

Interlude IV

Misty returned to the headquarters of Dark Crime, letting out a small sigh as she closed her eyes and elegantly swept her shimmering black hair, matching her gothic lolita dress, away from her face.

Having just sullied the body of the shape-shifting heroine, her frilly black gloves were stained with a milky residue, clinging to her dark hair, but she paid it no mind at all.

"Honestly, to think I'd have to lay eyes on your faces so soon after coming back... it's utterly unpleasant."

As she quietly opened her eyes, she noticed two shadows in the space that had been empty just moments before, blocking much of her view.

"No, no, it's just that I was curious about your half-hearted return during such a splendid moment."

Standing to her left was Debro, a grotesque pig-like creature, pushing up an ill-fitting suit over his rotund body, grinning with a vile smile.

While his words were likely meant literally, the troublesome executives were always at odds with one another, and Misty understood well that he was speaking to her in a provocatively taunting manner.

"If I had known this would happen, I should have gone along too and had my way with Shine Mirage after it was all over."

A loud voice echoed from above, and there was no need to think about who it belonged to; it was the crude man whose appearance and personality were the exact opposite of Misty's preferences.

"How annoying. I'm considering the future here, so could you please not talk to me every time? You're ruining my good mood."

The pleasant feeling she had from the intense training she had undergone evaporated instantly with the appearance of the two male monsters. Her gaze turned sharp and piercing, deliberately laced with thorns to convey her desire for them to leave quickly.

However, she was well aware that it meant nothing to the executives who knew her personality inside and out, and as expected, neither of them made a move to leave.

"Oh? What do you mean by considering the future? Would you care to enlighten us foolish ones?"

Debro's exaggerated manner of speaking only intensified her irritation. Misty deliberately averted her gaze and let out a large sigh.

"I absolutely refuse. It's something you'll understand later anyway, and I have no obligation to tell you."

"Tch... I figured as much."

In contrast to the disgruntled Dolcos, Debro said nothing. He likely understood Misty's intentions.

While the giant creature seemed genuinely clueless, there was no need to explain anything to him, and the thought of doing so was a bother.

As she silently passed between the two monsters, not even glancing back at them, she attempted to return to her room when Debro's voice echoed behind her.

"I wonder whose turn it will be next."

"...Who knows? Why not ask the doctor? After all, it was his strategy that defeated Shine Mirage, so the initiative lies with him."

The training conducted by the executives had already gone through a full cycle. Everyone shared the same desire to further train and thoroughly ruin the shape-shifting princess with their own hands.

However, the greatest obstacle, the shape-shifting princess, had been defeated by the doctor's strategy, and he held the reins for future training as well.

While they had received permission to act with a degree of freedom, it was only natural that they would have to wait for instructions at certain junctures.

As she walked away, feigning disinterest, her mind was already simulating how to utilize this modification for the next training session.

"So, you left the shape-shifting princess to the combatants, but is that really okay? Did you make sure to pack the usual tools?"

Just as she felt relieved to have finally distanced herself from the ugly duo, a low voice called out from behind, stopping her in her tracks.

Turning her head slightly to catch a glimpse of the speaker, she flashed a devilish smile in their direction.

"I've clearly communicated the restrictions, so it's fine. Unlike you two, my tools are quite refined..."

She playfully stuck out her tongue and licked her lips as if savoring something delicious.

"I melted it into my body beforehand and directly poured it in with a kiss."

As before, the defeated transformation heroine stepped into her room late at night. The shameful perverse costume had vanished, replaced by a pure uniform that made her look like the noble young lady she usually was, but inside, she was different.

The intense training that had taken place from day to night had left its mark as lewd scars, and even though everything had ended, she was still being scorched by a lascivious flame.

"Ah... mmm... they toyed with me the whole time... but my chest still aches... ah, no... it's not good..."

Her mouth, anus, and even her modified breasts had been thoroughly ravaged by the hands of three combatants.

Even if her energy was restored, the heroic reversal of justice never came, and instead, she spent her time filled with humiliation.

Placing her bag on a round transparent table, her liberated hands moved toward her uniform. With a rustle, her blazer fell to the floor, and the buttons of her blouse were undone one by one, revealing a pure white bra that symbolized her innocence.

With smooth efficiency, she unclasped the bra, and her breasts, which had been confined, bounced with a delightful sound.

Her nipples stood erect, and her white skin glistened with a sheen of sweat. She moved toward the washroom, unable to hold back, and her lower body, still in uniform, made its way to the bathing area.

Her hands roamed over her G-cup breasts, creating a state of milking that she couldn't even count how many times had happened that day, and she gulped, tightening her grip.

"...Mmm! Ahhh!! If I let the milk out... my body tingles, nnnnn!! Ah, nnnn!!"

With a splat!! The milky liquid shot straight against the wall of the bathing area, filling the enclosed space with the sweet scent of milk.

She understood that she was making lewd sounds, but the pleasure of the milk gushing from her nipples was something she couldn't endure even in her imagination.

The sense of release from letting go of what had been pent up was eerily similar to that of an orgasm, and the time spent in training with the female phallus forcibly dominated her mind.

"Ahhh!! It's becoming a habit... I shouldn't be doing this... ah, nnn!! The milk is gushing out!!"

The young lady sank deeper into the pleasure of milking herself. Even in absolute disadvantage, she continued to fight as a heroic transformation heroine.

However, the clasp of the bag she had placed down was not fully secured. While its owner was lost in the shameful act of masturbation in the bathing area, it slowly began to open.

Though only a short time had passed, the clasp came undone, and the bag opened wide. From within, a small black sphere rolled across the table.

"Sahime... you seem a bit down, is there something bothering you?"

The weekend had ended, and Koyo Academy was once again filled with the vibrant energy of students. The young lady heroine, who had been modified and thoroughly beaten by Misty and the enhanced combatants, maintained her usual demeanor despite carrying emotional scars.

Surrounded by many students who adored her, she spent her school life. Even during lunchtime, many students invited her, but seeking a moment of peace with her best friend Mio, the two headed to the student council room.

Amidst their trivial daily conversations, Mio seemed to sense a slight change in Sahime and murmured with concern.

"...I have no worries. I might just be a bit busy and not getting enough sleep... I'm sorry for worrying you."

While she was glad to have a friend who could pick up on her subtle changes, the frustration of not being able to share her troubles pierced her heart.

Though it sounded like a casual excuse, the truth was that she was indeed lacking sleep. The perverse training and modifications had left the defeated heroine comforting her ravaged body at night.

Her breasts, which now produced milk thanks to Misty, throbbed with heat, and to release the tight sensation, she found herself squeezing and milking her own breasts, adding to the pleasure of lactation.

Her voluptuous body, tainted by perverse desires, continued to send stimulating sensations from within, driving her to want to shamelessly grasp herself and indulge in the pleasure of lactation.

(I shouldn't be like this... being in the school building rather than at home... my body is reacting... at any moment, I might leak milk...)

If she let her guard down, sweet and tantalizing sighs that invited sexual excitement would spill forth.

And for some reason, even with her best friend, who was worried about her, by her side, the pounding in her chest only intensified.

"Mm, but your face seems a bit red... do you have a fever?"

"—Huh!? M-Mio... your face is too close...!?"

Concerned for the gloomy young lady, Mio had leaned in so close that their foreheads nearly touched, revealing her healthy and beautiful face. While she couldn't match Sahime, she was still a beautiful girl in her own right, and the unexpected closeness sent Sahime's senses into overdrive.

Even just walking beside her had an effect, but now that they were staring at each other from such a close distance, she feared that her unusual reaction would be noticed.

Yet, at the same time, that fear was intertwined with a burning excitement, and she couldn't help but wonder what would happen if she were discovered.

"Come on, we're girls, so it's fine, right? Oh, could it be that Sahime has a taste for that kind of thing?"

"N-No, that's not it! W-What are you suddenly saying...!?"

In a situation where she was losing her composure, Mio's unexpected actions and words left her unable to hide her usual calm demeanor.

Her desperate denial, with flushed cheeks, could easily be interpreted as an affirmation instead.

"Ahaha, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Your reaction was just too cute, I couldn't help it..."

"Come on, Mio..."

Even though she was being teased, this embarrassment felt oddly pleasant, and her once-turbulent heart began to regain its calm. After a few blinks, she felt a sense of expanded awareness and newfound composure.

With this, lunch would be enjoyable... she thought, glancing at the window. The clear blue sky seemed to brighten her mood. The schoolyard was filled with students enjoying their lunch break.

While she was immersed in the peaceful atmosphere of the academy, she suddenly caught sight of a figure out of the corner of her eye.

"I'm sorry. Go ahead without me!!"

"Eh, wait, Sahime!?"

Her body moved reflexively, leaving her bewildered friend behind as she accelerated forward. Normally, running in the hallway would be frowned upon, but there was no time for that now.

She changed her shoes at the shoe locker and continued without slowing down toward the gymnasium. Her destination wasn't inside but rather a secluded area behind the building.

It was the perfect spot for hiding and doing something, and general students would rarely approach voluntarily. Because of that, if someone was there, it was highly likely they had a reason.

"What are you doing!?"

Just after spotting multiple figures, a clear and dignified voice rang out. She saw three male students leaning against the building, pulling something out of their pockets.

"Kuroda... it's you guys again."

"What do you want, student council president?"

Kuroda, the leader of the group, responded with annoyance to Sahime's angry words. He shot her a sharp glance for a moment, then closed his eyes, raked his short black hair a few times, and clicked his tongue loud enough for those around to hear.

No matter how prestigious the academy, there would always be "delinquents." This was undoubtedly one of the problems at Koyo Academy, a dark side of the institution.

While they weren't acting openly, their existence was well recognized by students and teachers alike, and Sahime had been struggling with them.

What they were currently holding was a pack of cigarettes, and had Sahime not discovered them, they would have likely been smoking in secret.

"Hand over what you're holding. Quickly."

"Tch... here."

The hand she extended to retrieve the cigarettes was ignored, and the pack was tossed right between the student council president and the delinquents.

"Let's go."

"Y-Yeah."

They understood that resisting was pointless. Calling to the other two, they turned their backs on the confronting young lady and walked away.

"The conversation isn't over— honestly, it's always like this... it's a good academy, but they're far too lenient with them."

After the three delinquents left, Sahime sighed softly as she picked up the discarded cigarettes.

In a school known for its good conduct, such a presence should not exist. Ideally, it should have been resolved immediately, but Kuroda was the son of a voter, so minor issues were often swept under the rug.

Of course, as the student council president and as a person, she couldn't overlook it, and she had been keeping an eye on them, but that only resolved the immediate problem.

Even if she thought it was pointless to use her parents' names, she wanted to solve it with her own strength, but at this rate, rehabilitation was nothing more than a distant dream.

Recently, she had even heard rumors that they were connecting with delinquents from other schools. She needed to do something before the problem escalated further...

"Sahime, are you okay!?"

Just as she began to ponder, she instinctively turned around at the sound of her friend's voice from behind. When she turned, she saw Mio, slightly out of breath and wearing a worried expression, as if she had been searching for her.

"Yes, I'm fine. You know my abilities, right, Mio?"

"Y-Yeah, but... it's still scary. They're boys... and delinquents, right? What if something happens?"

The reason they were currently backing down was that Sahime had dealt with them in the past. They hadn't listened to her warnings and had rebelled, so she had no choice

but to take action, but the result of winning without injury against several of them had been quite effective.

Since then, when she warned them like she did now, they had stopped rebelling unnecessarily and would simply comply, and if others dared to defy her, she would just retaliate.

"There's no such thing as 'what if,' so don't worry. Now, we're running out of time. Let's head to the student council room."

With a confident smile, Sahime reassured Mio, who responded with a smile of her own.

There shouldn't be any "what ifs." Yes, if things continued as they had been, the possibility would have been virtually zero.

However, the current student council president was in a state where her identity was known to Dark Crime. She remained unaware that this entire sequence of events was being closely observed.

"Damn it... that Toudouin always gets in my way!!"

Kuroda kicked an empty can he found on the way home with force. Unlike teachers and students, Sahime was the only one who interfered with his freedom at school life.

Being the daughter of the Toudouin conglomerate only intensified his frustration, as he couldn't simply eliminate her by relying on his parents.

She was stronger than an average man, despite being a woman, and this only fueled Kuroda's frustration, as there was no one among his peers who could match her.

"One day, I will absolutely wreak havoc on this academy to the point where it can't even exist anymore...!!"

He would make her pay for all the disturbances she had caused with that excessively voluptuous body of hers. Whether he could actually carry it out was uncertain, but he was determined that someday... As he approached the dimly lit exit of the park, he suddenly stopped in his tracks, noticing a figure appear before him.

A girl, about the height of an elementary school student, dressed in a white dress. Her black hair flowed in stark contrast to her clothing, and her blood-red eyes pierced through Kuroda as she stared at him.

A chilling sensation ran down his spine, and an indescribable tension stiffened his body; despite not being threatened in any way, his legs refused to move.

As if mocking Kuroda's frozen state, the girl smiled and slowly opened her mouth.

"Don't be afraid, big brother."

I apologize for taking so long during this brief intermission.

The dark crime side has gathered, so now it's time for the academy's enemies (?).

I had written part of how the enhanced combatants were violated, but it felt too similar to what had already been done... I'm currently pondering what to do.

After the Misty Arc

After Misty left, all that remained on the rooftop were the de-energized Transformation Princess and three enhanced combatants, a total of four people.

Among them, the beautiful heroine was pressing her abdomen, her buttocks raised high, trembling all over.

Her abdomen, swollen with semen, had been deeply punched, causing the accumulated cloudy liquid to be discharged all at once, easily leading her to an orgasm of pleasure.

The black ball also descended into the excretion hole, pushing up the costume. The state of having leaked excrement further adorned the Transformation Heroine in a wretched manner, making her the target of the combatants' mockery.

"Haa, hahee... Ooh, ohoo... Dick juice... From my, ass... hole, it's coming out, hooo..."

Dull pain ran through her abdomen, and intense pleasure gushed from her anus. The de-energized Transformation Heroine was now just a girl clad in a perverted costume, with no means to resist the combatants.

"Well then, shall we have some fun?"

"Aaaah... Ooh, my butt, don't rub it so much... Unhiiiee!!"

"Right now, you're our toy. Just moan lewdly and wretchedly!"

It would be a hindrance now, no doubt. The combatant, having removed the black ball, used both hands to grab the fleshy, sensitive buttocks, applying force to confirm the sensation and distort the shape.

As his fingers kneaded with such force that it felt like they would sink in, a sweet, melting, numbing sweetness was produced.

While enveloped in a comfort that she must never acknowledge, the humiliation of being at the mercy of the combatants gave her even more masochistic pleasure.

The final touch was a spank on the buttocks, delivered as punishment to the heroine who repeatedly made futile attempts to resist. Released with a roar that resonated through her body, the merciless, intense blow vigorously shook her soft buttocks, and a pain that resonated to her core raced through her as a perverse stimulus.

"You're making sounds like you enjoy being spanked. Aren't you ashamed of calling yourself a heroine of justice when you're a maso pig?!"

"...N-no, I'm... I'm not a maso pig... Agyiiaah... Omuuuu!?! Jubuguu, jub!!"

"Shut the hell up!! That mouth of yours is just a cunt-mouth for sucking dick!"

Even if only a little reason remained, a rebellious spirit would appear. Even after exposing such a wretched, unsightly figure, she did not break, so perhaps she should be praised for that alone.

But such things were irrelevant to the evil combatants. Rather, they also had the desire to see the dignified heroine succumb to pleasure and shamelessly beg for dick, and in some cases, a rebellious figure was simply a hindrance.

Just as she desperately tried to deny it, her pigtails were grabbed from both sides, and as her upper body was forcibly pulled up, a phallus was thrust into her mouth, which had opened in pain as her hair was pulled out.

Her mouth was filled with the smell and bitterness of a male. As it occupied the depths of her throat all at once, her face was simultaneously pressed against a crotch covered in pubic hair, and her vision was dyed completely black.

(Aaaah... Again, this... My mouth, being messed up so badly... The taste and smell are the worst... But why, is my head melting...)

Her small reason showed disgust, but her stimulated instincts cried out in joy, and the foul odor that made her nose wrinkle made her body burn with heat, and she even felt that the taste of the bitter phallus was delicious.

The difference in taste she felt when she was trained by Deburo. The reality that she found fresh, hot semen more delicious than the chilled state forcibly resurfaced.

"Ora ora!! Remember, you perverted heroine!?! When you suck dick, you have to suck it properly and serve us!!"

"Juburu!! Nnguu, fo, fonra... Obumuu!?! Njurururuuu!! Juburu, juju!!"

(I really don't want to... But, if I don't do this... Ahaaa... Hollowing out my cheeks, making dirty noises... How indecent... My head is melting...)

Even if she wanted to forget, she could not forget those humiliating training sessions. The vacuum fellatio, sucking with a loud noise, was something her body remembered no matter what, considering the dense training, even if the number of times was small.

She emptied her shame and sucked on the hot, trembling phallus of the rapist, convincing herself that it was just a task. As the combatant desired, she hollowed out her cheeks as much as possible, performing a hyottoko fellatio as if sucking in air along with it.

While linking it to the memory of the humiliation she was subjected to by the combatant during her first defeat, the sight of her desperately shaking her head while her hair was grabbed was wretched in itself.

"I couldn't see that face of yours last time, but I can see it clearly this time, huh? The usual strong heroine is sucking on a dick with a melted face!!"

(D-don't look... That's not right... I'm not, feeling good about being treated like this...)

As the combatant pointed out, this time the visor had been peeled off by Misty's hand, revealing the face of the unidentified Transformation Heroine.

Her defiled face was smeared with lewd liquid. She looked up as if to deny the combatant's words, but her eyes were not the usual strong ones, but rather drooping and tearful. The gap between her usual attitude and this excited the dark male even more, stirring up an even stronger desire for conquest.

"Tch, that side looks like they're having fun. But, I think I'll have a taste of that ass hole soon."

"Nmuguu!? Hi, hia, forefa... Nnguu!! Nnju, gujubu, juburururuuu!!"

"Don't forget your service!! You're using your cunt-mouth, so suck on your beloved dick properly!!"

It had faded slightly from her thoughts because her mouth was being violated, but it was not as if the combatant who was playing with her buttocks had disappeared. Perhaps the sight of his comrade being excited by the vacuum fellatio service and the coquettish expression shown by the heroine had ignited him. He spread her buttocks wide to the left and right, and the countdown to impalement with his fleshy dick began.

A faint, tingling numbness was sent along with a low voice, and just as she was about to stop serving and appeal for a halt, her hair was pulled, forcibly returning her to the depths of his throat.

Was it inevitable as a result of training that she would reflexively suck and lick with a vulgar sound?

"That's right, right now you're not a heroine of justice, you're just a dick hole!!"

"Nnnnnnnuuuuuuuu!? Nbuoo, gubujuruuu... Jubu, oboooo!!"

(Ohoo!! Dick, dick is going in... A-and, this is... Ooo!! Kuhoo, ahiin!!)

The rigid object was thrust in as if mocking her sense of justice. Although slightly inferior to a monster, the intrusion of the heinous phallus, which was more than

enough to tame a female who could not resist pleasure, was carried out without shifting her costume, of all things.

The sense of defilement along with the sacred costume instantly reminded her of the training from Deburo, and she could not hide the joy of having her overly sensitive anus filled.

Her excretion hole was forcibly widened, and her rectum was filled with a sense of pressure. Her sensitive intestinal walls were strongly rubbed, giving her the illusion that she had been turned into a sausage.

The various sensations that came to her mind one after another with just a single insertion attacked her like demons, trying to melt the little reason that remained.

"I wanted Deburo to see this, but I never thought it would come true so soon. Oooo!! You're squeezing so hard that it feels like my dick is going to be torn off, you maso pig is enjoying it!!"

(That's not true!! I'm not, enjoying it... Nooo, hooon!! S-spanking, my body is going numb... Butt spanking, stop...!!)

Pampam!! The intense piston movements were repeated to the point where her buttocks shook violently. It was enough stimulation to resemble spanking, but there was no way that a member of an evil organization would stop there.

He was probably trying to give her a lot of stimulation at once and enjoy the reaction. The arm, swung back greatly, was slammed like a whip against her white, beautiful buttocks with the sound of the wind cutting through the air.

"Don't enjoy being butt-spanked, suck on it more vigorously. Ms. Maso Heroine."

(I-it's impossible... My head is about to go blank... Nooo, ohoo!! A-another spank... But, I have to suck dick...)

Even though her brain was enveloped in a pink haze and her thoughts were unsettled just by having her rectum roughly stirred, the merciless blow was repeated as if to blow it all away.

It was impossible to spare any consciousness for the service to the phallus that she was forcibly made to hold in her mouth. Even so, she firmly attached her young, plump lips and pursued the huge phallus as her instincts dictated.

"You can do it if you try!! Well, I'm about to come for the first time. Take it all in!!"

"You're coming already? You're an early bird."

The combatant violating her mouth spoke with a voice at his limit. It was the same enhanced combatant who mocked him, but he returned a grinning smile to the reaction of "Shut up, you pervert."

"Ngumoooooooo!! Jub!! Nbjurururuuu!! Njuburu, juboooo!!"

The combatant began to move on his own towards ejaculation. With her hair grabbed, completely deprived of her freedom, she was tossed about by the rampaging phallus.

Each time it reached the back of her throat, a cracked scream that was hard to believe came from a beautiful heroine echoed. But her sucking lips never left, and she exposed a vulgar hyottoko face that stretched as the combatant's hips pulled back.

The person herself thought she was sending a hateful gaze, but in reality, it was filled with the masochistic joy of being violated and having her rectum violated.

While being impaled by the phalluses of two combatants, she felt the sensation of the hot phallus pulsating in her mouth, urging ejaculation. The saliva that dripped down and wet the phallus was like that of a beast waiting for a feast.

"Here's the first shot!! Taste my dick juice to your heart's content, you maso heroine!!"

"Nnnnnnnnnnnuuuu!! Ngg, gulp, gulp gulp... Nku, gokyu, gokkyun....!!"

The thick semen she had tasted many times. It was poured down her throat with a heat that burned, and it was still a thick, jelly-like substance that clung to her.

A quantity of cloudy liquid that she might spill from her mouth if she didn't desperately swallow was poured in one after another, and she shook her body in time with the ongoing anal piston movements, desperately making a noise in her throat.

While tasting the worst defilement liquid that defiled her mouth and even her stomach, lewd liquid dripped from her cleft as if she were vomiting what she had been drinking.

Reacting to the fact that the pigtails, which had been held like reins, were suddenly pulled, the semen drinking stopped. That must have been the last of it at that timing. It was not released after that, and his hips were slowly pulled back.

Of course, the mouth that had been sucking up to the limit would not easily allow it to be released, and it would look as if she was desperately sucking so as not to let go of the combatant's phallus.

What remained after the phallus was pulled out with a vulgar gyubo sound was the proof of ejaculation remaining in her widely opened mouth.

"Aaa uu... Ooo, oo... Ooooo!!"

The cloudy liquid in her carelessly opened mouth rippled in time with the rhythm of the anal violation, and a foolish voice that did not seem to be filled with pleasure echoed.

"It looks like you remember it properly. Keep my dick juice in your mouth without drinking it. Don't drink it yet."

(I-if this continues, with the impact of being fucked in the ass-cunt... It will leak, from my mouth... Ohoooo!! S-suddenly, moving me...)

A sudden change in position while she was remembering the taste of the proof of training that dominated her oral cavity. The combatant's hips were firmly hitting her buttocks, and the phallus plugging her excretion hole reached deep inside.

Just as she was grabbed by her slender waist and forcibly lifted up from a doggy position, she was forcibly transitioned to standing back.

The ass-cunt violation, which had begun at a rhythm that was only for him, with no thought for his comrades, increased in speed and rampaged through her intestines, and in response, her lewd flesh with her nipples exposed bounced around in her costume filled with defilement liquid.

Milky white liquid oozed from her nipples. Her throbbing nipples seemed to be seeking the stimulation of milking while being violated.

"Now, make a noise in your throat and drink it deliciously. After you drink it, make a peace sign with both hands and look over there."

"Haaa oooo... Onguu, gulp!! Ahea... P-peace... An, nooo!! Aguu... A, aa... Iyaaaaa!!"

Finally allowed to act, she hurriedly made a noise in her throat as she was told, swallowing every last drop into her stomach. As it was, she raised her free arms and made a V-shape with her fingers in front of her melted face, which was carelessly opened and had her tongue hanging out.

The overwhelming humiliation, however, became an equal or greater excitement, pleasing her lewd body, and the ahe voice did not stop with the continued phallus pleasure.

If she had her hair grabbed and forcibly turned her face to the right, there were the figures of the three students who had been held hostage until just now.

The third combatant, who had not been involved in the training, must have brought them. He was still showing a vulgar smile next to the fallen students.

They still seemed to be asleep, but now that they had been released from Misty's control, there was no way of knowing when their eyes would open. If they regained

consciousness, this gruesome training would immediately turn into a devil's show that would crush the heroine's pride and status.

The screams echoing on the rooftop were a signal for further humiliating training of the heroine. The pitiful Transformation Princess, wetting her crotch with lewd liquid, her exposed nipples also oozing breast milk, and even not breaking her double peace sign, had become nothing more than a toy for the combatants.

"H-hiyaa... Aha... Please... They, from here... Ohoo!! Nooo, a, ass hole... Amazing...!!"

"Don't be so presumptuous as to make requests, you loser heroine!! You should just be good with dick like this!!"

Of course, there was no way that the entreaties of an existence that had been hostile to the organization until now would be heard. Rather, the combatants would be satisfied if they could see her degenerate wretchedly.

The momentum of the combatant's phallus stirring inside her rectum increased, as if to elicit an ahe voice that would wake the students up.

"If you don't want to be woken up, you should just hold back your voice!! Oraoraora!! You're getting off even though your sacred costume is being violated, you maso pig!!"

"Nnngh!! Nnhoooo!! Kuhyiiiiuu... N-No way... I can't take any more of this... dick... I can't hold back my voice... Nnoooo!! Ohoooo, ahiaaaa!!"

Having repeated intensely concentrated anal training at least several times, the heroine's anus had already completely transformed into a sensitive female hole.

She closed her mouth, which had fallen open in a slovenly manner, so as not to wake the students, but it was easily forced open again after experiencing only a few powerful piston strokes.

Weak words she didn't even want to utter spilled from her mouth, which hung open pathetically as her tongue lolled out. Her spirit, worn down by Misty's training, had made the heart of the righteous heroine fragile.

"Then you should just give up!! Here, cum and writhe in agony in front of these guys!!"

"H-Hyaa... Nnghaaaa!! M-Milk, nooooo!!"

The rough hand of the combatant violating her anus grabbed her G-cup breasts, erotic costume and all, as if to crush the milk within.

Byururururuuu!! A strong pleasure similar to ejaculation dominated her entire body from her nipples, and the stimulation of milk ejection made her brain melt like sweet milk.

"You don't hate it, do you!! Ora, this is my first shot too!! I'm going to fill your ass-pussy with my cum!!"

"C-Cum... don't let it out... Haa...!! Ahiiuu!! A, nngoooo!! I-I'm coming!! With combatant semen, I'm gonna, gonna cum in my ass-pussy!!"

Her voice of rejection weak, the defeated heroine, unable to resist, had the seed of the evil combatant poured into her excretory hole.

With a squeak, her erect nipples were crushed, and as she writhed in the ultimate masochistic stimulation of milk spurting out, the scalding hot cum filling her rectum instantly pushed her voltage to the limit for climax.

The declaration of climax, which she shouldn't have had to make, was equivalent to a declaration of defeat for the righteous heroine, and it etched a thrilling, depraved stimulation into her mind.

Her existence as a heroine would end if the students woke up. That became an even greater masochistic pleasure, aiding in Shine Mirage's corruption.

"H-Hahiiu... Ahaaa, ahee... Don't milk me... Nngho...!!"

"It's still coming out, you know? But milking your breasts also makes your ass-pussy tighten up. You really are a pervert worthy of being a female animal."

The combatant's fingers sank into her milky flesh. The perverted heroine's breasts, which even a grown adult couldn't fully grasp, were like a switch that made her pussy grip the dick better the more they were milked.

"Phew... I came, I came. Your ass-hole is really the best, Shapeshifting Princess. I almost want to make it our own personal flesh toilet."

When he released her, the Shapeshifting Heroine's limp upper body fell to the ground, and she was once again forced into a doggy-style position.

The combatant's dick was slowly pulled out, stimulating her intestinal walls in a lewd manner, and the heroine trembled like a small animal, letting out a tormented moan.

What remained after the meat spear was withdrawn was a part of the defiled costume inserted deep inside, as if to hide the gaping, filthy excretory hole.

"No time to rest!!"

"Nhiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!?!"

Bashiin!! A large, wide palm struck the defeated, fatigued Shapeshifting Princess, who could only muster the strength of an ordinary person.

How many times had she experienced this? The intense sensation from her large buttocks reached all the way to her brain. At first, all she felt was pain and humiliation from the spanking, but she realized that a sweet numbness was now mixed in.

(T-That's not right... I'm not such a pervert... Ah... Semen is leaking from my ass-hole...)

A pleasant pleasure remained after the pain. Even while being aware of it, she desperately denied it... no, she had to deny it.

There was no way that she, a righteous heroine, could be burned by perverted pleasure and rejoice.

But the more her heart tried to reject it, the more her body aroused and craved it, ironically. The excretory pleasure of the cloudy white liquid leaking from the gaps in her costume made her heart race.

"Haa... Kyaa!? W-What are you going to do this time...? N-No way!! Why, like this..."

Her body was suddenly raised. Just when she thought she was being forced to sit down with her legs wide open, there was a sleeping student's face under her crotch.

The student's body lay face up, with only his face positioned directly under her crotch, on the back side of the heroine who was being forced into a humiliating sitting position.

If he opened his eyes, he would be able to enjoy the sight of the noble Shapeshifting Princess's sopping wet pussy.

"In this position, serve our three dicks and milk them of their cum."

"If something happens and you drop your hips, Shine Mirage's pussy will hit that guy's face. If that happens, he'll be lucky!! Hahahaha!!"

The combatants' vulgar, overly loud laughter didn't bother the students who were still asleep. Three meat rods were thrust in front of Shine Mirage's eyes, who was filled with impatience even as she let out a sweet sigh.

"...Haa... My hands are hot... and twitching..."

She spread her small hands, covered in white long gloves, and gently gripped the combatant dicks thrust out from the left and right.

As before, the hard-ons wrapped in her palms were hot and pulsating. She moved them back and forth, carefully examining the shape of the distorted meat rods while applying subtle stimulation by putting slight pressure on her fingers.

"Ooh, that feels good. You have the talent of a female slave."

"Mine hasn't done anything yet!! Hurry up!!"

"I-I know... Amuu, chu... Juburuu, juuu!!"

With both arms occupied, the only way to serve the meat rod directly in front of her was to use her mouth, which had just been violated.

Without forgetting to serve the other two, she opened her mouth wide and devoured the third combatant's meat dick, which she had not yet tasted.

She had to finish quickly. With that single-minded thought, she sucked on the meat rod in her mouth, making dirty noises, and moved her face back and forth.

"Vacuum fellatio right away, you know what's up. The righteous heroine is already a full-fledged flesh toilet!!"

The combatant's words stirred up humiliation, but this was no time to be thinking about such things. She had to make the three of them ejaculate as soon as possible, or there was a chance that she would lose her balance.

However, she would soon realize that it was naive to think that the combatants would be satisfied with just being served.

(I have to... I have to hurry... Nghaaa!? D-Don't tease my breasts... But, if it's just this much... Ahiiii!! M-My nipples....!!)

The combatants on the left and right, who were not being served by her mouth, moved their legs despite being served, and forcibly crushed her breasts, which were still oozing breast milk, with their knees and feet.

Although it wasn't as strong of a stimulation as with her hands, the slightly different pleasures she felt from the left and right dulled her serving movements, and if her erect nipples came into contact with them, it would become a tingling, strong pleasure.

She pleaded with her eyes to stop, but the combatant grinned and looked down at her, and the behavior only escalated.

"If you don't hurry, they might wake up. Are you going to be unable to serve with just this much?"

"Njubu, jururururuuu!! Jubbu, jubu, juzuzuzuu!!"

(I won't forgive these guys... Absolutely, absolutely... I won't lose... Nhii!! Not my nipples....!!)

As always, the posting period has been long, and this is a side story, so I'm sorry to those who were expecting the main story.

Moreover, the side story is also quite half-baked, but since it's different from the main story, I tried cutting it off around the point where Shine Mirage was exposing her unsightly side.

I'm sorry if there are people who wanted a continuation of the rooftop training.

Anyway, I'll do my best to upload the main story as soon as possible, so I'd appreciate it if you could wait patiently.

The Trap of Dark Crime! Secrets Revealed (Part 1)

“W-What the hell are you doing all of a sudden...!?”

The strange presence before him. No matter how many times he was told, “Don’t be afraid,” it was unreasonable for Kuroda, a boy with no power, to not feel fear.

Caught in a sensation as if he had lost consciousness, Kuroda unconsciously began to back away from the girl.

“Hehe... It seems you have quite a grudge against Toudouin Saki, don’t you?”

“Wha!?”

The name of the student council president, uttered by a girl he had never met before. It was as if she could see right through his heart, and a pitch-black terror began to seep into Kuroda’s mind.

“Every time you tried to do something, you were interrupted... And it seems you even resorted to violence a few times at first, only to be beaten back each time.”

Her mocking attitude would normally incite anger, but overwhelmed by the girl’s otherworldly aura, Kuroda could only open his mouth in a daze.

What she said was also true. In the beginning, a few of his friends had tried to subdue the arrogant Saki with violence.

However, they were easily crushed by her physical abilities, and increasing their numbers did nothing to change that.

“After that, you’ve just been running away every time you’re spotted. How miserable! You must be under a lot of stress, huh?”

“Shut up!! So what if I am!?”

The words he squeezed out in desperation were merely an expression of his growing irritation. Kuroda tried to intimidate the girl with his momentum, but his expression was only painted with anxiety, and her smile showed no signs of faltering.

“Don’t be so angry. I’m just trying to help you, you know?”

The white girl smiled sweetly. If this were a normal encounter, and if she were solving the typical troubles of an ordinary boy, it might have seemed like an angelic smile.

However, given the completely opposite circumstances of their meeting and the boy in question, it was only natural to suspect that there was something sinister behind that smile.

Kuroda sensed this clearly, unable to trust the girl's words, which only served to amplify his fear.

His heart pounded embarrassingly loud, and he felt sweat trickling down his cheeks. As he gathered strength in his legs, which felt as if they were glued to the ground, he took a step back.

A familiar tune echoed in his ears. Naturally, it was coming from the pocket of his uniform.

It was normal to think it was someone from his friends, but for some reason, Kuroda instinctively understood that it was from the girl before him.

"Go ahead. I don't mind, so take a look."

Following the girl's words, he pulled out his rectangular mobile device and saw a message had arrived.

With trembling hands, he unlocked it and tapped on the message screen, revealing a completely blank email with no subject or address.

He swallowed hard, glancing at the girl, who still wore her smile.

Yet, feeling the pressure in her smile urging him to look at the email, Kuroda hastily opened the mysterious letter that must have been sent by her.

【You idiot】

That was all it contained—three lazy characters of insult. In stark contrast to the tension he had felt until now, Kuroda sensed the fear dissipating from his body.

"Wha!? What the hell is this!?"

He gripped the phone tightly as if to crush it, shouting to shake off the fear he had felt until just now.

Even the intimidating gaze of a boy labeled as a delinquent seemed to have no effect on the girl, as her smile showed no signs of fading.

"From your reaction, it seems you're okay."

Ignoring the boy in front of her, the white girl confirmed the success of her little scheme, twirling her right index finger.

The notification sound rang again in sync with her movement. Wrapped in the fear he had tried to shake off, Kuroda cautiously shifted his gaze to the screen.

He confirmed that another identical unnatural email had arrived, and feeling a sense of irritation as if he were being toyed with, he opened the second message.

He had assumed it would contain another trivial, mocking line, but his eyes widened at the content.

“Is this... for real...?”

Perhaps it was the stark contrast in impact from the first message, or perhaps it was the unexpected content. Kuroda turned to the mysterious girl with a trembling voice, his expression one of shock.

“Hehe... The best way to find out if it’s true is to see for yourself, right?”

Behind her innocent demeanor lay a devilish smile. Kuroda was certain that this was not a look one would expect from a girl of her age, but if the information was true, a slight smile began to break on his face.

“Oh dear, what a wicked expression. With that, it seems you’ll meet my expectations.”

Satisfied with his predictable reaction, the girl lightly twirled her skirt and turned her back to Kuroda. From just her silhouette, she appeared to be an ordinary girl with flowing black hair.

However, for Kuroda, who had seen the darker side of her, that imbalance only served to heighten his fear.

As the girl began to fade away, leaving behind uncertain information, he reached out, trying to stop her.

At that moment, perhaps sensing his intent, she halted her steps abruptly.

“I’ll contact you soon, so until then, be a good boy and wait, okay?”

The red eyes visible from her sideways glance seemed to speak words meant for a mere child, which would have been normal if their roles were reversed. But the power dynamics had already been established as a fact.

Having obtained information he could use right away, Kuroda could only nod obediently at the girl’s words.

He sensed the underlying message in those words: “Don’t act on your own.” It was a primal instinct born from his fear.

“Welcome back. I’m sorry, but you were the only one I could ask for this job.”

In the dark crime syndicate’s headquarters, standing before the doctor was a cute girl dressed in a lovely white dress, one of the executives known as Misty.

“Those pigs and muscle-bound idiots can’t handle this kind of task; it’s something only I can do. It can’t be helped.”

Though she wore a somewhat annoyed expression, there was a hint of pride in her words. The doctor had asked her to do this as a means to bring down the shape-shifting heroine, and she had readily agreed.

“Still, couldn’t you have done something about this white outfit? It’s nice for a change, but...”

For Misty, who usually wore only black Gothic Lolita attire, this simple white dress felt completely out of place.

She playfully lifted the hem, almost revealing her underwear, and then let it drop with a wry smile. It floated gracefully for a moment before returning to its original position as if nothing had happened.

“It looks good on you, so it’s fine, isn’t it?”

“Don’t say random things without even looking over here. I’ll take care of those kids, but I expect a proper return for the effort.”

It was typical for her to call someone over and then show no intention of having a proper conversation. The reason was likely that her outfit stood out too much, but in reality, that didn’t matter at all.

Everything she did in response to the doctor’s request was for her own sake. While she had the goal of bringing down the shape-shifting princess, if she wasn’t going to act on her own, she could afford to be somewhat flexible.

“Sure thing. If you take care of them properly, I’ll grant you a fitting wish.”

As usual, she didn’t even look him in the eye, let alone face him, but Kuroda had grown used to it.

“I’m counting on you. Oh, and don’t forget about the preparations for Dolcos and the others.”

The training for the shape-shifting heroine had moved on to the next stage among the executives.

As Misty turned to leave the room, having gained a new toy, she wore a mischievous smile, her lips curling upward.

A few nights later, a deafening roar echoed through the city.

The monstrous figure of Dolcos, a creature of aberration, clashed with the shape-shifting heroine, Shine Mirage, who wore a leotard-like costume that showcased her voluptuous figure.

“What’s taking so long!? Are you going to take your sweet time forever!?”

Dolcos’s voice, filled with confidence, matched his massive size, as he relentlessly advanced toward his target, slicing through the air with his four arms while delivering an unending barrage of punches.

“Ugh... How annoying!! Even without you saying that...”

Normally, the heroine of justice would have no trouble dealing with a brute like Dolcos, but she was clearly lacking in offensive capability. Typically, she would unleash a series of rapid attacks, using her speed to outmaneuver her opponent, followed by a finishing blow to a weakened foe, but her movements were sluggish.

Indeed, her rapier strikes reached Dolcos, but the damage was minimal, failing to slow him down.

(What’s the plan here...? Are they waiting for my energy to run out...? No, he wouldn’t be that clever...)

The only answer to the shape-shifting heroine’s lackluster performance was the confusion stemming from repeated defeats due to her known weaknesses.

In her current state, tainted by dark energy, she could not unleash her initial overwhelming abilities. Yet, even so, it was unthinkable that she would struggle this much against a mere brute.

However, the reality was that her freedom of movement could be taken away at any moment. Furthermore, while her previous defeats had occurred in places hidden from the eyes of the public, this time was different.

People were supposed to be evacuating, but not everyone had. In fact, she had spotted a few shadows watching her, and faint cheers could be heard.

If she were to be defeated now, a show of violation by Dolcos would commence before their eyes, and the existence of the shape-shifting heroine, Shine Mirage, would be tarnished.

A misjudgment could lead to defeat at that moment, and everything could come to an end. Given that, it was only natural that she couldn't take bold actions.

(So he's just attacking with brute force... In that case!!)

A considerable amount of time had passed since the battle began. Dodging Dolcos's punches was easy, but at the same time, her attacks had not been able to inflict any fatal damage.

Ideally, she should have delivered a decisive blow after a form change, but the memory of the violation she had suffered from a counterattack was burned into her mind as an unforgettable reality.

With her abilities diminished, if she were to be caught or unable to evade, it would clearly lead to her defeat in an instant.

Thoughts she had never considered, and ones she didn't want to think about, flooded her mind, and time passed idly without her making a decision.

However, lingering here would only mean waiting for her energy to run out. The monster before her continued to attack with sheer force.

Even if this choice turned out to be wrong, it was better than doing nothing and facing defeat, and the sacred energy remaining in the shape-shifting heroine's body strongly responded to its owner's will.

"Dodge and... hit him already!! Grrr!!"

Leaping to avoid the two massive arms coming down, she threw her rapier at the fist that was about to embed itself in the concrete.

Dolcos's attention was focused on the remaining two arms attacking in an attempt to catch the floating shape-shifting heroine, allowing his fist to be easily pinned to the ground.

Though he cried out in pain, he didn't stop attacking, but his momentary sluggishness made it impossible for him to catch the striker form.

Kicking the face of the loathsome brute, she leaped again, and bathed in the moonlight, Shine Mirage's body was enveloped in light.

"Dolcos!! This is the end for you!! Sacred Shine!!"

In a cute pink dress adorned with frills, the holy heroine, now clad in her magical form, swung her staff down toward Dolcos from above.

The rapier she had pinned down with her form change vanished, but there was no chance for him to evade. There was no way Dolcos could escape the wide-ranging sacred light descending from the sky.

“Guh, this... GYAAAAAAHHHHHHH!?”

The pillar of sacred light sliced through the night’s darkness. The agonized roar emanating from the creature at its center confirmed the victory of the heroine of justice.

“...As expected, using this consumes a lot of energy...”

Though she landed safely, the exhaustion from expending a large amount of energy at once was severe, and further combat would likely be difficult.

As the light pillar faded, Dolcos’s form reappeared, unchanged from before the attack, now staring blankly at the empty sky.

Though he didn’t move an inch, she wasn’t confident that he had been definitively defeated. Questions arose as to why there had been no interference from the dark energy, but she couldn’t afford to miss this opportunity.

Returning to her striker form to be ready for a surprise attack, she slowly approached Dolcos while holding her rapier at the ready.

She entered the range for a slashing attack with her rapier... As she tightened her grip on the hilt, preparing to deliver the finishing blow to the creature whose life was uncertain, she heard—

“GROOOOAAAAHHHHH!!”

Another roar echoed. It was Dolcos’s testament to life, signaling that the battle was not yet over.

(He can still fight!? If this continues...)

A chill ran down her spine at the sharp gaze of the glaring creature. Would she be able to respond with the little energy she had left? The fear of violation upon defeat loomed over her.

Shaking off those negative emotions, she steadied her expression and held her rapier aloft for the sake of the people living in peace, as a heroine of justice.

“Remember this... Next time, I’ll make sure to make you pay for this, Shine Mirage!!”

Before the shape-shifting lady who showed her intent to fight, Dolcos let out a furious roar filled with resentment, staggering as he vanished into the darkness.

Though she should have pursued him immediately to deliver the final blow, Shine Mirage was equally battered and bruised.

"I... I won, didn't I...?"

While there were still lingering doubts about the battle, there was no denying the fact that she had driven Dolcos away. It was a long-awaited victory... a nostalgic feeling that seeped into her heart, as if it were a distant memory.

However, she couldn't afford to linger in that moment. Her energy was about to run out, and she needed to revert her transformation in a place where no one could see her.

"Now that Dolcos is gone, people are starting to come back... I need to hurry."

The scattered people began to return from various directions. If she didn't quickly revert her transformation, she could find herself in a troublesome situation.

"Surely... in an inconspicuous alley..."

I had completely memorized the map of this area. Thanks to my patrols on the way home, I was fortunate to also be aware of the existence of deserted alleys.

Using sacred energy, I illuminated my surroundings to conceal my presence and then vanished into a nearby alley.

As I ventured deeper, I emerged into a slightly open back road, checked my surroundings, and released my transformation. The sacred heroine of justice, enveloped in light, transformed into the noble young lady, Toudouin Saki.

"Phew... It seems I wasn't seen by anyone. I must hurry home..."

I exhaled in relief, having barely made it in time. With no further business in this place, Saki took off running again, her body filled with the joy of victory after a long absence.

However, perhaps due to my lack of composure, I should have been more careful in observing my surroundings. Instead, I merely glanced around before undoing my transformation.

I failed to notice the presence of a lurking shadow... that this person was a bundle of malice.

"...W-wait, is that really... Toudouin?"

Emerging from the shadows was Kuroda, the boy who had contacted Misty the other day. Though bewildered by the fact he had witnessed something, there was a hint of a smile on his face.

The intense excitement bubbling within him stemmed from having seen an astonishing truth and capturing it on the video camera he held.

"Hehehe... You must have been either too flustered or too happy... Either way, you were quite careless."

"Y-you... were here?"

Kuroda trembled, startled by Misty's sudden appearance. It was only natural for him to react sensitively to her unexpected descent from the sky, with no presence around.

"Well, of course. I went through the trouble of setting everything up, so I just had to check if you got it on tape."

Kuroda's reaction, not befitting that of other students or teachers, greatly amused Misty.

For this incident, she had unilaterally sent Kuroda an email after school, forcing him to wait here until the matter was resolved.

All the necessary tools had been prepared by Dark Crime. A specially designed video camera was left here for Kuroda to capture the true identity of Shine Mirage.

"It's all recorded. H-hey... so we can use this..."

"Yes, do as you please tomorrow. As long as you follow the conditions, you can do whatever you want."

The video camera, a product of the evil organization's scientists, clearly displayed the moment when the transformation was undone, revealing Toudouin Saki.

Irrefutable evidence. If this were utilized, tomorrow would unfold according to his desires... Imagining that scene, a dark smile spread across Kuroda's face.

"Hey... knowing this means you really are——"

But suddenly, he snapped back to reality, his attention drawn to the girl who seemed utterly unnatural. She knew the identity of Shine Mirage, a secret no one should know, and he felt a chill every time they met. Such abilities belonged to someone connected to the evil organization, Dark Crime.

He tried to voice this thought, but it was as if something had obstructed him; no sound came out. He merely moved his mouth like a goldfish, unable to convey his thoughts.

"Don't pry too much. Just enjoy the footage in silence... right?"

Her red eyes glimmered in the darkness. Overcome with fear from her piercing gaze, the delinquent boy nodded vigorously.

Following Misty's farewell wave, he hurriedly dashed out of the alley like a startled rabbit.

"Well, that was a success... But still, that muscle-headed fool should have just been worn out..."

With Kuroda gone, the space was left entirely to Misty. She exhaled in relief at the success of the operation, though the unexpected twists had caught her off guard.

While the plan had been communicated from the doctor to Dolkos, the muscle monster had completely forgotten the mission midway and had charged at Shine Mirage.

It was a role he held due to his superior combat abilities among the remaining executives, but perhaps he had become overconfident after their previous victory.

"Well, it turned out fine in the end. I suppose that idiot learned a lesson."

In hindsight, they had sufficiently worn him out, leaving him with no composure when he undid his transformation. Misty's abilities had directed the hidden people straight into the battlefield, successfully leading the transforming princess to the intended alley.

The operation had proceeded according to plan, and it was fortunate to have gauged Shine Mirage's current combat capabilities.

At this stage, she was still not an opponent they could defeat in a fair fight. To completely strip her of her combat abilities, further erosion by dark energy would be necessary.

"I suppose I should report to the doctor... What should I do tomorrow, I wonder? Maybe I'll go check it out."

As she anticipated the training Kuroda would conduct the following day, Misty melted into the darkness, still dressed in her pure white dress.

I sincerely apologize for the significant delay.

Moreover, despite the delay, there was no training scene...

Next time, Kuroda's vile training awaits, so to those reading, please bear with me a little longer...

The Trap of Dark Crime! Secrets Revealed (Part 2)

Kuroda, having successfully captured the shocking truth, rushed home and dashed into his room. It was his own space, empty and quiet. He sat in his familiar chair and, in the calm environment, stared intently at the video camera that Misty had given him.

It looked like an ordinary digital video camera. He couldn't confirm the manufacturer, but from his earlier experience, it didn't seem special in any way.

"Well, whatever. More importantly..."

The excitement from the abnormal situation had somewhat subsided now that he was back in his room. He powered on the video camera to review the shocking footage he had recorded.

As he had seen earlier, the moment of Shine Mirage's transformation being undone was captured, revealing her true identity: Toudoin Saki.

She was the worst kind of opponent, one who restricted the freedom of school life, but her figure was of the highest quality, unlike that of an ordinary girl. Of course, it was true that Kuroda had often thought about wanting to experience Saki's body.

"Hmm... besides what I recorded... this is..."

Just as he was satisfied with the footage he had reviewed, he noticed that there were other files present while he was operating the camera.

Though it was something given to a mysterious girl, Kuroda judged that, given the circumstances, at least it was cooperating with him.

After a moment of hesitation, he played a video that had likely existed from the start, and his expression changed.

"...I see. If this exists, then it's certain."

A smile that seemed to confirm victory spread across his face, filled with undeniable excitement, one that was fitting of evil.

Days later, after Kuroda learned the identity of the heroic transformation heroine, the sun had set, and the students who had remained for club activities were heading home. Saki was still in the student council room.

All the other members had already gone home, and typically, only the student council president would remain... but today was different.

With a click, the sound of the student council room door being locked echoed. However, the student council president, the room's owner, did not appear, indicating that the lock had been engaged from inside.

"Finally, we're alone... Toudoin?"

When Saki turned around in front of the door, she saw a delinquent boy, casually slouched in the chair reserved for the president. He was someone who was not even allowed to sit there, let alone enter the student council room. It was unthinkable that he was sitting in the chair she usually occupied.

"Who gave you permission to sit there? Now, if you have something to say, hurry up."

Her words were laced with anger, accompanied by a condescending gaze. While her demeanor was unmistakably that of the usual student council president, the attitude and situation of the other party were vastly different.

Pulling a piece of paper from his blazer pocket, he slammed it onto the desk with a bang, as if to express the turmoil in his heart.

"What I want to say is all written right there, you know?"

"Then I will listen. What exactly is this about?"

Feeling irritated by Kuroda's mocking smile, she displayed the words written on the paper.

"I have something to discuss in the student council room after school. Transforming Heroine Shine Mirage."

This simple note had been placed in Saki's shoe locker that morning. While the lack of a sender's name was eerie, what was more significant was that the name of the transforming heroine, her other self, was written in a letter addressed to her.

A creeping anxiety accompanied the throbbing in her body. The fact that the letter was from an unknown sender weighed heavily on her mind, making it impossible to concentrate on anything else until after school.

"Putting something like this in my shoe locker... Does Shine Mirage want to talk to me? Ridiculous..."

The sender of the letter was a familiar face... and the worst kind of opponent, which only heightened her agitation. However, she knew that showing even a hint of change would give him an opening, so she maintained her usual demeanor.

After all, there was no concrete evidence in front of her. Even if she did know the truth, she could dismiss it as the delusions of a delinquent harboring resentment against the student council president.

(...Indeed, this guy is a shallow-minded delinquent, but is that all...?)

But would he really go to such lengths without solid evidence? If his aim was to unsettle her, then he truly was a foolish person without a plan.

Yet, even under her sharp glare, Kuroda's composed demeanor did not falter. It was a clear sign of absolute confidence, suggesting he had something else up his sleeve.

A single bead of sweat, a symbol of her anxiety, trickled down Saki's cheek. Compared to an ordinary person, the delinquent in front of her was a troublesome opponent, making it difficult to predict his actions.

"Well, I suppose that's the reaction I expected. Now, take a look at this."

Kuroda seemed to have anticipated her reaction to some extent. He approached her with a casual demeanor, pulling out an electronic device from his bag to show her.

"A video camera...?"

The moment she laid eyes on Kuroda's trump card, her spine instinctively froze, and her noble features twitched slightly.

Given the context, it was easy to imagine what had been recorded on the video camera he had produced.

That was precisely why the fact that this loathsome person had definitive evidence in front of her made Saki feel an overwhelming sense of despair.

"Right, seeing this should change the student council president's attitude, huh?"

While she caught sight of Kuroda's smug expression, her gaze remained fixated on the video camera, unable to look away.

He didn't hand over the camera but instead moved closer to her in a familiar manner. Normally, she would have kept her distance, but Saki had no choice but to endure it now.

What kind of footage awaited her...? She could feel her heart racing with anxiety, but she had to maintain a calm expression.

Suddenly, she felt a hand on her shoulder and instinctively swatted it away with force.

"Hurry up. It's evidence... isn't it?"

Confirming that his hand had retreated with a click of his tongue, she spoke in a cold tone. Until she had seen the footage, she had no reason to let him do as he pleased.

“Alright, alright. Then, watch closely.”

The darkened screen came to life, and light spilled from the rectangular display. Kuroda's hands moved skillfully, changing the screen. Though it should have been a brief moment, it felt agonizingly long for Saki.

“...!!”

Finally, the video opened. Upon seeing what was displayed, Saki's eyes widened.

In a deserted alley, the golden-haired heroine, Transforming Heroine Shine Mirage, appeared. Just as she was enveloped in light, the figure that remained in the spot where the heroine had stood was that of the student council president of Koyo Academy.

(This is from that day... Why is Kuroda there...? No, more importantly...)

Though there was no sound, the shocking reality was undeniable as she watched the entire video.

Saki understood when this footage had been recorded and cursed her own carelessness. But now was not the time to think about that. A quick glance at Kuroda revealed him grinning lewdly, seemingly waiting for her reaction.

She had braced herself to some extent when the video camera was produced, but seeing it in front of her made it impossible to suppress her overwhelming shock.

“...Well done, a good composite... isn't it?”

“...Huh?”

“I said it's a composite. Or perhaps it's a woman who looks a lot like me?”

While she tried to maintain her composure, the words that came from the cornered beauty of the student council president were ones of denial.

Given the evidence presented thus far, her reaction was weak, but there was no way she could easily admit it.

If there was any fortunate aspect, it was that the video was not clear due to the darkness of the night, and the angle of the shot meant there were no frontal views.

However, even so, there was no way to deny who the girl in the school uniform was. For anyone who knew, the identity would be immediately apparent, which was why she had to insist it was either a different person or a composite.

(I'll be fine. Even if this causes a stir within the school, Kuroda's credibility is zero... If I pull some strings, I'm sure...)

Her only concern was the possibility of it leaking online, but if she denied it with a firm attitude, the fire would gradually die down.

Of course, she was aware that this would leave her with some discomfort during that time. But compared to being held at a disadvantage by Kuroda, it was nothing.

"Such childish tricks, to say I'm Shine Mirage... What nonsense—!?"

《Haaahhh... Ooooh... Ongu, gulp!! Ahe... Peace...》

As she tried to dismiss him with a one-sided denial, intending to end the conversation by threatening Kuroda, a suddenly lewd voice entered her ears.

It was the sound that had come from the video camera that had captured Shine Mirage's transformation being undone, and as she shifted her gaze, the invincible transforming heroine was shown, covered in semen, being violated anally, exposing a disgraceful "Ahe-gao" peace pose.

There was no need to think about when this footage was from; in an instant, memories of the past flooded back. The memory she wished to forget, of being defeated by Misty and violated by the combatants.

During that time, she had been desperately serving to avoid waking the sleeping students, unable to pay attention to anything else.

"I was surprised too. I went up to the roof for a smoke and found this happening."

"...Ah... th-this is..."

Why Kuroda had brought a video camera to smoke, and the unnatural angle from which the footage was captured.

If she looked at it calmly, there were many aspects that raised questions. However, even if there were doubts, the fact that the footage existed in front of her was an unchangeable reality.

If this were to leak to the world, the disgraceful behavior of the transforming heroine would be exposed, and her image would be shattered in front of everyone.

She felt her strength drain from her body, and the blood leave her face, but she did not collapse; it was the strength of a heroic heroine trying desperately to endure.

“Such a nice voice you’re moaning with. But you know, this voice feels like I’ve heard it somewhere before.”

Kuroda's snide remark was directed at the student council president, as if to pile on the pressure.

Even if the costume, hairstyle, and hair color changed, that soprano voice remained unchanged. While there was great interest in the sacred existence of the heroic transforming heroine, her face was hidden, so she had never been exposed by her voice alone.

However, if questions arose from the footage of the moment of transformation being undone, the voice in this violation footage could become a strong confirmation.

“Well, anyway, I thought this would make Toudoin think that the identity of the heroic heroine was revealed. If not, then so be it. I’ll just let this video play out.”

“W-wait!!”

As the worst possible scenarios swirled in her mind, she reflexively called out to stop Kuroda, who was dramatically sighing and preparing to put the video camera away.

Her right hand, reaching out as if to grasp something, cut through the air, and all she could see between her fingers was Kuroda's triumphant smile.

(Damn... I was just dancing in the palm of his hand...)

If he had brought this out from the start, it would have been over. In other words, he had enjoyed watching Saki's reaction until the very end.

Trembling with humiliation, toyed with by the monster, the combatants, and even Kuroda, Saki realized that she had no means of turning the tables now.

Though it was a desperate measure, she could forcibly destroy the video camera and threaten Kuroda to erase the data, but...

“What’s wrong? It’s none of your business, so it’s fine, right?”

“...What do you gain from doing something like that!? To demean someone who protects people from evil...”

“No one asked to be protected, did they? At least I don’t think so, and I’m doing this on my own, so there’s no need for you to worry about it.”

Kuroda likely wouldn't have taken such actions if she had remained an unknown entity. However, knowing everything made it easy for him to act in a way that would disadvantage Saki.

(At this point... I have no choice but to use force...!!)

Judging that persuasion was impossible, she reached for her intended target, but it was easily avoided, as if he had read her mind.

"I'll tell you this, trying to do anything to me is pointless. Just in case, I've made my preparations... You know what that means, right?"

The low tone of Kuroda's words pierced the heart of the despairing student council president. Whether it was a timed mechanism or some signal, he had prepared to spread the disgraceful behavior of the transforming heroine.

While she couldn't know the method, she understood that if she acted recklessly, it would be the end. With that thought, Saki's hand slowly fell, and all she could do was clench it tightly in frustration.

(That was close... It's fortunate that this guy is unnecessarily serious. Right now, the only one who can help me is that person...)

Kuroda, who had threatened her with confidence, was merely bluffing. In the same situation as Misty's subordinates, he couldn't contact any other allies on his own.

In truth, he had wanted to take revenge on the exquisite-bodied beauty of the student council president all by himself from the start.

"Things are getting dangerous... I went through the trouble of preparing a trump card, so don't mess it up, okay?"

A small black sphere clung to the window, peering into the student council room. Misty, sitting on the school rooftop, was leisurely enjoying herself while gathering information with a remote monitoring device, slightly surprised by the actions of the opponent she thought she had cornered.

She had compiled the footage sent from the eyes of the combatants during the past rooftop training sessions, storing it in the video camera she had given in advance as evidence with effects greater than the moment of transformation being undone.

"Well, if anything happens, I'll help you out, and since there's no way to use force anymore, it seems like you're in a safe position."

Though no one could hear her, she smiled happily, placing her hands on her cheeks, confident of her plan's success.

"...I understand... What should I do?"

In a state of intense agitation, Saki's voice trembled as she squeezed out her words, her thoughts scattered and overwhelmed.

It was a feeble thing, but proof of defeat. It was nothing less than acknowledging Kuroda's words, admitting that she herself was the Magical Transforming Princess Shine Mirage.

"Huh? What to do, you ask? You're not her, right? Then it doesn't really—"

"I am!! I am... as you say, Shine Mirage... there's no mistake."

Kuroda's sadistic desires were greatly satisfied by the strong-willed student council president's words of defeat. An expression full of regret, a trembling voice that seemed on the verge of tears. All of it was what he had wanted to make Saki do, what he had wanted to hear from Saki, until now.

"Then, as complete proof, transform in front of me. I'll record it for you."

"R-Recording it... I understand..."

Even if she tried to plead with Kuroda, who was holding the video camera, the words she was about to utter vanished when he glared at her, replaced by a single word of submission.

It was completely different from the previous video of her undoing the transformation. Being filmed head-on, in a bright room with the lights on, meant there was no escape anymore. Understanding that, the Magical Transforming Heroine, having lost her escape route, had only one path left.

"Holy power... grant this body the power to destroy evil..."

The words for transformation, uttered several notches lower than usual, and haltingly. The worst transformation in all her battles, but regardless of Saki's feelings, light enveloped and burst forth from her body as usual.

What appeared was the figure of a beautiful girl who had transformed as Kuroda desired. The golden twin tails fluttered, and the righteous heroine, clad in a costume that seemed to flaunt her G-cup breasts and plump hips, stood there with an almost divine aura.

Although hidden by the visor, her expression was not strong and dignified, but dark and full of the regret of defeat, stimulating the male's sadistic desires.

"Heeh... amazing."

Kuroda voiced his admiration honestly. While captivated by the top-class beautiful heroine before his eyes, he placed the video camera on the desk in recording mode.

"So, what are you going to do now...? Nnngh... that place, no... Ahhiin!!"

Unable to respond to Kuroda, who had moved behind her, her breasts, enveloped in the costume, were grabbed roughly by his outstretched hands.

As he began to knead them strongly, her body, made sensitive by training, rejoiced, her awakened masochism was stimulated, and an unbearable cry of ecstasy echoed.

"So you really love erotic things, don't you? I'm going to play with you until I get bored today, so enjoy it."

(To think I'm being done with as he pleases, even by someone like this... I don't want to... my body is, going numb... Aaaah...)

I'm sorry for the continued delays in updates.

This is a post to also report that I'm still alive.

I'm hoping to ride this momentum and update quickly next time, but I would appreciate it if you could wait patiently.

The Trap of Dark Crime! Secrets Revealed (Part 2)

In front of a video camera, the transformed heroine's ample breasts are lewdly distorted by the hands of a vulgar delinquent, unable to resist despite knowing she's being filmed.

Since she's still wearing her visor after transforming, her true face can't be seen in the parts being filmed now, but moans escape her half-open mouth each time her breasts are obscenely warped. Her slightly flushed cheeks are recorded as evidence of pleasure.

"You can't even hold back while being filmed. How the hell did you ever manage to be a hero of justice like this?"

"Kufuun!! Nnaah... I-It's because you're being so rough... Ahiiuu!! N-Not so hard...!!"

If her identity was exposed and she was being taken advantage of by a vulgar delinquent, she should at least try to endure. That was easy to think, but difficult to actually do.

If this was her first time being trained, rough treatment would have only caused pain. But the transformed heroine's panting body bore the marks of intense violation.

Especially her blossoming masochism, which seemed like an incurable addiction. Even with fingers sinking deeply into her soft breasts with what should be painful force, it felt good.

(To have my body... by such vulgar hands... Nnaah... I-If you do any more, my milk... my milk will...)

He wasn't Dark Crime. But in the sense of being an enemy to peaceful people, they were similar in a way.

The humiliation of being unable to do anything while having her proud body toyed with by a man she could easily defeat untransformed. Yet that unbearably excited Shine Mirage's lewd body.

Moreover, her breasts modified by Misty's abilities secreted more and more milk the harder they were squeezed, as if to match Shine Mirage's masochism.

"Oh yeah, the transformed heroine was squirting milk when her tits were squeezed. Even now... hehehe, the nipple area is getting wet, huh?"

"Kuhiii... Haau, aah!! This isn't... it's not my fault... Hyahii!! M-My nipples are... Nhiiii!!!"

The breast area of her costume was darkening and starting to give off a sweet scent from the milk beginning to seep out. At the same time, the heroine's sensitive nipples, staining with pleasure in just a short time, were hardening to points.

Kuroda noticed this too, and when he felt the wetness in his palms and the presence of the protruding nubs, he changed his target.

Just having her sensitive nipples pinched caused a sweet pink pleasure. Shine Mirage's weak words, almost like begging, were ignored as her hardened nubs were crushed while her breasts were squeezed.

"Oh, you're already this hard, the serious student council president is one hell of a slut. And you're all sticky too, squirting tons of milk."

She wanted to hurl words of denial at the one-sided statements from behind her, but it was impossible to hide the physical facts. The discoloration that had been centered on her nipples spread further, seeming to envelop her entire breasts.

"My breasts are all sticky... Ahii... Ahaa, anuu!!"

Even though it came from her own body, the disgust from her skin under the costume was strong, emphasizing the heroine's pitifulness.

Masochistic pleasure flares up along with the humiliation of being defiled. An uncontrollable instinct engraves the joy of having her breasts roughly manhandled by the vulgar Kuroda.

"Hey hey, my hand's getting all wet from your milk. Take off or tear open just the chest part and let those uselessly huge tits out."

"D-Don't be so presumptuous... You're the one forcibly-- Mbuu!? Fuamchu, chubuju...!!"

As Shine Mirage tried to protest his selfish words after he'd milked her on his own, Kuroda's fingers were shoved into her mouth. The sweet scent of breast milk stimulated her nose while a faint sweetness spread on her tongue.

"Just hurry up and do it. Do you understand your position, Miss Shine Mirage?"

His fingers violently rubbed the insides of her cheeks. Besides the slight sweetness, the smell of cigarettes gradually began to irritate her nose, perhaps from what he'd been smoking earlier. She trembled at the humiliation of having her mouth defiled.

This shameful sucking wouldn't end unless she did what Kuroda wanted. As the transformed heroine resignedly closed her eyes behind her visor, the sticky breast area of her costume disappeared in a flash of light.

Her compressed G-cup breasts were exposed to the air, bouncing hugely as if making a "boing" sound. Thinking of this scene being filmed, a sweet, melting sigh leaked from the heroine's open mouth.

"I thought they were plenty big at school, but damn they're huge. I want to squeeze them bare soon, but first do this too."

"Nmuu... Pua... Chubu!? Hyumuju, chuju... Ngumu!?"

(H-He put in the other one too... Making me lick his fingers again... This guy is definitely...)

Just as one finger finished swirling around her mouth and was pulled out, another thrust in without pause. The first had been divided into multiple insertions, but this time all five fingers were bundled together.

Filling the transformed heroine's small mouth, Kuroda's will alone forced her to open wide obscenely. Though disgusted, she desperately sucked to get it over with quickly, lewd servicing sounds echoing in the student council room.

"As expected of the heroine who serviced all those henchmen. You're making me feel good with just fingers, and making such nice sounds too."

"This is just to get it over with quickly... Shoving in such disgusting things... S-Stop it!! Uuu..."

After the fingers, now coated in saliva instead of milk, opened and closed in front of her eyes, they approached her visor. Though she understood it was her own secretions, saliva was still saliva.

She tried to turn her face away to escape, but with Kuroda pressed against her back it was like being caught, so it didn't even buy time.

The fingers rubbed against her visor. A moment of humiliation carried out slowly as if to show off. Where the fingers passed, her vision was violated as if a slug had crawled across.

"Now then, the heroine's bare tits... Wait a sec, don't move."

The moment the hand reaching from behind was about to grab the transformed heroine's supreme breasts, it stopped just before touching her white skin. As if struck by an idea, Kuroda's presence vanished from behind her.

The sound of a cabinet opening followed by rummaging noises reached her ears, stirring up the transformed heroine's anxiety. Though she wanted to confirm what Kuroda was doing, in her helpless state it was impossible to resist.

She could have at least moved her face to check, but perhaps due to her inherent seriousness, she could only stare at the camera lens.

"What are you planning...? Preparing something like this."

It seemed he had found what he was looking for. After the noise stopped, familiar cups were placed on the desk.

Among the several used by the student council was one that could be called Saki's personal cup - a silver one that gave off an air of luxury.

Shine Mirage voiced her confusion, unable to guess Kuroda's intentions. The delinquent boy seemed to have returned behind her again, his mocking voice ringing out.

"Since we've got the chance, I thought I'd fill 'em with the transformed heroine's milk. Besides, it'd be bad to dirty the desk, right?"

"Ugh... You really are... the worst personality...!!!"

She understood his goal was to milk her, but to come up with such an idiotic idea. Her irritation at what was likely to happen next increased, her anger towards the man behind her swelling.

Kuroda sensed the transformed heroine's anger from her words of contempt. But for him, the anger of the defeated was nothing more than pleasant. He showed no agitation, if anything he seemed even more relaxed.

"This 'worst' guy is gonna do whatever he wants to you. From today on you're my slave... no, my fucktoy!"

"W-Who's a fucktoy-- Nhooooo!? M-Milk...!!!"

In the middle of showing her will to deny it, her words were cut off by the tremendous stimulation racing from her breasts to her nipples. An orgasm-like pleasure assaulted her from the milk ejection caused by the milking, and an unsightly cry rang out.

"I thought the annoying parts were gone, and now it's coming out with amazing force. And what's with that voice? You sound way more pleased than before."

With nothing in the way now, the milk overflowing from her lewd breasts scattered vigorously. Unable to be aimed, it dyed not just the prepared cups but mercilessly stained the desk with creamy white secretions, filling the air with a sweet scent.

She was so sensitive that just the milking pleasure alone nearly brought her to climax. Her breasts, modified by Misty, had become an irresistible weakness.

(I-I knew this was coming, but... such mind-numbing pleasure... This is bad... I have to hold back my voice... or I'll encourage Kuroda...)

Even when masturbating in her room she couldn't hold back her voice, so of course she couldn't with a man's rough, unrestrained touch.

But just moaning helplessly would only embolden the delinquent behind her. With a deep exhale of "phew," she pressed her pink lips tightly closed.

"Still, this doesn't fill up much. I guess the goal is to fill all the cups, huh."

"Nnuuun!! Nkuu...!! N-Nnnnnuuuu!!"

The amount that went into a cup from one milking was probably just a few drops. If all the scattered milk went in it would be different, but that was impossible barring a miracle.

Lowering her gaze slightly, she could see the delinquent's hands grasping her breasts, distorting their shape as if enjoying himself. She wanted to voice denial and contempt, but the pleasure of milk ejection was too strong. If she opened her mouth, only sweet, melting moans would come out.

"As expected of Shine Mirage. So justice won't yield easily, huh. Then I won't hold back either, I'll do my best to defeat the heroine of justice!"

Kuroda's words increased as if in place of the transformed heroine bravely holding back her voice. Because her usual strong student council president image was so powerful, her current state stimulated his sadistic urges.

(Aaaah!! I-It's gradually getting stronger... and closer to my nipples... That's, if you do that much... Ahaau... N-No no no!!)

The milking that started from the base after his declaration of defeating the heroine of justice. His hands gradually moved forward, and she felt the force increasing bit by bit.

Her body, fully switched on by the milk ejection, craved stronger pleasure and stimulation painful enough to hurt, her nipples throbbing uncontrollably. With her mouth closed she could only breathe through her nose, and vulgar, rough breathing unbecoming of a heroine of justice could be heard.

As she approached her peak, more milk scattered, simultaneously proof that greater pleasure was assaulting the transformed magical princess's body.

"You seem to be trying hard, but your body's shaking and your breathing's rough. Don't hold back, just moan, you perverted heroine... Here, this is the finishing blow for the fucktoy heroine!!"

"...I-I can't! Aaahn... Please, not my nipples... Nhooooo!!"

Her body, desperately resisting pleasure, trembled, quietly declaring to the pressed-against Kuroda that her limit was near.

His hands reached the very peak. Her breasts were distorted into a perverted shape from being squeezed and pulled, and the hot, seething milk pleasure dominated the masochistic heroine's body.

Just as he was about to punish her sensitive protrusions with his fingers, the transformed heroine's pleading voice rose unbearably. But that only encouraged Kuroda's hand.

Byururururuuu!! The most forceful jet yet of the shameless heroine milk, spurting from her strongly crushed nipples.

The tremendous stimulation flowing from her sensitive nubs, combined with the simultaneous breast milk pleasure, was truly addictive. It easily shattered the transformed heroine's heart that had tried to endure, drawing out unsightly moans of ecstasy.

"What about your nipples? You want me to do more because it feels good? Getting this rock hard, this is what you want, right?!"

"Ohooo!! Ahaau, nhiin!! M-My nipples, I can't... Ohii!? Not repeatedly like that... Ahiiiiaaa!!"

Merciless, full-force nipple crushing. Kneading them together painfully while crushing, then suddenly easing up only to crush again - a hell of pleasure.

Her nipples were originally a sensitive weak point, but repeated training had increased their sensitivity. Combined with milk pleasure equal to ejaculation, her noble pride easily crumbled to the intense sensation.

"What happened to your usual haughty attitude? Squirting milk from your nipples and moaning like crazy. So this is your true nature!"

"Kuhaaan!! M-My milk, won't stop!! I-I'm not that kind of... Ahee... Ahee... Ohooo!!"

(T-To think this... The desk, the student council room is getting... Nhii... D-Dirty with my milk...)

Not knowing it was her own energy being converted and released, she was filled with a sense of taboo at the sweet white liquid endlessly spurting and defiling the sacred room.

The reality being recorded on video even now stimulated the masochistic heroine's instincts, but Shine Mirage had no way of knowing she was being swallowed by waves of excitement beyond the usual.

Her moans of ecstasy, which might echo even in the empty school building, grew louder, her body trembled in small shakes, and the costume between her legs gradually changed color.

"It's almost full. Come on, keep it up!! Last spurt!!"

"J-Just a little, more slowly hiiin!! Ahee... L-Left and right, take turns hii... Squeezing like that, I can't!!"

The cups were already over half full, and at this rate the goal would surely be achieved in just a few more minutes.

But of course he wouldn't just let it end, and a change came to the torment that had been simultaneous until now. He put his fingers to her breasts one at a time, alternately crushing the nipples.

The sudden change from the same stimulation successfully shook the transformed heroine's mind and body strongly, and unsightly moans of ecstasy wouldn't stop coming from her slackly open mouth.

(A-Almost... The desk is getting... d-dirty but... I need to finish quickly now... Ohooo!! So much milk!!)

The desk was already stained white with spurted milk, dripping onto the floor and giving off a sweet scent.

The secretions stimulated Shine Mirage's sight and smell, further transforming her into a female in heat.

"Finally done. Man, you made such a mess though. Cleaning this up is gonna be a pain... not that it's my problem."

"Hah... ah... hah... y-you... bastard..."

"Huh? Can't hear you mumbling like that. Speak up clearly like you usually do."

By the time the intense milking was over, the Henshin Heroine's beautiful face had melted, her cute tongue slightly hanging out.

Though well aware of the messy reality she had created, her mind was hazy with pleasure. Between ragged breaths, all she could do was show a will that had not yet submitted.

Her voluptuous breasts had returned to their original shape once released, but the pink nipples that had been teased until just seconds ago were still faintly stained with milk.

"Since you went through the trouble of producing it, why don't you taste it yourself instead of wasting it on me? Here, I'll help open your mouth."

"...S-Stop... such a thing... agah... n-no... pleash... hy-hyah..."

Before she knew it, Kuroda had grabbed one of the cups. The milk inside rippled as it approached her mouth, filled to the brim.

Even if it was drinkable, there was no way she could actually consume it... Though she weakly voiced her refusal, Kuroda's hand pressed against her cheek, forcibly tilting her head back to face the ceiling.

The cup in her vision gradually tilted, the white liquid slowly dripping from the rim. It seemed to fall from the sky in extreme slow motion.

"Nnguu... ngu, nn, nn... ngu, nn, nn...!!!"

(M-My milk... it tastes like this...? Sweet and... d-delicious... no, I shouldn't think such things...)

With her cheek gripped, exposing a foolish expression, the white liquid filled her mouth drop by drop. Even though it was her own secretion, the taste was very sweet, thoroughly pleasing the pampered young lady heroine's tongue.

"Haau... uuun... ngu, nngu, hooun...!!!"

The stream of milk falling slowly grew thicker, gaining momentum as Kuroda suddenly tilted the cup more. Her gripped mouth formed a narrow gate, making it difficult to swallow it all as the milk stream thickened.

Kuroda likely had no intention of letting her drink properly. The cup shook slightly, and the distorted stream of milky white liquid splattered onto her glossy lips and flushed cheeks.

"Sorry 'bout that. My hand shook a bit. Well, a cum-loving heroine like you probably gets more excited by this anyway."

"Hah... haau... What are you... saying... Nobody is... excited..."

Freed from his grip, the Henshin Heroine's face had transformed into a lewd visage stained with white liquid, just as Kuroda said. Her sweet gasps and flushed cheeks further amplified her lewdness.

No matter how much she denied it, it wouldn't be strange to mistake her for a slutty nymphomaniac seducing males.

"Well then, next I'll give you your favorite. I'll sit here, so first get under here."

Kuroda, holding the video camera, moved to the chairman's desk that Saki always used. He sat down deeply in the luxurious chair reserved for the leader, more extravagant than the others.

Just seeing such a despicable man sit down there felt terribly defiling, igniting the Henshin lady's anger.

"Don't get cocky... I'll remember this... Kuroda."

Her words were low and bitter. If Saki Todoin unleashed such anger on a normal person, they would cower in fear of the consequences. But the situation was different now.

Even facing the defiled Henshin Heroine filled with frustration and anger, Kuroda's composure didn't waver - he even showed a smile.

"Come on, hurry up and get in. Oh, and take off that visor too, it's in the way."

Remembering the training done by the monsters and combatants, the unresisting heroine couldn't even hide her milk-covered breasts as she squeezed herself into the empty space under the student council president's desk.

As desired, she also removed her visor. The Henshin Heroine with her beautiful face stained white looked up at Kuroda's face with her bare visage. Her usual fierce expression had melted with pleasure, and her glaring eyes lacked strength.

"Just changing the hairstyle and color makes quite a difference. No wonder no one can tell your true identity."

The golden twin-tailed Striker Form was quite different from her usual elegant long black hair as a young lady.

But she was still a beautiful girl, and the reality that he could now do as he pleased with such a special existence accelerated Kuroda's excitement.

"That doesn't matter right now... So, next is that... y-you want me to... s-suck it... don't you...?"

Realizing it was pointless to listen to Kuroda's words, she urged him on, imagining what he intended to do next based on his previous statement, her words breaking off in embarrassment.

The male symbol she had been made to suck many times. Just imagining servicing that detestable thing made the Henshin Heroine's heart race.

"Oh, you're really eager, huh? But that halfhearted way of saying it... You need to properly tell this what you want."

The video camera lens pointed at her. She averted her gaze shyly for a moment, but then looked up with a resigned, anxious expression.

"...Please let... Shine Mirage... service your... ochinchin."

(...To be made to say such things... and be recorded... but why... does it make my heart race so much...?)

"Nice. Well then, I'll leave my dick to you. Though I'm sure it'll be unsatisfying compared to what you've been dealing with up till now."

As Kuroda loosened his belt and lowered his pants, his erect penis, already excited from the previous acts, throbbed visibly.

It certainly felt small compared to the monsters and combatants, but it was a sufficient length and thickness for a human male. The Henshin Heroine's body, steadily trained into a perverted masochist through repeated violations, reacted excessively just from seeing it.

"I see... This is the smallest I've ever seen."

"Seems it's not to the liking of a pervert heroine who prefers thick ones. But bear with it, this guy's gonna join the ranks of those fucking you from now on."

She disparaged Kuroda's member as a last bit of resistance, but it only served to reveal the abnormality of her previous partners and her own perversion in moaning for them.

"...S-Shut up!! Amu, chu... rero, nn... it really does stink... chuzu, reropicha... chuu, nnn..."

Feeling her face grow hot from her slip-up, she reached out to Kuroda's erect manhood, first taking just the glans into her small mouth and lightly sucking on it.

The strong male scent stimulated her nose, making her reason try to refuse, but her instincts reacted excessively, making her body grow hot and throb.

She then released it from her mouth and licked down the hot, trembling shaft with her small tongue, reaching all the way to the base covered in pubic hair.

(I shouldn't need to get this close... but the closer I get, the stronger the smell becomes... my body is getting so hot...)

Though she wasn't ordered to, her body and tongue moved as if it was natural to lick every nook and cranny. Of course the smell would get stronger as she brought her face closer to his crotch, but for some reason she couldn't stop despite knowing this.

Even as her face was being defiled by the pubic hair at the base, her slender hands wrapped in white gloves gently stroked the tip, rubbing circles around the glans with her fingers.

The Henshin Heroine, who had once been given a penis by Misty and driven mad by intense ejaculatory pleasure, had not yet realized that she had unconsciously begun doing to Kuroda the actions that she herself enjoyed having done to her.

"You're servicing me pretty enthusiastically. You really do love cock, don't you?"

"Amuu... chujuu... that's not... nbu, jubu... I just want... to finish quickly... jururero... ah... the bitter dick juice..."

The meat rod was now coated in saliva from her tongue licking every part. As Kuroda said, her service was too proactive for someone who hadn't been told to do anything.

The Henshin Heroine once again took the glans into her mouth, this time opening wider than before. She denied his words while tasting the bitterness of his precum.

But the sounds of service continued uninterrupted even as she spoke. While it was true that she wanted to finish quickly, there were certainly other emotions mixed in as well.

(The shape is more normal and smaller than those Dark Crime guys... but the smell and taste of the dick juice is so strong...)

Being filmed with the video camera. The strange service under the student council president's desk. These things stimulated her masochistic tendencies, and on top of that, the unexpectedly perverted excitement given by Kuroda's penis.

It scorched Shine Mirage's body with intense carnal heat, dyeing her mind pink and melting away her reason.

"Nnbuu, nmuu... nnu, nnnu!! Njubu, juburuu... juzuu!!"

As her thoughts gradually melted away, her service grew more intense, the obscene, vulgar sounds growing louder.

Her lips, which had been moving back and forth halfway at first, now reached all the way to the base, giving a soft, plump accent with each round trip.

Kuroda had stopped speaking - was it because it felt good? Or was he absorbed in filming the Henshin Heroine's lewd state?

Occasionally, as if checking his reaction, she would look up at him with upturned eyes while her mouth was stuffed with his penis. Her face had begun to melt to the point where she almost seemed to be pleading.

(Ah, my partner is Kuroda... I shouldn't need to go this far... but my body won't stop... What's happening to me...)

Though she said she wanted to finish quickly, there was no need to service him this enthusiastically. But once her body's switch had been flipped, it ignored her will and continued to stuff the filthy male rod in her mouth.

She must not do such a vulgar vacuum blowjob with hollowed cheeks. She had to make him ejaculate and end this in this state. Her remaining reason refused to cross that final line.

Placing her hands on both of Kuroda's knees for stability, she earnestly moved her face up and down, shaking her golden twin tails in the darkness under the desk.

"As expected of a heroine who's sucked many cocks. I'm about to cum already... Now then, make sure you drink it all down!!"

The abnormal reality of a beautiful heroine servicing a cock with her mouth wide open. The pleasure of defiling a mouth that still retained its purity even after learning it had been made into an onahole by the combatants.

The fact that he was making the haughty student council president suck him off aroused Kuroda's desire to ejaculate, seemingly bringing him to climax faster than expected.

The hand not holding the video camera firmly gripped her shining hair, fixing her in place and pressing the Henshin Heroine's face against his crotch in preparation for ejaculation.

"Nmguuuuuu!! Nguu, nngu!! Gokyu, gokyu... juruuuuuu!!"

(...It's less than Dolcos and the others... but it's hot and easy to drink...)

The youthful semen released in a fully prepared state. Though inferior in quantity and thickness compared to the monsters, it caused less pain as it forcibly passed down her throat.

Her reaction was delayed for a moment as it occupied her mouth, making her cheeks bulge. But in order to drink every last drop, she swallowed repeatedly with loud gulping sounds. Her stimulated desires, her instincts, overwhelmed her reason, driving the Henshin Heroine mad for just an instant.

The act she thought she shouldn't do. The vulgar fellatio with hollowed cheeks. To suck out the very last drop, the beautiful heroine exposed an unsightly, perverted face.

A small amount of excess semen dripped from the corner of her mouth, trailing down her shapely chin before falling to her breasts in a thin strand.

"This is amazing. Even AV actresses would be put to shame... Make sure you clean it up properly too."

(... This much is still okay... No, what am I thinking...!?)

The Henshin Heroine looked up with somewhat feverish eyes and nodded slightly. When she released it from her mouth, the still-hard meat rod glistened crookedly with a mixture of semen and saliva.

Compared to what she had tasted before, it somehow felt lacking. Of course, there was an incomparable difference between monsters and humans, but she certainly found herself thinking that she wanted more.

As if denying such unacceptable thoughts, she shook her head slightly before once again running her tongue over Kuroda's member.

"Nchu... rero... haah... rerochu... chuju, juuu!!"

She licked off the sticky love juices with her tongue, occasionally taking the tip into her mouth to suck it out while rubbing the urethra with her tongue. It was an act that could be taken as the start of round two.

The Henshin Heroine's tongue danced seductively over the still-erect penis.

"I appreciate the service, but the main event is different. Well, if you insist on doing it, use those huge tits to squeeze it until I say stop."

"...I understand... Ah... It's still so hot... Nnah..."

Surprised by the word "service," her eyes widened at her own overly proactive behavior. Still flustered, she followed his orders, lifting her breasts to sandwich Kuroda's still-hard meat spear between them.

Feeling his desire that wasn't satisfied with one ejaculation directly through her breasts, she squeezed them together from both sides, compressing them tightly.

The white soft skin sensitively transmitted the stimulation, causing a sweet voice to inadvertently leak out. The paizuri service continued in a slave-like state, kneeling under the desk.

"Hah... I can't believe I forgot something after staying late to clean up... How stupid of me."

A shadowy figure moved away from the school, now dyed in darkness as the sunset faded. Mio Tsukahara sighed at her own blunder as she trudged along alone.

"Saki said she was going home early today too... It's lonely walking home alone-- Huh?"

As she pictured her diligent friend who usually stayed at school later than anyone else, she turned back towards the school building and noticed one place still lit up.

"Isn't that the student council room... I wonder if Saki is there?"

Though she was supposed to have gone home already, perhaps some work remained. Puzzled but thinking Saki might be there after all, Mio began heading back towards the school building.

Since both times were almost without any training... I'm rushing to update in this manner...

This is the second part, but it's not over yet, so I will continue just one more time.

The Trap of Dark Crime! Secrets Revealed (Final Part)

"Hmm... Is this all there is to it? It's a bit disappointing..."

Lying on her back on the empty rooftop, Misty watches the incoming video feed. Her expression is one of pure boredom, occasionally showing an unladylike yawn from her cute mouth.

Compared to the merciless training by the evil organization up until now, Kuroda's techniques seem gentle in comparison.

"Still, to moan that much just from having her breasts teased, it seems the training is progressing well. If I hadn't helped out, someone might have heard her."

Even if most of the students have gone home, there are still a few teachers remaining. While it might be fine in an unpopulated area, there's a good chance someone could hear if she moaned loudly in the student council room inside the school.

Misty had used her black needles to slightly manipulate the humans in the school, erasing the existence of the student council room from their consciousness, completely isolating the transformed heroine and delinquent's training room.

It was all just a minor assistance, more for her own amusement than for Kuroda's sake. While it might be interesting if they were discovered, this is probably fine for now.

"Oh my, someone's coming back at this hour... I see, interesting. Hehe... this might turn out to be quite entertaining."

The video feed from the black orbs monitoring people's movements besides the student council room shows one of the students trying to return to the school.

Just as she was about to create a black needle to inject them, she realizes who the student is. While their purpose is unclear, leaving them unmanipulated might add some spice to the current training session.

Dispelling the black needle she had created, the dark girl smiles a devilish smile as she anticipates the possibilities.

"Nngh... kuhii!! Haa, m-my ass... roughly stirring it up... haa... haau, ahiin!!"

Forced into a pose with her upper body bent over the student council president's desk and her rear sticking out, the transformed heroine lets out sweet moans. Even the

stimulation of her large, exposed breasts being crushed between the desk and her body feels somehow pleasurable.

"For the student council president and righteous heroine to use words like 'ass', you must have been trained quite thoroughly. What's wrong, does it feel that good to have your asshole penetrated by fingers?"

Behind her, sitting in the president's chair with a vulgar smile on his face as he looks at Shine Mirage's plump hips, is Kuroda. The fabric covering her anus has been pushed aside, and two of the delinquent's fingers are inserted into the small excretory hole.

Her anus, which has become incredibly sensitive due to the previous training, is lewdly swallowing the villain's fingers, squeezing them tightly.

"I-It doesn't feel good at all... such a dirty hole... nhii!! Haau, aaah... ahia!! D-Don't grind it like that...!!"

(T-To think words would come out so naturally... ahaa... I really... b-but, just fingers aren't enough...!!)

The lewd words that have repeatedly violated her ears and mouth take priority in her pleasure-melting mind. Even if she thinks she shouldn't use them, her body ignores that and seeks perverse excitement.

Her anus, which had been filled with an extremely thick penis during training sessions, seeks even more intense stimulation despite obtaining pleasure from being stirred by two fingers.

"You're lying because you're moaning in pleasure. Well, no matter what you say, I'm going to do as I please with this heroine's ass pussy. But man, what a soft, plump ass... it feels great."

Saki's superior body is evident not only in her Striker Form costume but also in her school uniform. Her ass flesh, which shows the same softness as her breasts, sinking under the fingers, is now nothing more than a toy for Kuroda alone.

Separate from the rhythm of the two fingers stirring her rectum, there's a slow, sticky hand movement. He gathers the white ass fruit, spreading it outwards and kneading it strongly.

(Aah... just being kneaded a little makes my body tingle... b-but more... this half-measure isn't enough...)

A masochistic desire she could never voice aloud. Kuroda's current actions seem closer to confirming the sensation.

Compared to the merciless torment by Dark Crime's monsters and combatants, her body, which has been dyed with sweet pleasure, finds it lacking.

The lewd urge that can't be resisted is something the transformed heroine is clearly aware of as shameful. Even though she thinks she shouldn't submit, that she shouldn't lose to evil, it wells up inside her.

She's not being filmed now, and Kuroda can't see her face. Perhaps because of this, her expression is sweetly melting, with the corners of her eyes weakly drooping as if seeking something.

"Come to think of it. I know your ass pussy has been fucked many times, but what about your pussy?"

Kuroda voices a thought that suddenly occurred to him. It's a natural question from someone who only knows the facts from the video, unaware of the previous flow and situation.

It's not hard to imagine what kind of existence this unnaturally cooperative girl is, even for someone slow on the uptake. In other words, the transformed heroine Shine Mirage has been defeated by the evil organization, and her voluptuous body that seduces males has been trained.

The fact that she's lactating can be understood as a modification typical of the evil organization, but in the video, there was never any insertion into the maiden's sacred area.

(If I do something careless, I'll be the one who gets killed...)

Unaware of Kuroda's thoughts, who feels uneasy despite being in an overwhelmingly advantageous position, Shine Mirage's eyes widen at the unexpected question.

Her virgin territory, which had never been penetrated despite the repeated perverse training in her previous defeats. At first, she had feared losing her virginity, but gradually that consciousness had faded due to the repeated perverted anal training.

Now that it's been brought to her attention again by these words, the fear of being violated fills her head as she becomes aware of her purity that has been preserved... or rather, left untouched.

"...I'm... still a virgin... nnh, kuhaa...!!!"

She's already in a state of dancing in Kuroda's palm. Even if she lies, the result won't change - she'll be mercilessly penetrated in whichever hole he likes depending on his mood.

If that's the case, she decides to be honest, trembling with shame at the abnormal situation of still being a virgin despite being so defiled, while letting out moans of anal pleasure.

"Heh... to think you're still a virgin even though you're lactating... does that mean you've been modified? For a righteous heroine to lose and be modified like that..."

"I-I haven't lost yet... nhii!! D-Don't add more fingers... nhooo... it's more intense than before...!!!"

(I haven't lost... b-but when my ass pussy is pounded... ohooo... m-my head is melting...)

There's no way she can admit defeat. It's natural for her to deny it as a righteous heroine, but when a third finger enters her weak spot, her thoughts fly away and her mind goes blank.

It's a humiliation as if she's being taught that justice's pride is meaningless in the face of pleasure. Although she pleads with a sweet voice, her shameless body that has finally obtained the pleasure it sought sways its lower half invitingly while having its ass flesh kneaded.

"Well, whether you win or lose doesn't matter to me as long as I can fuck you like this. But man, am I lucky. To think I'd get the virgin pussy of the student council president and righteous heroine."

It's a twisted way of thinking that only cares about his own satisfaction. The transformed heroine feels intense indignation at this thought process that can only be judged as evil despite coming from a human.

However, with her weakness in his grasp, her title as a righteous heroine now only serves to excite her opponent. Even a girl with supernatural powers is no different from an ordinary person to be violated by a male.

The crotch of the heroine costume, already wet from several climaxes. The puffy mound of flesh clings to her skin, still overflowing with honey from the anal pleasure.

"T-That alone... ahaa... nnkuu... you must not do..."

The unknown pleasure she has yet to experience swells in her melting head, filled with expectation and anxiety. Her ass has already been changed this much. What would happen if this hole were to be violated and trained as well?

For a moment, such a temptation passes through her head, but the girl who is a messenger of justice has not yet surrendered. Even though he's an opponent she can't defy, she must show at least a little will.

Even now, sweet numbness leaks from her voice as her rectum is stirred, but she clings to the slightest... perhaps non-existent possibility.

"Heh... if the righteous heroine says so, I guess I have no choice. I'll give up."

Words far too light for a lustful violator. However, that reaction conversely causes confusion and heightens the heroine's anxiety.

Is there some other aim... can these words even be trusted in the first place? Her thoughts are trapped in a circle with no answer, and no words come out to Kuroda.

"But there's a condition. Since I'm using your worn-out ass pussy instead of taking your virginity, express your gratitude properly in words."

"...nhooo!! Nmuchuu... omu... wafuahifuahiwaa..."

(Aah... now the fingers that stirred my ass... t-the bitter taste... but, but... haau... I'm being made to say it again...)

The three fingers suddenly pulled out, intentionally curling to scrape up her rectum. The beautiful young heroine writhes, arching her back at the intense sensation of her sensitive intestinal walls being roughly scraped.

Flinging beads of sweat, her tongue lolling out in an ahgao face that she couldn't show anyone. Her blonde hair is roughly grabbed, and the fingers coated in rectal fluids are shoved into her slightly open mouth.

Unlike the sweetness of the earlier milk, it's the same as her own secretions, but having liquid from her excretory hole shoved into her mouth naturally evokes disgust.

However, it's not just disgust she feels, but also the pleasure of being defiled. She licks the fingers carefully, making wet sounds as she cleans the villain's fingers.

The humiliating, lewd words being demanded. The villains must find excitement in making her, a messenger of justice, spout such obscene words.

Faced with the reality that she can't refuse such humiliation, her usually dignified eyes droop, with tears gathering at the corners.

With a wet pop, the fingers are finally pulled out, creating an arch of saliva connecting them to her young, plump lips in an obscene way.

"...Please. I, Shine Mirage... am a perverted anal heroine who... haau... loves having my ass pussy pounded by cocks..."

Please... fill this used cock hole... uu, nn... w-with your, cock... Ah... I want your cock..."

While facing her plump ass towards the delinquent, she spreads her ass cheeks with both hands. Showing off the pink intestinal walls that don't look like they've swallowed villains' cocks many times, she speaks.

(To be made to say such things... i-it's humiliating... but... aah... the words won't stop... uu... having my spread ass hole filmed... my ass pussy is throbbing...)

The lewd begging through dirty talk that she's been made to say many times. It's supposed to be unwanted, feeling only humiliation and shame, but with each repetition, is it just her imagination? Her noble body as a messenger of justice burns hot.

To begin with, if she just wanted to ask, she could keep it short like during fellatio service. Yet, once the words leave her mouth, they continue regardless of her will, making lewd and vulgar pleas while showing off her excretory hole.

Her white, top-grade ass fruit distorts under her slender fingers as it spreads, slowly swaying left and right, seeking a male like a lewd female.

"I can see all the way inside your ass pussy. You're shaking your ass so lewdly, I'd better give you the cock you're craving."

The video camera in recording mode is placed beside the desk, and Kuroda's now free hands grab both arms of the transformed heroine showing off her anus.

"Aguu!? M-My arms are... haa—ahiiii!! T-The cock is entering... ahn, aahn!!"

Her hands grabbed from behind are pulled, lifting her upper body that was bent over the student council president's desk, and her crushed breasts regain their shape.

While the pain isn't great, she lets out a voice at the stimulation of being forcibly pulled up, and immediately after, Kuroda's meat rod fills her rectum in one go.

"It's squeezing so tight. Despite being fucked so much, it's like it's the first time."

An undeniable pleasure. Her shameless anus was obtaining great joy from the meat cock of someone she doesn't love, someone she should rather despise.

(Aaah... i-it's a lie... it should be smaller than theirs... nhaa... but the friction feels the same... nhiin!!)

Compared to the monstrous meat weapons she's dealt with until now, it's ordinary... at best, slightly larger than average, yet a definite pleasure burns through her body.

While there are differences, they don't matter to her anus that has been turned into a cock hole through previous training; as long as it's of a certain size, it can fully obtain pleasure.

"Anuu... haa, nhaa!! Ahn, nhiii... it's so intense!!"

The masochistic heroine's submissive excitement is fueled by being in the student council room and being filmed, accelerating the pink stimulation.

Burun burun, her age-inappropriate huge breasts bounce violently in time with the rough piston movements, even that becoming a strong, obscene pleasure.

"Hey hey, wasn't my cock supposed to be small? To moan so much, you must feel good with anyone's cock, you slut!!"

"Ahaa!! Ahn, ahn, ahn... t-that's not true... I'm not a slut... nhia!!"

Even though she wants to deny it, what flies out of her mouth with priority is the proof of a female rejoicing in a male's stiffness. The overly sweet cries that show no trace of dignity as a student council president or righteous heroine are clear evidence of Kuroda's victory.

The absolute sense of defeat of being violated without being able to resist by an opponent she could easily subdue if not transformed, while in the form of Shine Mirage.

But that is a terrifyingly sweet poison. The more dire the situation, the more the masochistic pleasure chains together. The repeated training had certainly been engraved on the transformed heroine's mind and body.

"It must be tough being a transformed heroine. Even though your body is this happy, you have to stubbornly deny it."

(O-Okay... I'm... I'm not going to... cum from something like this... *huff*... M-My... My asshole is... loving it...!!)

Even as pleasure washed over her and she gasped, the transforming young lady endured, telling herself that compared to the nightmarish training she had previously undergone, this was... nothing. She wished for Kuroda to ejaculate quickly, all while trying to resist the overwhelming sensations.

Contrary to her will, however, she squeezed the intruding shaft of flesh with all her might, and in return, as if demanding recompense, she craved the stimulation of her tightly packed intestinal walls powerfully grinding upwards.

Using the transforming heroine's arms as reins, the delinquent's lust-filled hips slammed against her rear, causing her ample buttocks to jiggle softly.

(Damn... Her asshole is squeezing so tight... I'm gonna cum first...)

Kuroda was driven to the brink of ecstasy by the sensation of her anus, unlike anything he had ever experienced, as if specifically designed to pleasure a man.

Contrary to his outwardly nonchalant demeanor, his powerful thrusts, echoing with the *slap, slap* of flesh against flesh, betrayed his eagerness to bring his partner to climax.

While there wasn't inherently a problem with him ejaculating first, perhaps he wanted to prove his dominance. He had decided that, at least for the first time, he would make her, the perverted heroine writhing with pleasure in her violated asshole, cum first.

"There! If you like your ass-pussy so much, then cum! We've got a long night ahead of us!"

"Ahh! Nn... *gasp*... I-I'm not... cumming yet... not from something like this... *moan*!"

Her expression was already a mess, lost in anal bliss. But Shine Mirage, too, was desperately trying not to submit to Kuroda.

The invading pleasure was rich and ample stimulation for the perverted heroine, whose anus had become her primary erogenous zone. But compared to her previous training, this was sweet... almost disappointingly so.

The circumstances were certainly designed to incite humiliation and shame. It was easy to imagine how a sensitive masochistic heroine would react if other stimuli were added to the mix.

Knock, knock

"Is anyone... there?"

(...That voice... Mio!? B-But she said she couldn't walk home with me today...)

The sudden knock and the voice that followed snapped her out of her pleasure-induced haze. It was a voice she knew all too well, and the realization of its owner's identity brought her crashing back to reality.

Kuroda, oblivious, hadn't even noticed the artificial light that illuminated them, the very light that the mentally tormented heroine, in her current state, couldn't help but register.

Click The sound of someone trying to open the locked door. It was undeniable proof that someone was inside, a fact now conveyed to the girl outside.

"Saki? Are you in there? Answer me."

Unable to discern who the other person was, the student council president's close friend continued to call out in her sweet voice, seeking a response.

(It's okay... If I stay quiet, she'll probably give up and go home... Kuroda wouldn't do anything that would risk getting caught...)

She desperately wanted to answer, to open the door and leave with Mio. But that desire was thwarted by the nightmarish reality of her situation.

Kuroda had no reason to reveal this situation to anyone, especially not within their circle of friends. The meaty spear violating her rectum had stopped moving. Was he thinking something over?

The powerless transforming heroine could only wait, tensely, for the one in control to make a decision, hoping for the least worst outcome.

"Your friend came all this way. Answer her."

"...Wh-What... *moan*...!!"

The words that broke the silence were unexpected. She hadn't intended to speak, but her mouth opened impulsively.

What was he thinking? She tried to turn and see his expression, but a powerful thrust of his hips sent a wave of sweet poison through her body.

"Just talk to her, alright? Of course, if you don't want her to find out what's going on, you can't let her in."

"I can't do that... *moan*! D-Don't move..."

As Kuroda moved, the heroine, still impaled, had no choice but to follow. With her arms still bound, she was shifted sideways from the student council president's desk where she had been violated.

To the back center of the room. Beside the window. Since the other officers' desks were clustered in the center, the area in front of her was now an open pathway.

Released from their restraints, her upper body slumped towards the floor, leaving her in a humiliating posture, supported only by the delinquent's penis in her lower body.

"*Whimper*... D-Don't thrust..."

The anal stimulation had weakened her. Her sensitivity, far greater than before, robbed her of control even with a single thrust. Her will to resist had completely evaporated.

Her best friend was outside, and her identity as a heroine was at risk. In this worst-case scenario, as she was silently urged forward by the thrusts of his hips, a pleasure more intense than usual flooded her mind.

"Come on, answer her before she leaves."

Kuroda's intention was clear: he wanted them to talk, likely right in front of the door. She stumbled forward, her legs trembling pathetically, each step a monumental effort. The door seemed impossibly far away.

"*Moan... Mio...!*"

"There you are! Were you working on something?"

Every word she uttered was laced with the sweetness of perverted pleasure. She strained to regain some semblance of normalcy, but the effort only made her sound more unnatural.

Her close friend, accustomed to her usual demeanor, naturally noticed the difference. Mio's voice was filled with concern for Saki, a concern that Saki herself felt acutely.

"...Y-Yes... *moan...* I had... a little... work left... *moan...*"

She was about to deceive her most trusted friend and send her away. A sharp pang of guilt shot through her heart, mingling with a powerful sense of transgression.

The slimy, obscene sensation of her rectum being stretched. The humiliation of a righteous heroine being manipulated by a villain's penis. These feelings combined to send tremors of pleasure through Shine Mirage's body.

"Oh... Well, let's go home together when you're done. It's getting dark, and it's kind of scary... haha."

Mio's soothing voice, attempting to maintain a normal conversation, was agonizing for Saki. With each step closer to the door, a mixture of anxiety and excitement welled up within her. The fear, the thrill, of her friend discovering her, a transforming heroine, with her ass being violated by Kuroda.

These emotions fueled her masochistic desires, causing her to clench around the source of her pleasure more tightly than ever. She craved more, as if seeking a level of pleasure so intense it risked exposure.

"I'm... sorry... *pant...* I'm not... finished yet... *moan...*"

(Oh god... W-Why... Mio is right outside... and I... I can't control my voice... It's... It feels so good... *moan...* I-I want more...)

With each step, her bent upper body swayed, her ample breasts jiggling. So close to the door, she couldn't control her shameful, lust-inflamed body, succumbing to the overwhelming desire for the pleasure his cock provided.

"...Your voice sounds strange. Like you have a fever, or you're sick... If you're not done, I'll help you, so please open the door."

Reaching her destination, she propped herself up against the door with her hands to make it easier to talk. On the other side, her most trusted friend spoke with concern.

(It's not like that... I'm... Ah... My asshole is filled with your cock... My breasts are exposed, my nipples... hard and erect...)

Her friend's pure, caring words filled her with both happiness and shame at her own wretched state. Just imagining how she looked caused sweet nectar to drip from her darkly flushed groin down her thighs, and despite herself, she tightened around her tormentor's shaft.

"Whoa, whoa, your friend's right there, and you're squeezing me this tight? Are you getting off on the possibility of getting caught, you perverted heroine?"

He whispered in her ear. Even his foul breath, barely brushing against her, felt perverse, as if he were violating her ear.

"I-I'm fine... I'm alone today... *moan*... Mio, you should... go... home... first... *moan*...!"

With her position fixed, the pistoning resumed. Kuroda, to his credit, held back, his thrusts gentler. But despite his restraint, the jolts of pleasure coursing through her were more intense than before.

She knew that any pause would only arouse suspicion, so she desperately tried to speak, but every word came out as a sweet, melting moan. She covered her mouth with her right hand, the other still pressed against the door, trying to muffle the sounds.

"B-But... your voice still sounds strange... At least let me see your face."

It was only natural for Mio to be suspicious, given her unusual behavior. Saki wanted her to leave, for both their sakes, but every word she spoke only seemed to delay her departure.

Eyes closed, head bowed, desperately trying to suppress the evidence of her pleasure, she struggled to find the right words. What could she say to make Mio go home?

The soft yet powerful thrusts of his hips continued, violating her rectum and painting her mind pink. Her ragged, lustful breathing, escaping her lips, betrayed her lack of composure.

Her mind raced, finding no answers. With each rub against her intestinal walls, a familiar sensation intensified, building towards a familiar crescendo.

“...I-I’m really ... fine... *moan*... Please... before it’s too late... *moan*...!”

(Go home... *moan*! B-Being violated... getting pounded like this... I can feel it throughout my body...! I can feel Kuroda’s fingers... digging in... *moan*... I-I can’t...)

Were her words for Mio’s sake, or her own? Without a proper justification, they came out as a mere plea.

The hand that had been supporting her hips shifted, gripping her full, ripe buttocks, sending a sharp thrill through her that escaped as a moan. Her hand over her mouth was useless against such a powerful sensation.

Her plump, ripe rear had become a masochistic zone, now as sensitive as her breasts. In this precarious situation, with the constant threat of discovery, the man’s powerful kneading sent unprecedented, piercing jolts of pleasure through her with every squeeze and contortion.

The pistoning seemed to intensify, the rapid vibrations filling her mind with nothing but anal pleasure.

(Hurry... Mio... *moan*... Before I... reach my limit... Please... If you care about me... *moan*...!)

“...But—”

“Go home!”

Her desperate cry, like a death rattle, cut off her friend mid-sentence.

“O-Okay... I’m sorry... I’ll go home now.”

After a moment of silence, a small, trembling voice, clearly shaken, came from the other side of the door.

The sound of retreating footsteps followed, confirming that the girl had left the student council room. One source of anxiety had been eliminated... but at a terrible cost.

“I-I’m sorry... I’m sorry, Mio...”

There was no longer a need to cover her mouth, but now tears streamed uncontrollably down her face. She had said terrible things... done a terrible thing. Waves of regret poured from her eyes.

Even in her compromised state, there had been no need to speak to Mio like that. More than any words she had ever heard, Mio's last words cut deep into the transforming heroine's heart.

"You're a cruel one, aren't you? To your friend who was just worried about you."

"I-It's your fault! Suddenly grabbing me like that... *moan*... You're... the worst..."

Just then, the hand kneading her buttocks had suddenly shifted, his fingers digging in and pinching her hard enough to cause pain.

Her sensitized body, reacting intensely to even the slightest stimulation, couldn't withstand such an intense sensation. A surge of transgressive, masochistic pleasure obliterated all rational thought, and she had blurted out her most desperate wish.

"And you know what? The tighter you squeezed me as you got closer to the door, the more delicious it felt... Did you like the thought of getting caught, you perverted heroine?!"

"*Moan*! N-No... I... *moan*! Ah... Don't... Don't spank me...!"

Kuroda had been watching her reactions, feeling the sensations from her asshole, and he was certain. The increasing tightness of her clenches as the possibility of exposure grew only confirmed the depth of Shine Mirage's masochism.

Now that the interruption was gone, he quickened his hips, spanking her repeatedly as if to revel in her masochistic pleasure.

The sudden onslaught of spanking, combined with the aftereffects of her suppressed emotions, wrenched a series of indecent cries from her. Her body trembled, hands gripping the door, her golden twintails swaying as she arched her back.

"The harder I spank you, the tighter you squeeze, huh? No matter how much you deny it, you're a perverted masochistic heroine!"

"*Moan*... M-My asshole... It's grinding... My body is tingling... *moan*! I-It hurts... Ah... Spanking... feels so good..."

Her outburst at Mio had shattered her resolve. A single thrust from Kuroda was enough to break her remaining resistance, and the overwhelming pleasure easily overrode her will to endure.

Her body tensed as she raced towards climax, her fingers contorting as if clawing at the door, her knees threatening to buckle.

Reduced to a state resembling hours of relentless training, she surrendered to the onslaught of pleasure, a degraded heroine reveling in the sensation of being spanked.

"Cum! Betray your friend and cum while your ass is being pounded!"

"Ahh! I'm cumming...! Getting spanked... I'm cumming in my ass-pussy! *Screams*"

Squeeze! He gripped her reddened buttocks tightly. A dry slap echoed as he thrust deep inside her, followed immediately by the release of his seed.

As if blowing away everything that happened after school, an intense spark attacked her brain, dyeing it pure white. The masochistic heroine, her tongue lolling in a blissful, pleasure-seeking stupor, displayed her lewd, ecstatic face to the door, twitching and trembling.

The unbearably hot, male filth that filled her excretion hole made her body throb with excitement. The Shapeshifting Heroine, who had betrayed her friend, surrendered herself to the excessively sweet pleasure, perhaps to escape the guilt.

"This is truly a supreme hole. As expected, one shot isn't enough to make me soft. Next time, I'll do this... I'll violate you with a Milk Cock covered in your milk."

He withdrew it once, but his meat spear remained hard and virile. Perhaps it was only natural, considering his opponent was a supreme female, the Heroine of Justice, the hateful Student Council President.

He poured the Boob Milk that had been in the cup onto his rigid erection, smeared with Bowel Fluid and semen, and once again aimed at the Shapeshifting Heroine's twitching, trembling anus.

"Now, we're still filming. Entice me with some dirty talk."

That's right. This entire conversation was being filmed. The worst kind of video, of her deceiving her best friend, being violated, and moaning, was being recorded.

With her mind melted and dyed white by the climax, she had no proper thinking ability left, and no strong willpower remained in Shine Mirage, only negative emotions.

"...P-Please punish Todoin Saki...Shine Mirage...for betraying Mio and having a Butthole Orgasm...with your...rock-hard Dick...I want you to stir my Perverted Ass Cunt a lot...ohoooooh!! Dick, come in...!!"

Lewdly wagging her hips, she begged. The perverted desires she was forced to express so many times made it increasingly unclear whether she was even being made to say them anymore.

Her Large breasts bouncing wildly, the Shapeshifting Heroine, driven mad by the stimulation she felt from her excretion hole, was only just beginning her night.

This story ends here.

I realized once again while writing this that I really love the "heroine being forced to do something by a villain" situation.

These days, I truly feel that this is my own work, by me, for me.

Interlude V

Kuroda left the academy about three hours after he had entered the student council room.

"Tch... it was better than I thought, and I messed up my pace. Oh well, I can do whatever I want with her every day from now on."

Against the ultimate masterpiece he had never felt before, Kuroda continued to thrust his hips as his lust dictated.

His true desire was to torment her for much longer, but even for a student with a strong sex drive, Kuroda's ordinary body had its limits.

He poured every last drop into the Shapeshifting Heroine's anus, and while she licked and sucked him clean with her semen-reeking yet lovely lips, he forcefully registered his number and address into her phone. He ordered the Heroine Lady, who had transformed back, to clean the student council room, and left the academy ahead of her.

"I wonder if 'good work' is in order?"

After leaving the academy and walking for a while, as he cut through a deserted park at night, a lovely voice suddenly reached his ears.

He turned around in response to the memorable voice of the girl behind him, and saw a figure that wasn't exactly familiar... but strongly etched in his memory.

What was different from before was that, in stark contrast to the pure white dress that symbolized purity, she was now wearing a black Gothic Lolita outfit that blended into the darkness of the night.

"Ah, thanks to you... what's with that getup?"

"I thought there's no need to hide it anymore. You've already realized it, haven't you? About what kind of existence I am."

While elegantly sweeping back her black hair, she stared at the delinquent boy with red eyes that seemed to shine even in the darkness.

"...So you're one of the members of the Dark Crime organization."

"Correct. But you're not as surprised as I thought you'd be."

A mischievous smile that barely lifted the corners of her mouth. Even though her words suggested disappointment, her expression remained unchanged.

"It's not normal to have things set up this much for me. I expected it to some extent."

An attitude that seemed almost relaxed, as if he didn't think he was facing an executive of an evil organization. It came from the conviction that even if she wasn't exactly an ally... she would be cooperative as long as he didn't do anything stupid.

It might have been a situation where he would normally be irritated at being looked down upon, but Misty instead wore a satisfied expression.

"It saves me the trouble of explaining. I got to see something interesting today, and I'm looking forward to what's to come."

"Were you peeking...? Well, I guess it can't be helped. I can do whatever I want, right?"

Even if the other party was an evil organization, it didn't feel good to be watched while committing the act. But if the other party was a top-class beautiful heroine, it was a cheap price to pay.

Kuroda waited for the reply of the evil Gothic Lolita girl in front of him, while anticipating his training academy life from tomorrow. Misty gently nodded, "Of course."

"But..."

The three-letter word was clearly different from the tone up until now, something bone-chilling that strongly stimulated human fear. Along with a sensation that the surrounding air was freezing, Kuroda realized that he couldn't move a single finger of his body.

Misty closed the distance step by step, reached out her hand to the delinquent boy, and slowly traced his chin with her white fingers. Reflected in Kuroda's eyes as he looked up were the beautiful girl's blood-red eyes.

"Don't forget that Shine Mirage belongs to us. You can do whatever you want with your comrades, but remember that you guys are treated like an extra to us."

The words were spun out so carefully that he could clearly see the movement of her lips, as if she were teaching a pet. While staring at her eyes that seemed to suck him in, Kuroda felt as if they were being directly engraved into his brain.

As he felt sweat trickling down his cheek, he could only widen his eyes and nod. Misty smiled innocently at the sight of her opponent, who was doing his best.

"That's all I wanted to say. I'll leave the training here to you."

With a hop, she jumped back a large step, and at the same time, the air returned to its original peaceful state.

Before Kuroda, who had regained his freedom, could open his mouth and speak, the Gothic Lolita girl melted into the darkness and disappeared.

As if matching the moment when her figure completely disappeared, a familiar ringtone began to sound.

«Don't take her virginity. Basically, keep your identity a secret from anyone other than your comrades.»

Only those simple words were displayed on the screen. Had she forgotten to say it, or had she intended to do this from the beginning?

The answer was something only the vanished girl knew, but Kuroda closed his open mouth and wore a strongly distorted smile.

"Is Misty running errands?"

Next to the Doctor, who continued to operate the panel without moving his face from the monitor, Deburo asked while leaning on his cane. He let out an exaggerated sigh at the word that came back, "Yeah."

"Dorukosu has been raging since then, and I'm a little bored too."

While tapping his cane, his tone suggested calmness, but he was clearly hurrying them. Partly because they were taking turns and opening up the period, their turn was far away after finishing one training session.

There was a limit to what he could think about how to cook them in the meantime. Dorukosu, who had been injured in the previous battle, was raging, and Deburo, who had no turn, was bored.

"I certainly agree with avenging Shine Mirage, but aren't you taking a little too long?"

"There are still many unknown parts to the Energy of Light. One of the purposes is to analyze it by sending in the Energy of Darkness."

"Hmm... Well, I guess they can't easily transfer the world either. It was a gamble in itself whether we could stay safe."

Deburo pressed his forehead, recalling the past. It was an event he wanted to forget so much that even just tracing his memories gave him a headache.

"I didn't expect to be disturbed by the Energy of Light even here, but fortunately, it seems that they couldn't adapt completely."

"If that hadn't been the case, we would have been annihilated, but conversely, an opportunity was born. We've gathered a certain amount of data, so let's skip the training from here on out."

The day after the humiliating day when Kuroda threatened her and she received training.

Early in the morning, Saki arrived at school earlier than usual. She entered the school building while being greeted by students who were working hard at morning practice for their clubs, and after confirming that there were no people around, she entered the girls' restroom with a sign that said "Cleaning in Progress."

"Yo, you're earlier than the time, as expected of the Student Council President."

In the restroom that should have been empty, there was the figure of a delinquent of the opposite sex who didn't belong there. The person who ordered Saki to come to this place at this time via her cell phone, the person who could be called her master.

"...Let's get down to business quickly. What do you intend to make me do?"

It was humiliating to see his grinning expression, but she couldn't avert her gaze. In order to show that she had not succumbed, she glared sharply, as if to intimidate him.

But no matter how strong an attitude she took, the situation would not improve. Even a gaze that would make an ordinary opponent shrink would only incite his sadistic desires.

"That's right. Since it's morning, let's have you suck my dick lightly."

"Hyaa... haa, kuu... I, I understand... aun!!"

Just as she thought he was approaching her casually and bringing his body closer, the arm that stretched out behind her went around to her ass, and he grabbed her full, plump ass so hard that wrinkles remained on her skirt.

The sensation of her ass flesh being distorted resonated all the way to the top of her head in an instant, and at the same time as a sweet numbness, it drew out a glamorous moan from the morning.

"After all, the feel of your ass is the best. See, it feels good when I do this, right?"

"Kuaaa... un, hiin!! T-there, the ass hole, no... ah, aah... yaan!!"

Just as she thought he was kneading her left and right ass cheeks in order to confirm the sensation, his finger moved to the center of her white ass mountain. He began to trace the straight line of the valley.

Her body felt like it would jump just from touching the overly sensitive excretion hole hidden under her underwear, and although a sigh of endurance leaked out, it was not even the beginning yet.

Zubububuu!! Kuroda's finger, which had found the perverted hole hidden under her skirt and underwear, invaded, engulfing everything.

Her ass cheeks tightened, and the reaction caused her heels to float slightly, putting her on tiptoes. Even if she tried to stop Kuroda's misdeeds with both hands, she stopped moving in a posture that seemed to hide her ass, as she shouldn't resist.

"You know what will happen if you resist, don't you? But I have to give you a punishment until you become obedient. To this ass hole."

"Ahahuuu!! S-seifuku haitte... zubo-zubo, shite haa... ohoo, nhiyaa!!"

Saki's anus tightened as if to tear apart the hateful man's finger that was being pushed in carefully. While feeling a strong sense of occlusion, the sensation of the finger advancing while engulfing her skirt and underwear was disgusting and pleasant.

While remembering the time when she was being violated as Shine Mirage, costume and all, a masochistic excitement burned with the perverted sensation of insertion.

"This isn't the main thing. Come on, hurry up and suck it."

Kuroda exposed his lower body without hesitation. The meat rod, which was fresh in her memory, was already throbbing near its limit.

While feeling resistance to the act of kneeling on the floor of the restroom, even though it was early in the morning and had been cleaned, Saki knelt on both knees wrapped in black knee-high socks and stared at the erection towering before her eyes.

"From the morning, like this... nnchu, nmuu... haa... chugu, jubuchu...!!"

(I-it's smelly and bitter... but, when I lick it, my body gets hot... un... haa... no... it's embarrassing...)

If she didn't finish quickly, she would overlap with the students' arrival time. She didn't know when it would end with a leisurely service.

If so, she had no choice but to serve with the momentum she had been taught so far, with the resolve of shame and humiliation. The Lady, who feared that the smell would stick to her hands, had no room to worry about the black hair spreading on the floor, and put her hands around Kuroda's back and took a large mouthful.

A part of the worst male that she had tasted just yesterday. She would normally want to say that it tasted like it would give her a headache, but what she felt during

Deburo's training could not be faked, and it was inevitable that her body would react strongly.

The filthy sounds of the beautiful girl Student Council President serving echoed in the morning girls' restroom, and Kuroda also reached his limit without holding back.

"I'm going to cum now!! But don't drink it, keep it in your mouth!!"

"Nguuuu... nnuu... uuu..."

The same order as the past Combatants. While trying not to swallow the white turbidity that was splattered in her oral cavity, she puffed out her cheeks and stopped it from flowing into the back of her throat.

Her mouth was filled with the taste and smell of male, and even though she thought it was so bad that she wanted to spit it out in her head, her body, which had been made to bloom as a female, was feeling joy.

"Let's have all of what's in your mouth put into this."

What was presented was a cylindrical water bottle that could be bought anywhere. She removed the lid and poured the semen accumulated in her mouth into the cavity placed on the floor.

Her figure, with her tongue hanging out and pouring out even her saliva in a pose on all fours as if swearing allegiance to Kuroda, was none other than a female slave.

Ignoring Saki, who was trembling with humiliation, Kuroda closed the lid of the water bottle and headed for the exit. While deliberately stepping on the radially spreading black hair, he only said, "Next break," and the delinquent who had dirtied the beautiful girl Student Council President's mouth opened the door and disappeared.

(From now on, every time class ends, I'll be doing this... I have to apologize to Mio again... I have to do something about it...!!)

A washbasin existed in front of a large mirror. She scooped up the water that flowed automatically when she held her hands over it with both hands, and rinsed her mouth over and over again, spitting it out.

When she contacted her on her cell phone after returning home last night, she treated her with the same attitude as usual, but she still wanted to apologize to her face-to-face.

As if mocking even that thought, Kuroda seemed to have no intention of giving the Shapeshifting Lady free time.

Every time class ended, Saki was forced to serve the meat rods of different people... Kuroda's comrades.

The countless vulgar words and abuse that were showered upon her. The rough pistons, the taste of semen that varied slightly from person to person. While being forcibly made to experience these things, she was forced to spit out the sewage into the water bottle every time at the end.

Even when she was able to finish early, she was told to clean it up, and she was made to serve by running her tongue over the filthy dicks until the last minute.

And then, the long lunch time.

She refused the invitations from the other students and walked to the place written in the email. The rooftop, which was usually forbidden to students.

It was almost at the same time that Mio showed her face in the classroom in search of a friend, and that Saki arrived at the delinquents' hangout.

"Oh, she's here."

Waiting beyond the door were Kuroda and several other delinquents. Saki also recognized the faces, and of course, the men she had dealt with during the breaks were also included.

"...Well, let's get it over with quickly."

The gently blowing wind fluttered her glossy black hair, and the beautiful Student Council President did not flinch and did not break her dignified attitude.

But for the delinquents, both humiliating the usually strong-willed Student Council President and humiliating her appearance as she was melting in pleasure led to excitement.

"Lunch break is long. They said they want to taste not only your mouth but also your ass cunt."

With a creak, Saki bit her teeth strongly at Kuroda's vulgar smile and the worst request.

It was a natural flow that the service she was forced to do would become more heated the longer the time became. However, if she was asked for anal sex inside the academy where the students were still present, she could not easily agree.

"But, if we violate her like this, her uniform might get dirty. Transform. Heroine of Justice... Metamorphosis Princess Shine Mirage. Take off the visor, it's meaningless."

Before she could say the reason for refusing, Kuroda opened his mouth. If she canceled the transformation, all the dirt that had adhered to her until then would disappear. He knew that and made the proposal.

The Lady, who had been deprived of her reason, could no longer resist. From the beginning, even if she was told to stay in her uniform, the option of refusing would never be chosen.

"...Holy power... into this body... a, a power to destroy evil..."

Using the power to destroy evil to please evil. The humiliating heroine who transformed for the second day in a row in what could be called irony. The only difference in her appearance wrapped in the standard Striker Form was that there was no visor.

The delinquents raised filthy cheers at the age-inappropriate, bewitching body line shown by the strict Student Council President.

"So the student council president was Shine Mirage all along."

"Yeah, I was shocked. But damn, she's got an amazing body."

"She's so strict about school rules, but she dresses like this? Is she an exhibitionist or something?"

The words thrown at her were enough to make her want to cover her ears, and her cheeks flushed crimson with shame. Did things really feel this different now that her identity was known?

"Hyaaaah... N-no, that's... I'm not... An exhibitionist... Nnghaah... I'm not... Kuhyuu, don't grab... Augh... Unnn...!!"

Her unconscious gesture of trying to hide her breasts and crotch with her arms only served to accentuate her plump hips, a definite weak point.

The two crept up behind the Shapeshifting Heroine, who couldn't escape, and each grabbed one of her soft, round butt cheeks firmly.

Since people with different thoughts were kneading her as they pleased on either side, the stimulation she felt was doubled, and the deeper their fingers sank, the more the excessive pleasure tormented the Buttocks Lady.

"That student council president can make such cute noises? Hehehe... I can't get enough."

"She's already moaning like that just from having her ass groped. She must really love it up the ass."

The large hands of the men wriggled roughly, as if competing with each other. The leotard-like costume was gradually pushed into the crevice of her buttocks, transforming into a shameful T-back.

"T-that's not true... Kuhyaaah... I, I don't... Augh, nnhyaaah... I-I don't like this..."

While disgusted with her own body, which was easily swallowed up by the pleasure in her ass, her snow-white buttocks, in contrast to her reddening cheeks, jiggled with pleasure each time the delinquents flicked them with their hands.

The pleasure-filled voice of the dignified student council president was more than enough to stir the conqueror's desires of the delinquents, and their crotches were already bulging significantly in their uniforms, signaling the end of preparations.

"Kyaa!? Agh... W-what are you doing all of a sudden... Ugh..."

Just as she thought the sensation of hands playing with her buttocks had disappeared, she suddenly felt an impact on her back, which, while not painful, threw her off balance. With her arms supporting her body, she was forced into a humiliating doggy-style position.

A posture that showed off her sensual hip line even more than when she was standing. To prevent her from getting up, one of the delinquents stepped on the back of her head.

"We could just ram it into your perverted ass cunt right now, but it's lunchtime, after all. We gotta eat together, right?"

(Lunch in this state...? There's no way they'll just let me eat normally... What kind of humiliating thing are they planning to do this time?)

One of the orders sent in the email the day before was that she didn't need to bring lunch because they would provide it, and Saki, following that order, had politely declined a bento, resigning herself to spending the day hungry.

But Kuroda seemed to have gone out of his way to prepare lunch. She couldn't read the minds of these depraved men, but she understood that a terrible reality awaited her.

With her head still bowed and being stepped on in a disgraceful manner, a warped container that could hardly be called a plate, with a large raised rim, was dropped in front of the Shapeshifting Heroine with a clatter.

A shape that everyone recognized. A container for putting pet food in. Before she could understand how that related to the situation, two convenience store sweet buns were thrown into the container.

"...Eh, this... Is...!?"

Were they telling her to eat like an animal from a pet bowl? Her body trembled with anger at the situation, which could certainly be called a humiliating punishment, but that wasn't the end of it.

The hand of a large delinquent shot out from above, violently crushing the two buns and kneading them with force.

The red jam and light-colored cream that were stuffed inside spilled out, turning into animal feed, the opposite of a sweet smell.

"It's not over yet, this is how it's completed."

"T-that's... Stop it!! Not that... Hii!?"

A water bottle was waved in front of her as if showing it off. The vessel of evil that had been shown to her several times today, filled with male desire.

The seal was easily undone as it was spun around. From the tilted cylindrical tube, the semen of four people slowly appeared, like a demon, and fell onto the crushed sow's feed.

The sweet smell instantly turned into a foul odor, transforming into a grotesque object that was worse than animal feed.

Even the strong-willed heroine couldn't help but feel fear at the foreign object in front of her, and could only grimace.

"This is your first time today. We'll help you... Okay!!"

"Nbuuuu!?"

(Noooo!! This filthy thing is on my face... Being pressed against me... Ah, the smell is on my face...)

Gchahh!! The foot pressing down on the back of her head increased its force, and the beautiful heroine's face was slammed into the feed bowl.

The shame was even greater than when she had been pressed against the semen-covered floor. She could beat them all up immediately if she put in a little effort, but she had to obey the orders.

But the masochistic excitement of being played with unilaterally, combined with the smell of semen, melted her brain.

"We're not letting you go until you finish eating all of this. If you don't want to be suspected, finish eating it by the end of lunch break."

"Ngumuuu... Guju, nmuuu, omuuu... T-this... Nhiiu!!"

The Shapeshifting Heroine was forced to eat while her head was being trampled on, and she disgracefully stuffed the semen-covered bread into her mouth little by little without using her hands.

But she had forgotten. What their original purpose was... Without realizing that a large delinquent had moved behind her, an abnormally large dick pierced her rectum all at once.

"This is amazing!! This ass cunt is so tight, she's not a normal woman!! As expected of a heroine of justice!!"

"Nmuooo!! Nguu, buguju... Nhia!! M-my ass, being violated... I can't eat...!!"

Her face was still pressed against the pet bowl, and her ass was sticking up high in a perverted pose. The large delinquent had a Combatant-class dick that was appropriate for his body, and Shine Mirage was being thoroughly branded with anal pleasure.

She chewed and swallowed little by little, but when his hips thrust out forcefully, the contents she had in her mouth flew out with a sweet scream, and she repeated the process of eating again.

The smell and bitterness of semen. The sweet smell and taste of the sweet bun. These combined to further disrupt her sense of taste, which was going crazy, and she felt the male's filth taste sweeter than ever before.

"It's a great sight, isn't it? The heroine of justice who defeats evil, being played with by mere delinquents like us."

"Hyumuguu! O, oboherahhyai... Ohoooo!! I-ifa, reffahyi...iiiiiiin!!"

The foot that had thought to have been lifted was slammed back down on the back of her head, and a disgraceful feeding voice echoed dully. The piston accelerated towards ejaculation, and the Metamorphosis Lady was forced to moan without being able to speak properly because she was being pressed against the feed.

(B-being made to cum by guys like this... I have to endure it, I have to endure it... Nhoooh... With the dick of a guy like this...)

One, two, three... The unfamiliar delinquents reached their limits one after another in the supreme ass cunt that they had never tasted before, and poured their semen into Shine Mirage's rectum.

Her head was dyed pure white by the continuous pleasure. But all she could do now was endure, and while enduring at the point of climax, she desperately moved her mouth and digested the feed while covering her face with semen, jam, and cream.

"Jururuu... Juzu, jujuu... Picharero... Ngg"

(Why... There's no way that's possible, but the dick juice... Is becoming more delicious than ever before...)

By the time the pre-bell rang, signaling the end of lunch break, the Metamorphosis Lady had finished eating all the feed. Kuroda's companions had also all finished ejaculating into her anus, and a thick vibrator was stuck in the excretion hole where the meat spear had been inserted until just now, acting as a plug.

What she was licking now was Kuroda's semen. A mark of desire poured out with a vulgar smile as a reward for the Transformation Heroine who had finished within the time limit. This time it was pure, unadulterated white fluid, but she couldn't deny that she felt it was delicious, rather than disgusting.

"But even though she looked so happy, she didn't cum even once."

While satisfied with the pleasure of violating the supreme female, the delinquents showed expressions of dissatisfaction, as if they were unfulfilled, with the only complaint being that they hadn't been able to give her a disgraceful climax.

(...G-good... It's over... I managed to endure it somehow... All that's left is the thing in my ass...)

Shine Mirage, who had endured to the limit, was also at her limit, and if she received even one more strong stimulus, the pleasure she had been accumulating would have exploded.

In front of the empty plate, she dyed her face, which was disgracefully stained with semen and bread crumbs, with an expression of relief.

All that remained was the thick vibrator filling her ass cunt. If she just focused on enduring that, she would be released, at least for now.

"Well, let's go back to class."

"Higuuu!!"

The thick vibrator, which was pulled out all at once, was enough to push the current Shapeshifting Lady to climax. But she had prepared herself and desperately endured it.

As the student council president and a heroine of justice, she hardened her melting reason and endured it while trembling.

"Uguuuu!! N-not now... I'm gonna cum, cum, cum... Dick juice coming out of my ass, I'm cumming!!"

Bbyururururururuuu!! Bubyubu, byururururu!!

Just as she was completely relieved, her toes were twisted into her lower abdomen as if pushing out the semen that had accumulated there.

There was almost no pain... But it was enough as a stimulus. The unexpected blow struck into her unguarded body once again awakened the excretion pleasure that the Metamorphosis Princess had tasted when she was Deburo.

While gushing out the white filth that had been poured into her, she pressed her disgraceful cum-face against the pet bowl, and her trembling appearance was that of a female who had succumbed to pleasure.

The declaration of defeat was an act to obtain even stronger pleasure unconsciously, and was proof that the noble Transformation Lady was steadily falling.

"Did you hear that!! She made a dirty noise and came from her ass!!"

"And she even said she came out loud!!"

"Her pussy's squirting too. It's all wet."

The laughter of the delinquents didn't reach her consciousness, which had been blown away in an instant.

Todoin Saki's transformed school life was still only on its first day. It was only just after lunch break.

An interlude, or rather, a story of delinquent taming.

A story about how Saki's school life will be like from now on.

As always, I think it will be a similar attack and content relying on momentum, but please forgive me.

Dolcos's Counterattack: Shine Mirage Public Rape!? (Part 1)

Misty, who had been watching Shine Mirage's humiliating school life through surveillance devices, walked through the base with a satisfied smile.

Her destination was the Doctor's laboratory. Kuroda's training had reached a stopping point, and she was going to ask whose turn it was next—advancing with the calculation that she might get another turn if there was an opening.

"It's no use going,"

Just as she was about to pass through the main hall, a low, viscous voice came from the side, stopping her in her tracks. Instantly, she turned an extremely displeased expression towards the source of the voice.

"You were probably trying to outsmart us and get the next turn, but you were too late."

"Oh my... for a pig, you're quite perceptive. In that case, is it your turn next?"

The gaze that had exerted such strong pressure on Kuroda was useless against executives of the same organization. Ignoring Misty's sarcasm, the pig executive continued.

"Unfortunately, it's not me. This time, it's Dorukosu's turn."

Although his expression didn't change, it was clear that his tone had dropped. You could see his desire for his own turn to come quickly, not just watching.

In a relationship that could be described as no different from enemies even among comrades, if you showed even a slight weakness, you would be taken advantage of, but that wasn't the point Misty should have reacted to.

"You sent Dorukosu!? He was injured... are you stupid..."

It hadn't been long since Shine Mirage had beaten him to a pulp. Although Dorukosu, a physical ability-specialized Strange Person of the executive class, had extraordinary recovery power, he shouldn't have fully recovered yet.

Hearing that he had gone out despite that, it was only natural that surprise and bewilderment would take precedence.

"Oh my, are you worried? That's rare."

"Of course not... well, it's fine if an idiot dies on his own, it just means the turnover rate will increase and I'll benefit."

She ran a hand through her hair with a sigh, showing the same devilish smile as usual. It was her true feeling that she didn't care if Dorukosu died, and the idea that it was enough as long as she herself enjoyed it was normal for them.

"Indeed. But I doubt he'll lose this time. It seems he's been given one of the Doctor's tools."

"Ah, you used it too, didn't you? If I remember correctly, it was a doll that looked exactly like the real thing."

The training by Kuroda and the others after school was over, and Saki walked through the darkened city. Her usual dignified demeanor was faint, and she chose a deserted road to avoid showing her fatigue-stained expression.

As she continued walking, she suddenly looked up and saw a familiar park. A desolate space with no one around even though it wasn't late at night, where anyone present probably didn't have good intentions, was the place where she had been defeated and violated by Dorukosu in the past.

The seared memory vividly resurfaced, and coupled with the fact that she had been violated until recently, her body reacted sensitively. The heat that felt like it was burning from the inside, which she felt so many times during the violation.

The cheeks of the young lady, illuminated by the broken streetlight, were slightly flushed, and she repeatedly pressed her buttocks through her skirt.

There was no way to deceive herself about the reality anymore. She had been penetrated by so many grotesque meat rods, so it might be abnormal if she remained normal.

The reality that she had no choice but to acknowledge her changed body and the thought that she must not acknowledge it were repeated, and she continued to walk through the deserted park.

"— ヽ —"

The air in the silent park changed with a rustle. The confused thoughts disappeared with the sensation she had felt many times, and she changed to a tense expression as a heroine of justice.

She would reach a large plaza in a few more steps, but the dangerous presence was coming from there. In order to confirm who the opponent who would appear was, she hid among the trees off the sidewalk.

A part of the dimly lit plaza was illuminated only by the few streetlights in the park and the moonlight. It was as if it had been invaded by a black mist that didn't allow light to pass through, and from within that, a non-human giant slowly appeared.

(...Dorukosu)

Saki showed slight bewilderment at the sight of the Dark Crime executive she had seriously injured just the other day.

No matter how evil the opponent was, the wounds she had inflicted in the previous battle probably hadn't healed. If so, it was fortunate that she had encountered him now. If she could settle things here and eliminate one of the executives, the war situation would become somewhat more advantageous.

She should transform immediately, but another anxiety swirled in her heart. The in-school training that had been carried out since morning had accelerated in the unbound time after school.

The defenseless student council president and heroine of justice had her Striker Forms relentlessly slammed into her ass by the delinquents, and the physical strength she had consumed was due to the intense sensation of anal climax, which was full of masochism and depravity.

Even if she transformed, the enormous fatigue remaining in her body wouldn't disappear, and the possibility that it would have a major impact on the battle couldn't be completely ruled out.

It might sound cautious, but it was a thought that shouldn't be working in front of a Strange Person, and Saki strongly shook her head from side to side as if to erase her weak thoughts.

(What are you being so timid about... an opponent you wouldn't lose to if you fought properly)

The invasion by the Energy of Darkness and the continuous defeats had greatly diminished the Shapeshifting Heroine's confidence. But the previous victory remained firmly in Saki's heart as hope that victory would be certain in a normal battle.

She couldn't say it was cowardly or a surprise attack. Everything was for peace, her own pride, and victory.

"Holy power. Grant this body the power to destroy evil."

Before Dorukosu's body fully emerged from the shadows, Saki muttered the words to transform. The brilliance that illuminated the darkness was momentary. Fortunately, she was positioned behind the giant Strange Person, and it seemed that he hadn't noticed.

So as not to be subjected to a sudden counterattack from the close-range Strange Person, she was clad in a pink magical girl costume, Magical Form.

She had to decide the match in an instant before he noticed. If she gave the opponent even a slight gap to act, she might have her body's freedom stolen by the Energy of Darkness this time.

(With a full-power blow... I'll finish it in one shot!!)

A full-power blow that disregarded the amount of Energy consumed. There was a risk that Misty and Deburo would detect it, but the possibility was much lower if it was Dorukosu, who relied on his own brute strength.

She aimed for the defenseless head. She transformed the condensed Energy into lightning, made it into a spear shape, and pierced it. No matter how tough the Strange Person was, he wouldn't get away with just that if he took a fatal blow to a vital point.

"Thunder—Spear!!"

Along with the words, a huge spear of lightning that illuminated the darkness was released from the rod. The lightning strike released from an unawares position should have instantly taken the life of the Dark Crime Strange Person—or so it should have.

At the moment the maximum-class blow landed on his head, Dorukosu twisted his body and dodged the lightning strike. Furthermore, he reversed with that momentum, and his eyes met for just a moment with his arm swung back greatly.

The Shapeshifting Heroine, who had failed her surprise attack and showed a slight gap, had no time to discern the 'something' that had been swung out with a smile as if he had seen through everything, nor the composure to form a shield for defense.

"Guh!?"

The only thing she understood was the trajectory. She instinctively held up her rod to block the blow that had been released straight towards her chest.

The black sphere directly hit the center. Although she supported it firmly with both arms, the power didn't easily decrease, and the impact heavily resonated to the core of her body.

Furthermore, her body was pushed backwards by the momentum, and the marks left by her firmly planted feet were like a streetcar track.

Don, the feeling of a dead end on her back. A large tree had caught her retreating body. Immediately after, the black ball that had been thrown also lost its momentum, and the feeling of being pushed back disappeared.

(I have to change forms quickly)

The relief of avoiding a direct hit to her body was fleeting, and she had to take action to deal with Dorukosu, who was probably approaching in the gap created by receiving the attack.

If it was this place with a certain number of trees, she could fight advantageously with Striker Form, which had superior mobility.

It was at the moment she was convinced of this and tried to change forms. A voice that was too out of place, "Eh," leaked out.

The Strange Person, who didn't seem to feel any signs of approaching, was in front of the Metamorphosis Princess. He had appeared without feeling any signs at all, in the blink of an eye.

"Ogooooohhhhhohhhhohhhh!?"

As if by magic. The Shapeshifting Heroine, whose thoughts didn't work for a moment due to the teleportation ability that none of the Strange Persons she had fought until now possessed, and of course Dorukosu shouldn't have, had the strong arm of the brute Strange Person deeply pierce her abdomen.

Because she had her back to the tree, she had to receive all the impact with the soft body of a maiden, and a violent pain that made her feel like she would lose consciousness ran through her.

Thanks to the blessing of being strengthened by the Energy of Light, her bones and internal organs were safe, but the pain that could crush her body was another matter.

While shaking her body convulsively, vomit overflowing from her disgracefully opened mouth.

"That feels good. Shine Mirage is the best to punch after all!!!"

"Geuhhh... ah... d, don't get cocky... Flare..."

The heroine, who possessed supernatural power, didn't lose her will to fight even while trembling her delicate body from the pain that could make her lose consciousness, and put strength into the hand holding the rod.

There was no gap to change forms. If so, she had to escape this predicament in Magical Form.

Even considering the damage she would take, it was a priority to unleash a special blow and create distance from Dorukosu.

She didn't care about the amount of Energy consumed, and only emphasized the power to speed up the activation of the attack. There was no other way.

"Too slow!!"

"Gebuuuuhhhhhhhh!! O, goo... oguuuhhhhhh!! Aaaaah, ogoooohhhhohhhhohhhh!!"

However, even if she released it at close range, the opposing opponent wouldn't miss it in the current situation where they were almost in contact.

Before the Energy could concentrate, the Strange Person's other arm slammed into her defenseless abdomen. Her brain was dyed white with the same pain as she had received earlier, and the Energy she had gathered in an instant dissipated.

A series of punches to the abdomen followed. Each time a strong wrinkle formed in the pink magical girl costume, the vomit that welled up with a cracked scream stained the ground.

"What's wrong? You're not resisting anymore? The pain I received wasn't this much."

The feeling of her stomach being empty, which she had experienced when she was defeated by Dorukosu last time. Only gastric acid was vomited, and her throat was stinging.

"...geh, haah, gohoh... th, this much... is it...? Haaa, haa... it doesn't affect me at all...!!"

Her legs trembled, it was painful to stand, and the thought of falling down and being comfortable filled her head.

While desperately taking in the oxygen she hadn't been able to get properly while being punched, what came out of her open mouth was the bravado of a heroine of justice who wouldn't succumb to evil. She pressed her abdomen with both hands, and spoke with a painful voice mixed with deep breaths.

Dorukosu gave a relaxed, vulgar smile to Shine Mirage, who wouldn't admit defeat.

"That's what I wanted. I can't enjoy myself otherwise."

"Eguuooohhhh!!"

The visor that hid her bare face was forcibly removed and easily crushed by Dorukosu's large hand. The shattered visor fell to the ground as it was, revealing the heroine's pain-filled face.

The Strange Person's beating began again. Dorukosu, who had only enjoyed the screams until now, was now carefully checking the reaction of each blow while looking closely at her face.

"Fuguuuhhohhh!! Hyagun!! Oboooohhhohhh!!"

Although the sensation of each time was longer, the force that went in was definitely increasing. The gastric acid that burned her throat was vomited out. Reacting to the repeated feeling of vomiting, tears and snot dripped naturally.

The 'body' was able to withstand the situation where a normal person's internal organs would be crushed and bones would be broken. Although a certain amount of pain was cut, the damage beyond what was being protected resonated as it was.

"The heroine of justice is rolling her eyes!! You're going to defeat me, aren't you? Do your best!!"

Her brain was dyed white with the continuous violent pain, and her consciousness was forcibly brought back by the repeated impact. The heroine in a sandbag state, who wasn't given time to say anything brave, had her mouth opening and closing and her expression full of pain. Dorukosu had seen all the disgraceful moments when she lost consciousness.

A storm of iron fists to the abdomen lasting tens of minutes. How many times had she lost consciousness, and how many times had she been forcibly awakened by the pain? No strength entered her body, and she was in the same state as a doll supported by the tree behind her and Dorukosu's hands.

(At this rate... I'll die... I'll be killed...)

While dripping gastric acid from her half-open mouth and wandering her empty gaze, not even sure what she was looking at, the only word that floated up was death.

"Oboooohhh... geuuuuhhhh!! Ageeeeah... h, hel..."

While raising a cracked scream at the pain running through her abdomen, the emotion that welled up in the heroine, whose thoughts weren't properly fixed, was:

"Huh? What did you say?"

"Ugubuuhhhh!! Ah... gehoh... forgi... ve me..."

Reacting to the words that had been muttered, Dorukosu didn't stop punching, and while overwriting the traces of tears remaining on her cheeks, she spun the words according to her instincts.

"...p, please don't do this anymore... ubuh... my body, will break... haah, gohoh... so, please, forgive me..."

With Dorukosu's attack stopped, Shine Mirage desperately rattled off the words. It was a request that was too humiliating as a heroine of justice.

A storm of violence that she continued to receive unilaterally, that might never end. The humiliation of being done as they pleased by an evil organization. The fear that she would surely die if she received it in a state where her Energy had run out.

A choice that her former self might have sent a look of contempt to. But it was more than enough material to break the heart of the Shapeshifting Heroine, whose fighting power had been eroded along with repeated violations.

"You want me to stop?"

"...y, yes... because I, lost... please..."

A declaration of defeat that came out of her mouth even though she wasn't being forced to. The feeling of defeat as she looked up at the giant Strange Person with a face covered in tears, snot, and drool was strongly engraved in her heart.

The spice of humiliation born in the midst of her desperate plea became a thrilling exhilaration, and began to drive the defeated heroine's body mad.

Even if it was accepted, she wouldn't be released. If that happened, the likely event would be a tragic training drama.

But even that felt gentle compared to having her life taken, and the thoughts of the weakened Shapeshifting Heroine changed.

Shine Mirage felt her body float up just as she saw the corners of Dorukosu's mouth turn up in an inappropriate smile after a few seconds of silence.

"Aah... Aaaahhh!! Ugh... Guuuuhhh... Take, take your foot off...!!"

She understood that Dorukosu had swept her legs out from under her when she fell backward onto the ground, the impact jarring her body.

In her vision, a thick leg covered in muscles rose high. It was brought down towards the ground with the force of a guillotine, and her body leaped violently from the pain of her abdomen being crushed again.

"Even if we admit defeat, you wouldn't stop attacking, would you? To you, we're that kind of existence."

Those were the words thrown at the heroine, whose face was contorted in pain as her soft abdomen was trampled.

If the Strange People of Dark Crime, who disturbed the peace of the people, begged for their lives, would she grant it? The answer was probably no.

It would be a different story if they disappeared from this world before her eyes, but unless such a miracle occurred, she could not let the evil Strange People escape. Especially if they were opponents she had fought many times.

If they were doing such things, they could not be allowed to get away with it. Enveloped in a despair she understood anew, she supported Dorukosu's thick leg with her trembling hands, covered in pink gloves, trying to alleviate the pain even a little.

"Well, if I had my way, I'd beat you to a pulp until you were a mess like last time, but you belong to the entire Dark Crime."

(...You're saving me... Ah... But, belonging to Dark Crime... Ugh...)

The once invincible heroine of justice was now nothing more than a toy for the evil organization. The fact that she was recognized as such brought tears to her eyes naturally, out of helplessness, ugliness, and regret.

Enveloped in a complex emotion of overwhelming defeat and relief that her life had been spared, the desire to close her eyes and fall asleep took over.

But there was no such thing as a free ride. Dorukosu raised his foot again, and a heartless blow was struck against the Shapeshifting Heroine.

"Unhiiiiieiii!! Th-there... Unaaahhh!! My boobs, don't crush my... Ohoooh, hyaguuuuhn!!"

Added to the shock running through her body was the sweet sensation that numbed her brain. Turning away from the persistent torment of her abdomen, this time her G-cup breasts, which strained painfully against her pink costume, were targeted.

The Strange Person's stomp, with his full weight on it, crushed the soft fleshy fruit inside the pink costume without hesitation. It was like an explosion of sensation in her breasts, shocking the Shapeshifting Heroine.

"Hmm? Now that I think about it, Misty modified you so you could produce milk, didn't she?"

A scream too sweet to prioritize the pain. The breast milk that overflowed from the impact of being crushed combined with the masochistic pleasure of defeat to delight the perverted heroine even more than usual.

Byurururuuu!! Byujuu, byururururu!!

"Unhooohoooo!! M-milk, is coming out, hooo... Ahee... Aaaah, ohoo!!"

Because she was transformed, the force of the breast milk, which was being converted from Energy and ejected, was tremendous, and in proportion to that, the magnitude of the pleasure running through Shine Mirage's body also increased.

Stimulation comparable to the pleasure of ejaculation. Each time Dorukosu mischievously trampled her, the milky white liquid overflowed inside the costume, decorating the maiden's white, soft skin.

"Hey, hey, you're happy to have your breasts stomped on? Are you even a heroine of justice? Huh? Hey, you!!"

"Unhiiiee!! D-don't... Ahee... Ahiiiiiaaah!! Ohoooh... Hyahiii!! E-every time they're stomped... Milk, gushes out!!"

After her breasts were distorted several times, his foot lifted, returning them to their original large, Large breasts. A moment of liberation from the bondage of that fleeting, masochistic pleasure. But that was only time to send the stimulation again from scratch.

The heartless stomping was performed again on the heroine, who was exposing an ahegao face drunk on breast milk pleasure. Gyumuu!! The two rich mountains were crushed, and her brain was dyed white by the intense sensation exploding inside.

Her body, twitching and convulsing, conveyed Shine Mirage's climax to the Strange Person. The thin pink underwear inside her skirt was already soaked with obscene honey.

"You come so easily? You're pathetic, Shine Mirage!!"

"Ohooohoo!! I'm, I'm done... Aheee!! Unhoo, ohoo... The milk, won't stop!! I'm cumming, cumming, cumming... My boobs are crushed and I'm milk-cumming!!"

The stomping was repeated like a machine gun. Returning to their original shape and then being crushed, the gushing breast milk became the ultimate pleasure, causing the heroine to writhe in even more ecstasy.

The costume, already dyed with a large amount of milk, clung damply to her skin, revealing the shape of her model-worthy body line and her age-inappropriate perverted Large breasts, along with a sweet smell.

"I never thought that such a sassy Transformation Heroine would be such a pervert. You've made such a mess, aren't you ashamed?"

When his huge hand grabbed the sweet, wet chest part of the costume, she felt her body lifted slightly, and then it was torn off roughly with a ripping sound.

Her large, beautiful breasts, like fruit, wet with sweat and milk, bounced as if to assert their existence. The pink protrusions were already throbbing, and white liquid was dripping from them.

"...Unaah, hiiuu..."

Beroo, Dorukosu's tongue crawled around Shine Mirage's breasts, which gleamed obscenely, bringing with it a lukewarm sensation and masochistic pleasure.

A tingling pleasure. As if matching the sweetness felt by the Strange Person's long, wide tongue, a sweet stimulation flowed through Shine Mirage's body as well.

"How about this look this time? It's a pathetic figure, befitting a loser heroine, isn't it?"

"Th-this... In such an embarrassing pose... N-no..."

With her lower body lifted while lying on her back with her legs wide open, she was bent into a position called a "manguri-gaeshi," with her face sandwiched between her legs.

Her skirt was rolled up according to gravity, and only her panties, stained with the ejected tide, protected the Shapeshifting Heroine's important parts. However, the cloth protecting the sanctuary was slowly shifted by the Strange Person's hand, and her sopping wet virgin land was exposed.

The underwear, which could have been easily torn off, was deliberately left behind, amplifying the humiliation of being played with by the enemy Strange Person and the visual shame.

"It's been a while since I've had Ass Cunt, so I'm going to mess you up without holding back."

The Meat rod of heinous size stood erect from Dorukosu's lower body. Because he had seen ordinary humans like Kuroda and the others, he realized anew how abnormal its shape was.

Although she showed a slight expression of fear at the Strange Person's Meat rod being thrust into her Asshole for the first time, a feverish sigh soon escaped her lips.

It throbbed. Her Anus, which had been forcibly penetrated many times, reacted to the Strange Person's thick male symbol and throbbed.

"Aaaah... With such a big Dick... Ah... Unhiiii!!"

Whether those words were of dislike or excitement, before the Shapeshifting Heroine realized it, the Strange Person's Erection widened her rectum all at once.

Dorukosu Arc 2

They may exist for the sake of a half-baked Ryona hobby, but I think they are characters who are only thinking about raping more than Deburo and Misty.

The Counterattack of Dolcos: Shine Mirage Public Rape!? (Part 2)

The giant meat spear that could only be wielded by an enhanced being surpassing humans. The Strange Person who took her anal virginity grinned as he thrust his hips in forcefully, transforming her excretory hole into a perverted dick hole.

"It's so tight!! Shine Mirage's ass hole is exquisite!!"

An exquisite hole that tightens like a virgin no matter how many times it's spread. If its owner is an insolent Heroine of Justice, it's truly exceptional, and Dorukosu's piston was at full throttle from the start.

An animalistic act with no consideration for the other party. Though she should feel resentment, her trained body and weakened spirit are filled with the joy of submitting as a female.

"Aaaaaah!! Ahiii... Aah, nnhooo!! My body is being crushed... Nhii... Aaah, kuhiiiiiii!!"

(I-It's so thick!! It's completely different from Kuroda and the others... Aaaah... I-I'm feeling it even more intensely... Ohooo... My body is rejoicing...!!)

Though she had been subjected to intense anal torture in the past, it had been quite some time since she was violated by Dorukosu. Deburo was at a similar level, but the fact was that the size had decreased from the Combatants to Kuroda and the others.

Her anus, which had become a sensitive female hole, could tighten sufficiently and obtain pleasure even when penetrated by a normal person's meat rod, and she was able to reach climax.

But once again, the muscular Strange Person's huge cock pressuring her rectum was incredible, making what had been pushed into her just moments ago feel like a toy in comparison.

The pleasure that made it impossible to suppress her voice even for a moment was supreme, just as Dorukosu was feeling in the Shapeshifting Heroine's anal.

"What happened to your usual cheeky words!? Even if you admit defeat, you haven't completely submitted, right?!"

As he violated her in this humiliating position, Dorukosu smiled with the composure of a victor while taunting the pathetic Transformation Heroine showing an ahogao face stained with pleasure.

Dorukosu understood that Shine Mirage's declaration of defeat was for this battle, and she hadn't completely submitted to Dark Crime.

Intending to further pursue her weakened heart, he carved immense pleasure into her body while persistently attacking her with words as well.

"Aaah, anuu, aaaaan!! M-My ass hole is too amazing... Haaaooo... I-I haven't l-lost...!!"

Her sense of justice calls out that she must not submit to evil, but with just one thrust of Dorukosu's hips, her mind is dyed completely in pink pleasure.

Right now, Shine Mirage's ass hole is her greatest weakness. Even if she tries to restore her once-broken spirit, it's easily shattered when struck by a male meat spear far surpassing that of a normal person.

"Th-The dick is rampaging inside... meee....!! Ohooo... It's rubbing and resonating... Nhiii, ahyaaau!!"

With the speed and strength like a pile driver. The abnormally huge cock rampaging inside her excretory hole spreads her rectum, as if to violate her to the deepest depths.

Her voice only grows louder from the intense sensation of the Strange Person's extremely thick dick resonating inside her body. Her pathetic expression, melted in pleasure and having lost her usual dignified look, is one that deserves to be called lewd and perverted.

"Aren't you ashamed to be moaning from an enemy's dick, Heroine of Justice!?"

"Ahaau, kuhiiin!! I-It's all... your fault... Anuu, ohhooooo!!"

The fact that her body has become so sensitive and perverted is all due to Dark Crime's actions. Though the number of times may not be many yet since her first defeat, the intensity of the training has been overwhelming.

Moreover, since only her unclean excretory hole is targeted, it's only natural that the body of the girl who is human before being a Heroine of Justice would change.

She should really deny all of Dorukosu's words, but it was impossible with her spirit melting from pleasure, broken by the storm of violence.

All she could do was confront the facts, which was nothing other than acknowledging the anal pleasure.

With a particularly violent thrust of his meat weapon causing a shock, the Shapeshifting Heroine was forced to reach a light climax, staining her beautiful face with the small amount of love juices that spurted out.

"That's wrong. You were a pervert from the beginning. Otherwise, you wouldn't be moaning this much with your ass cunt!! You Ass Hole Heroine!!"

"Hyahiii!? C-Calling me a pervert... Nhooo!! Aaaaah, nhiiii!! My ass cunt is turning inside out... I-I'm really becoming an Ass Hole Heroine....!!"

The thick palm slapping against her sweaty, plump hips. The sharp pain coursing through her entire body simultaneously becomes masochistic pleasure, causing a foolish scream to resonate from Shine Mirage's mouth.

The anal torture stimulation sent by the extremely thick meat rod no longer has the initial aversion she felt, rather, the thicker it is and the more violently it stirs her up, the more pleasure is carved into her.

If this isn't called perverted, then what is? The masochistic heroine, whose excitement is accelerated even by Dorukosu's abusive words as an accent, becomes intoxicated with the lowest form of defeat pleasure.

"I'm gonna thoroughly fuck your ass cunt, including for last time. Here, this is the first shot!!"

Her body becomes more sensitive as the training is repeated. Now that she can no longer control herself and is easily swallowed by pleasure, Dorukosu's words are tantamount to a death sentence.

She'll go crazy again. The fear of her thoroughly violated ass hole being remade into a dick hole. However, her masochistic instincts flare up as if expecting it.

"Nhhiiiiiii!! N-Not my boobs too, that's not faiiiiir!! I-I'm cumming from dick juice and milk togetheeeeeer!!"

The moment Dorukosu pushed his hips in deep and she felt his violently pulsating meat rod ejaculating. She saw his arms approaching, and the impact running through her breasts, trembling and dully shining with sweat and breast milk, caused her brain to spark.

Byururururuuuuu!! Bobyuruuuu, bubyuru!!

The thick and scorching white turbidity poured into her rectum. Unlike Kuroda and the others, it had an inhuman, rule-breaking momentum and heat. The semen poured in like bullets, instantly bringing her pleasure to its peak.

Furthermore, the breast milk spurting from her breasts squeezed with all his might, combined with the milking pleasure produced by his superhuman strength, heightened her masochistic excitement.

(I-It's completely different from Kuroda's!! Th-This is too amazing!! It feels so good... Semen and boob milk, it feels too good!! Ohoooooo!!)

The intense sensation of being stimulated in two places simultaneously that she had experienced in the past. Though the situation and position were different, could it change this much when Dorukosu did it?

The Heroine's heart was swallowed up by the overwhelming pleasure filling her mind. She was simply dyed by the carved-in pleasure, grandly spurting love juices and dirtying her own face.

With her mind dyed pure white, the Transformation Heroine exposing a pathetic ahgao face was completely limp, unable to suppress anything.

Shine Mirage's body twitched and trembled. From between her legs, golden water with an ammonia smell spurted out with a jororororo sound.

"Guhahahaha!! This bitch is pissing herself!! You're truly pathetic, Shine Mirage!! You're no longer a Heroine of Justice, but rather suited to be a flesh toilet, aren't you!?"

Her eyebrows drooping in a figure-eight shape, the complete opposite of her usual dignified expression. Her own dirty fluids staining her lowest expression with her mouth hanging open slackly and her tongue hanging out.

Tears, snot, breast milk, squirt, and urine dyed her face, with her Magical Form's pink hair sticking to it thickly.

"F-Flesh toilet... I'm leaking pee... My face... It stinks..."

The humiliation of being violated in a shameful pose and having her proud beauty defiled. However, despite the foul smell that makes her head feel numb when breathing through her nose, the excitement coursing through her body only accelerates.

Even though she's being defiled, her melted expression doesn't change, and her muttered words disappear into the air without reaching Dorukosu.

"Well now, I'd like to keep fucking this toilet heroine as is, but that would be the same as before"

Of course, the Strange Person's violation wouldn't end here. Dorukosu lifted the ahgao heroine's body, rotating her sideways to face down.

Shine Mirage let out a joyful cry of "Nhiiii!!" at the completely different way her rectum was rubbed compared to usual.

The M-shaped spread legs, similar to how she was violated in the past, couldn't open fully due to the underwear in the middle, leaving it in a halfway state. But with the situation basically unchanged from last time, Dorukosu wouldn't be satisfied.

While feeling anxious about what he might be thinking, the defeated heroine had no way to resist being done with as she pleased.

"I'm gonna take you out of the park and fuck you in front of humans"

The words whispered close to her ear to make sure she heard them clearly froze the Shapeshifting Heroine's spine. Her mind, which had been dyed in pleasure until now, was forcibly awakened and quickly dyed in fear.

"N-No!! Anything but that, not in front of people... Nhiiuu, aaanuu!!"

It was still early in the night. If they went to the main street, there would be many people coming and going, and she would inevitably be exposed to public view.

For those who know of the existence of the Heroine of Justice, it wouldn't be difficult to recognize Shine Mirage just by seeing the Magical Form costume and pink hair.

If that happened, the Transformation Heroine would not only be defeated, but also branded as a pervert moaning while being anally violated.

It might be slightly different if she could complain of pain and resist thoroughly, but it had been completely engraved in both her body and mind that it was impossible to endure against Dorukosu's giant dick.

"Shut up!! You lost to me. You have no right to refuse or decide. Well, I'm kind, so I'll at least hide your face for you"

Despite the heroine's pleas, which were futile against the anal pleasure, Dorukosu took a step towards the outside of the park. The vibration caused by just one step shook her body and rubbed up her rectum, giving her intermittent joy of anal torture.

The Transformation Heroine's panties, stained with love juices, were roughly grabbed as she went limp from the sweet numbness coursing through her entire body, and were pulled off from her thighs to her toes.

"Hii!? Wh-What are you... Nooo!! My panties... Don't put them... S-Stop it... Ooh, hoon!! Hyaaaa... Nnuu!!"

The deeply discolored pink underwear was widely spread, and understanding the violator's intention as it came down from above her head, the Shapeshifting Heroine raised her voice in realization.

Her delicate hands wrapped in pink gloves tried to protect her head in an attempt to stop it, but it was a meaningless action against Dorukosu with his four arms.

With her arms fixed in a banzai position, she tried to escape by shaking her face, the only part that could move. However, when Dorukosu strongly thrust up her hips, the stimulating pleasure resonating in her brain stopped her movement, and she was helplessly made to wear her soaking wet panties over her head.

(Th-This kind of thing... To have my own panties put on my head... Aaah, the smell of my own juices... Haauu, I'm being defiled...)

It wasn't simply put on her head, but pressed against her face. While the leg holes secured her vision, the dirty crotch part directly covered her nose and mouth, sending the strange smell straight to her.

The ponytail part was slightly bulging, creating a kind of accent, and there was the reality that even the heroine's entire face had been made into the Strange Person's toy.

With her breasts exposed and her face covered in dirty fluids covered by her love juice-soaked underwear, she truly looked like a pervert. But why? Despite being defiled in such a lowest form, strong excitement filled her entire body.

(If I'm seen like this, what will happen to me...? Th-This is bad... Nhaaa... I need to do something quickly...)

The only way to escape was to attack Dorukosu when an opportunity arose. But now, with her anus being violated and unable to muster strength, even if she could actually act, the chances of success were infinitesimally low.

Naturally, her thoughts shifted towards not having her identity known, and there was only one action she could take for that. Using an application of Form Change to alter her own clothing, hair color, and hairstyle.

As long as Dorukosu didn't speak, no one would know about the defeat and lewd state of the Heroine of Justice, Shine Mirage, and the dirty cloth violating her face would disappear.

While still letting out muffled sweet moans from the stimulation of her rectum being thrust into, she desperately tried to concentrate on changing the costume she wore.

"N-No way... I haven't done anything yet...!!"

But before she could execute it, a change occurred. The Magical Form dissipated, and what newly covered her body was a black bunny girl costume completely unrelated to combat, accentuating her body lines to the fullest.

Her hair changed from the conspicuous pink to a silver long style that shone even in the moonlight, and the tail part was absent, with a hole as if made for inserting a meat rod, through which Dorukosu's meat weapon was passing.

Her breasts showed cleavage, and the costume seemed slightly shorter than usual, just barely not showing her nipples in a provocative shape. The well-fleshed beautiful legs covered in pantyhose were also one of the materials to stimulate male desire.

White rabbit ears were attached to her head, and only the underwear that should have disappeared was carefully left, still spreading a foul odor and carving in a strong sense of humiliation.

"How's that? This way the humans won't recognize you, right? You should be grateful to the kind me... I left the panties as a service. Guhahahaha!!"

(Is this Dorukosu's doing...? No way... Even my costume and hair... Has the Dark Energy invaded my body to this extent...!?)

Though she remembered having her costume partially changed by Deburo in the past, it was only a small part. It hadn't been changed completely like this time.

With her body and mind both weakened, corrupted by the Dark Energy invading her body, even her costume was now at the enemy's mercy. As if being taught that she was now just a powerless female, a great despair pushed Shine Mirage down.

"If there's even a slight change from here on, I might let my tongue slip, so be careful, okay? You don't want to be known, right, Ms. Transformation Heroine?"

With Energy still remaining, she panicked to quickly change from the humiliating Bunny Form, but a warning was given. If she were to ignore it, Dorukosu would undoubtedly loudly announce that the bunny girl was the Heroine of Justice.

Shine Mirage had no choice but to be violated in public, silently. As a fitting punishment for a heroine of justice defeated by an evil Strange Person, the Bunny Heroine could only tremble.

"Alright, let's go. We're aiming for that place we rampaged before!!"

"P-Please wait... Really, unhiiii! D-Don't shake me... Ahii... Ooh, hoooh!! More, slowly..."

Not as slowly as before. With the destination decided, Dorukosu's movement speed increased, and they had already left the park entrance.

As they did, he deliberately moved her body up and down, and the Strange Person's huge, wart-covered Meat Weapon, filling her rectum, rampaged without restraint.

Her arms, raised in a "banzai" position, were held firmly behind her head by Dorukosu's hand, leaving her unable to free herself or even hold her Large breasts, which bounced as if about to spill out.

"What are you saying? Aren't you a pervert who likes being treated roughly? Besides, didn't I tell you? You have no say in this. If you don't like it, I'll shake you even more!! Ora ora!!"

If you show weakness, they'll take advantage of you. That was a knowledge naturally ingrained in a Transformation Heroine who had fought Dark Crime.

Even understanding that weak pleas would only embolden the opponent, she couldn't help but speak out in this situation where her weaknesses were being exploited so relentlessly.

If she was going to be violated in public, she had to at least try not to make any noise, to eliminate any elements that could reveal her identity, but instead, it only fueled Dorukosu's sadistic desires.

"Ohhoooh!! M-My ass... Is being stirred up...!! Ohii... Hahiu, all the way inside, it's coming, zuun..."

They were already moving through a location where someone could easily hear them. Her body, held aloft, was shaken violently, and the distorted bumps relentlessly stimulated her sensitive intestinal walls, transforming the sensation into a huge pleasure that the perverted heroine writhed in ecstasy, unable to endure it for even a second.

(C-Coming closer... Soon, this violated figure will be... Seen... Aah... My body, it's burning up... Even though it's embarrassing, even though I don't want it... I'm getting hot...!!)

The pleasure's proof, the erotic honey, further darkened the black of the Bunny Suit's crotch. While her heart pounded with anxiety about soon reaching the main street, at the same time, a perverted excitement burned through her.

Her soiled panties used as a mask, her body clad in a sensual Bunny Suit, her anus pierced by a huge Meat rod as she moaned.

How many people would sympathize with this sight? She might be lusted after by men, and met with scornful gazes and words from women.

Just imagining it sent a thrilling, masochistic excitement surging through her, transforming the Transformation Heroine into a mere female.

"Your grip is getting tighter as we get closer. Are you looking forward to it?!"

The Metamorphosis Princess's body reacted to the changes in her heart, and each time they emerged from a narrow path, she squeezed the Strange Person's Meat rod tightly. It wasn't difficult for Dorukosu to imagine, from the results of her training so far and this reaction, and he thrust his hips up as if to harass her.

"Kuhii... I-It's not... Who would, such a thing... Ahh... D-Don't, look..."

In the middle of denying it while moaning from the pleasure stimulus that resonated all the way to her brain from just the playful thrusts, she heard a scream and returned her gaze forward, where she saw a salaryman on his way home.

He was terrified by the sight of Dorukosu, an alien Strange Person, and retreated to the edge of the road as if fleeing, but his gaze shifted to the Bunny Girl being violated in an M-shape.

A lewd figure seen by just one man. Even though she said "don't look," her heart pounded like never before, and the amount of love nectar secreted increased.

Dorukosu, uninterested in just one person, smiled and continued forward as if ignoring him. But he had clearly felt the tightening of the Transformation Heroine's anus, intensified by tension and excitement, the moment he knew she had been seen.

After that, with each strong stimulus felt each time she was seen by about three more people, she repeated ragged breaths, and one thought floated in her mind, dyed with pleasure and despair.

"P-Please... Unh, haa... Ohoo!! D-Don't, hurt anyone... Ahii... D-Don't, do it..."

Something that she, as a heroine of justice, should not have forgotten. The people they had encountered so far could easily have been killed.

Depending on Dorukosu's mood, the lives of the people on the main street they would soon reach could easily be taken. The current heroine had no power to protect anyone, and could only plead with the Strange Person.

"Tch... You admitted defeat, but you don't want to be killed, and you're telling me not to do anything to the humans... Aren't you getting ahead of yourself?!"

"...I-I'm sorry... But, please..."

She knew it was a selfish wish for a heroine who had admitted defeat and asked for forgiveness, but she couldn't help but say it.

The Metamorphosis Princess pleaded in a trembling voice at Dorukosu's harsh words, who was probably displeased. It was a weakness unimaginable for a heroine of justice who had once boasted invincibility.

"Well, whatever, I didn't come here to rampage anyway."

Dorukosu accepted it more easily than she had expected. She didn't know how much she could trust him, but it was better than being refused.

"Thank..." The Strange Person's words continued, interrupting the Transformation Heroine as she was about to open her mouth to express her gratitude.

"In exchange. You're going to become a pervert who enjoys my Dick, got it?"

A scream was heard even before she could understand the meaning of those words. The overlapping voices of many people were proof that they had already arrived in front of the main street.

I don't think I'll have much time, so this is a rushed post.

It's a subtle title fraud that's public but not really public.

Dolcos's Counterattack: Shine Mirage Public Rape!? (Part 2)

The figure of a Strange Person with a body exceeding that of ordinary people. They fully understood that it was a member of Dark Crime, which had appeared many times before and threatened peace.

That's why it was only natural that terror reflexively dominated their instincts, and they screamed at maximum volume and ran away.

Dorukosu's existence spread from person to person through screams, and the city was engulfed in chaos before the Strange Person even appeared on the main street.

"Ahhh...a, a pervert, you say? Ohooo, un, oooo...w, what...do you...mean...unhieeee!!"

Her Ass Cunt widened by the thickness of his Dick. Her rectum, stuffed to bursting, was rubbed by the bumps, and an excessively sweet masochistic pleasure filled her body.

While tormented by the powerlessness of being unable to do anything even when hearing the screams of the general public she was supposed to protect, the only action the defeated Heroine Lady could take was to obey the words of the monstrously strong Strange Person.

Her resistance to being violated anally was already virtually non-existent, and her sensitive body, which found supreme pleasure in being pierced by the giant Meat Rod, let out perverted moans every time it was nudged even slightly.

"It's simple. Just don't hide how good it feels to have your Ass Cunt violated, and go wild."

She was already in a state where she couldn't help but let out a melting voice. It was frustrating, but it was impossible to endure this intense sensation, and if Dorukosu thrust his hips strongly, the desired development would easily occur.

What else could you call a Bunny Suit girl with panties covering her face, soaked in filthy liquid, but a pervert? That's why she couldn't understand the words of the lightly stepping muscle Strange Person.

"Just pretend to be a Dick-loving, lewd pervert. It's acting, a-c-t-i-n-g."

(Y, you want me to ask for Dorukosu's Dick myself...e, even in front of people...but, if I don't, everyone's lives will be...unnn...)

What was demanded of her was to become a pleasure-fallen perverted girl. A terrible scenario where she acknowledged the Meat Rod pleasure and asked for it herself, while many people's eyes were focused on her.

Even knowing that, the Heroine Lady couldn't say anything back or resist, and could only cloud her expression with regret.

"I, I understand...!!"

Dorukosu grinned lewdly at the words of the Bunny Suit girl who had admitted defeat and was being dominated by pleasure.

"Humans!! You don't have to run away!! I just came to show you my female today!!"

At Dorukosu's shout, which seemed to echo throughout the main street, people stopped moving as if they had been put under a spell.

The Strange Person, who would normally act before speaking and destroy the city's buildings, had said something unexpected. But because they knew the Strange Person's nature, they could easily imagine what would happen if they defied him.

(...Is he forgetting that I'm here, making such a stupidly loud noise...!?)

The Metamorphosis Princess, who had reflexively covered her ears at the loud shout from behind. Her body trembled, and the shock was enough to clear her pleasure-stained thoughts, causing the little remaining rebellious spirit to react strongly.

When she took her hands away from her ears, she began to hear the words of the people who had stopped running away instead of Dorukosu. Their attention, who had no choice but to believe his words that he would not engage in destructive activities, inevitably turned to the girl called "female."

"Hey, is that...a bunny girl?"

"She's wearing panties on her head. And aren't they wet?"

"Was she targeted by the Strange Person...poor thing."

"Oh no, there's something stuck in her Ass Cunt...could it be..."

Gazes, gazes, gazes gathered on the silver-haired, panty-masked bunny girl. Most of them were filled with surprise at the strangeness of the girl's appearance.

The words spoken were comments on her perverted outfit, and fear of Dorukosu's huge Meat Rod that was visible. Sympathy for being treated as a female by Dorukosu.

"Instead of tightening your Dick because you're being watched by humans, properly greet them as my Dick Flesh toilet."

Anxiety that her true identity might be revealed, and the thrilling stimulation of being exposed to many gazes. Her heart pounded at the order to the defeated Heroine Lady, whose cheeks under the pink panties were flushed with masochistic excitement.

"Ohhoooo!! I, I am Dorukosu-sama's...unhhiaaa, ahieeeeun!! D, Dick Flesh toilet, hoooo!!"

(Aaaah...my perverted appearance is being seen...ohooo...my head is going numb!!)

Her hips were forcibly thrust up, and a current of pleasure ran through her head. From the entrance of her excretion hole, she was vigorously rubbed by the distorted Meat Rod until it reached the limit of what Dorukosu could reach, and an excessively strong feeling of happiness occupied her brain.

She should be desperately resisting with a dignified attitude, but she wasn't allowed to do that now. Calling the hateful enemy with the honorific "sama," and acknowledging herself as a Flesh toilet less than human.

The words were spoken while letting out an extremely unsightly moan, caused by the piston action that started again when she opened her mouth. The situation of not denying the great pleasure invading her body, and only reacting and moaning without enduring anything, gave the Heroine Lady an unexpected sense of liberation.

"Hey, is that woman moaning while being violated by something that big?"

"She's saying things like that herself, she's completely a pervert..."

"If you look closely, her boobs are amazing. They're shaking so much they look like her nipples are about to pop out."

"Does that mean she's been completely trained...? Hurry up and come, Shine Mirage."

(I, I haven't been found out, have I...ahaa, ohooo...!! But, I'm being treated like a pervert...ah, I'm sorry...Shine Mirage, can't come...a, aheeee!!)

The words of sympathy quickly changed to those containing contempt and lust with just one perverted greeting. The only salvation in the despair of being branded a pervert in an instant was that no one imagined that the girl being violated now was the Heroine of Justice.

The only ones who knew her true identity were the Strange Person violating her Ass Cunt, and the person being violated. The invincible Heroine who was the hope of the people was already the center of attention in a perverted bunny appearance, with her rectum being stirred by the enemy Strange Person and moaning.

A strong sense of powerlessness and humiliation swelled up as if crushing her heart, but the huge masochistic pleasure that far exceeded them filled both her body and mind.

Even when fighting Strange Persons and Combatants, she had felt exhilaration at the gazes of the people gathered on her, but the gazes directed at her now were beyond comparison to the past.

An excitement she had never felt before violently aroused her body, and the gazes mixed with negative emotions that pierced her became a strong stimulus and attacked the Transformation Heroine's body.

"Ahhyaaa!! Un, yaaa!! P, Perverted bunny is...with a super thick Dick in her Ass Cunt...ooo, hooo!! I want to see...a lot...of it being pounded!!"

In response to the gathered gazes, the panty Heroine's moan also became sweeter and louder. The rougher her breathing became, the more the strange smell emanating from her clinging underwear stimulated her nose. Even though it was a stench that made her feel nauseous, for some reason her body was sensitively finding pleasure in it, and she was dyed in a thrilling pink pleasure with every breath.

Guju! Bujuu!!

The thick semen after a massive ejaculation was still accumulating in her rectum, and with Dorukosu's piston action, it slid the Meat weapon as a lubricant while making dirty noises.

With a sharp thrust as if forcibly twisting the Meat Dick in, a pleasurable stimulus ran through her entire body, and she returned the favor with a squeeze that seemed to tear him apart, as Dorukosu would have wanted.

The piston action, relying only on momentum and brute force, violently moved the bunny form Heroine up and down like a toy, and her G-cup Large breasts bounced so much that they riveted the men's eyes.

"I need to teach you more about how much of a pervert you are!! Here, let's give them some service!!"

"Unhieeeeeeeeeeeeeee!? M, Milk is coming out of my nipples!! Aheeee...when they're squeezed and crushed...it comes out byurubyuru, I, I'm cumming!!"

The remaining two arms, which were growing separately from the arm shaking her body, caught the bouncing breast fruits and crushed them with monstrous strength until their shapes were distorted.

Her erect nipples easily appeared from the obscene Bunny Suit, and breast milk spurted out in an unexpected direction. The bunny Heroine reached a light climax as the pleasure instantly reached its limit.

Her brain was dyed white by the blissful feeling of the sweet stimulation felt from her sensitive breasts, but it was still in the middle of the act.

The hand that had been crushing them lost its strength, and as they returned to their original huge breast meat while trembling, fingers reached out to her white, wet, lewd protrusions.

Dorukosu's thick fingers pinched both nipples and crushed them with the same strong force as her breasts. The force that pushed back was meaningless, and intense electric pleasure ran through the sensitive organs that were crushed in an instant.

The modified breast milk spurted out in sync with the maximum stimulation, even more than when her breasts were crushed. The milky white liquid rained down on the stunned people as if she had ejaculated.

The mouth hidden by the fabric opened wide in a moan, and the tongue that was trying to come out limply pushed up. The crotch of the Bunny Suit had become even darker in color from the tide that had gushed out from the impact just now.

"H, hey...she just released breast milk."

"Is she being impregnated? Or has she been modified..."

"Either way, it's disgusting how much she's enjoying it."

"I, I am...the worst...ohoooo!! D, Dick!! Dorukosu...sama's, Strange Person Dick...is tearing my Ass Cunt apart!! Ahhyaaa...more milk is coming out!!"

The fact that her heart ached at the words of contempt was proof that her heart had not been completely broken yet. However, she certainly felt the thrilling masochistic excitement at the same time.

In her hazy consciousness, the word "worst" was recognized by both herself and others. The Strange Person accelerated his piston action even further, trying to mess up the Metamorphosis Heroine's heart and body.

While making dry sounds of flesh colliding with flesh, he carefully rolled and pressed her nipples, causing Bunny milk to constantly overflow.

The Heroine, whose speech gradually became slurred, did not forget the Strange Person's orders—although she slightly delayed adding the honorific "sama"—and uttered a series of extremely lewd words.

"Here's your favorite Dick Juice. I'll pour it all over you, so rejoice, Asshole Flesh toilet!!"

(I, is he going to ejaculate again...? I just came, and my body is sensitive...ah, but, but...my Ass Cunt is throbbing...I'm going crazy...)

It was as if her body was not her own and would not listen to her. The sense of betrayal of being violated in a perverted outfit in front of those she should protect, and being treated as a being less than human.

As the Heroine of Justice, she thought that she must not succumb even in her heart, but she reacted too sensitively to Dorukosu's declaration of ejaculation.

Her excretion hole, which tightened as if urging him to let her drink the treat quickly, was already like another living creature. With the people watching, the Strange Person deeply pressed his hips together, starting with the first shot.

Bubyuruuuuuu!! Bobyurubujubuu!! Byurururururuuuuu!!

"Unnhoooooooo!! Dick Juice is being poured into my Asshole Flesh toilet!! My Ass Cunt is burning!! L, Look...at the perverted bunny's, Ass Cunt Acme...please, look at it a lot!!"

The extra-large Strange Person ejaculation began to pollute her rectum again with a force that made even dirty sounds audible. The hot, cloudy liquid filled her sensitive intestinal walls, and engraved the silver-haired perverted bunny with an Acme in front of everyone.

(E, acting...this is all, all acting...)

The ugliness of reflexively letting out a melting moan at the pleasure of the climax that had visited her. The abnormal excitement of an Ass Cunt Acme while being exposed to many gazes transformed Shine Mirage into a single female under the guise of acting.

In order to help the people, she had to become a complete pervert. Everything was acting for that purpose. While thinking so, she trembled her voluptuous body and wished that they would look more at the shameful climax scene.

The amount of seed emitted from the Strange Person's Meat weapon was proven by her lower abdomen, which showed a plump swelling. The people's gazes were directed at the girl's expression, which was filled with happiness even though it was hidden by her underwear, with eyes of desire and contempt.

While feeling the many gazes that had increased in strength compared to when they were directed at her earlier, the lewd rabbit was intoxicated with masochistic pleasure.

"Now, for the second round. Let's have more fun."

Her body, which had been held up, was lowered to the ground, but her anus was still pierced by the Meat Rod. She supported her weight with her trembling legs, and her upper body was forcibly bent over into a standing back position.

Her Large breasts, which had been showing off their size and softness, were bell-shaped towards the ground according to gravity. The way they swayed from the trembling caused by the instability of her balance due to her feeling of weakness was enough to stimulate the desires of the males.

Unlike before, her line of sight was lowered, and she needed to look up to see the expressions of the people. Her strong eyes remained melted, and she felt that many gazes were focused on her panty mask and swaying breasts.

"Hahyaaa!! Aaaaah...more...of the Asshole Flesh toilet's panty face...ohooo, ahhya!! L, Look at the female cow's boobs...!!!"

Her slender waist, with proportions that rivaled a model, was supported by large hands, and Dorukosu began to violently slam his hips. The shock, to the point where her plump butt meat rippled, traveled through her entire body, and her back was forcibly arched with each thrust.

"Gwahahaha!! This Flesh toilet says she wants you to see it, so this time I'll give you all a special service. You can use her."

"Ehh? T, that, hahyahieeee!! Unooohooooo!! P, Panties rolled up...unhhieeee, aheaaa!!"

Dorukosu's proposal, from whom laughter could not be suppressed by the bunny Heroine's pervertedness that seemed impossible to be acting, was unexpected. She had thought that she would only be trained while receiving the gazes of the people, but she had never expected that they would even let them participate.

Her melted expression froze, and words of slight resistance were about to come out, but her strong hips struck her soft butt meat as if not allowing it.

Her supple body, trembling pathetically, swayed her breast fruits in an inviting manner, and from the fabric of her crotch, which was soaked and dripping wet, drops of pleasure-stained lewd juice dripped and formed a puddle.

The pink panties, which had already dried with filthy juice, were gradually rolled up from the chin and stopped at the well-formed nose, revealing her plump, youthful lips. The way they opened and closed due to the reaction from being released from a state that could not be said to have good ventilation, and the accumulated pleasure, showed no signs of closing.

"You're not planning on going against your owner, even though you're a Flesh toilet, are you?"

"I, I'm so sorry!! I didn't mean to... Hiiiguuuuhnn!! Haaauuu... This flesh toilet... Hoooh, oh... Please, bestow your dicks upon me..."

A bone-chillingly low voice. The words of apology, reflexively uttered, were desperate, a situation more than enough for the surrounding people to once again understand the relationship between the two.

Some wondered if she was not completely broken, but what did it matter? They were just powerless civilians, with no strength to fight the Strange Person, merely waiting for a heroine of justice who had yet to appear.

And then, permission to use her was granted by the Strange Person. Overwhelmed by the reason that they didn't know what would happen if they resisted, several men approached.

"W-Well, if you insist that much, I guess I have no choice."

"Yeah... I guess. We have permission, so let's have you suck on it good with that mouth."

"If you're going to resent anyone, resent Shine Mirage for not coming to help."

While gauging the Strange Person's expression, the men spouted whatever they pleased, looking down on the defeated heroine with lewd smirks.

Among them were words akin to resentment towards the heroine of justice who still hadn't appeared. By shifting responsibility onto others, they maintained their own mental stability and indulged their desires. Perhaps it was only natural for those without power.

(...This is all my fault, isn't it... Because I lost... I have to, do my best, to serve...)

The words were accepted with a surprising degree of honesty. Precisely because she possessed power, the words of those who didn't were etched even more deeply into her heart. The strong sense of defeat from losing to the evil Strange Person was once again crushing her pride as a heroine of justice.

"W-Well, I'll go first then. Bunny-chan."

"Y-Yes... Ngh, aauuu, nnnnbujuu!! Jubbo, juburuuu!! Gyubbo, jurubu!!"

The Strange Person's movements, penetrating and violating her rectum from behind, did not stop. In such a situation, if she were to try to serve with just her tongue and lips, the ceaseless stimulation of her mucous membranes would make it impossible to do properly, her voice mixed with orgasmic moans.

If that was the case, then there was only one action she could choose. She wrapped her hands around the waist of the first middle-aged man, a salaryman type, and forcibly shoved his meat rod into her mouth.

Compared to the erection possessed by the members of Dark Crime, it was smaller, and the taste and smell were inferior, but it still fulfilled its role as food carrot for the perverted rabbit.

"Suddenly, she's sucking like crazy...!!!"

The intense fellatio she had been taught until now was firmly ingrained in her body, and the Metamorphosis Princess sucked on the meat pole of the man before her with all her might in order to accelerate his ejaculation.

The rough breathing through her nose, hoo, hoo, combined with the stench of the man's crotch, steadily drove the Metamorphosis Princess mad with intense pervertedness.

The vacuum fellatio that hollowed out her cheeks was something she had experienced many times, and it seemed to be an expression of her will to drink every last drop of semen that would be released from the meat rod.

Even as everyone recognized her as a pervert, the man's excitement increased even further as he understood that the face beneath the panties was that of a beautiful girl when seen up close, and he quickened the rhythm of his hips as he gave in to his desires.

If he pulled his hips away as if to separate from the bunny heroine who was sucking with all her might, the girl, unable to move her body, could only desperately chase after him, resulting in a shameful, elongated face from her lips.

"Kuuuuuh... I, I'm going to cum!!!"

"Jurubujurururu!! Nnnnnnuuuu!? Nnnngu, nngu, goku... goku, gokun!!!"

(Haaa... H-Hot and smelly, from my mouth to my throat... Ahhhiii!! D, Dorukosu is, in my ass hole, hiiiiii!!)

The man's cloudy white fluid was released quickly. She was making a gurgling sound in her throat to swallow it all without leaving a single drop, but as if timing it perfectly, Dorukosu also ejaculated into her anus, and thick dick juice violated her body from front and back.

Unlike the youthful ones of Kuroda and the others, it was a seasoned, filthy fluid. Although she tasted bitterness, she didn't feel the revulsion she had felt in the past; in fact, she even thought it was easy to drink.

She didn't resist at all as she was held by the head and her face was pressed against the hair-covered crotch, and she was forced to swallow, puckering her cheeks and squeezing out every last drop from her bell-end, a flesh toilet bunny.

Gyupon!! The meat rod was pulled out, and the lips that had been stretched out by sucking until the very last moment were released, and a shameful sound echoed.

"T-Thank you very much... Haaa, dick juice... It was delicious..."

There was no trace of semen in her sloppily opened mouth, proving that she had drunk all of the man's desires.

With her hands on both knees, supporting her limp upper body, she looked like a weak little animal as she waited for the next person. But when she confirmed that the first person had finished without incident, almost all of the men who were there, not just the first few, rushed over.

"That perverted rabbit is super popular!! She's giving us her favorite dick. Make sure you drink it all, for everyone, okay?"

"Y-Yes... I understand—nnnbuuu!?"

"There are a lot of us, so hurry up, you flesh toilet!!"

She would accept the desires of men whose numbers she didn't even know. Normally, it would be a situation where her spine would freeze in terror, but the emotion that arose in Shine Mirage now was far too small. Rather, her body was burning with excitement from being defiled, moving on its own accord, and her heart was mostly occupied by guilt towards the people.

The word "restraint" disappeared from the men who had lost their grip on their desires, and they grabbed the bunny girl's silver hair roughly and twisted in their meat spears, which were throbbing with excitement.

What she did was the same as before, wrapping her hands around their waists, but the men, who had turned into beasts dominated by desire, moved their hips roughly, literally treating the bunny heroine's mouth as a toilet.

The girl, penetrated in her mouth and anus, was relentlessly impaled with meat carrots one after another without a break.

"...Goku, goku... Gokkyun!! Haaa... Dick juice... This is, for everyone, isn't it..."

How much time had passed? The men swarming around Shine Mirage were in a state where those who were finished were keeping their distance.

The words announcing the end, released in a melted voice after drinking the last person's viscous fluid of desire, were so full of semen that even she could understand it herself.

How many men's semen had she swallowed, and how many times had Dorukosu ejaculated into her? Already, the abdomen of her black leotard was swollen with accumulated white fluid to the point that anyone could see it.

The men were filming the lewd rabbit, into which they had stuffed all of their desires, with the mobile devices they held in their hands, and this shameful state was a reality that could no longer be hidden.

Her brain, which was no longer functioning properly, concluded that she would continue to be used as an outlet for desire from now on, but all she gained was perverted excitement.

"Alright, they went out of their way to give you food. Be sure to thank them properly."

"Oohhhiii!? Th, thank you... to this perverted flesh toilet... Ahyahih!! O, hoooh... Thank you for the dick juice... A, thank you very much!!"

The slap that flew as discipline from her owner stimulated her sense of pain, causing her plump hips to bounce with a dry sound. Spurred on by the tingling sensation sent from her butt cheeks, she continued to express her gratitude in a vulgar manner with slurred words.

Among the leering faces of the men filled with lust, what could be seen through the gaps were the women in a distant location. Everyone looked at her as if she were less than human garbage, teaching her without hiding what kind of existence she was thought to be.

(I-It can't be helped... This is all for you, everyone... Ohii!! Being spanked while being fucked... It's melting!!)

The haze in her head cleared slightly at that sharp gaze, and excuses that could never be spoken aloud swirled in her mind. She wasn't really such a pervert. She wanted them to understand that it was all to protect the people living in peace.

The defeated heroine, from her semen-smelling mouth, leaked a beastly, orgasmic moan riding on the spanking pleasure, and her consciousness was forcibly directed towards the rectal stimulation that might never end.

"Your stomach is all bloated now. Well then, the last one is my dick. But before that, I need to plug it so the stuff inside doesn't leak out."

Zuryuryuht, the monster dick was pulled out as if peeling away the intestinal walls. The pathetic cry of "Nnooohhohoh!!" was proof that she had felt a slight climax.

The gaping anus trembled, about to spill the accumulated filthy fluid at any moment. What was thrust into it was a large black orb, a tool of darkness that Shine Mirage knew well.

More than half of it went in, but it stopped halfway, and it was fixed in a state where it could neither enter further nor be pushed out. Dorukosu's meat rod had disappeared, but the perverted stimulation to her ass hole was not yet over.

"Oguuuuh!!"

Just as she thought her hair was grabbed and she was forcibly turned around, a low scream leaked out at the impact that ran through her swollen abdomen. Dorukosu's fist sank deeply into her. She desperately endured the filthy fluid in her stomach from reversing, and only saliva wetted the ground with a splash.

However, the urge to excrete, which had been suppressed by the strong impact and pleasure, began to rage violently inside her swollen abdomen. The black orb, which would normally have popped out with the momentum, remained in place, and that was probably what Dorukosu wanted to confirm.

(Haaaah, fuuuh... My, my stomach... Aahgu... I can't, leak in front of everyone...)

The fact that it was blocked was perhaps fortunate in reverse. If it had burst with the force of that blow, it wouldn't have been surprising if a grand semen excretion show had started in front of everyone.

But the opponent was a Strange Person of Dark Crime. It was up to the other person's mood when the black orb would disappear. The Metamorphosis Heroine squeezed her sphincter with strength, taking a trivial action that could be said to be futile.

"Now, serve my dick. Tell me how it's different from the humans you've been sucking until now, okay?"

Forced into a doggy position, what was thrust before her eyes was the hateful enemy's meat dick that had been violating her rectum until just now. Wet and glistening with semen and intestinal fluid, it was clearly different from the ordinary people from before.

"D, Dorukosu-sama's dick... Ah... It's smelly... With my ass cunt juice and semen... It's black and shining... Nnngh, fuuuh... Thick and hard..."

The tip is also bent back, and this... will peel my ass cunt, won't it... The bumps too... It's very, not comparable to those people..."

(I, I'm sorry... It's all an act... This is also an act... A, acting...)

By looking at it again and putting it into words, she reaffirmed just how different Dorukosu's meat weapon was from humans. The stench that stimulated her nose was tremendous, and a normal person wouldn't even be able to breathe, but Shine Mirage was breathing roughly as if she desired it.

The black, glistening meat spear, pulsating like another living creature, was more than a size larger and several levels longer than the men's. Facing such a spine-chillingly grotesque thing, the bunny heroine showed a reaction as if she were in front of her favorite food.

The anus that had been violated until just now throbbed again, and she swallowed her saliva with a gulp. The words she rattled off were so sweet and melted that anyone could tell how excited she was, as if she was about to gobble it up.

It was all an act. While escaping into the excuse that the lewd behavior in this place was not her true feelings, the perverted bunny wrapped her hands around Dorukosu's waist in the same way she had done with the men, and stuffed her mouth with his magnificent meat weapon.

(I-It's big... My mouth is, wide open... Aha... Ass cunt juice and dick juice are... Also, when it goes deep, it reaches my throat... Nnnkuu... But, I have to serve...)

Shamelessly, she opened her mouth wide and brought her face closer to his crotch. The erection was so hot it felt like it would burn her, and so smelly it felt like her breath would change in an instant.

The filthy fluid coating it stimulated her tongue, and she felt a deliciousness along with the bitterness. She desperately stuffed it in and was once again amazed by the length that violated even her throat as it went deep.

However, the more she knew, the hotter her body became, and her female instincts accelerated. While showing the tail hole widened by the black orb to the people, she wagged her white butt—slightly reddish—that contrasted with the black bunny suit.

"Juburururururuuu!! Juzuu... Gujubujujuru, jubujuyuuu!!"

The sound of her service, which echoed loudly, felt even louder than it had with the men, and one could get a glimpse of the difference in the bunny girl's enthusiasm. Because she wasn't fixed from behind, she had a high degree of freedom in serving Dorukosu with fellatio.

But as if she knew what pleased the other person, she showed her pathetic vacuum-elongated face to the person who knew her true identity.

If she glanced up, she could see Dorukosu's face, showing a triumphant smile. Was the pain in her heart when she saw that face proof that she hadn't yet succumbed? But

even so, her body was filled with the joy and excitement of serving the giant Strange Person dick.

Now that she knew the taste of ordinary people's meat rods, her body, which had been tamed by the abnormality of the Strange Person, felt even more hunger and instinctively pounced on it.

"Here's a present for the toilet that serves so diligently!! Gratefully accept Dorukosu-sama's semen!!"

Bobbyurubujurururuuu!! Bobyuuuuuhuuuuuuuu!! Byururururururururuuu!!

Hot, thick semen was poured directly from the tip of the male symbol that had been pushed into the depths of her throat. The impregnating fluid, poured in a completely locked state, was completely different from that of the men until now.

(D, Dorukosu's dick juice is in my mouth... Aah... It's definitely different from those people from before!! I, I'm cumming... Cumming while drinking dick juice, uuuuuuuuhuuuun!!)

The feeling of happiness that enveloped her entire body arose just from having semen poured into her. The perverted heroine, who made a delicious sound in her throat even though it was something produced by an enemy who threatened peace.

Her brain, which had been driven so mad that she felt the filth she should have spat out was delicious, understood that her mouth was also a hole for fitting meat rods, and pushed her to climax.

"Hey, didn't she cum from drinking semen?"

"It's true... She's dripping man juice."

"Even though the Strange Person's is different from ours, is it that much?"

"Nnnnnuuh... Gokku, goku, gokun... Fuuuh, fuuh... Gokkyu, nnnguuuuuu!!"

Had she been drinking for at least a minute or more? While puffing out her cheeks like a squirrel from the ejaculation that was still continuing, she continued to pour it into her throat without spilling a single drop.

While breathing roughly and inhaling the stench, her body, which was heating up with accelerating masochistic excitement, felt as if it was seeking even more pleasure.

By the time it was finally over, her puffed-up cheeks had sunken in, and her mouth was devoid of air. She couldn't muster enough strength to pull it out herself, and she continued to watch Dorukosu, her eyes lowered as if to gauge his next move.

"You drank well. For a loyal toilet that obeys its master's orders, I'll give you something a toilet deserves."

She couldn't comprehend the meaning of Dorukosu's words. After forcing her to drink his semen, what was he going to make her do next?

(...A toilet...no, no way...anything but that...!!)

The instant his still-thick erection pulsed, the bunny heroine imagined the worst. Her mouth was still blocked, so she couldn't scream, and she didn't have time to pull her face away.

"Like a toilet, you'll drink my piss too!! Guhahahahaha!!"

(Nooooo!! M-my mouth...is really going to be a toilet!! Aaaah...my mouth, filled with pee...pushed down my throat...)

A stream of hot, ammonia-smelling liquid, different from semen, shot out with the force of a squeezed hose. Her eyes widened, tears spilling from them, and nausea instantly surged.

A toilet in the truest sense of the word. The waste being poured down her throat was a testament to the fact that the righteous heroine's mouth had been turned into the evil Strange Person's toilet, a taste she would never forget.

While her consciousness was completely focused on Dorukosu, the Black Orb that had been blocking her anus slipped deeper inside, disappearing into her body in an instant, unlike before. Shine Mirage felt the white fluid that was poured in begin to flow back, her buttohole now wide open with nothing to block it.

(A-all the stuff in my stomach is coming out!! Ohoooohii!! It's coming, it's coming!! I'm being forced to drink pee while...h-having a pissing orgasm!!)

Bubyuuuuruuu!! Bobyuuu!! Byujujyuuuu!!

It was too late to try and stop it. She had no power to stop the massive amount of Semen heading towards her excretion hole, and the white fluid began to gush out with vulgar sounds.

The fact that she was being watched by people added to the pleasure, making it even more intense than the pissing orgasm Deburo had forced upon her in the past, bringing her the lowest, most depraved pleasure of excretion.

Of course, Dorukosu's urine continued to defile her mouth, throat, and stomach, almost making her hallucinate that she was having an orgasm from drinking pee.

Byubut!! Gyupo!!

The instant he squeezed out the last drop, the Strange Person pulled back his hips, and his pouting mouth returned to normal.

The heroine's lower body remained with her ass sticking out, while her upper body collapsed powerlessly. The sound of the shutter clicking behind her told her that this awful sight was being recorded.

"It's not over yet. Don't you dare fall down on your own. This time, you're going to hop on top of me like a rabbit."

"Hyuguu!! I-I understand...ohoooh!! Dick is going to be thrusting into my...toilet hole...ahee...take a picture of...my perverted rabbit form..."

(...E-everything is an act...all an act!!)

Her ass, glistening with sweat and splattered with piss, was slapped to awaken her consciousness, and Dorukosu lay down, his still-proud Dick pointing vertically towards the sky.

The Energy that had been depleted during the training had recovered, and she was ready to attack the defenseless Strange Person at any time. But Shine Mirage obediently followed Dorukosu's orders, spreading her butt cheeks apart and lowering herself towards Dorukosu's meat weapon.

She felt the meat weapon slide in again with a "zubububu" sound, and while reveling in the sensation, she lifted and dropped her hips like a rabbit, bouncing her G-cup giant breast fruits wildly. Furthermore, she exposed her pink panty mask and orgasmic face to the people, and even made a peace sign with both hands.

Everything was an act...forgetting who she was acting for, or even if it was really an act, the perverted toilet princess Shine Mirage continued to shake her hips shamelessly.

Wait, isn't this a bad ending? That's how the Dorukosu chapter ended.

It may seem like she's completely fallen, but it's all an act, so it should be okay...hopefully.