# 66 - A Business Trip with the Association President - Intermission

At that moment, I read various emotions in the man's eyes. The first and most prominent was a look of bewilderment.

Contrary to my concerns, feelings of betrayal or disappointment were hard to find. Well, it's not like I went around claiming to be an innocent virgin. He just assumed that on his own.

From the start, when I was invisible roaming around the association, he should have noticed something was off. No, even before that, didn't he sense something strange right after the Slime Gate incident?

Besides, the natural blowjob at the gas station today and the underwater sex acts aren't exactly virgin territory.

'So I thought he already knew I was a total pervert.'

Whether he was thinking the same thing as me, his eyes changed emotions rapidly within 1-2 seconds. He seemed to be recalling the behavior I had shown. Soon, his face was tinged with self-doubt about why he hadn't realized sooner.

"I was wearing rose-colored glasses."

From bewilderment to self-doubt, his eyes finally settled into a stable gaze. Surprisingly, what they held was a sense of relief.

"Ah, mister...?"

Why is there relief here? I felt a strange uneasiness. How should I put it? A feeling of 'this is even better'.

Was he secretly feeling burdened by the thought of taking my virginity? Or did he think I was a virgin and was planning to be gentle, but now that he knows otherwise, has he removed all limits thinking he can do whatever he wants?

'Wasn't the mister also into teasing...?'

Come to think of it, the mister had an even stronger sadistic tendency than Shin Taegeon. At least that Taegeon guy was a coward by nature and would tremble when I didn't show weakness, but the mister wasn't like that.

For example, you could say Taegeon was meek by day, wild by night, while the mister was wild day and night. Without needing invisibility, he'd do things like putting his dick in my mouth in broad daylight in public places, or making me cum by touching my pussy in the ocean, not caring about time or place.

"Minjeong." "Y-yes...?" "Transform for me."

I transformed without protest. All potential external exposure routes were blocked, so it was safe here. In an instant, the pretty girl in hanbok disappeared and a magical girl in pink appeared.

"I thought I knew everything about you."

The mister muttered while scanning my body with his eyes.

It was actually true. Not only did he know I used to be male from the beginning, but besides family, he was the only one who knew that the magical girl Floss and the ordinary person Do Minjeong were the same person.

"I thought we were almost like father and daughter. Since I helped you a lot when you started hero work." "O-of course. I could even call you daddy.

Daddy♡"

It was still hard to tell if he was angry. As a last resort, I even acted cute.

I said I wouldn't do it again because it was embarrassing, but maybe I should call him daddy again like I did at the association last time. It might help calm his anger a bit.

"But I didn't know our Minjeong was such a slut." "W-what?!" Wait, a slut? That's too harsh...

After pondering for a moment, I heard a voice of self-reflection in my head. 'Is that right?'

It's true that after becoming a woman and discovering my tendencies, I got addicted to the stimulation and sought out defeat play. But I never cared much about the notion of preserving female chastity, so I didn't think it was a big deal.

And the men I met seemed to feel similarly. From the start, Shin Taegeon was hiding his alpha male status of having had one night stands with multiple women under the mask of an invisible pervert, and Michael was obsessed with systematically seducing new female club members.

'I never even considered a future of dating men, getting married and starting a family.'

That kind of future didn't even cross my mind. But it seems the mister thought I would do that someday. In a way, it felt like a direct clash with the common sense of the older generation.

Even if I used to be male, now that I'm female, the common sense is to save myself for my future husband instead of acting promiscuously. Despite his hobby of threatening and assaulting female heroes into submission, in the end the Association Director mister was still old-fashioned.

"I won't ask which man you gave it to." "Th-thank you...? No, I'm sorry...?"

It was a huge relief. If he had asked me to confess all my experiences one by one, it would have been very burdensome. I could lie or refuse to answer, but that wouldn't be easy either.

'It's not so easy to resist someone with their dick inside my pussy.'

It's already hard enough to speak with that thick cock-shaped sweet potato inside me. It's only the glans inserted and holding steady for now, but I could clearly foresee climaxing from penetration if the mister thrust his hips even once.

So I had no choice but to take a submissive attitude towards the mister for now. Who knows what would happen if I acted up. I'm not sure exactly what I did wrong to the mister, but all I could do was apologize profusely.

"I'm sowwy, daddy...♡ I won't be reckless with my body again...♡" "Alright, daddy will have to give his slut daughter some sex education in person."

Wait, that 'slut daughter' title is too much of a turn-on. Please use that again. I'd like you to call me that the whole time we're doing this today.

"If our daughter was a virgin, I would have taught her gently. But since that's not the case, I can be rough. Our slut daughter has already passed that final stage I mentioned earlier." "Hnngh♡ C-calling me slut daughter... I don't like that...♡" "What do you mean you don't like it? Your pussy keeps squeezing tightly every time I say it. Is this how our slut daughter shows affection to daddy? You like any man, whether daddy or mister?"

Smack! Smack!

The mister took a position to pin me down from above and slapped my thighs. As the slapped areas turned bright red, he muttered softly.

"It's not that you like any man, you like any dick." "Hnngh...♡ Hnnk♡ That's wight, I'm... a slut daughter obsessed with dick♡"

Normally I would have dragged it out more, but I just couldn't take it anymore. He had already brought me to the brink of insanity with his expert-level pussy licking, and now he was just parking that thick Rolls- Royce-grade glans at my vaginal entrance.

"So please...♡ Thrust your dick deep inside... and make me daddy's bride...♡"

A pleading tone came out involuntarily before I knew it. As if I had really become a slut daughter. Having turned into a lewd, unfilial girl who needs to be spanked with a dick to come to her senses, I met the mister's eyes with a seductive gaze.

"Hii, hiyaaah?!"

But the mister knew all too well what I wanted. You could tell just by how he grabbed my hair roughly and pushed in while saying:

"Not a bride, but a dedicated cock sleeve."

My father from when I was male, or as ordinary Do Minjeong, would be at home. But it wouldn't be wrong to say the Association Director, Mr. Hwang Cheoljin, in front of me was essentially the father figure for the magical girl Floss I am now.

Such a father figure said that for a slut daughter like me, cock sleeve was more fitting than bride.

"...That's right."

Suddenly I was reminded of the forms we had to fill out periodically in school stating our future aspirations. I would write down my own aspirations, and next to it my parents' desired aspirations for me.

If that document were here now, 'bride' would be written as my aspiration. But 'cock sleeve' would surely be written as the aspiration my parents want for me.

...And I chose, at least for now, to be a cock sleeve.

"I'll be daddy Association Director's dedicated cock sleeve daughter♡" Cock sleeve daughter. Masturbation daughter. Slut daughter.

Whatever I became was fine. To be penetrated by that sweet potato dick with its amazing technique. I had to be defeated in my relationship as Association Director and hero to become a sexual favors hero, and I also had to be defeated in my quasi father-daughter relationship to become daddy's dedicated cock sleeve daughter.

Squelch♡

"Ooh, ooohhh...!!"

The dick entered suddenly without warning as soon as I declared myself a cock sleeve daughter. Even though my pussy was already loosened from plenty of foreplay, I barely managed to endure the crisis of almost being torn apart. It felt like I had handed over the remote control for my lower body to the Association Director mister, as I was filled to the brim and beyond.

"Ugh, uuungh...♡ It's too... thick...♡" "If you're daddy's dedicated cock sleeve, you need to change your pussy to fit daddy's dick. Make sure to prepare next time." "Yes♡ I understand♡ I'll masturbate every day with a dildo shaped like daddy's dick♡ Oohk♡"

Every time the mister slammed his dick in, sounds that a daughter should never make in front of her father leaked out. The squirting was just a bonus.

"From now on, our daughter will confess her wrongdoings one by one with her own mouth." "W-wrongdoings?♡" "Daddy will give you signals, so speak up each time. Then you'll be given an amazing gift."

A gift? What kind of gift could be waiting? Just being in this situation, with this dick inside me, is already the best gift for me.

While I hesitated briefly, the mister lifted my body and changed to doggy style. Then he started pounding me roughly from behind like an animal while mercilessly spanking my ass.

Smack!

So this is the signal. This is the signal daddy said he'd give. Realizing immediately, I began confessing my wrongdoings.

"A-as daddy's dedicated cock sleeve daughter, oohk♡ I dared to fool around with other men♡"

Smack!

"Forgetting my duty as a masturbation daughter... ungh♡ I wrongly assumed you wouldn't like me since you knew I used to be male♡"

Smack!

"Oh, ooh♡ I should have let you hear this vulgar and obscene slut daughter voice more often... unghk♡ But I was negligent in contacting you, so I couldn't... ahhn♡ let you hear it♡"

Smack! Smack! Smack!

My parade of apology lines continued after that as well. Anticipating that amazing gift. Wondering what kind of gift it could be that he guaranteed would be even more incredible than this.

"I'm sorry for being an unfilial daughter who doesn't wake you up with blowjobs every morning♡" "I'm sowwy for being an exhibitionist addict daughter who teases daddy by going invisible while naked...♡"

"I'm so sorry for being such a pathetic, orgasm-prone nipple-pinching slut...♡♡"

Right as the tenth one came, the Mister stopped his piston action and pulled his dick out with a *popping* sound!

"Eeeeek♡"

The moment his dick was pulled out, my body went limp like a machine with its power cord yanked out, and I collapsed. The Mister flipped me over as I was, ass high in the air and face buried in the pillow, panting heavily.

"Gi, Giwwe sumthin'... Giwwe sumthin' gooood...♡" "I was going to anyway. A chance for breeding." "Bwee, Bweeding...?"

It took me a moment to understand. I guess my intelligence level had dropped significantly from all the sex.

"A baby, in my tummy...?" "Yes, to give birth to your dad's granddaughter and daughter." "A, ahh, noooo...♡ That's taboo...♡" "We're not blood- related, so it's fine. This way, you can be both Dad's bride and daughter." "Hee... Not just a cumdump, but a bwide...?"

I laughed without thinking. I couldn't really think properly. Since he said he'd give me a gift, I just gratefully accepted.

But people's greed knows no end, and when I came to my senses, I was lying down, lifting my head, and licking my tongue out.

"If I'm a bwide... Kiss, kiss me...♡" "A kiss?" "Yees, like you kiss me when I go to sweep, mmm♡"

The Mister granted my request. But it was a little different from what I had imagined. Especially in terms of the position.

Against my will, I was curling up like an armadillo. My butt was lifted so high that my pussy was facing the sky. But right above my pussy was the Mister's body, a giant wall, and a hard support called a dick.

There's no escape. This is a position that highlights the will to impregnate a woman, a female, a cumdump... no matter what.

'...Breeding Press.'

I realized I was screwed and tried to open my mouth to scream, but my mouth was instantly blocked by the kiss I had requested a few seconds ago. As I kissed him, entranced, and shared our saliva, I felt as if my uterus had been directly hit by an earthquake of overwhelming intensity.

"Uhh, uhhh, uhhhmmph♡"

Even as my lips were connected and I couldn't even let out a proper moan, the piston action continued.

*Squeak squeak, squish squish...*♡

Don't tell me, you're going to push me as the next generation's representative hero. You're not going to impregnate me, are you?

Come to think of it, was today a dangerous day? Did I bring the slime in my bag? I think I brought it knowing something like this might happen today... Or maybe he's just saying this and will pull out before he cums?

Even as anxiety gripped me, my body was being overly honest. Just look at the moans coming from my mouth, now free from the kiss.

"Ugh, hooooook♡♡"

The Association President detonated a special semen bomb inside me, ending today's grand finale with a Breeding Press climax.

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Dawn, with little time left before the sun rose.

In a hotel room noisy with the broadcast of an overseas soccer game, there was one sound that was particularly out of place.

*Slurp... Sluuurp... Slurrrrp slurp slurp...*♡

The Association President, leaning against the end of the bed so he could comfortably watch television. Clinging tightly to his crotch, as if she were a sexual disposal tool, was a woman making that sound as he watched the overseas soccer game with interest.

Inside that woman's pussy was slime that she had secretly brought from home, but,

"Oh, oh?! He's putting it in! Gooooooooal!" "Ugh, cough! Hack, hack... It, it poked my throat...♡" "Oh, sorry. But you were still sucking my dick? Do you like sucking dick that much?"

Turning my back to the television and single-mindedly focusing on his dick, I puffed out my cheeks and grumbled.

"It's not about liking or disliking it, it's just that cleaning up with a post-sex blowjob is the obvious thing to do." "Really? Other female heroes haven't done this much for me." "...Really?" "Anyway, just like the slutty daughter you are." "U, ugh! Please don't say things like that. This is... yeah! It's because I'm Dad's personal cumdump daughter!"

The Mister stroked my head as if he were impressed. Feeling strangely good at the touch, I rubbed my soft cheeks against his dick and licked the side of the shaft with my long tongue.

"Ah, come to think of it, I almost forgot. There's a request that came in under Flos's name." "Huh? Work all of a sudden?" "I thought I'd forget if I didn't do it now."

A request? It hasn't been long since the Drug King case ended, and already?

"It's thanks to my influence. You remember the gate incident last time, right?" "Of course. The one where I caught the slime. They said they'd use it as the academy's training ground." "It's been a while, but either way, the academy handled the situation so cleanly that there were no repercussions at all, and they're full of praise. So they've commissioned another job."

I waited with sparkling eyes. If it's a job commissioned by the academy, maybe?

"They want you to work as a temporary teacher for a while." "A teacher?" "Rather than a teacher, it's closer to a student teacher in the general sense."

The Mister nodded and continued.

"Actually, the students there are either the same age as you or even older than you. Hero hopefuls are usually around your age, though." "Why me in particular? If someone younger than them teaches them, they might feel resentful." "Maybe the academy thinks... that you're the best young hero right now, so they brought you in to discipline the puppies who are running wild in the narrow well that is the academy." "Oh, come on, you're hyping me up too much." "I'm not hyping you up. Even among the hero hopefuls at the academy, everyone in that age group admires you. But you've not only become a hero, but you're also on the verge of becoming an S-class."

I blushed at the shower of compliments. And the Association President rubbed his dick against my cheeks.

"...How does it feel to slap the face of such a superstar with your dick?" "Overwhelming superiority."

You're being too honest, so I have nothing to say.

"It shouldn't be too difficult, so just go and suck up the honey and come back. Just suck my dick for now." "Those jokes aren't funny." "Haha, if you finish this job, there's a high chance you'll be promoted to S-class. You say you don't want much, but once you become an S-class, your perspective will change completely."

I met the Mister's glans with my gaze and licked the shaft as I replied vaguely.

"I see. My perspective... *lick*, will change." "Just in case, don't do anything weird at school." "Of course. It's not like I'm a sex-crazed pervert, *slurp*♡"

...I'm sorry to the Association President, but.

I was already fantasizing about what kind of defeat play I could enjoy at the academy.

# 67 - I Became a Teacher at the Hypnosis Academy (1)

'I can't believe I'm going to be a teacher.'

I had briefly dreamed of becoming a teacher when I was young, but so much time had passed that I had even forgotten that I once had such a dream.

In fact, it's rare for someone my age to become a teacher unless they're working part-time at a cram school or as a private tutor, but I was an exception. As the association president said, I was confidently invited to Hero Academy as a 'teacher.'

'Strictly speaking, I'm not a formal teacher, though.'

You could say I'm closer to the image of a student teacher that we commonly know. Of course, since I'm not a student from a college of education, I won't be treated like a real student teacher. If I had to put a label on it, the term 'temporary teacher' would be more appropriate.

"Hoo."

It's a completely different realm from my hero life, where all I had to do was beat up villains or kill monsters. But I was more excited than nervous.

Is it because it's a new experience? Or is it for another reason? '...How do I play the victim?'

It's easy to plan when the opponent is clearly a villain, but it feels ambiguous when I think of it as a school. I can't do what I did in the university basketball club. Back then, I could get away with it because I was in my normal form, without worrying about the aftermath, but that's not the case now.

'Since it's Hero Academy, I'll have to stay transformed the whole time, right?'

I started fantasizing about various scenarios assuming I'd be transformed, but nothing felt quite right.

'Gangbang the students? Well, even though they're students, some of them are older than me.'

If I were to do it, the overall structure would be similar to what I did in the basketball club. But unlike then, I'm going as Magical Girl Flos now, so the risk of getting caught is too great. If there are many students, it will be even more difficult to keep their mouths shut.

'Then, on the contrary? The principal or other older male teachers...?'

This was also ambiguous. The victim play only works when the other person is a crazy person like Michael or Shin Tae-gun, or openly lecherous like the association president, but there's no guarantee that there will be such a person at the school.

Moreover, since it's Hero Academy, many of the teachers are also from hero backgrounds—although there were also several ordinary teachers, excluding combat subjects—even if I gave them an opening, they were unlikely to take it.

'From the start, openly seducing someone disqualifies you from the victim play.'

Meanwhile, I arrived at the academy and was walking down the hallway towards the faculty room. The hallway of Hero Academy was crowded with students and teachers alike. It seemed like the news of my arrival had spread like wildfire.

"Isn't that Flos?" "I heard she's coming as a temporary teacher..." "This is the first time I've seen her in person, but she's so pretty."

Unaware of what I was thinking inside, the students looked at me with admiring eyes. I heard compliments like "pretty" here and there, which were awkward a few months ago but now I'm used to.

'They probably think they're whispering, but I can hear everything.'

But actually, I might be more popular than I thought. I didn't expect such a crowd to gather.

Come to think of it, I haven't really experienced popularity much. At most, the camera shutters of reporters when I go to and from the Hero Association?

I hardly ever walk around in public in my Magical Girl Flos form unless I'm on a mission, so I've never leisurely strolled through a crowded place in my magical girl form like this.

'That's why I used to do more ego-surfing on internet communities.'

Hero-related internet communities rarely mention heroes below A-rank or B-rank, and S-rank heroes account for more than 90% of the mentions.

Since I'm an A-rank, I'm mentioned relatively less compared to the S-ranks, so I might have been underestimating my fame until now.

"Waaaaah! Flossssss!!" "I love youuuu!!"

...There's no way they'd be so enthusiastic otherwise.

Only a few students knew that I was coming in advance, and the rumors seem to be spreading quickly since I arrived, as the students' response increased as I went further. Before I knew it, the hallway became so crowded that it was impossible to pass through.

At this point, I became conscious of the other faculty members' eyes, so I had no choice but to walk as quickly as possible and enter the faculty room.

Thud!

"Haa, haa..." "Haha, you've arrived. It seems the kids welcomed you a little too enthusiastically?" "It seems so..."

I quickly closed the faculty room door and gasped for breath. Even though it was closed, I could feel the heated atmosphere from beyond the door. A kind-looking vice-principal with a half-bald head greeted me.

"Then, please have a seat. While having some tea, I'll tell you what you need to do at this school."

The 'tasks' I was guided to by the vice-principal were roughly two.

Even though there were two, the first task was practically non-existent. That's because, in the case of general subjects, I could just observe and watch whenever I felt like it.

Even though it's Hero Academy, they don't just learn how to fight. After all, a school is a school. There were also subjects that taught common sense, systems, or laws necessary for hero life.

'I just leave all this to the association...'

It was a comedy that I, who came as a teacher, skipped all these educational courses and was cast right away, so I didn't know anything.

In other words, I really didn't have to do this if I didn't want to. There's already a teacher in charge of the class and students taking the class, so I'm just supposed to observe. Maybe it's to become a totem for suppressing the hero-wannabe students with superpowers who look down on ordinary teachers.

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'The second task must be important.'

On the other hand, the second task was something that I definitely needed to do.

The gate that I had directly taken on the academy's request with my sidekick Dark Swan. After I caught the boss monster, a slime, there, the academy invested time and resources to recently complete a training ground.

'They're entrusting me with that gate training?'

They could entrust it to someone else, but since it's the first time that a gate, which is a monster's territory, has been made into a training ground for hero aspirants, it seems that some symbolic meaning has been given to me.

Well, I'm the one who knows the most about that gate. Of course, hero activities and teaching hero aspirants are completely different realms, but I wasn't lacking in confidence. I was also somewhat interested.

'So, the victim play is...'

But the victim play still lingered in my head. I wanted to just quietly move on and give up this time, but I couldn't easily give up.

'If it's gate training... the boss monster is dead, but there must be some slime left, so I could show them what it's like to be defeated in front of the students?'

That was the most plausible thing. It's a bit disappointing because it's too similar to the structure when I went into the gate with Dark Swan, but if I really want to do it, it seems like this is the only possibility for now.

"Then, please wait a little until the class start time and then go out. The heat outside is still intense." "Ahaha... I guess so. Then, please excuse me for a moment."

While I was making a decision and smacking my lips slightly in regret, a male student came into view.

'Oh my!'

I was startled and opened my eyes wide, thinking that one of the students had even sneaked in to see me, even though I had closed the door. But when

I looked again, I realized that he was just having a meeting with a woman who seemed to be his homeroom teacher.

But something felt strange. For no reason, my eyes kept going to that male student. Even when I tried to turn my gaze away, I would find myself looking at that male student.

'What is it?'

Even I couldn't immediately understand this feeling. 'It's not like I fell in love at first sight...'

He looks to be around my age, but he has messy hair and is short, so objectively, he's not the type to catch my eye. Moreover, I'm even less interested in men's appearances.

While I was wondering what the cause could be, my eyes met those of the nameless male student.

"Hello?"

Unlike me, who was startled and stiffened, the male student smiled unpleasantly. His eyes, which were barely visible due to his hair, were curved in a crescent shape.

Goosebumps rose on my arm. After being dazed for a moment, I belatedly came to my senses. I awkwardly nodded my head in greeting, but I couldn't hide the unpleasant feeling.

'...Threatening?'

Only then did I realize why I was so nervous. What I was taking right now was a defensive posture no matter how you looked at it.

But apart from recognizing the feeling I felt, I couldn't easily understand it. Me, taking a defensive posture? Against a hero aspirant whose superpower hasn't even been revealed?

'No way.'

But I couldn't lightly dismiss the anxiety I felt right now. Because it came from instinct.

It wasn't often that I felt something instinctively before I recognized it with my head. That means the other person is that dangerous, but I couldn't figure out why that nameless boy was dangerous on the surface.

It was the same even when I awakened the magical girl's sixth sense that can even discern invisible people. Well, if the boy's superpower is the cause, then it can't be known with human sensory organs.

"Then, I'll be going now, teacher." "Oh, okay. Go back. Class will start soon."

The male student quietly opened the door and left, as if he had finished his meeting with his homeroom teacher. He didn't even look back at me, but I didn't let my guard down until the end.

When I couldn't hear his footsteps anymore, I slightly lifted my butt and moved my seat towards the homeroom teacher who had the meeting with the male student. I wanted to find out about that male student, no matter what. It would be even better if I could find out what superpower he has.

"Excuse me, hello?" "Ah, you're the one who's coming today..."

Fortunately, she knew me, so the conversation went smoothly. Without further delay, I asked directly.

"What were you having a meeting with that male student about earlier?" "A meeting?" "Oh, you don't have to tell me if it's difficult." "No, well. It's not that kind of thing."

The homeroom teacher tilted her head and continued.

"Actually, strange things have been happening frequently in our class... Class 7 these days." "Strange things?"

I perked up my ears. Could it be that? Like the 7 mysteries of the school or something.

It's common for schools with a long history to have their own set of urban legends, often referred to as the "Big N Mysteries." Of course, Hero Academy wasn't quite that old.

"I'm the homeroom teacher for Class 7, and lately, something's been... off. My memory gets hazy during morning assembly, after-school meetings, or even when I enter the classroom to teach my subject."

"Hazy memory, you say?"

"Yes. I can't quite recall how far we've progressed in Class 7, and I feel inexplicably tired after being in there... especially my lower back and jaw feel stiff."

"That's strange. It only happens with Class 7?"

The homeroom teacher nodded. It was definitely an odd phenomenon, but I still hadn't heard the reason for the interview.

"It's not just me; other female teachers have shared similar experiences, so I don't think it's just my problem."

"Hmm..."

"So, I'm calling the students in one by one. If they're playing pranks with some strange superpower we don't know about, I'll have to give them a good scolding to make them stop."

The homeroom teacher sighed deeply, seemingly frustrated. After listening to her complaints about how difficult it was for an ordinary person to deal with the mischievous pranks of aspiring heroes with superpowers, I finally asked my question.

"So, what was that male student's superpower again?"

"Yoosung's superpower is telepathy. So, it's unlikely to be related to this strange occurrence, but I just called him in case he knew something. I've been interviewing the other students in Class 7 one by one as well."

I nodded, but I didn't fully accept her explanation. There was no way I would feel this threatened and go on high alert because of a simple telepath.

'There's definitely something there.'

His name was Yoosung, right? I need to find out more about that student. Author's Note

Tomorrow is my regular day off.

# 68 - I Became a Teacher at the Hypnosis Academy (2)

There was only one way to learn about the male student named Han Yoosung.

'Observation.'

Aside from Gate practice, there were no classes that I absolutely had to conduct. I had heard that I could simply observe general classes or hero- specific subject classes led by other teachers.

In truth, there was no real reason to go, and nothing good would come of it, so I didn't plan on observing often. I was more of a "let's go home early" type. But now that things had turned out this way, I had no choice but to be sincere.

'Let's see, what classes can I observe...'

Of course, there were classes I couldn't observe. Ordinary teachers, overwhelmed by the power struggles caused by the aspiring heroes' special abilities, were the ones who mainly wanted me to observe their classes, not the experienced hero-born teachers.

Therefore, there was a separate list of classes I could participate in. And among them, I singled out Class 7, which Han Yoosung belonged to, and then added the condition that I had to be able to go in today, leaving only one option.

'History class?'

It would be great if I could see Han Yoosung's true colors in this class.

With that thought, I immediately called the teacher in charge of observation classes.

As expected, the classroom descended into chaos as soon as I appeared. The observation of a class by a current hero was more than enough to attract the students' attention.

"U-Um! Please sign this for me!"

"I don't know if you remember me, but I joined your fan cafe, bought all the merchandise, and even asked for a photo last time..."

"Are you taking the class with us today? Or are you here as a special teacher?!"

"Hey, think before you speak. Why would Magical Girl Flos take a class with us? This isn't a variety show."

"Ah, hahaha..."

I smiled awkwardly and answered the students' questions one by one. Seeing them like this, I strangely felt like I was really a teacher.

'Just a few days ago, I was a college student myself.'

I know that some of these people are around my age, or even older. But maybe it's because of the nature of the school. When I think of myself as a teacher and the people gathered around me as students, I feel a little proud.

"Alright everyone, class is about to start, so please take your seats. You're making the teacher uncomfortable."

But as the break was nearing its end, I had to say something. A beautiful woman in her early thirties had quietly entered the classroom and was cautiously standing in front of the teacher's desk without anyone noticing. She must be the history teacher.

"Ah, hello...!"

"Please take care of me today!"

I waved the students away and exchanged brief greetings with the history teacher. There wasn't much for me to do in these observation classes, so it was just a formality to say hello and briefly hear about anything else I needed to know.

But what was this? The history teacher started speaking with a heavy atmosphere.

"Um, there's one thing I'm worried about." "Yes?"

"Actually, I didn't ask for the observation for no reason..." Class was about to start, and suddenly?

I was a little taken aback, but I decided to listen anyway. Maybe it had something to do with the male student I was trying to learn about, Han Yoosung.

"As you may have heard from the homeroom teacher of Class 7, in my case... it's a bit stranger."

"Stranger? Come to think of it, the homeroom teacher did say that she doesn't remember much after going to Class 7."

"That too, but... well, young female teachers these days feel similarly. After going to Class 7, they feel... hot, or have a headache... or their... you know..."

"Their what?"

"You know, a woman's..."

I finally understood and made an "ah" sound. I shouldn't say this in this kind of setting, but...

'So, they're saying they get horny.'

If it wasn't just one person, but several people felt similarly, there must be a reason. Moreover, if the older homeroom teacher of Class 7 wasn't affected, but only the young female teachers frequently fell into a horny state, it was even more suspicious.

'Could this be Han Yoosung's superpower?'

Meanwhile, I glanced at the seat where Han Yoosung was sitting while talking to the history teacher. He was sitting in the corner, at the very edge of the classroom.

His long bangs made it impossible to tell if he was looking this way. He seemed to be nodding off. But one thing was becoming clear. The strange phenomenon experienced by the female teachers seemed to be related to Han Yoosung.

'But horny?'

Could my instincts be warning me so strongly just because of the power to make women horny? No matter how I thought about it, that didn't seem right. If I was this wary of just making people horny, I would have been afraid of the Drug King, too.

'It's also strange that he entered the Hero Academy with the ability to make people horny.'

The Hero Academy is a fairly thorough institution, but it was hard to understand how someone with the ability to make people horny could have suddenly tricked them with telepathy to get in. In the first place, could you even use the ability to make women horny at will in hero activities?

'And it's also strange that he's using such an ability just to mess with the teachers.'

The more I thought about it, the more questions arose. The history teacher seemed to think that a student with the power to make people horny, or something similar, was sexually harassing the female teachers, but I didn't think so.

'There's something else. Something I don't know yet.'

I went to the very back of the classroom, even behind the row where Han Yoosung was sitting, grabbed a chair, and sat down. I was going to observe Han Yoosung from here.

Since I was observing, there was a chance that nothing would happen today. But if he was the kind of guy who would commit lewd acts against a female teacher during class, he might ignore my presence and do it anyway.

' What could it be?'

At this point, I was starting to get a little excited. In fact, I had been fantasizing since I heard the history teacher talk about being horny.

I thought that maybe I could enjoy a loss-play without the risk of getting screwed over during my time at the academy.

'Of course, I'll have to see more to know.'

For now, the class proceeded without any major issues. Of course, I wasn't particularly interested in history, so I had to force myself to keep from yawning, but since the aspiring heroes weren't looking down on the teacher or acting out, my presence seemed to have some meaning just by sitting there.

It really felt like a normal history class. Even I was about to fall asleep, so what about the other students? Most of them were already snoring, and Han Yoosung was the same.

"Alright, everyone~ wake up!"

Maybe it's because she's still quite young and has enthusiasm for teaching. The history teacher clapped her hands to wake up the sleeping students. As the students woke up one by one, groaning sleepily or stretching, there was one man who remained steadfastly in a deep sleep.

"Alright, Yoosung-ah! Wake up quickly!"

Since he was the only one still asleep while everyone else was waking up, he couldn't help but stand out. My gaze naturally turned to Han Yoosung. Or rather, towards the history teacher who was approaching with the sound of her heels clicking.

"I said wake up~?!"

The history teacher finally clenched her fist and knocked on the desk to wake him up. Remembering my high school days, I felt a sense of nostalgia, which somewhat eased the tension at that moment.

"Ugh... I'm sleepy."

It wasn't a big deal. Han Yoosung openly showed his displeasure, rubbed his eyes, and got up. Then, he took out his phone from his pocket, displayed a strange screen, and held it out towards the history teacher.

...That was all there was to it. "Huh?"

The history teacher was flustered and took a step back. She looked puzzled, as if asking what he wanted her to do. I also alternated between looking at Han Yoosung and the history teacher, straightening my posture.

"What is this..."

"Please look at the phone screen."

At Han Yoosung's leisurely and languid voice, the history teacher stared at Han Yoosung's smartphone screen as if possessed. In an instant, her pupils contracted and dilated repeatedly, and then she emitted a blank, thoughtless gaze.

"Just teach the class, teacher. Don't bother waking me up." "...Understood."

What is this? What's going on? My body twitched without me realizing it. Should I leave now?

It's clear that something strange is happening. It's definitely strange that someone would suddenly become so blank just from being shown a phone screen, and that they would obey a student's rude words without any resistance.

'Should I snatch that phone?'

My conviction as a hero to act immediately clashed with my reason, which told me to observe the situation first to determine how to respond. While I was hesitating, Han Yoosung stopped the history teacher, who was about to return to the teacher's desk.

"Don't you know how to greet properly? After causing trouble." "...Ah, I'm sorry."

Who caused trouble for whom? Han Yoosung spouted nonsense and beckoned with his finger. What was even more absurd was that the history teacher obediently listened to him and walked back to Han Yoosung.

And then, without realizing that anything was wrong, she lifted her skirt in front of Han Yoosung and showed him her panties.

'What the...!'

I was startled and widened my eyes, but Han Yoosung, on the contrary, smiled with satisfaction and patted the history teacher's crotch with his palm.

"That's right. Like a cumdump, befitting a cumdump. You learned that, right?"

"Yes...! Yoosung-nim's cumdump #27, I'll be on my way...!"

Before the shock I felt from this absurd sight could subside, Han Yoosung turned around and looked towards me.

"Y-You... what are you doing right now...!"

"Ah, come to think of it, I haven't cast it on Flos-ssi yet."

Suddenly, I realized that the other students in the classroom weren't feeling anything strange despite what was happening.

Could it be? Could everyone here have fallen victim to Han Yoosung's 'hypnosis' ability?

"You wouldn't happen to be using hypnosis...!"

"Yes, yes. That's enough. 'Nothing happening here today is strange or awkward. Han Yoosung is a perfectly normal student, and you must never harm him in any way.' Got it?"

Before I knew it, his gleaming phone screen was back in my field of vision. Even if I tried to avoid looking at it or turn my head away, it wasn't as easy as it sounded. I couldn't hide my bewilderment and had to passively accept his voice buzzing in my ears.

"Ugh, this is...!"

"Understood? You're a smart magical girl, so I trust you understand."

As I groaned and scrunched up my face, Han Yoosung smirked and approached me. He seemed to have judged that the hypnosis was complete and that I could never harm him.

And with the phone still in his hand, he ordered me.

"Then get down on the ground right now and lick my feet."

A forceful voice. An arrogant tone. A sense of obligation to follow that order immediately. It was a strange sensation, as if an unknown force was moving my body against my will...

"What, why aren't you moving? Is it a glitch?"

But wait a minute. '...I think I'm fine?' Author's Note Hypnosis App on