

Commission 7
Cognitive Dissonance - Part 1
Fandom: Persona 5

Tags: NTR, Slow-burn, Orientation Play, F/F, Female Bisexuality, Voyeurism, Psychological, Cuckolding

They slipped in through the service entrance, deliberately avoiding the main gates—away from the general public who would have stopped them every few steps for photos or autographs.

Though, for once, Sumire might get stopped more than her idol girlfriend.

Especially in this place.

The air back here felt familiar to Sumire in a way that made her relax. Dry chalk hung suspended in the air, subtle yet noticeable. It was a sensation she'd never grow tired of.

Beneath it, she caught the faint rubbery scent of mats and foam, recently hauled in by support staff and stacked somewhere deeper inside. The concrete corridor carried the quiet signs of preparation—scuffed floors, taped cables, handwritten notices—all the unnoticed work that happened before anyone started watching, or stepped out to compete.

There was noise, too, but distant. A low murmur bleeding through concrete and steel, punctuated by the dull, rhythmic thud of landings. Not loud yet. Just enough to tease that the turnout was larger than she'd expected.

I thought my performance was supposed to be a surprise?

Meets hadn't ever sounded like this when she was younger.

Even the fact that the Nationals were held in such a large venue was a shock. Sumire had initially thought Ann had put the wrong address in the GPS until she started to see familiar faces...

Back when she still competed, the stands were smaller, the faces familiar, the applause polite and contained. Gymnastics had always felt...*niche*. Something you committed your life to, knowing most people would never really see it.

Now, listening to the hum beyond the walls, she found herself wondering—almost without meaning to—if that had shifted. If more girls were turning out, inspired to challenge themselves, to compete.

If someone like her could really have had that kind of effect.

The thought made her uncomfortable almost as soon as it formed.

God, could you be more arrogant?

Ann slowed as they reached the junction where they'd have to split up. Athletes to the left. Spectators to the right.

'Good luck,' Ann said lightly.

Sumire offered her girlfriend a shy smile and started to turn away.

She barely had time to inhale before she felt a grip on her wrist and she was snatched back, Ann's hand firm and warm, tugging her close until there was no space left between them. She kissed her without hesitation, mouth soft but sure, like she'd decided on it a second ago and refused to overthink it.

Sumire froze.

Not because Ann's affections weren't welcome, but because there were *people* here. A couple of staff members down the hall. Someone in a tracksuit pausing mid-step. She became suddenly, *painfully* aware of where they were, of how open the space felt.

She was just about to pull back, to murmur something about propriety and being uncomfortable when Ann wrapped her arms around her waist and pulled her flush against her yielding warmth, close enough that Sumire's breath hitched.

Ann's kiss deepened, unhurried, her tongue slipping in with familiar confidence, as if she had every right to be there.

Like she didn't care if the whole *world* watched.

Sumire's face burned with embarrassment, but she melted into her girlfriend's embrace anyway.

Her hands found Ann's jacket without thinking, fingers curling into the fabric as she let herself follow Ann's lead. The noise around them faded, replaced by the warmth of Ann's mouth, the grounding pressure of her body, the quiet certainty in the way she held her.

When Ann finally pulled away, Sumire felt dizzy.

Ann looked... radiant. Her lips were pink, her eyes bright, her expression stretched into a wide, unguarded grin that made Sumire's chest ache. She looked stunning even by Ann's standard—even dressed down in loose sweats and a baggy jacket, a cropped tank peeking out beneath. Her hair fell freely now, platinum waves brushing her shoulders, her trademark pigtails nowhere in sight.

She'd long since outgrown them.

Sumire had missed them, once. Mourned them, even.

But Ann like this—more mature, more...*womanly*—suited her in a way Sumire couldn't deny.

'Nervous?' Ann asked, voice light, teasing.

Sumire blinked at her, the words barely registering.

It felt like her mind was still trying to reboot.

‘...Huh?’

Ann’s grin turned smug. ‘Good. You’re an Olympic gold medalist, for goodness sake. Everyone in this building worships you. Stop acting like you haven’t done this routine a million times.’

Heat rushed to Sumire’s cheeks. She smiled despite herself, glancing away and tucking a strand of crimson hair behind her ear in a futile attempt to hide how pleased Ann’s assured confidence made her feel.

Ann was her biggest fan. Always had been. And no matter how easily she slipped back into old habits—the crippling self-doubt and constant second-guessing—Ann had a way of cutting through it all, in helping Sumire remain true to herself.

Her *real* self.

‘And you?’ Sumire asked, a flicker of mischief creeping into her eyes as she fiddled with her hair. ‘What will you do?’

Ann sighed dramatically and rolled her eyes. ‘I’ll go find a seat, try to enjoy myself, and wait for the star of the show.’

‘These girls are some of the best gymnasts in the country,’ Sumire said, though without any heat. ‘Maybe they’ll inspire you?’

Ann rolled her eyes again, exaggerated this time. ‘I’m only interested in *you*, Sumire. I don’t care about them.’

The admission sent a small, excited thrill through her. Ann wasn’t even pretending. She didn’t care about *gymnastics*, the only reason she was here was to support her girlfriend.

To support *her*.

For some reason, that mattered more than it probably should have. Sumire did her very best to try and hide how her heart fluttered at Ann's words.

They hugged once more, softer this time, and shared a brief, chaste kiss before finally parting ways. Ann squeezed her hand once before heading toward the stands, already scanning for a seat.

Sumire watched her go for a second longer than necessary—almost hypnotized by the unintentional and effortless sway of her girlfriend's wide hips with each step—before turning toward the athletes' corridor, heart still racing, the taste of Ann's strawberry chapstick still on her lips.

She took a steadying breath, giggled like a schoolgirl with a crush, then started to hunt for the coordinator who'd set this all up.

As usual, Ann had handled all her nerves and anxieties in the way only she could.

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Ann emerged from the concourse into the stands and slowed, surprised.

The stadium was... packed.

Not shoulder-to-shoulder, but close enough that she had to weave, bodies pressed together in that polite, unavoidable way. She paused at the top of the aisle, scanning the arena, brow creasing slightly. She'd been coming to watch Sumire compete for years now, and outside of the Olympics, she couldn't remember a time the audience had been this dense.

Her chest warmed despite herself.

Of course it was. Sumire had done this. That improbable, breathtaking victory of the underdog, late-bloomer—the one that still made headlines whenever the footage resurfaced—had shifted something in the public consciousness. Ann had no patience for false modesty when it came to her girlfriend. Whatever Sumire told herself, Ann knew better.

She'd inspired a *generation*.

Girls all over the country not only idolized her, but they wanted to *be* her. To imagine themselves in her place.

Pride swelled until she was fit to burst, and Ann didn't bother suppressing the feeling.

Then Ann sighed softly and scanned the rows again, irritation creeping in. Seats were filling fast, and she wasn't about to hover at the back like a lost tourist. She leaned forward, eyes tracking movement, when she noticed it—a pocket of empty seats in the middle of an otherwise crowded section.

And the man sitting at the center of it.

Tall. Broad. Built like he spent most of his life in the gym. His skin was deeply tanned—the kind that came from long hours outdoors rather than vacations or spray-tan—and his posture was relaxed in a way that read as confidence rather than ill-discipline. Strong jaw, sharp cheekbones, dark hair cut short and stylish. He had that cool, contained aura that made people look twice, and then look away in embarrassment.

Nearby spectators weren't staring outright—just pointing discreetly, leaning close to murmur into one another's ears.

Oh God. Is he a delinquent? A troublemaker? Or maybe he's just a creep that gets off on perving on young women in leotards...?

She rolled her eyes internally. As one of the country's most popular gravure idols, she was well acquainted with men who looked like *that* and turned out to be a hassle—she attracted them like moths to a flame. Normally, she'd avoid the headache.

But she needed a good seat.

So she ignored the little warning bell in her head—and the irony of making assumptions she'd hated people making about her—and slipped into the aisle, squeezing past a few attendees with practiced ease.

The whispers picked up as she moved.

She felt them before she heard them. The subtle shift in attention. The sideways glances. The pointing.

She resisted the urge to sigh.

She'd honestly thought, with this crowd specifically, she might pass unnoticed.

Though her career was going from strength to strength, a venue filled with young women, their trainers, and their families wasn't one a gravure idol expected to be noticed in.

She, apparently, assumed incorrectly.

Ann smiled to herself as she reached the row and slipped into one of the empty seats, close enough to get a clear view of the floor while leaving a space between herself and the supposed troublemaker.

As the whispers and discreet pointing intensified, Ann mentally winced.

Definitely underestimated my popularity...

Ann ignored the noise and settled in for a tedious few hours.

She *loved* watching Sumire perform.

These little pretenders? Not so much...

'Let me guess—not a baseball fan?'

The voice came from her right—the troublemaker—easy and amused, and Ann stiffened despite herself.

She turned slowly, one eyebrow lifting as the man beside her lounged back in his seat, his attention still fixed on the floor below rather than on her. He didn't look over straight away, as if speaking to her hadn't required any particular effort.

Ugh. Is he actually talking to me?

And *no*. She wasn't a baseball fan.

She had to give him points for originality. Of all the icebreakers and pick-up lines she'd endured over the years, that one ranked near the top for sheer strangeness. Confidence and jaw-dropping handsomeness helped, admittedly, but she still had no idea what had given her away or why baseball had even entered the conversation.

'I'm sorry?' she said at last.

This time, he glanced at her out of the corner of his eye, one eyebrow raised. Not leering, but amused. Just briefly, like he was checking her reaction.

'No, *I'm* sorry,' he said, waving a hand vaguely. 'For what you're going to have to deal with tomorrow morning.'

Ann felt heat creep up her neck before she could stop it. She'd been around sleazeballs often enough not to flinch outwardly, but irritation sparked all the same. Growing up, Ryuji had always been the firecracker of their group. Loud, impulsive, ready to snap at the slightest trigger.

Ann wasn't much better when she got going.

The man paused, brow furrowing slightly as if replaying his own words. There was a second of silence. Then he snorted, the sound half-laugh, half-realization.

'Oh.' He shook his head, clearly amused now. 'You thought I meant...'

His gaze finally lingered, traveling over her in a way that made Ann acutely aware of herself. She was all-too familiar with that lingering stare, and didn't let it bother her.

He smiled. Charm slid easily back into place.

'I mean, I wouldn't say no. You're gorgeous. And I'm a *big* fan.' He lifted a hand in surrender before she could bristle. 'But that's not what I was apologizing for.'

That gave her pause.

'I think I've got you at a disadvantage,' he continued lightly, amusement thick in his tone. 'I know who you are. You clearly don't know who I am.'

His words didn't come off as arrogance. They were stated like a fact.

...should I?

He held out a hand.

Ann eyed it for a second, suspicious, then took it.

'Shinji Otani.'

The name sparked immediately, irritating in its familiarity. Ann frowned, turning it over in her head. She knew she'd heard it somewhere before, but she just couldn't place it.

Then, without warning, a half-remembered memory of an argument surfaced. Raised voices. Sports talk. The boys of the Phantom Thieves going back and forth during one of their trips down the coast, Otani's name tossed around more than once.

Her eyes widened slightly.

'The... baseball player?'

Shinji barked out a laugh, loud enough to draw another round of glances their way. He pulled his hand back, scrubbing at his face as if genuinely entertained. Before she could get annoyed and think he was laughing at her, he waved a hand to assuage her.

'I kind of regret saying anything. It's not often I meet someone who doesn't know who I am.'

As one of the country's most successful and popular gravure idols, Ann was used to celebrity, but she wasn't bullish or arrogant enough to think that she was anything on the level of a pro baseball player.

If that's even what he is. I wouldn't be able to pick him out from a line-up...

Ann crossed her arms. 'So what were you apologizing for?'

It took him a beat to remember what she was talking about. His expression shifted, understanding dawning.

'Ah. Right.' He gestured vaguely between them. 'The tabloids.'

He let out a small sigh, half-resigned, half-amused.

‘You’re probably going to wake up tomorrow to stories saying we’re dating.’

He paused to let his words sink in, but Ann couldn’t help but notice he looked less apologetic and more amused by her plight.

‘Again. Sorry.’

Ann sighed and dragged a hand down her face as she let out a pained groan.

Sumire...was *not* going to like that.

She already dreaded having to console her still insecure girlfriend before she jumped to conclusions.

How annoying!

With the ice well and truly broken and Ann already feeling very much over...*everything*, the meet started in earnest.

Ann found the experience far more tolerable than she’d expected—not because she’d suddenly developed an appreciation for junior gymnastics, but because she wasn’t watching alone. Shinji turned out to be surprisingly good company. Easy to talk to, but sharp when he wanted to be. A little smug, a little cocky, but self-aware enough that she chalked it off as charm rather than raw ego.

And, thankfully, he *wasn’t* a creep.

He was here for his little sister, it turned out. Competing in all four apparatuses, which meant he was locked to his seat for the entire event whether he liked it or not. He spoke about her with an unguarded pride that softened his edges, and Ann found herself listening more than she meant to.

However, she caught him checking her out once or twice from the corner of her eye, thinking he was slick and had gone unnoticed.

Ann didn't rise to it.

She wasn't naïve—she knew the effect she had on people—but she was committed. Fully. She hadn't been with a man in years, and despite being bi, her attention and affection belonged to Sumire. Shinji's interest barely registered beyond mild amusement.

Thankfully, good company made the hours pass faster.

Even so, Ann felt herself perk up the moment the vault springboard was wheeled away and staff began rolling out the floor mats. The shift in equipment sent a ripple through the stands. Judges leaned together. Gymnasts cleared the floor. The announcer's voice rose, calm and practiced, explaining the intermission and what would follow.

Then came the pause.

'And now,' the announcer continued, voice brightening, 'we have a special surprise for everyone here today.'

Ann smirked as the energy in the arena changed. Heads lifted. Whispers bloomed.

Shinji leaned closer, lowering his voice. 'This got something to do with your *girlfriend*'?

Ann glanced at him, amused. Their relationship wasn't a secret, and she wasn't surprised he'd put it together.

'I don't usually spend my free time at junior nationals,' she replied dryly.

'I didn't think so.'

The lights shifted subtly as the announcer spoke Sumire's name.

The reaction was immediate.

Gasps. Applause. A swell of excited chatter as Sumire stepped out onto the floor.

Ann's breath caught.

Sumire wore her leotard like it was painted on—sleek and skintight, clinging to every line she'd carved into herself over years of disciplined practice. Her body wasn't soft like hers, but it was intoxicating all the same. Slim, yes, but dense with strength and sexy muscle. Powerful thighs flexed as she moved, her calves tight and defined. Her stomach was so hard and her leotard so tight Ann could count the abs through the material as a steamy memory of that morning resurfaced.

Of how, after Sumire stepped out of the shower, she'd run her tongue over those very same abs while looking up into her shocked girlfriend's wide eyes with perverse glee.

The fabric hugged her hips and dipped between her legs in a way that made Ann's breath hitch, cut high enough to show the shape of her ass where the lycra bit in, emphasizing muscle and flesh in equal measure. Ann remembered the way those legs felt wrapped around her head. The heat, the faint sheen of sweat after training. The tang of salt when she ran her tongue over those powerful thighs...and in between them.

Her upper body was all control and balance—strong arms, toned shoulders that spoke of a subtle power her slim build did well to hide...right up until she started moving and her strength became apparent.

And delicious.

God.

Ann moaned softly under her breath, unaware that the sound had even escaped her lips.

She'd seen this routine a hundred times before.

It didn't matter.

Ann was as excited as she was the first time she'd seen it.

She wanted nothing more than to run down there, take her girlfriend by the wrist, and hurry off to the nearest bathroom to sate her lusts.

I knew we should have finished what we started this morning...

Ann bit her lip without realizing it.

'Put your tongue back in your mouth,' Shinji murmured near her ear, amusement thick in his cocky tone.

Ann snorted softly and nudged him with her elbow, but her eyes never left the floor.

Around them, the audience buzzed. The other competitors filtered out from the tunnels with expressions that ranged from awe to barely contained excitement. Sumire smiled and waved, graceful and elegant, before taking her place at the edge of the mat.

No nerves. No hesitation.

Just confidence.

Beautiful, undeniable, unassailable confidence.

This was Sumire at her best—lost in the thing she loved most. Moving with certainty. With purpose. Confidence oozing off that powerful frame in palpable waves.

She and everyone else in the stadium watched, rapt, as Sumire moved—every leap precise, every landing clean, strength and elegance woven together so seamlessly it was easy to forget how much effort it took. By the end, Ann was on her feet, clapping and cheering louder than anyone nearby.

People stared, eyes wide.

She didn't care.

Sumire looked up, startled by the volume, her cheeks flushing as her eyes found Ann's in the crowd. She smiled shyly, just for a second.

Then she stiffened.

Ann's grin faltered. She noticed the change immediately—the way Sumire seemed to remember herself, the space, the crowd. The announcer stepped forward, clearly intending to speak with her, but Sumire waved him off after only a few words before retreating backstage.

Ann frowned.

'Is she okay?' Shinji asked, glancing after her.

'I don't know...' Ann admitted, worry tightening in her chest as Sumire disappeared into the tunnels.

'Hey—look!' Shinji straightened suddenly, pointing. 'That's my sister. She's up first.'

Ann followed his gaze and smiled despite herself. The enthusiasm in his voice was genuine, infectious. For all his swagger, the way he cheered for his sister was disarmingly earnest. The girl on the floor flushed scarlet as her famous brother once more whooped from the stands, mortified and smiling all at once.

It was...sweet. Entertaining in a way these meets typically just weren't for her...

Which was why Ann missed the vibration in her purse.

And the next one.

And the several after that.

Sumire's messages went unanswered, buzzing quietly against the lining of Ann's bag as the meet rolled on.

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While she'd left chaos in her wake outside, the bathroom was deathly silent.

The gentle trickle of running water. The soft hum of fluorescent lights. The faint echo of voices bleeding through concrete from the arena beyond. Sumire barely registered any of it.

She sat in the furthest cubicle, hunched over, her phone clenched so tightly in one fist her knuckles had gone white. The screen stared back at her, unforgiving.

Unread.

All of them.

She'd lost count of how many messages she'd sent, but Ann hadn't responded to any of her desperate pleas.

Her pulse thudded in her ears as she scrolled back through them anyway, as if one might magically appear if she wasn't looking.

She hadn't imagined it. She *knew* she hadn't.

Sumire had recognized him immediately.

Shinji Otani.

One of Japan's golden boys. A star pitcher. A fixture in the sports pages and, more often than not, the gossip columns. A week didn't go by without his name cropping up somewhere—photographed with a new woman on his arm, the headlines always coy, always suggestive.

Pop idols. Actresses. Models.

And now, no-doubt, gravure idols too.

The image burned behind her eyes.

Ann, sitting close to him in the stands. Laughing. Leaning in. Smiling that bright, effortless smile she reserved for people she felt comfortable with. Sumire had seen the way their shoulders brushed. The casual ease of it. The way Ann's posture had softened, the way she'd seemed...relaxed.

She'd looked happy, like she was *enjoying herself*.

That was the part that hurt the most.

Ann *hated* these meets. She'd never pretended otherwise. She came for Sumire, endured the long hours and the repetitive routines because she loved her, because she wanted to be there *for her*.

Today, when Sumire had looked into her girlfriend's eyes in the stands, she didn't see someone suffering through obligation...

Today, Ann looked like she was having *fun*.

Because of *him*.

A *man*.

A man whose “score card” with the ladies was almost as famous as his pitching record. Someone the tabloids loved to speculate about, whose private life they loved to dissect.

Sumire’s breath came shallow, uneven.

With Ann not replying to her messages, her thoughts began to run ahead of her, tumbling over one another in a frantic rush.

Were they still sitting there together, shoulders pressed close now that Sumire’s routine was finished?

Or had they slipped away somewhere quieter, away from the crowd and the cameras?

Making out.

Whispering into each other’s ears.

Planning their next date. Behind her back. An *affair*?

The idea sent a sharp, nauseating twist through her stomach.

Had he given Ann his number? Had Ann accepted it with that teasing smile of hers, the one that made Sumire’s knees weak and her chest ache all at once? The smile that promised mischief, warmth, and love in equal measure.

Ann wasn't a lesbian. Sumire had always known that. Accepted it. Told herself it didn't matter.

And yet...If the strap-on Ann continued to crave and insist upon in their sex lives wasn't enough of a reason to panic, then this was. Ann wanted something Sumire *couldn't* give her. Something unmistakably male.

Something phallic.

Domineering.

Something *real*.

Are the toys not enough anymore...?

The tabloids were full of tales about Otani. Everyone knew them. Unscrupulous women eager to sell a story. Rumors about his appetite and prowess abound—and the *whores* were always eager to mention the veritable baseball bat that hung heavy between powerful thighs.

It was part of the myth. Part of the appeal.

Sumire's hands shook.

Was that something Ann missed? Something she'd been quietly craving all along, denied only out of loyalty? Would she look at him and feel that old pull again—the weight, the presence, the easy confidence of a man who never had to wonder if he was enough?

The feel of something that wasn't cold... wasn't *fake*?

The thought made Sumire's eyes burn.

And yet...beneath the fear, beneath the humiliation and the rising panic, something else stirred.

A warmth she didn't want.

A heat that made her stomach flutter even as her chest tightened and guts churned.

The thoughts, the images... they horrified her. *Terrified* her.

The thought that not only might Ann leave her, but leave her for a *man*.

Yet...fear and terror weren't the only emotions she was wrestling with...

The idea of Ann with him—the height difference, the way he'd tower over her, the ease with which he could lift her up...and set her down—sent a shiver through her that had nothing to do with fear alone.

Sumire stared at her phone, vision blurring, tears gathering but refusing to fall.

Her emotions were a mess. Tangled and contradictory. She couldn't deal with them right now. And even if she could, she didn't even know where to begin...

She was scared. She wanted to scream. To cry. To bash her fist against the cubicle door...

The thought of losing Ann. Her rock. Her best friend. Her lover...

The thought of being replaced. Of being proven right in all the ways she'd tried so hard not to think about anymore...

These thoughts were wreaking havoc on her psyche...

And yet, buried beneath it all, was something quieter and far more alarming.

A shameful flicker of arousal.

The realization made her stomach drop.

What is wrong with me...?

The images shifted.

It was as if a filter had been...removed, and Sumire started to see them in a different light, unintentionally.

A different kind of dread settled in her stomach, one focused less on fear and more on inevitability and certainty.

Ann no longer hesitated in Sumire's mind. She fit so easily against him now, his arms around her waist, her back to Sumire as if that distance had always been there. As if this was how it was *supposed* to look.

As if this was *right*.

Ann tilted her head back to laugh at something Otani murmured in her ear. Her cheeks were flushed. Her lips soft and parted, her gorgeous eyes sparkling with mischief and adoration.

A look Sumire had always thought would be reserved for *her*.

When the *Ann* in her mind turned to regard her, to regard her *girlfriend*, it wasn't with the same affection she saw directed at the *man*, though it was still kind.

Almost pitying.

Patronising.

As if she was a silly little girl for expecting things to turn out any other way...

The fear that had been clawing at Sumire's chest loosened its grip.

Not out of relief but *resignation*.

As if some terrible question had finally been answered.

Her breathing hitched. Her thighs pressed together harder, muscles tensing without her telling them to. Heat spread low in her body, sharp and humiliating, her stomach fluttering even as her chest tightened.

Stop!

Ann didn't hear her. Worse, she turned away and fell back into Shinji's arms.

Sumire let out a choked sob.

The image changed again.

Both Ann and Otani naked, on *their* bed, their skin glistening with sweat. Ann sat astride his muscular frame. Gyrating. Swaying hypnotically. Her moans of pleasure were otherworldly, unlike anything Sumire could pull from her.

Ann looked happy. She looked content, fulfilled in a way she could *never* provide.

And she...accepted it. She stopped trying to fight the inevitable.

It was as if a huge weight suddenly lifted from her shoulders.

Relief flooded her system.

Something inside Sumire cracked. Then... *release*.

And then her body betrayed her.

The sensation surged up suddenly, violently, stealing the breath from her lungs. A broken sound tore from her throat before she could swallow it down, her body seizing as the wave crashed through her, blinding and overwhelming.

It was over almost as soon as it began, though her body still trembled with aftershocks.

Sumire sagged, her temple pressing against the cool tile of the wall, heart racing wildly. Her breath came in shallow, panicked gasps.

What the hell was that?

For a moment, she truly didn't understand what had happened, as if a fog had clouded her mind and made thinking...difficult.

Then she looked down.

Her hand was buried in the junction between her legs. She pulled it back, staring at her glistening fingers as if they weren't her own.

As if they belonged to someone else.

When did I...?

Horror flooded back in all at once.

Her body had moved without her. IT had used her insecurities, her fears...her desires, and it had run with them. Until the inevitable conclusion.

Tears stung at her eyes as her emotions overwhelmed her

What is wrong with me...?

The bathroom door opened.

'Sumire?' Ann's voice echoed softly, embarrassingly, concern threading deep into her tone. 'Hey. Sumire, are you in here?'

Sumire gasped, the sound sharp and involuntary, snapping her out of her daze. She jerked upright, dragging her hand away as if burned, wiping it clumsily against her thigh. Her leotard clung to her skin, suddenly too tight, too revealing.

Footsteps hurried closer.

Ann knocked on the cubicle door. 'Sumire? Is that you? Where were you?'

'I—'

Her voice broke. She fumbled with the latch, hands shaking, then pushed the door open.

Ann froze, her eyes widening in alarm at the sight of her.

That look did it.

The raw concern there. The way Ann's expression shifted without hesitation, without confusion or judgment. No distancing, no disgusted recoil. Just the two of them, no *Shinji Otani*, no...leaving her.

'Hey...' Ann's voice softened instantly. 'Honey. What's wrong?'

Something inside Sumire gave way.

Not fear. Not shame.

Relief.

The crushing certainty she'd been spiraling toward fractured all at once. Ann wasn't gone. She wasn't pulling away. She was right there, reaching for her, eyes full of worry and nothing else.

The contrast was too much. Her emotions overwhelming.

Sumire collapsed forward, fists twisting into Ann's jacket as the tears finally came, sobs ripping out of her chest. Ann caught her without hesitation and pulled her close, arms locking around her, holding her upright and tight against her bosom as Sumire shook and cried like a baby.

Ann pressed her cheek into Sumire's hair, murmuring softly, grounding her. Her presence was both steadying and comforting. Profound in a way she couldn't explain.

The realization hit her all at once.

After everything her mind had conjured.

After what her traitorous body had done.

After the humiliation and the fear...and the horrible arousal...

Ann was still here. With her.

And that meant those horrible images could be locked away, sealed off where they couldn't torment her anymore.

Just a lie her fears and anxiety had told her.

Nothing more.

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Ann sat in bed beside a sleeping Sumire, her hand clutching the phone that Futaba had installed the updated version of the Metaverse app onto earlier in a white-knuckled grip.

Ever since the meet, it felt like she'd been walking on eggshells around Sumire. Her girlfriend had been... off. Mood swings. Long silences. Emotional flare-ups that left Ann wrung out and guessing at invisible landmines.

The distance was subtle, but it had grown between them. A barrier rising and affecting their relationship that Ann was quickly growing to despise.

The last straw had been the night before.

They'd been in bed for a while, tangled together, breathless. When Ann had reached for the strap-on and passed it over, Sumire's reaction had been immediate and intense. Almost frightening in its suddenness.

Her passion felt more like anger than lust or love.

Then Ann had finished.

And, as she stared up at her girlfriend in shock and no small amount of confusion, Sumire had broken.

She'd burst into tears then rushed off to lock herself in the bathroom while Ann lay there, stunned, staring at the door in confusion

Now, she looked so peaceful there as she slept. Serene. For a moment, Ann almost convinced herself she was imagining everything. That she was reading too much into things. That this unease was her own invention.

Ann's resolve hardened.

She reached out and gently brushed a strand of crimson hair back from Sumire's face. Her girlfriend murmured softly in her sleep and curled closer, instinctively seeking her warmth. Ann smiled despite herself, heart aching at how easy it still was. How natural.

So cute...

Carefully, she navigated to the Metaverse app before turning back to Sumire and taking her hand, interlocking their fingers. It felt warm and familiar, and reminded her why she was doing this.

With a final, reassuring squeeze, she activated the app.

When Ann's eyes opened, she was still lying in bed.

A different bed.

It took a second for the wrongness to register.

The ceiling wasn't hers. Too low, too plain. No familiar cracks, no posters on the walls, no pictures on the bedside table. She pushed herself up slowly, eyes scanning the space she found herself in.

A hotel room?

Generic. Tasteful, yet bland. Impersonal to the point of sterility.

Looking to her side, she found the bed empty. No Sumire.

Ann exhaled softly and swung her legs over the side of the bed. As she stood, her gaze dropped—and she couldn't help the small, embarrassed smile that tugged at her lips.

Red latex clung to her like a second skin, glossy and tight. Thigh-high burgundy boots hugged her legs, heels sharp and confident. When she glanced over her shoulder, she flushed outright at the familiar clip-on tail swaying behind her.

What was I thinking...?

She shook her head, pushing the thought aside. This wasn't the time. She was here for a reason.

Ann crossed to the window and pulled back the curtain to look outside.

Nothing.

Just a hazy, depthless void stretching on forever.

'...Figures.'

Turning away, she moved toward the door and cracked it open just enough to peer outside, her hand inching instinctively to her hip, fingers brushing the handle of her whip just in case.

And wouldn't you know it...

A patrol of Shadows passed by, their forms indistinct and slow, footsteps echoing dully down the hall.

Ann waited.

The moment they disappeared around a corner, she slipped out and eased the door shut behind her.

The hallway stretched endlessly in both directions, lined with identical unmarked doors. Side passages branched off at irregular intervals, vanishing into shadow. The patrol took one of them.

Ann went the other way. She couldn't say why, just a strange *feeling* pulling her in a specific direction.

Her expression hardened as she moved, steps light and silent. Door after door passed her by, and with each one, she felt the same reluctance coil tighter in her chest.

Not fear—not for herself.

She knew what she might find behind these doors. Or at least, she suspected.

And a part of her didn't want to see it.

But if she was going to understand what was tearing at Sumire, she couldn't keep skirting the truth. She stopped, glanced around to make sure she was alone, then approached the nearest door.

She pressed her ear to the cool wood.

Nothing.

Frowning, she bent to peer through the keyhole, and saw only endless black nothingness.

Ann sighed, straightened, and slowly turned the handle.

The instant the door cracked open, sound flooded the hallway.

Breathless, rapturous moans—unmistakable, intimate, *far* too loud.

And embarrassingly *familiar*.

Ann startled like a spooked cat, heart lurching into her throat. She lunged forward, slipping into the room, and slammed the door shut behind her. Breathing heavily with her chest thundering, Ann waited to be ambushed by shadows.

Nothing followed.

When she was sure she was safe, she turned.

And froze.

The room was almost identical to the one she'd woken in.

Same bed.

Same soft lighting.

But she wasn't alone.

On the mattress, tangled in sheets, was *herself*.

Completely naked.

Platinum hair bounced wildly as *Shadow Ann* rode a broad, tanned, muscular body beneath her, movements frantic and unrestrained. The sight hit all at once—disorienting, humiliating, impossible to look away from.

‘...What the hell...?’

Heat rushed to Ann’s face, but she forced herself to move, circling the bed despite every instinct screaming at her to leave.

What is it with people putting me in compromising positions in their Palaces...?

It was hard not to react. Harder still not to feel unsettled watching her own body move like that, expression lost in pleasure. But curiosity won out.

And when she rounded the bed far enough to see the man beneath her...Ann stopped short.

Shinji Otani lay sprawled against the sheets, naked, powerful, hands gripping Shadow Ann’s hips, then sliding higher to cup her bouncing breasts as he thrust upward.

Ann stared, mind blank.

Then both Shadows’ Golden eyes snapped open at once, locking onto her. Eerie and synchronised.

Neither of them stopped moving.

Neither of them spoke. They barely even acknowledged her presence other than the creepy staring.

And somehow... that only just made everything stranger as they continued to fuck.

Ann couldn't help it.

Despite the seriousness of the situation—despite being here to help her girlfriend—heat pooled low in her core, unwelcome and insistent.

Forced to witness the spectacle, her traitorous gaze dragged itself back to the place where the two Shadows were joined. A sharp, electric tingle ran through her, the kind she hadn't felt in years. It stirred something half-forgotten, dredging up the ghost of an old sensation.

An old memory.

Of the last man she'd been with.

Kamoshida...

The name flashed through her mind unbidden, bittersweet, and yet she kept staring. Long enough that she almost missed what was wrong.

The curtains in this room weren't drawn.

And beyond the glass wasn't an endless void.

Ann blinked, the trance snapping all at once as she noticed movement outside the window.

A giant golden iris filled the space beyond the glass.

Watching. Not passively—*hungrily*. Greedily. Its attention wasn't subtle, or discreet. It was fixed on the bed, on the writhing forms tangled together atop it.

And on *her*.

Ann's breath caught at the strange sight that nearly scared her half to death. When the eye noticed her staring back, it widened comically—then vanished in an instant, retreating into the void.

'...Was that...?'

She didn't finish the thought.

With a final, reluctant glance at the oblivious, rutting Shadows on the bed, Ann slipped out of the room and eased the door shut behind her. Her pulse was still racing as she followed her instincts, turning down a winding corridor that led deeper into the labyrinth.

She didn't want to stop. She wanted to keep going until the strange, tugging sensation pulled her to her final destination.

But she did.

Curiosity—natural, dangerous curiosity—kept pulling her aside as she passed door after door. And each time she gave in, the result was almost always the same.

More rooms.

More fucking.

Shadow Ann and Shadow Shinji, entwined in different settings, different positions, always lost in one another. Always unaware.

And always, without fail, the giant voyeuristic eye beyond the glass.

Watching.

It never lingered once it was noticed. The moment Ann's gaze found it, it would retreat, as if embarrassed by its own desire.

Ashamed.

Ann wasn't immune to what she was seeing either.

She told herself that much firmly, even as her body betrayed her. Seeing herself again and again in the throes of pleasure chipped away at her resolve, especially with how strained her own sex life had been lately. How controlled and careful.

A part of her wanted to let go.

To sink into the euphoria Shadow Ann seemed to bask in so effortlessly.

Ann clenched her fists and forced herself onward.

I need to hurry up and do what I came here to do. This place is... affecting me.

The strangest thing of all was that not every door revealed a bland hotel room with Shadow Ann and Shinji tangled in an erotic embrace.

That, more than anything, was the only thing keeping Ann from overheating completely. Sprinkled in between the scenes of passionate debauchery were scenes of—ironically—a far more intimate nature.

One door opened onto a high-end restaurant. White tablecloths. Soft, mood lighting. The atmosphere was very cosy and intimate. Ann and Shinji sat together at a table in the center of the room, surrounded by countless others occupied by faceless Shadows. Nothing lewd. Nothing overtly sexual. Just the two of them talking, laughing, leaning in toward each other with easy familiarity.

They looked like they were having fun.

As if they were on a real date.

Ann felt an unexpected pang in her chest.

When was the last time she and Sumire had gone on a date...?

Shaking her head, she scanned the room instinctively, searching for the massive, voyeuristic eye—but found nothing. Unease prickled at her spine as she turned to leave, only to glance upward at the last second.

The chandelier.

Or what should have been one.

Instead, a single golden iris hung there, perfectly round, perfectly still, gazing down at the scene below.

Watching. Eerily.

The moment Ann noticed it, the eye winked out of existence.

She stood there for a heartbeat longer than necessary, confusion knotting with something harder to name.

There were other rooms like that. Rooms that broke up the sexual tableau and only served to heighten her confusion.

One showed her in the stands at one of Shinji's games, cheering as he took the field. Another had them walking through a park, hands brushing, bodies angled close. One—uncomfortably domestic—showed Ann bringing him home, introducing the sports star to her parents with an easy smile.

Her parents looked comically proud, way more than their typically stoic facades would ever realistically allow.

There was an uncomfortable pattern forming.

These weren't scenes of debauchery—a cuckqueen's fetish. These were simple scenes of intimacy, of something far more romantic and perplexing in equal measure.

And each time, the eye was there somewhere—subtle, embedded, watching from a place it didn't belong.

And each time, it vanished the instant it was seen.

At this point, Ann could *feel* the embarrassment and mortification roiling off the manifestation in waves...

Ann swallowed hard as she slipped back into the hallway, the doors closing softly behind her.

Sumire... What's going on in that head of yours...?

For the first time that evening, since seeing Shadow Ann and Shinji locked in a passionate embrace, Ann no longer felt desire.

She felt *concern*.

Ann resisted the urge to open any more doors.

Instead, she let her instincts guide her, deeper into the Hotel—her girlfriend's Palace. The layout twisted subtly as she moved, corridors bending back on themselves, stairwells appearing where none should have been. Shadows roamed in loose patrols. Some she slipped past unseen. Others she dispatched quickly when discovery was unavoidable.

Eventually, she reached the end.

The doors here were different. They were gilded, taller and much heavier looking. Ornate in a way that screamed importance.

The penthouse.

Ann braced herself and pushed inside. The large doors opened with little effort.

The space beyond was vast—but not luxurious.

Instead, the room was crowded. Walls, pillars, even freestanding frames were covered in screens. Dozens of them. *Hundreds*. Most flickered with the same repeating images of Ann and Shinji furiously fucking—raw and dirty.

Ann only found herself thankful that there was no audio. Together, the sounds of her moans would have been...distracting.

A smaller handful showed the other scenes—the ones that had unsettled her most. The *romantic* ones.

Intimacy with none of the vulgarity, but all the more potent because of it.

At the center of it all, Sumire knelt on the floor.

Shadow Sumire.

She looked...*wrong*.

Not just small, but curled in on herself, shoulders hunched like she was bracing for a hit that never came. She knelt in place, eyes jumping from screen to screen, breathing uneven, like she couldn't decide whether to look away or keep watching.

She was crying. Hard. Tears ran down her face unchecked, dripping off her chin and onto the floor, but she didn't seem to notice. Her lips trembled, jaw tight, as if she were biting back words she didn't want to say out loud.

Ann's first thought was that she was holding herself together.

That she was gripping at her clothes just to stay upright.

Then Ann saw her hand move.

Not slowly. Not deliberately. Quick, messy, almost panicked.

Oh...

Sumire's hand was buried in her pants, fingers moving with the same frantic energy as the rest of her—like she didn't know where else to put them. Like her body had made a decision her mind was still trying to refuse.

'No, no, no,' Sumire whispered hoarsely as she watched the screen, shaking her head as fresh tears spilled over and her furiously rubbing hand redoubled its efforts. 'Don't, n-no!'

Her hips jerked despite herself, and she let out a broken sound that made Ann's chest ache.

This... wasn't sexy. And Ann felt ashamed for having been turned on by the scenes she'd witnessed earlier.

This felt like a tragedy...

Sumire looked scared of herself. Of what she was feeling. Of what her body kept doing no matter how much she hated it.

Ann stood there, stunned, the weight of it settling heavy in her gut.

This wasn't just some twisted fantasy. Her girlfriend was falling apart...

Ann sucked in a sharp breath at the realisation.

Shadow Sumire whipped around at the sound.

Their eyes met.

Golden irises widened in raw, naked horror.

'No—!' she sobbed, and the sound broke Ann's heart. 'Don't look at me! *Please*—don't look at me!'

Ann didn't look away.

She couldn't.

Shock rooted her in place, the awful confirmation landing like a physical blow. She'd suspected—felt it, circling the truth without wanting to name it—but seeing it laid bare like this stole the air from her lungs.

Sumire wasn't just turned on by the thought of Ann being with someone else, she was turned on by the thought of being *replaced*.

By a *man*.

Sumire broke.

‘Now you’re going to hate me!’ she wailed, curling in on herself. ‘You’re going to leave me! I’m disgusting! I—I don’t want this! *I don’t want to feel like this!*’

That—that—was what snapped Ann out of it.

Not the screens. Not the act.

But the sense of finality in Sumire’s words, and how much they rang...*hollow*.

A memory surfaced unbidden. Ren’s voice, calm and infuriatingly academic, lecturing them years ago while they were supposed to be on a beach holiday.

‘...Palaces don’t form just because someone is “bad,”’ he’d said. They form when a person splits from a part of themselves. Either to excuse harmful behavior... or to justify something they believe is unforgivable.’

Ann understood instantly.

This wasn’t indulgence, just some extreme kink that had gotten out of hand.

It was *denial*.

Sumire wasn’t embracing these desires—she was drowning in them. Terrified of them. Beating herself raw for even having them, even as her mind refused to let them go.

Ann stepped forward.

She knew what she had to do.

Ann acted before she could overthink it.

Sumire stared up at her with wide, glassy eyes, frozen in place. She didn't resist when Ann knelt down in front of her—but she flinched when she closed the distance and gently wrapped her arms around her trembling shoulders.

'Shh,' Ann whispered, holding her close. 'It's okay.'

Sumire's breath hitched.

'You're not disgusting for feeling this way,' Ann said softly. 'It's okay. I don't hate you. I—I could never hate you.' Her voice wavered, but she didn't pull away. 'There's nothing wrong with feeling this way, okay? Stop torturing yourself.'

Sumire shook in her arms and tried to pull back, panic still clinging to her—but Ann's grip was firm, unyielding. She didn't let go.

Instead, she began rubbing slow, soothing circles against Sumire's back.

'It's okay, Sumire,' she murmured. 'There's nothing wrong with you. We can work this out together. I love you.'

Something shifted.

It was as if the Castle itself exhaled, the tension in the room bleeding away like a physical weight. Sumire sagged against her, clinging weakly as Ann felt the world begin to rumble, the Palace collapsing in on itself.

Ann pulled back just enough to look at her.

Shadow Sumire's face was flushed, eyes red and embarrassed—but no longer terrified.

'I love you,' Ann said again, smiling gently.

Sumire buried her face in Ann's arms and cried as the Castle dissolved around them.

When Ann's eyes opened, she was back in her bed.

Sumire lay beside her, their hands still intertwined.

After a moment, Sumire's eyes fluttered open. For the first time in weeks, she looked rested. Calm.

At peace.

She turned toward Ann, confusion flickering across her face.

Ann smiled softly, leaned in, and pressed a gentle kiss to her lips.

'Honey,' she said quietly, 'I think we need to talk.'

Sumire swallowed. 'T-talk? About what?'

Ann shifted closer, resting her head on Sumire's chest. She felt her heart thundering beneath her chin, fast and nervous, and smiled faintly at that. Lifting her head, she met Sumire's eyes.

'You *know* what.'

Sumire's breath hitched.

Ann felt it immediately and softened her tone, lifting a hand to Sumire's temple, thumb brushing gently through her hair.

'I know, sweetie,' she said quietly. 'I saw it.'

Sumire froze, eyes wide at the implication.

'You were fighting yourself so hard it started affecting you,' Ann continued, voice calm, steady. 'You didn't do anything wrong. You were just... denying a part of yourself, and doing so created a Palace...'

She leaned in a little closer, eyes never leaving Sumire's.

'I fixed it,' she said softly. 'But I saw *everything*. Your fears, your insecurities...' A small, knowing smile curved her lips. 'Your...*desires*.'

Sumire sucked in a sharp breath. Heat rushed to her cheeks, as she processed everything. Ann wondered if she'd deny it, but it looked as if collapsing the Palace had nixed that problem in the bud.

'Would you even...' she whispered. 'Would you want to?'

The question trembled out of her dry lips, caught halfway between hope and fear.

Ann felt a spark flare low in her stomach.

At the meet, Shinji had given her his number. She'd barely thought about it at the time or since—other than the one occasion she'd waved it in Ryuji's face just to make him jealous and shut him up...

Until now.

Now, his number burned a metaphorical hole in her pocket.

And as Ann considered what it would actually mean to humor Sumire's kink—to lean into it instead of just accepting it—she felt a thrill race through her that had very little to do with being supportive.

Those scenes in the Palace hadn't left her untouched.

Ann slid higher up Sumire's body, slow and deliberate, until her lips hovered beside her ear.

'It's been a long time,' she murmured, voice low and sinful, 'since I've felt what a *real* cock feels like.'

Sumire went rigid beneath her.

Then she moaned.

Ann pulled back just enough to see her face—wide-eyed, flushed, breath coming fast. The raw want there hit harder than Ann had expected. Harder than their careful, restrained lovemaking had in *months*.

Something inside her clicked.

Reaching for her phone that had tumbled onto the bed, Ann scrolled until she found the contact she was looking for.

Only then did it occur to her that she'd never even mentioned it to Sumire.

It hadn't seemed important at the time.

Now? Now it was *nuclear*.

She turned the screen toward Sumire.

The gasp was immediate. The desperate whine? *So sexy.*

‘What do you think he’d say?’ Ann asked lightly, eyes sparkling with mischief. ‘How fast do you think he’d drop everything if I asked him to come over *right now?*’

Sumire didn’t answer. She just stared, chest rising and falling too quickly, cheeks burning as if she didn’t quite recognize the woman hovering over her.

Ann tilted her head, watching her closely.

‘Is that what you want, hm?’ she teased softly. ‘You want to watch Shinji fuck me with that *huge cock* everyone’s always talking about?’

Still no answer.

Ann reached out, curled her fingers under Sumire’s chin, and gently turned her face so their eyes locked.

‘I asked you a question,’ she said quietly. ‘You dirty, *disgusting* little girl.’

Sumire whimpered again, and damn her to hell, Ann couldn’t get over how sexy that sound was...

‘N-no...’

Ann blinked. That...wasn’t where she’d expected this all to be headed.

She found herself...surprisingly disappointed.

Before she could speak, Sumire rushed on, words tumbling out in a breathless rush.

'I—I don't want you to ask,' she began, voice trembling with fear and desire in that strange yet enticing cocktail of emotions. 'I d-don't want you to ask...for my permission...'

Ann's breath caught.

Her cheeks flushed, pulse spiking as something sharp and electric shot straight through her.

Holy hell.

She bit her lip, then leaned down again, lips brushing Sumire's ear.

'Are you sure about this?' She wasn't quite able to disguise the quiver of excitement in her voice. 'You know how hot I find older guys—do you think you can handle it?'

Instead of answering, Sumire latched onto to Ann and whimpered prettily.

'I need to hear you say it,' Ann urged, desperation creeping into her own tone. 'There's no turning back after this—I know you *think* you want it, but can you handle it? *Really?*'

Sumire bit her lip, a look of complete surrender on her desperate, needy features.

She looked more turned on by what was happening than Ann felt...

'P-please...'

Ann let out a long, suffering sigh as she stared deep into Sumire's earnest eyes before, with a snort of amusement, she shook her head and smiled down fondly at her cute, degenerate girlfriend.

Once more, she leaned down and pressed her lips to Sumire's ear.

‘Yaldabaoth...’

When Ann pulled back, she was met with the expectant look of confusion on her girlfriend’s face. Understandable. This was an incredibly strange time to bring up the name of the entity they’d defeated at the culmination of their Phantom Thieves journey.

‘It’s our safe word,’ she elaborated on seeing Sumire’s questioning look. ‘Say it and I’ll immediately pump the brakes, no matter the circumstances. No judgement, no drama.’

She found it terribly ironic to use the name of a being that styled itself as the God of Control for such a purpose. *Deliciously* ironic, even.

Sumire’s eyes widened in understanding, as if the safe word itself solidified everything and crystallized this crazy moment of their lives in reality.

Leaning down, Ann placed a chaste kiss on her girlfriend’s lips before, with a teasing grin, she pulled on a well of wicked energy inside her she hadn’t ever known existed.

Hoping it would be just what Sumire wanted to hear...

‘Don’t come crying to me later,’ she whispered, ‘when he fucks me better than you *ever* could.’

The sound Sumire made was downright *filthy*—half whimper, half needy moan. It instantly validated her risky gamble and rewarded Ann for her daring.

Sumire’s arms and legs wrapped around Ann instinctively, possessive and desperate, clinging even as her body reacted in ways she clearly hadn’t planned on.

As if she was already begging for her not to leave, even as she pushed her away.

Into the arms of another.

Ann smiled to herself, heat blooming like a furnace in her core.

Huh... It really is always the quiet ones.

-

Sumire lay frozen beneath the sheets, her body taut with nerves.

Ann stood at the window, her back to the bed, Tokyo spread out beneath her in a sea of neon and light. The glow painted her silhouette in soft gold, phone pressed to her ear, posture relaxed in a way that made Sumire's stomach twist painfully.

She's calling a man...to come and fuck her... here.

The thought hit her like an ice-spike to the brain, digging deeper and deeper.

This was it. Her worst fear, made real—playing out right in front of her eyes. And yet, beneath the panic clawing at her chest, something hotter coiled low in her stomach, insistent and humiliating.

She dug her fingers into the sheets, breathing shallow, fighting the urge to touch herself. To give in. To let the thrill she didn't want but could no longer deny take over completely.

When Ann turned around, Sumire's breath caught.

Her face was flushed, pale skin stained a deep, telling crimson. Her eyes were bright, almost feverish, and the grin she wore was unmistakably excited—so loaded with implication it made Sumire's thighs tense reflexively.

'He'll be here soon,' Ann said lightly.

How is she so calm? How can she so easily...do this?

The thought paradoxically turned her on even more, and she whimpered.

Ann moved toward the bed on all fours, slow and deliberate, every motion with a predatory sensuality. Sumire pushed herself up instinctively, lips parting as Ann drew close, desperate for a kiss—for something grounding.

Ann only laughed softly.

She nipped at Sumire's chin instead, playful and cruel all at once.

'Love,' she murmured, eyes sparkling mischievously, 'we're going to need the bed.'

Sumire gasped and shuddered pathetically.

At Ann's raised eyebrow, she swallowed hard and forced herself to move. Her legs trembled as she stood, crossing the room on unsteady feet before lowering herself into the armchair nearby. She curled in on herself, hands gripping the arms tightly, trying to still the chaos brewing in her core.

Ann disappeared into the bathroom soon after.

The sound of running water only made things worse.

Sumire's thoughts spiraled, tangled with jealousy, fear, and a wicked anticipation she didn't know how to handle. Her chest felt tight as the realization settled in.

Ann was getting ready.

For *him*.

A man who was going to fuck her.

While she watched.

Her breath came faster as she stared at the closed bathroom door, her body betraying her all over again.

Instinctively, she slipped a hand into her panties and pulled it out, her fingers glistening with her excitement. She stared at them, uncomprehending, before letting out a shuddered breath.

He wasn't even here yet...

Sumire listened to the sounds of Ann moving around the bathroom while her stomach churned with anxious knots and her desire crept higher and higher, impossible to ignore.

She barely registered how long she'd been sitting there before the gentle knock came.

She startled hard, breath catching.

What—? That can't be him. The concierge would have called... unless—?

The realization hit all at once.

Ann had called ahead. Let the desk know they were expecting someone.

A guest.

A...lover.

On trembling legs, Sumire crossed the room. Her heart pounded so loudly she was sure it would give her away. She peered through the peephole, and whimpered softly.

Shinji Otani stood outside her door.

Japan's golden boy.

Her hands shook as she unlocked the latch and let the door swing open.

Shinji paused when he saw her. Sumire curled inward instinctively, suddenly acutely aware of herself—her oversized shirt, her messy hair, the way her nerves must be written all over her face.

I'm a mess...

'Er... hello,' he said, polite, almost hesitant.

Sumire couldn't find her voice. She stepped aside instead, wordlessly letting him in.

After a brief pause, he followed, slipping out of his shoes and hanging his jacket on a nearby hook. He looked put-together, like he'd been out when Ann called him.

As if they'd interrupted his evening...and he was more than happy to oblige...

The silence stretched.

Sumire had never felt so painfully awkward in her life.

Shinji, apparently, didn't share the problem.

He offered his hand, smiling easily as he shook hers. As if he weren't here to fuck her girlfriend.

'I'm a huge fan,' he said, without a trace of shame.

Sumire's gaze flicked, helplessly, to the gold medal displayed above the fireplace. Then back to him. She nodded stiffly.

'Are you... sure about this?' he asked, brow creasing slightly. 'You don't look so good.'

That was when Ann appeared.

Both of them froze.

Ann leaned against the hallway doorway, freshly showered, wrapped in a flowing, sheer lace nightie that left very little to the imagination. The lace drifted over her body, almost entirely transparent, her breasts clearly visible beneath the delicate fabric as if it had never been meant to conceal them at all. Her hair was still damp, her skin glowing, her expression wickedly calm.

'What makes you think she has a say in the matter?' Ann asked lightly.

Sumire shuddered, a small, broken whimper slipping free at the casual cruelty in her girlfriend's tone.

Shinji let out a low whistle, all thoughts of Sumire clearly evaporating as his eyes zeroed in on her visible, pink nipples.

'...Wow.'

Ann shot Sumire a cheeky grin before turning back to Shinji, one eyebrow lifting.

'Let's not waste time,' she said. 'You said you were busy?'

Shinji exhaled slowly, gaze still fixed on the body barely veiled by lace. ‘...Yeah. I was out with my girlfriend. I need to get back soon.’

‘Such a shame,’ Ann pouted, tapping a finger thoughtfully against her lips. ‘Maybe next time we’ll have more time.’

The words stabbed at Sumire like a dagger to the heart, and yet her body betrayed her all the same. Heat pooled between her thighs, a dampness she desperately tried to hide by tugging her shirt down further.

Then Ann took Shinji by the hand and led him toward the bedroom.

Sumire followed after them on unsteady legs, dazed, like she was moving through a dream she couldn’t wake up from.

When Sumire reached the bedroom doorway, the sight waiting for her hit harder than a punch to the gut.

Ann and Shinji were already tangled together, arms everywhere, mouths crashing together with frantic urgency.

Sumire’s legs felt weak as she stumbled toward the armchair, her eyes glued to them despite herself. Jealousy twisted painfully in her chest, even as her arousal sky-rocketed. Her body trembled, caught between wanting to look away and being utterly unable to.

They didn’t have much time, apparently—and Ann had no intention of wasting what little they had.

Without breaking the kiss, she fumbled with Shinji’s shirt, unfastening buttons with impatient fingers, shoving fabric aside until it was gone. Clothes followed quickly after that, discarded without care, until Japan’s golden boy stood before her stripped down to nothing but his briefs.

Ann finally pulled back.

Her lips were swollen, flushed from the kiss, her eyes dark as they dragged greedily over the obscene bulge straining against the thin fabric.

It seemed the rumours were true...

For a split second, Ann's gaze flicked to Sumire—a flash of something like guilt crossing her face.

Then it was gone.

Ann dropped to her knees.

Her eyes never left his as she reached up, fingers hooking into the waistband of his briefs, and tugged them down in one smooth, deliberate motion.

His huge cock sprang free the moment the tip cleared the waistband, smacking Ann in the chin with a heavy, meaty thwack. This time, both Sumire and Ann whimpered as one—but for very different reasons.

Shinji groaned, his hands reaching up and threading into his hair when Ann took him in her hand, her fingers unable to close entirely around his girth. Her girlfriend only had eyes for Sumire in that moment though, and as she gently started to stroke that disgusting thing, she looked as if she were waiting for something.

Sumire wasn't sure, but she couldn't hold herself back anymore. It felt as if her entire body was overheating, and if she didn't let off some steam, she'd start screaming like a tea kettle.

When Sumire leaned back into the armchair and slipped a hand into her panties, Ann's smile split her face, her eyes flashing with wicked delight.

It was as if touching herself was the green light Ann had been waiting for.

Because in the next moment, Shinji let out a deep groan when Ann opened her mouth wide and swallowed his leaking member whole.

Sumire shuddered, less at the act itself, and more with Ann's familiarity with it. As far as she knew, she hadn't been with a man in *years*, yet she swallowed that thing with such ease she found herself questioning reality.

She watched in a daze, touching herself as she beheld her girlfriend surrendering to a man.

Replacing her...

And as that thought twisted like a knife in her gut, Sumire buried her face in the armchair's plush cushion, her fingers moving in a blur.

She didn't stop until she heard Ann gasp. Looking up, she'd disgorged the large member and left it glistening and shining with her spit.

Before Shinji could complain, Ann got to her feet and took his wrist, bringing him over to their bed. Unceremoniously, she threw him down on Sumire's side and mounted him.

Ann looked beautiful, powerful and awe-inspiring.

Sumire's hand moved faster, desperate needy moans slipping from her lips as tears stung at the corners of her eyes.

Before Ann mounted her lover though, she looked over her shoulder at her girlfriend, her eyes glistening with cruel mischief. She reached back, running her hand along the glistening length without breaking eye-contact with Sumire—challenging and wicked.

'You want to watch me fuck him, honey?'

She couldn't have lied even if she wanted to.

With tears streaming down her cheeks, Sumire nodded desperately, more sure than she'd ever been in her entire life.

Ann offered her a charming smile, but what she said next shocked her to her core.

'Then come here and prove it. Put him in me, you *dirty* girl...'

As if her words weren't clear enough, Ann leaned forward, flipped her nightie up and showed off her bared nethers. Her flower was leaking with even more excitement than Sumire's own, and the sight of it next to that disgusting...*thing* triggered something in her she hadn't known existed.

'Come on,' Ann whispered urgently, her lips gliding up and down the length of the penis as her body gyrated with her eagerness.

Feeling disgust welling up in her, Sumire nevertheless stood and stumbled towards the bed on unsteady legs. Ann's smile widened and, when she was close enough, she reached out to take Sumire's wrist in a gentle grip. The disgust Sumire was feeling reached new heights when Ann forced her to take a hold of the...*thing*, but she pushed that from her mind by focusing on her girlfriend's beautiful face.

And the way it tensed, and then relaxed when she put it inside her.

She was sure Shinji was groaning at the feeling of Ann's delicate flower, but Sumire couldn't take her eyes off her girlfriend's face. The way she smiled, the way her eyes fluttered closed, the way she moaned as she sank down and took as much of him as she could inside her.

It was all so...*alien*.

She's never like this with me...

'Say thank you...'

Sumire's eyes widened in shock.

'W-what?'

Ann dropped low and let out a moan that sounded as if it had come from her soul. When her eyes fluttered back open, they were twinkling with mischief once more.

'Don't be...*nnnh*...rude, honey. Say thank you to the nice man who is fucking me better than you ever could...'

She had to grip her girlfriend's shoulders to stop herself from collapsing when her knees gave out.

This was so *wrong*, so *dirty* and yet...

She'd never been more turned on in her life.

'T-thank you,' she whispered and Ann moaned just from the submissive tone alone. 'Thank you for...fucking my girlfriend better than...better than me.'

'Any time!' Shinji groaned, thrusting his hips up and eliciting a delighted gasp and squeal from the blonde bombshell.

Finally, Ann let her go and Sumire stumbled back to her seat, unable to look away from the sight of that huge penis destroying her girlfriend's beautiful, delicate flower as she bounced on it.

Sounds came from Ann's lips that she'd never heard before. A mixture between a wounded animal and a woman who'd lost all semblance of shame.

The fucking was intense and brutal, and Sumire lost herself in the spectacle.

She was only thankful that they were so lost in each other's embrace that they hadn't witnessed her shame, how she'd cum several times just from watching them fuck in her own bed.

'Cumming!'

'Yes!' Ann cried, her bouncing growing more frantic as the end neared. 'Cum in me! *Ooooh!* Fuck! So good!'

Sumire watched, transfixed as Shinji's huge penis visibly *pulsed* as he pumped her girlfriend full of his discharge. The sounds Ann made as he filled her were euphoric, her hair whipping around as her own climax claimed her.

As Shinji and Ann giggled breathlessly and whispered sweet nothings to each other while coming down from their highs, Sumire realised their lives had forever changed.

Nothing would ever be the same.

And as clarity cut through the aroused fog surrounding her mind like a knife, she only had one, brutal thought.

What have I done...?