hair turned into a swarm of slimy tentacles, rubbing and sliding against each other in a hypnotic display of intoxicating lewdness.

Shuichi's body began to twist and distort as well, as he gained his own massive pair of breasts, ones with succulent and plump red lips and serpentine tongues that lolled and drooled an aphrodisiac saliva. His cock grew permanently erect, and then expanded to nearly four times its regular size at full length, nearly two feet long and three inches thick. Then, a *second* cock

sprouted out from beneath it, half as large as the first, and beneath *that* his skin parted to reveal an untouched pussy. A second pair of arms developed from his torso as his body's size grew to nearly match Kaede's, but in place of fingers at the end of their hands, they had five little tentacles each.

At this point, the language written in this book was trivial to understand, and the so called "secrets" that it held felt blatantly obvious to the two distorted lovers. The tendrils emerging from the book continued to crawl into their ears and any other orifice of theirs that they could, turning them into the unholy vessels that would destroy and rebuild this world in the name of love. For that is what they were sharing with the world: Love. Not the pale imitation that humans called love, but **true** love, and **true** pleasure.

Long had they looked at this world, and they'd felt such *sorrow* for its inhabitants. They saw how pitifully shallow our love was, and even more so their attempts at *making* love. Watching them hump and slam into each other impotently, it was pathetic! They *wept* for humanity, unable to achieve the love that they instinctively sought, but were limited by the cruel confines of reality to be unable to ever achieve. To truly love was to become one with your partner, or partners, in all definitions, physical and metaphysical.

Love was an all-consuming, incomprehensible thing. To experience true love would shatter the mind of any human who was unfortunate enough to have to bear witness to it with their fragile human mind. They'd seen this happen a few times, in the form of what would be called "Yanderes." Humans who, through sheer happenstance, came so close to knowing actual love, and were driven completely mad by it.

How could they not be? Love was such a vast and beautiful thing that any mind limited by finite, rational reality would be wholly consumed in it and unable to think of anything beyond it. What a shame it was, what cruel fate, that these blessed and enlightened souls never got to truly savor the love that they were so close to grasping. No longer would these tragedies occur, no longer would mankind have to settle for subpar love and superficial pleasure. This great wrong, billions of years in the making, would finally be set right!

But neither Shuichi or Kaede had any idea of the grand role they had already begun to play, their minds were twisting as fast as the world around them, shifting to accept the new chaotic existence around them as if life had always been that way. As a matter of fact, it **had**! So profound and inexplicable were the forces they'd unleashed that they were retroactively rewriting reality.

This is why the book was becoming boring to them, or rather, it'd always been boring. All that it was telling them was stuff that they already knew. "Hey, Shuichi...?" Kaede turned and asked the mutating eldritch abomination of lust and passion that was her boyfriend, "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" The language that passed through her lips was no longer Japanese, it was not the black tongue of the tome, which had completely dominated the space in the library and was started to become hazy and immaterial as the magic contained within it was working to

make it the foundation of reality, the “akashic record” upon this universe would use as its framework.

“Yeah, I think so.” Shuichi nodded as he looked to the monstrous girl that was the very incarnation of radiant and divine beauty in his eyes, “Why are we still reading this book? Why did we even start reading it in the first place? Everything in it is just so... obvious.”

“I knooooow!” Kaede let out an exasperated groan of agreement as she began to grow a cock just as big as Shuichi’s, “I’m so disappointed, what a letdown! It sounded so promising too, I mean... “The Tome of Crafting Love?” I thought for sure with a title like that, there’d have to be some really spicy and juicy stuff in here, but instead it’s just... It’s like it was written for someone who’d never even *heard* of **love** before!”

“Maybe it was. I mean, everyone has to learn from somewhere, don’t they?”

“Hmm~! I guess you’re right, but...” A wide smile spread from ear to ear on Kaede’s face, both of her forked tongues licking her lips as she leaned in towards her beloved and looked him in all of his eyes. “If someone needs a crash course on **love** they could just watch *us*.”

“Very good point, sweetheart.” Shuichi’s body flushed, feeling like it could literally melt as he met Kaede’s lips and began to engage in acts of debauchery with her that would’ve broken the mind of anyone watching them. Little did they know that what they were doing was the first act of true “love making” that had ever been performed on Earth.

They shoved their cocks into each other’s pussies and through their bodies so deep that they were nearly coming back out of their mouths! Then they started to stick their cocks inside of each other’s cocks. The phallic tail that Kaede had preoccupied itself with one of the “lipples” on Shuichi’s tits, and she grew a second head at the end of a long tentacle-like neck to make out with the other one.

The more that they fucked, the more body parts they added and the harder it became to tell what was going on and where one ended and the other began... Of course, that was the nature of true **love**, the ultimate goal was for there to be no distinction. To make love was to literally exist as yourself and your loved one simultaneously, occupying the same space, sharing the same body, mind and soul. But it was also about feeling good, and the two of them sure were feeling absolutely fantastic~!

Every cell of their constantly shifting bodies experienced pleasure from the slightest touch or stimulation that would’ve made the most intense orgasm you’ve ever experienced in your life feel like someone whacked you in the head with a shovel by comparison! That was just from a *touch*, when they actually did orgasm, the pleasure they felt couldn’t be described in any language understandable by man, to even attempt to put it into words would be a crass insult.

Imagine every good feeling you've felt in your life up until now, now add to it every good feeling you'd hope to feel from now until the day you die. If you took all of that pleasure, added it up, and then multiplied it exponentially for every *individual second* of joy and happiness you experienced. If you could possibly conceive of what that would feel like, then you might come *close* to grasping some minute understanding of a *fraction* of the phantasmagorical ecstasy that Kaede or Shuichi were experiencing each time they orgasmed as they made love... and they were having them multiple times, from multiple different genitals, every single *minute*.

But the most insane aspect of their love-making, the genuinely maddening thing to consider about all this, the fact that was truly horrifying: was that this was all perfectly normal to them now. Not to say it didn't still feel incredibly good, better than anyone with a normal, mortal mind could imagine, but this wasn't anything *special*, this was just how fucking was supposed to feel. In the new reality that was overwriting the old, this was what it meant to make love with your partner.

Shuichi and Kaede wrapped their multiple arms and tendrils around each other, pulling themselves close together and pressing their chests against each other as their breasts grew faces to make out with. Meanwhile, as their original heads locked lips, Kaede's tongue turned into a cock and shoved itself down into Shuichi's throat, before his mouth became a pussy for it to fuck instead. Moaning mouths opened and sealed randomly across their bodies, whispering sweet words of love for each other, as well as twisted secrets from the book that continued to infect the of reality.

Their cum was spraying all over the floors, walls and ceiling of the library, as the environment around them was twisted and warped by the chaos. The surfaces turned from wood and plaster to some kind of complex organic substance, it was a deep ichorous green, with glowing veins that pulsed through it in elaborate shifting patterns depicting scenes of debauchery. The beams supporting the room took on hourglass figures, as the lights overhead were replaced by some kind of bioluminescent fungus-like structure. The entire room seemed to breathe and moan, as if it was alive and in a state of constant bliss.

The corruption hardly stopped at the library, it was simply that it was strongest there, at the epicenter of the transformation that was sweeping over the school. Shuichi and Kaede had become the gateway through which the entire world would be consumed by the mad love of the dark deities that had ensnared them.

Their lurid influence seeped through the school like the roots of a tree tunneling through soil, and it wouldn't be long until the entire student body and faculty felt it as well, not that they'd ever know.

Two of the first to fall prey to the corruption were ironically the two who were already the most corrupt students at Hope's Peak Academy to begin with. A beautiful woman with flowing strawberry blonde pigtails, enchanting cobalt blue eyes, and a figure that could be described as perfect without an ounce of hyperbole, was pacing back and forth in her dorm room. She was

Junko Enoshima, known to the world at large as the Ultimate Fashionista, but there was more to her than that. She was also the Ultimate Analyst, and the Ultimate Despair, a title that she shared with her sister, who was sitting on her bed watching Junko's agitation.

She was a much more plain looking girl, with short, almost boyish black hair, a face dotted with freckles, and a much more modest figure compared to her sister. Her name was Mukuro Ikusaba, and her rather unassuming appearance betrayed her true identity as the Ultimate Soldier, as well as a fellow Ultimate Despair.

"Ugh, this place **sucks!**" Junko whined as she gripped and yanked at her hair in frustration, "It's so full of shitty-ass hope that every time I step outside it makes me wanna puke! It's even worse than standing downwind from *you*, sis!"

"Still?" Mukuro tilted her head, her eyebrows raising in a disappointed pout, before she lifted up her arm and sniffed at her armpit, "I just tried out a new deodorant, it's supposed to be one of the strongest on the market."

"Is *that* what that's supposed to be? Well, you oughta get a refund and then mail a *bomb* to their fucking headquarters, because now instead of just smelling like ass, you smell like ass soaked in lavender!" Junko snarled, before rolling her eyes, "Where was I? Oh yeah, we've already been here for *weeks*, and I still haven't found a single weak link to exploit yet! I mean, what's a girl gotta do to start a little civilization collapsing catastrophe around here? Is that too much to ask for? All I want is just one *teensy-weensy itty-bitty* apocalypse!"

Junko Enoshima was practically an eldritch abomination in her own right, a human being who was almost a force of nature, who existed only to experience and inflict despair upon the world. Everything about her was malleable, she could mold herself into whatever she needed to be in order to spread despair to others; her own identity, if she had ever truly had one, had been consumed by the bottomless black pit of despair that existed within her. Or maybe she'd intentionally thrown it all away just to make her despair all the richer. She was one of, if not the single most, terrifying people in the world.

However, the key phrase there was "in the world," there were much more horrible and powerful beings lurking beyond the veil of this shallow existence.

"Well..." Mukuro rubbed her legs together and bit her lips, feeling suddenly intensely aroused, her own obsession with despair had caused her to develop disgusting feelings of lust for her sister years ago, feelings that'd only grown in the years they spent apart while she was fighting with the mercenary group Fenrir in the Middle East. Suddenly, those feelings were growing more intense than ever, and she couldn't understand why. "Maybe you could *Tiz'maklyp? Zqutzoj Mal'quinr Bril'makxt Zoz'ariv trv Thruhl Vieaq mil Rg'hylnth*." She began to speak in maddening gibberish (at least from Junko's perspective) as the wave of altered reality crept over her.

“Will you shut the hell up? I can’t think straight with you *vb’herz Ujk’liz vyyith! Filz Molpur’xn, Valsheef qroit’asaz.*” Her mind started to melt, her ability to analyze fading away in an instant as the world became more trivially easy and utterly impossible to comprehend. Her and her sister both began to grow, Junko’s torso stretching up and elongating as her ass became nearly five feet wide. Her pigtails became like living things: massive, fleshy, writhing tail-like tendrils with large maws grinning with cheshire like grins and sharp teeth. One was black and the other white, as she continued to lament inability to spread despair.

Meanwhile the intense feelings of lust and want that Mukuro was experiencing were only growing more unbearable by the second, her rather average chest suddenly started to grow to an absurd size, each one as big as a yoga ball as they weighed her down to the point that it was impossible for her to remain sitting up on the bed. She flopped forward on the floor on all fours, panting and drooling as she stared at her sister’s ass. Her eyes widened as Junko started to talk out of her ass... Literally.

As in: her asshole turned into a mouth that was literally talking to her, although it was badly muffled until an extra pair of arms grew out of her and pulled her cheeks wide, exposing the juicy pair of lips as it complained to her, “Like, what the fuck are you doing, you worthless smelly hog~? Get that useless mouth to work and start tongue-fucking my reality-collapsing ass already, you bitch!” Junko’s ass was, appropriately, talking shit, and it was doing so in the most obnoxious valley girl accent that Mukuro had ever heard. All the while Junko continued to rant, almost oblivious to what the rest of her body was doing, as if it had a mind of its own. Which it very well may have.

Mukuro’s lips started to grow as she shoved her face between her sister’s cheeks and started to eat out her loudmouthed ass. She reached back with a long stretchy hand and plunged it into her oversized womanhood, before a trio of tentacles sprouting from her back joined in. As morality and decency melted away, along with all conventional sense and reason, things like “familial relations” became meaningless in terms of any taboo or distaste.

“Holy shit, what feels good...?” Junko asked herself mid-rant, looking back to see Mukuro deep in her enormous ass. As her living pigtail-creatures started to lick and suck on her boobs, she smacked her forehead.

“Oh yeah, what was I thinking? There *is* no civilization to collapse, the world is already an endless chaotic maelstrom of list hedonistic debauchery... Wow, seriously, how did I forget that? Am I stupid or something? There’s no hope in the world, there’s nothing but an endless spiral of depraved love swirling in on itself in an endless recursion of infinite desire.” She recounted matter of factly, before shrugging and letting any thoughts of anything beyond pleasure fade from her mind.

A short distance away in the cafeteria sat Aoi Asahina, the Ultimate Swimmer. A tanned tomboy wearing a red sports jacket and blue shorts, a large dollop of brown hair curled up from atop her head as her blue eyes sparkled in delight at the smorgasbord that was laid out in front of her.

Nearly two boxes of assorted donuts of every variety and flavor from glazed or chocolate covered, cream filled and maple frosted, chocolate and crullers and *more~!*

"Mmhmhm~!" Aoi licked her lips in delight as she rubbed her hands together, she'd just set a new personal record of 125 laps in one hour in the gym's pool, and she was treating herself to celebrate. "Ahh, if I've died and gone to donut heaven, I hope nobody resuscitates me!" She giggled to herself as she did a quick "eeny, meeney, minie, moe" to pick which donut she was going to start with, settled on a classic glazed, which was just fine by her.

She closed her eyes as she pinched her fingers delicately around the ever so slightly crinkly donut, "Ahhh~!" She happily opened her mouth wide and raised it towards her tongue, her stomach doing excited cartwheels in anticipation as she bit down expecting her teeth to sink through that greasy yet fluffy dough, and yet... All she bit into was air. "H-huh?" She opened her eyes and looked at her hand, confused at the total lack of a donut to be found. "What the-?"

She stared at her hand in disbelief, "W-where did my-?"

"Mmm, tha'sh *shooo good~!*" Aoi's question was answered as the culprit spoke up with her mouth full, and she did so with Aoi's own voice. Aoi turned to see her head, or rather, her second head, munching away with her cheeks stuffed like a chipmunk's before swallowing the entire donut in one big gulp.

"Heeey! That one was *mine!*" Aoi, or Aoi's first head, which was the middle out of a trio, pouted as she complained, shoving her face into her left head's face. All three were at the end of sea serpent like necks, Aoi's body having grown to resemble a kind of aquatic creature that was a monstrous, yet still alluring, combination of fish and human, essentially a *Deep One*.

"Oh, sorry, it just looked super-duper yummy." The left head blushed as it apologized.

"*Mmmmng!*" The middle head pouted, "I **know** it looked super yummy, that's why I picked it. How many times do I have to tell you not to do that?"

"I know, but what's the big deal? It's all going to the same stomach anyway..." The left head puckered her lips defensively and looked off with a sideways glance.

"Yeah, but if it doesn't go into *my* mouth then *I* don't get to taste it! How many times have I explained that to you, it's not the same!"

"W-well, what's *her* excuse then?" The left head motioned behind the middle head to draw her attention to the *right* head, who was literally face down in a box of donuts scarfing down as many as she could before she was noticed.

She looked up at her other two heads with an embarrassed expression, her face covered in frosting, crumbs, and sprinkles as tears started to well up in her eyes, "I'm soooooorry, it's not *faaaaiir!*"

"Huh?" The middle and left heads stared at each other confused and concerned, "What's not fair?"

"W-well, middle, *you* get to have the arms, and leftie, *you* get to have our legs, but... all that I get is the *taaaaiir!*" She wailed, flapping around the long, scaly fish tail that protruded out of Aoi's massive, slick, rubbery skinned rear. "What am I even supposed to *do* with just the tail?" It was exactly as she said. While the center head had arguably the most control over Aoi's actions with her command over her clawed hands, and the left head decided where they went with her control of their powerful web-toed feet, the right head was left with the tail and any other ancillary limbs that they occasionally formed.

"Aaaawww!" The other two heads nuzzled and kissed their third, "It's okay, rightie, we still love you and you're still important!"

"Yeah, the tail is still *super* important, I mean... It's what turns into our cock, and without that, how would we penetrate anyone else's donuts?"

The right head sniffled, "Y-yeah, I guess... I guess you're right," she nodded as she started to cheer up.

"Let's not fight over this, girls, there's more than enough donuts for all of me to share~!" The center head encouraged her fellow two heads as they proceeded to messily feast upon the mass of donuts. It would've been a truly terrifying sight to see a sea monster like her devouring her prey with such ravenous abandon, were it not for the fact that her targets were sugary pastries... It turned out that Aoi's love of donuts was so deep that not even the end of the world as they knew it could alter it, even as it drastically altered everything else about her.

The laws of matter and flesh were quickly being repealed as the world and everyone in it became increasingly pliant and mutable, like wet clay on a potter's wheel. But these effects were not experienced uniformly, not everyone would be altered quite in quite the same way, or to the same extent. While some may have only changed slightly, others who had their forms shifted much more radically, and while Shuichi and Kaede may have been ever changing, there were some who would experience much more *stable* and *permanent* changes, if it was how their love manifested...

On the other side of the campus, in one of the Academy's many "Ultimate Laboratories," two girls in the same class as Shuichi and Kaede had been preparing and practicing for a show they were going to put on that night when the changes to reality washed over them. They were Himiko Yumeno and Tenko Chabashira, the Ultimate Magician (Or rather, the Ultimate **Mage**) and Ultimate Aikido Master respectively.

Tenko was an excitable and eccentric martial arts master with a well trained body that was deceptively lithe in relation to her strength, a testament to the effectiveness of her fighting techniques, as they allowed her to leverage her body to its full potential and accomplish feats that would've otherwise been impossible for someone of her weight class.

She had dark green eyes, along with one of the most interesting hair styles in the school, and that was saying something: black hair that was tied into a pair of ponytails with white ribbons and ran all the way down to her knees, styled in such a way that it had an almost *helix* like design, splitting and merging several times down its length.

Normally she wore a blue sailor *fukou* with a matching ruffled and pleated skirt. When she'd arrived in this room with Himiko, she'd been wearing a black and white suit, complete with a cape and black top hat. But right *now*? She was wearing nothing at all... Aside from the top hat.

Himiko Yumeno was a petite girl with an expression of near perpetual ennui and exhaustion on her cute face, which arguably only added to its appeal. She had short and straight red hair that cut off halfway down her neck, uniformly trimmed. She had brown eyes, and a perpetual soft blush on her pale skin. She was wearing a black jacket over a brown vest, had a black conical hat atop her head, and a pair of dark grey leggings. She also wore a red pleated skirt, but that was currently down around her ankles.

Himiko truly believed from the bottom of her heart that magic was real, and that she was no stage magician but a true *mage*, it was just about the only time you'd see her truly emoting and energized. At least until her "mana" ran out. She could appear lazy and unmotivated, constantly complaining that everything was "a pain," but when pressed, she'd insist that she was simply trying to conserve her magical power for when it was truly needed.

Just a few minutes ago, Tenko had been preparing to assist Himiko with mastering her "sawing in half and putting back together trick." Now, in this "new normal," they were practicing that "act" in a very... *different* way.

Tenko had begged Himiko for months to let her be her magician's assistant before Himiko finally broke down and accepted her as her "apprentice." Tenko wanted more than anything to be able to stay close to the adorable girl that she loved more than anything else in the world, and she exploited any excuse she could to make that possible. Every moment she was spent away from her put her heart in agony, every inch of separation between them may as well have been a thousand miles. Tenko wanted to be beside her forever and always if she could.

So suffice to say, having her ass fucked raw by Himiko courtesy of the fat cock she'd acquired a couple of minutes ago was a dream come true for her.

"Nyeeeh~... Wow, Tenko. I never would've thought you had such a nice tight ass." Himiko remarked, her typical deadpan tone unbroken even while she had her hands wrapped around

Tenko's naked thighs and was proceeding to pound her relentlessly with her dick while she was bent over the segmented coffin where they were to perform the trick. If she'd been able to question any of this, she'd have more than likely just figured that this new phallus was the result of her "leveling up."

The sound of heavy, sticky slapping of skin on skin echoed off the walls of the small studio filled with magician's props. In contrast to Himiko's underreaction, Tenko was moaning and panting, her face bright red as tears of bliss streamed down her cheeks, her eyes rolling up into her head as she bit on her lip, clenched her fingers around the coffin with all her strength, and gyrated her hips in rhythm with Himiko's thrusts just to get her back inside of her as quickly as deeply as she could.

"Glkfstj! Nnfflkptys! Hrrnmffplsxs!" Tenko groaned, and that wasn't even eldritch speak, she was just in so much pleasure that she was belting out genuine gibberish. "W-would you say my ass is... *maaaagic*, Himikooo~?"

"...Don't push it."

"S-sorry, *please* don't stop."

"Don't worry, I won't..." Himiko reassured her as she got closer and closer to cumming with every movement. While the pair still looked relatively "normal" for the moment, the truth was that Tenko's ass was reconfiguring itself inside to be the absolute *perfect* hole to keep fucking. It was clenching and squeezing her length tighter and tighter, never wanting to let go. "Nyeeeh, I'm- I'm so c-clooose, ahh-!" The mage started to shudder, squeezing her brown eyes shut and digging her nails into Tenko's hips as she dragged herself out one last time and then buried herself to the hilt in Tenko as she climaxed, "**Nyaaa-ahh!**"

"Oooaaauuuhh~!" Tenko wailed as she felt Himiko's cum starting to fill her up, her knees went weak as she flopped forward onto the coffin drooling, "Oooh, I *love* you, Himiko... I **love** you, I love you so, so much! Fill me, f-fill me more, **more!** I need it!"

"I- I **love** you too, Tenko, I really, *r-really love* you~!" Himiko confessed as her cock continued to spew and pump an unnatural amount of semen into Tenko's body, filling her guts more and more with each passing second. "And I have for a... a long time, too. *Nyehhh*... I should've told you s-soonerrr...!"

"D-don't worry, Himiko, I always k-knew! I don't ever, **ever** want to be apart from you ever, Himiko! I wanna be with you always, I want to make you feel good always~! Just like this, forever and ever!" Tenko ranted as she felt herself being filled to the brim, practically full to bursting. "More and *more*, I want to be a part of you, Himiko, *my love*, an inseparable piece of you that brings you more of this pleasure~!"

"N-nyeeeh? W-woah, you mean it, T-Tenko!? Yo-you really mean it...? *Haaauhh~!*"

“O-of course, I do! There’s nothing that I want mooore~!”

“Well, i-if you’re sure. Okay, then... W-with this spell, I... Nnnng-!” Himiko struggled to speak with the orgasm rolling through her that by now had been going on for an entire minute straight. “Sorry-, with this spell, f-fueled by the mana I’m i-infusing you with, I’ll make sure w-we’ll **never** be apart again...”

Himiko had “cast” many “spells” in her life, but for the first time, she channeled true magic, only it was magic of a kind that she would’ve never imagined or comprehended before. It was a spell that wasn’t cast with words or motions, but with pure emotion and intention, a truly ancient and eldritch kind of magic, magic older than the very concept or words.

She kept her hands on Tenko’s hips as her legs started to curl up and meld into her thighs. Her ass cheeks melded to Himiko’s hips as her arms started to press against her side and were absorbed into them. She was losing her limbs, but she didn’t care, she could feel it, **feel** herself becoming one with her beloved Himiko, becoming part of her! She laughed and moaned in ecstasy as the pressure of the mage’s cum, her “magical essence” filling her up, grew stronger and stronger.

“Yesss, it’s workiiiiing~!” Tenko cried out as she squeezed her eyes shut, her ass began to mold itself into a new shape as her legs and thighs sank into it. It turned into a massive sack, holding two enormous balls, and at the same time, Tenko’s waist and torso were turned into a new shaft as the cock that Himiko already had merged into this new one.

“Nyah, T-tenko, you feel... *g-great~!*” Himiko started to run her hands up the length of her new shaft as it took shape. Tenko’s facial features were smoothening and melding into her skin as her head took on the smooth shape and texture of a glans. The pressure was so intense, she needed to let it all just burst out of her! As her mouth took on its final form as the very tip of Himiko’s cock, she finally understood what this pressure was, and how to release it.

She was a cock now, she was *Himiko’s* cock now, her existence was a tool to bring pleasure to her beloved, and her purpose right now was to **cum**... So that’s exactly what she did.

Himiko screamed as she experienced an orgasm that blew any memory of her last one out of her mind, it was so much better like this! It was so much better *with her!* Her cum sprayed over every corner of the room, defiling and tainting it in eldritch power, Himiko lost track of how long it went on for, Tenko wished that it would last forever, but at the very least she knew now that she was right where she belonged.

“Nyahhh... heeeh... *phew...!*” Himiko panted when her climax finally came to a close, she stood up straight, and the sight was utterly obscene to behold. Her cock was still fully erect even after the inhuman load she’d just spewed. Her cock was singlehandedly twice as big as the rest of her body, and yet as she gently ran her hand along its length, petting it affectionately, she was

carrying it like it was completely weightless! “Now that’s what I call *maaagic*... Haaahh...” She let out a pleased sigh.

“Alright, Tenko, you’re gonna be my dick now.” Her voice had regained its usual dry and bored tone, despite the fact that her mind was constantly ringing with pleasure, as even just the ambient feeling of her air on her length was enough to make Tenko twitch and leak. “But this means that I’m gonna have to try and find a new assistant.” She mused, tapping her cheek as she made her way out of the room with her lover perpetually in tow. “*Nyeh*, don’t think I can’t hear you in there, Tenko... Fiiiine, we’ll show you off to everyone else first.”

As they left to do just that, Tenko was so happy. She felt like she was always meant to be Himiko’s cock, in fact, maybe she *had* been. either way, her dream had come true, now she would be one with her **love**, *always*...

The world was changing, but it would remain a diverse place, with room for many different kinds of bodies, and many different kinds of love.

This was the case for a pair of young students sitting on a bench in front of a fountain, outside in the middle of the school grounds. They were a boy and girl, the boy’s name was Hajime Hinata, he was a rather unremarkable young man, handsome but not noticeably so. He was about as conventional and average as any other member of Hope’s Peak Academy’s Reserve Course.

The Reserve Course was the name given to the student body who had found their way into the academy not by being scouted out for any particular talent, but simply by virtue of having paid the exorbitant tuition charged for those who wanted their children to have the prestige of a high school diploma from Hope’s Peak despite their mediocrity. No matter how much they might’ve tried to delude themselves though, they knew, along with everyone else, that they weren’t “real” Hope’s Peak Academy students.

With gently spiked light brown hair, including a sharp ahoge that poked up from the middle of his scalp, and olive green eyes, he was dressed in the black suit and tie that was the standard uniform for Reserve Course students, he was almost indistinguishable for half of his classmates, a fact that he was deeply self-conscious about, especially when he was surrounded by constant reminders of the giants whom he walked in the shadows of.

That made him feel all the more lucky and appreciative to be friends with the girl who was sitting beside him. In stark contrast to Hajime, she was instantly recognizable and distinct, you wouldn’t mistake her for anyone else. She was an *Ultimate*, Chiaki Nanami, the Ultimate Gamer. She had pink hair that ran down her neck and curled up just above her shoulders, matching pink eyes, and an outfit consisting of a black hoodie with cat ears styled into the hood, a brown skirt, and long black stockings that ran up to her thighs. In her hair was a hairclip shaped like an 8-bit pixelized starfighter, the player avatar from her favorite game, *Gala Omega*.

A game that she happened to be playing at this very moment alongside Hajime, despite the gap between them in social standing and notability, they'd bonded over their shared love of video games, finding that they shared much more in common than they had differences.

No matter how much the world tried to tell them that people like them shouldn't interact, that the talentless should defer to, submit to, and even *worship* the talented, and that the talented shouldn't bother forming attachments to such small, petty and disposable people as those lacking talent, they didn't care; or rather, Chiaki didn't care, and for that Hajime was very grateful.

Chiaki was one of the kindest, most gentle, and most beautiful girls that Hajime had ever seen, and certainly that he'd ever known in person. He assumed that it had something to do with her talent, but Chiaki assured him that talent didn't make a person who they were... If it did, then he wouldn't have been such a wonderful friend to her as well. He was one of her favorite people to be around, they didn't have to say a word to each other, just being around him and playing games with him made her feel happy.

They both had practiced this daily gaming ritual together for the last two years. They'd done plenty of other things together and with Chiaki's fellow classmates too: celebrating holidays, festivals and fairs, going to restaurants and movies, just to name a few. It was to the point that Hajime was practically an honorary member of Class 77-B. But no matter how they spent their time, there was still nothing they loved more than these quiet afternoons spent gaming together. They'd both developed strong feelings of love for each other, but neither of them had the courage to say it...

Chiaki just wasn't good at that kind of thing, her tongue got tied in knots and her brain started to overheat and malfunction when she so much as thought about it. And Hajime? Well, even after all this time, he just couldn't imagine that an Ultimate would want anything to do with the Reserve Course student like him in *that* way.

Maybe he'd come to accept that they could be friends, but lovers? No, that was just a bridge too far. That was like a commoner trying to marry a princess, it was the sort of thing that may have happened in fantasy plots, like in the RPGs that Chiaki loved to grind her way through, but they didn't happen in real life. He knew better, he wasn't that naive.

All of a sudden though, they both felt a wave of hot, muggy stickiness roll over them and through them, they caught a whiff of something indescribable, and suddenly they both found themselves overflowing with passion and lust. Their faces turned flush and pink as their clothes started to soak through with sweat. For a few seconds, they tried to ignore what was happening and keep playing with their handhelds, but their hands were trembling and getting slick with perspiration.

The heat quickly became unbearable as both of them lost their grips and dropped their consoles to the hard cobblestone beneath them. Both of the screens cracked on impact, and the starry

black sky of *Omega Gala* within began to ooze out from the broken displays like the goo of a lava lamp, massive quantities of the stuff formed columns of inky black filled with swirling nebulae and galaxies, rising up high into the air and painting over the orange sunset with an alien sky.

“*Haaa... Haaa... H-hajimeeee...*” Chiaki felt like she was burning up, melting, as she panted and breathlessly sighed her friend’s name, her gaze turning to look at him as her heart pounded in her chest.

“Ch- *huuuuh... haa-! Chiakiii...*” Hajime did the same, squirming against the bench as he started to unbutton his shirt and loosen his tie.

“Hajime, I- I need you...” Chiaki confessed as she leaned over, her breasts pressing against Hajime’s side as she pressed herself closer to him, her arms reaching around his sides as she swayed her chest up and down his arm, her hardened nipples rubbing against her clothing.

“I need you too, Chiaki, more than I can put into *words*.” Hajime returned her embrace, cradling her in his arms like he’d wished for so long to be able to do. He didn’t know why it felt so easy to speak now, but he didn’t question it, he didn’t want to question it. “I **love** you.”

“I **love** you too...!” Chiaki moaned as she pressed her lips tightly to kiss and began to kiss him passionately, “More... closer... I want to be closer to you.” She hugged him tighter, she could feel his heart beating against hers, but it just wasn’t enough.

Hajime felt the same way. “Yes, closer, I’m so happy when I’m close to you, Chiaki, it’s the only place I want to be...” He pulled her against himself as hard as he could. Their bodies were squished tight against one another and yet, it still felt too far! But how could they get closer? Unless...

“These clothes, they’re-”

“Yeah, they’re in the way, we-”

“-need to take them-”

“-off! All of them off! So we can be-”

“-closer~!”

They were speaking practically as one, finishing each other’s sentences as they started to undress each other. The process was made so much harder by the fact that they couldn’t bring themselves to part from each other for even a second. Their clumsy attempts to undress made them increasingly frustrated that these damned constricting layers of fabric were holding them back from being as close as they needed to be. Eventually, they found the hysterical strength to

just start ripping their clothes apart, casting the scraps on the ground. Something told them they'd never need to wear them again.

"Ooh, Chiaki~!"

"Hajimeee~!"

The two of them moaned into each other's mouths, their bodies soaked with sweat as they grinded and humped against each other, they didn't feel an ounce of shame, the idea didn't even exist in their minds, "shame" as a concept had essentially been erased from existence for them. The skin to skin contact felt wonderful, and yet... It still felt like it was a layer between them, they still didn't feel close enough.

"Closer, Hajime, come closer..."

"I- I'm trying! I want it too, I *need* it."

With all their strength they slammed and shoved their bodies against each other. The started fucking almost by accident, Hajime's cock slipping inside of Chiaki simply as a natural consequence of the *violence* with which they were trying to force themselves every little bit closer together. It started to look move like they were attacking each other, the melting heat washing through them rising to the point that it consumed their every thought and left only their **love**.

The both reared back, and with all of their strength, they bashed their bodies into each other, ready to butt heads with enough reckless abandon to shatter each other's skulls, but as they collided, it finally happened... A thick, gloopy sound of gurgling and sloshing flesh rang out as their heads combined and lost form, like putty, with the rest of their bodies following suit. Like a wad of dough being kneaded by a baker, their masses combined, stretching and rolling as a single mass of merged flesh on the bench.

The sounds of their moaning echoed from inside of the cocoon of semi-solid flesh that'd become. There was more than just ecstasy in their screams, they were cathartic, it was the feeling of finally being close enough to the one they loved, after so long of it feeling impossible, there was nothing between them. Inside of the undulating wad, their hands and feet kicked and stretched out before sinking back into the elastic surface, their faces and figures could be seen, pressing out from within in states of bliss. At one point, both of their torsos rose up, still inside of the mass, and kissed each other again, melting back into each other as they did.

A pussy began to form on the mass of flesh, along with a cock, both of which started to gush with their own fluids as the amorphous blob began to take a definite shape. It was as big as as heavy as Hajime and Chiaki put together, and not an ounce more (Not that weight meant anything in this world). Two arms and two legs started to sprout out, first as thin and wobbly nubs, until they became more detailed and definite.

A soft and round ass, along with a heavy set of breasts and well toned abs formed on their new torso. The headless body stood up, its hands running over its skin lovingly, rubbing its new cock and tweaking its nipples, its movements fluid and expert, as if it knew exactly how best to please itself despite having only come into existence mere moments ago.

A pair of heads sprouted from their broad shoulders. Hajime and Chiaki's, located right next to each other. Both of them looked down at themselves, continuing to explore and enjoy their new body. "Finally...!" Hajime sighed, tears rolling down his face.

"I'm a completionist, but this is the first time I've ever... *felt* so complete." Chiaki echoed his sentiment as she turned her head and kissed Hajime's cheek, "Thank you, Hajime."

"Thank me? Thank *you*, Chiaki... This is perfect, I don't ever want this to end."

"It doesn't have to... I **love** you, and I'll **love** you forever... So let's stay close forever."

"Yeah, finally I've found my other half, this is who we are now."

"This is who we were meant to be~..." The loving pair hugged their own new body as their faces made out, they flopped back onto the now much more fleshy bench, which was sprouting masses of tentacles that started to stroke and rub their bodies. The was **love**, this was the secret that the elder gods had been trying to teach this world, to truly **love**, was to become one, deep down we'd always known this, known that mankind were incomplete as individuals. Now, finally, the truth was being revealed.

Someday in the future, or perhaps the past, as time was difficult to ascertain in the world that was coming, this world would understand that **love** was universal, and that every living thing should experience this oneness, uniting as a single entity that would share the **love** with every soul on every planet around every star in the sky. But for now, this was enough. There was no need to hurry, instead, they simply relaxed and watched as the people of Earth learned, at last, the lesson they had given to us: how to **make love**.