# Chapter 26

"Haaah..."

For some reason, I always feel sleepy on days I have to go to the Hero Association. On days without any special schedule, I can sleep late and wake up late, but on days I have to go to the Association, I have to wake up early even if I sleep late. Is that why?

...Why don't I just sleep early on days I have to leave early? 'That's impossible.'

Ever since I brought a slime back from the gate as a pet, I had been living in a self-pleasuring frenzy for a while.

I could cum as much as I wanted without worrying because the slime would clean it up. The past me, who seriously considered buying large dog-sized potty pads because I was so watery, is now bye-bye.

One reason why things have become easier in many ways thanks to the slime is that the overall number of times I masturbate has increased. But there was another reason. Actually, this was more decisive.

'Boring.'

After being bombarded with intense stimuli like the Invisible Man and the slime, there's no way I could find ordinary life interesting. No matter what kind of entertainment I bring, it won't release as much dopamine as a defeat play.

Defeat play is about barely surviving a crisis where your life is about to end, and how can I overcome the stimulation it brings? Even masturbation with all sorts of fantasies was just a temporary measure. 'I ended up doing it until dawn again yesterday. I really wanted to sleep early.'

It's all because of that comic that was uploaded to the back alley of the YeoHi Gallery yesterday.

The story was about a tomboyish female protagonist who joined the neighborhood early morning soccer club and ended up becoming a communal onahole, dribbling the uncles' balls instead of a soccer ball. Although the female protagonist wasn't me but another hero, the subject matter was quite arousing, and I couldn't help but empathize with the female protagonist being taken advantage of.

The proud magical girl Flos becomes a manager, cheering on the uncles' goals with her whole body. Of course, that pride has been chipped away at many times by what has happened so far, but anyway.

'I don't even remember how many times I came while having those fantasies. I should try that kind of play someday.' I yawned again, opening my mouth wide. It was the moment I arrived at the Hero Association. 'Annoying.'

The reason I came to the Hero Association was because the Association President called me. Even though the Association President and I are close, he wouldn't ask me to come all the way to the Association for personal matters like this.

It's definitely a story that needs to be officially conveyed, but since we have a relationship, he's probably going to tell me in person. 'It's probably not good news.'

Almost a week has passed since I cleared the Slime Gate, and there has been no contact during that time. Even though I finished cleaning up the aftermath of the incident on my own, it's definitely strange that there's no news.

There's a saying that no news is good news, but that's not the case this time. Even though I managed to subdue the slime safely in the end, it's true that I was late for the scheduled clear time. In a situation where there is clearly something wrong, the Association, which should be scolding me, is saying nothing, which means the following:

'Don't act up until I call you again.'

I may be an uncontrollable bitch, but I'm not an uncontrollable hero. After all, I still admire heroes who protect social order. Sexual preference and future aspirations should be separated.

And finally, the notification arrived.

'Come to the Association President's office.'

It took a week after this incident for them to decide on my punishment. There must be a reason why it took so long. Preparing myself to be scolded severely, I stepped into the Hero Association building.

Creak-

As the door opened, Association President Hwang Cheol-jin greeted Flos as if he had been waiting.

"Oh, you're here." "What brings you here?" "Sit down first."

Sit down, and the lust inside me instantly cooled down. I had been having all sorts of fantasies while coming up here.

The other party is the president of the Hero Association. Compared to him, I am only an A-class hero, although I am a bit special, but outwardly I am just one of many. If he orders me to suspend my hero activities, I have to follow him, crying and eating mustard.

If I were to receive such a one-sided notice, I would definitely do anything and beg him to let me continue being a hero. In a typical YeoHi Gallery back alley development, the Association President would have to stick out his dick here, saying that I have to use my body to relieve the anger caused by this incident.

He would stick out his smelly dick and ask, "You know what to do, right?" Then, I would be humiliated but eventually have no choice but to suck his dick.

'At first, I would hate it, but as time goes on, I would suck it so deliciously that my cheeks would be hollow <:::)'

If it had gone that way, I wouldn't be sitting on the chair, but I would have to go under the Association President's desk. I wouldn't be sitting properly, but I would have to squat down. I would have a tearful smile covered in cum.

My crotch was getting wet. Not only inside my underwear while coming to the Hero Association, but even after entering the main gate and finding the Association President's office, the fantasies continued. Since I unconsciously seduced the Association President while being taken by the slime in the last meeting, I thought there was a good chance.

"Why? You look like you're missing something."

...But I never expected it to go so far off the mark. It must have been a big mistake to watch that YeoHi Gallery back alley comic about being taken by an uncle last night.

"Huh? Me? No way." "No, no matter how I look at it..."

I can't say that I was sad that I wasn't being subjected to blackmail, coercion, or power-based sexual crimes. I wracked my brain, which wasn't working well because I was addicted to dopamine, and came up with a plausible answer.

"Well, Jin-gu isn't here at the Association today." "Friend? Are you talking about Dark Swan?"

"That woman isn't Jin-gu. She's just a sidekick, my subordinate."

"It's not good to treat a sidekick as a simple subordinate... Then, who are you talking about?" "I don't see the operator?"

It was a question I made up on the spot, but after saying it, I became genuinely curious. Unlike me, he almost always comes to work at the Association on time, so why isn't he here?

"Operator? Ah, um, yeah, that friend took a vacation." "Vacation?" "You're friends, but you didn't know? He seems to have left for a resort in

Hawaii. He said he was going to sunbathe." "What, why didn't he tell me...? "

For some reason, I felt a little sad. Was I the only one who thought of him as Jin-gu?

Well, unlike me, the operator has a good personality, so he seems to know a lot of people. I haven't talked to him much, so I'm definitely not in the top ranks of his Jin-gu ranking yet. Thinking about it that way, I suddenly felt bitter.

"Maybe he'll buy you a surprise gift."

"No way. Would he go to a place like Hawaii alone? He must have gone with his girlfriend."

A surprise gift is nonsense.

Unlike the Association President, the operator, who doesn't know that I'm TS, probably recognizes me as just a girl. There's no reason to report a trip with a lover to a girl who isn't very close.

"Um... Did that operator have a lover?" "It's obvious."

If you say one thing, you know ten. I can tell because I used to be a man. With that height, that personality, and that appearance, it's abnormal not to have a girlfriend. Unless she's a woman with strange fetishes like me, he's the type of guy who would have a string of women following him.

"Damn it, our Min-jeong is going into some guy's fish farm!"

"What fish farm? The operator and I are just friends... no, just business partners!" "From Jin-gu to business partner? You're quick to change your attitude."

"And when I'm in this form, you should call me Flos, not Min-jeong."

I pouted. I had never thought of myself as a fish trapped in a man's fish farm. "Well, let's stop the small talk here."

While I was thinking that I might like being treated like a bitch, but I definitely don't like being a fish in a fish farm, the Association President finally got to the point.

"You must have thought deeply about the last accident." "Accident? I wouldn't call it that..."

I muttered timidly, then clamped my legs together at the Association President's uncomfortable expression.

'Even though I wasn't late, I only arrived right before things got serious. I was still late for the appointment. You may not know because you're only a twenty-year-old kid, but in social life, appointments are very important.'

"...I know."

I answered in a faint voice. I couldn't even make eye contact with the Association President. I was afraid he would say, "You know, but you did that?"

I came here imagining a forbidden relationship between a bad breeding uncle boss and a weak subordinate beautiful girl, but somehow it was like a conversation between strict grandparents and a disobedient granddaughter.

"The reporters are going crazy. They're pouring out articles saying that the project is faltering from the start. In reality, there's no problem with the plan at all."

"Why are they doing that?"

"Even now, many parents are negatively viewing the idea of using real gates to create training grounds with academy resources. The reporters are siding with the parents and trying to find any excuse to attack. The mistake you made didn't completely give them a chance to knock us down, but it's true that it gave them a chance to throw a jab."

"I'm sorry."

I apologized hesitantly. Then, the Association President's tone changed back to a comfortable one.

"Keuhit, but don't be too down, you little rascal." "Heuik?!"

What, give me back my guilt. The Association President's thick, large hand slapped my plump thigh with a loud sound, and I groaned. I was surprised because I was hit near my vagina while sitting down.

"What are you so surprised about? It's not too serious, so you can rest assured. You'll be suspended for a while and won't be able to do hero work, but this is a measure taken for you rather than the Association, so please understand." "A measure for me?"

"Yes. Even though it's less severe, you were also targeted by the Shinhwa Group while being watched by the media. If you make even one mistake while working, the whole country will be cursing you."

Thinking about it carefully, I could understand. After experiencing two consecutive misfortunes, it was too dangerous to start the next job right away.

Of course, if I hadn't enjoyed defeat play, the Invisible Man incident wouldn't have happened at all, and the same goes for the Slime Gate. In this situation, it would be too much of an aggro to go out and look for a villain because I want to play defeat play again.

'Well, the Association President probably doesn't even imagine it's defeat play and just thinks it's a mistake...'

This is a truth that only I know properly, so the decision is up to me. "...I understand. Then I'll rest for a while."

"Yes, isn't it the university opening season soon? Spend some time making Jin-gu."

"How can I make Jin-gu at school? I have to go to work whenever I have time... I'm just going for fun." "That's what I mean. You need Jin-gu to have fun in college, right?"

It was advice that the Association President could give because he knows my life as Do Min-jeong, not Flos. Other hero colleagues, including Operator and Dark Swan, don't know that I'm becoming a freshman in college next month, in March.

I've already decided on my career as a hero, but I was still sad that I couldn't go to college like everyone else. I also needed a suitable disguise for when I'm not working as a magical girl.

"...I, I'll take care of it myself. Jin-gu is nothing."

"That's what I call being sassy, tsk. You won't be loved by men like that." "I told you, I don't need men's love, okay?!"

"You're a college student, so you should date. Huh?"

"I, I've told you several times that I used to be a man! I'll never do that!"

Dating a man? If I were to become a communal sex toy or a personal onahole for lust and serve a man as my master, then maybe, but there's no way I'll ever be someone's girlfriend.

"Heh, how shrewish. But in my experience, these kinds of girls often become virtuous wives and mothers later on." "Virtuous wife and mother, huh..."

Could that be a targeted jab? The memory of giving birth to a slime in my room a few days ago made me flinch. It was something that the slime

currently residing in my belly would be shocked to hear.

*Pwang!*

"OIIYAAAAAAH!" "EeeeheeeYAANG?!"

The price of carelessness was harsh. I was getting up to leave, having said all I needed to say, but the word "virtuous wife and mother" momentarily stunned me, and I was caught off guard by the Association President's surprise butt-slap.

The Association President's bad hand, now reaching the level of habitual sexual harassment beyond just surprise attacks, made me feel my butt swelling up red in my panties, and I shuddered. The slime inside me was also startled by the vibration, mistaking it for an earthquake and moving around wildly, making it even harder to bear.

"Ugh... Gyu-gaTT..."

"Yes, a submissive woman who doesn't flinch even when hit by a man. That's the kind of virtuous wife and mother these two guys like."

"Ugh, seriously... You're such an old fogey, stuck in the past..."

Even a magical girl with the potential to become the greatest hero is forced into the gender role of a woman simply because she has a vagina. The Association President was only joking, but his words revealed a deeply rooted patriarchal attitude that had been ingrained for over half a century.

'Ah... I like this... My tastes are getting worse...'

Fortunately, I didn't have to try to hide my pleasure right now. After all, this old man didn't have any ulterior motives towards me, which is why he was suddenly launching into this sexual harassment.

...At least, that's how it was the last time he spanked my butt in the Association President's office, so it should be the same this time. "Well, I'm really going now. Get back to work."

"Euuheup... Goodbye."

I carefully walked, making sure no slime or vaginal fluids leaked out, and opened the door to the Association President's office.

But then.

Just as I was about to leave without looking back, I heard a voice calling me from inside the room. "Be careful on your way. Take a trip during your break."

"Ah, a trip..."

I nodded, holding the doorknob. He seemed to remember that I had envied the operator's travel news. He was just upset that I didn't tell him, it's not like I was particularly depressed about not being able to travel.

"Sounds good, a trip."

"If you want, this old man can come with you." "Ah..." "You don't want to?" *Gulp.*

I swallowed and asked back. "Just the two of us?"

"Of course."

"Oh, perhaps... when would you like to go?"

"Heh, you seem eager to go right away?" "...I don't know." "Answer clearly. Do you want to, or not?"

I hurriedly replied.

"Y-Yes, I want to... Ouch, I bit my tongue." "Oh, it's a big deal if you bite it by accident." "Huh?"

"It's nothing. I'll contact you later then."

An incredibly huge promise was made in a casual atmosphere. I said the Association President didn't have any ulterior motives towards me, didn't I?

Scratch that. Because the whole time I was holding the doorknob and talking, the Association President didn't even try to hide his erect bulge.

Rather, it seemed like he was showing off that he was still a strong male to a female of childbearing age. 'What should I do?'

The answer to this question was already in the conversation the Association President and I had. 'I said that nothing is as important as promises in social life.' I made a promise, so I have to keep it.

...That would be the right thing to do. Author's Note:

Most of the characters and after-flags that have appeared so far are female... All will be reprinted, so don't worry.

# Chapter 27

After leaving the association president's office that day, time flew by.

I had just entered university, was adjusting to a new environment, and doing this and that, and before I knew it, it was the end of March. I couldn't believe it had already been half a month since I had temporarily suspended my hero activities.

But the fact that time flew by didn't mean that my life had been fun. "Boring..."

It was so different from my hero life, where I couldn't see an inch ahead and something was always happening. I had to attend classes at set times, learn things I wasn't really interested in, and get along with the people in my department to a moderate degree, and that was it.

I went to the freshman orientation, the orientation camp, and even the MT (Membership Training retreat). But there was nothing special there either. I just drank myself silly and came back. My physical specs were so good that even if I drank a lot, I didn't even feel that tired. I thought there would be some dancing or something...

It was surprisingly wholesome, or maybe things were happening secretly without me knowing. I didn't know, but it was clear that at least I wasn't involved in anything like that.

Of course, some people would be satisfied with my current state. They had graduated from high school normally and were looking forward to the life of a university student that was about to begin, and they had never had such a free life as they did now.

...But I wasn't.

'When I was a hero, my work was fun and I had a lot of free time...'

I had entered university thinking that I wanted to enjoy the university life that everyone else was enjoying, so I wasn't really interested in my major in the humanities. But exam scores were important, so I had to attend classes every day and study steadily.

My hero work was very satisfying from the start, and I could do it when I wanted to and rest when I didn't, but there was a clear difference. Is this why people say you should aim for a "deok-up-ilchi" (becoming successful in your hobby) lifestyle?

'And, also... I could enjoy defeat play.'

But more than anything else, the biggest thing was defeat play. The best hobby I've discovered recently. Letting myself be defeated by villains like the Invisible Man, or being violated by monsters like the Sullaim in the gate.

'I can't do that...'

If I hadn't known about it, it would have been one thing, but now that I knew, I felt like I was going to burst.

These complex factors combined to make the fact that I couldn't do hero activities for the time being feel like despair. I guess you could just say it wasn't fun. The dopamine that had been constantly flowing out when I was doing hero activities had suddenly stopped.

If I had to sum up my March in ten letters, it would be: Dopamine detox university life. The dopamine that had been constantly flowing out from hero activities and defeat play had stopped as if it were a lie.

"...Minjeong?" "Haa..." "Minjeong, are you listening?" "Huh?"

...

I belatedly came to my senses at the sound of my classmate's voice. Come to think of it, we were eating lunch together after class.

I had been so caught up in the thought of resuming my hero activities and playing defeat play that I hadn't even heard my classmate calling me. At this rate, I'm just pretending to be a college student, not a real one.

"Wh-what were you saying?" "Ugh, I have to say it twice."

The female classmate chattered on in an excited tone, even though she seemed annoyed. She was mainly talking about classmates, seniors, and male students she had met at a blind date last week. Of course, I wasn't really interested from beginning to end. I was just listening out of courtesy.

But as I was listening, there was one story that caught my attention.

"...Club?" "Yeah, I'm wondering which one to join. It's already the end of March, so if I hesitate any longer, there won't be any places that will accept me." "I guess so, there were clubs."

I thought I had been steadily participating in the university content that a newly enrolled freshman could enjoy during the month of March, but it seemed that I had missed one thing without realizing it. And it was a piece of content that was by no means small.

I wasn't interested in anything else, but maybe clubs would be different. With that in mind, I started listening to my classmate's words properly.

"I want to join one too, do you know of any good ones?" "Hmm~ I don't know? I need to know what fields you like to recommend one." "I guess so."

"And not all clubs are the same. There are central clubs that are run by the school's resources, and there are college clubs that are created by each college. And even smaller, there are department clubs that are different for each department."

The first thing that came to mind was a hero-related club. A current hero joining a hero club. It seemed like there would be a lot of fun situations.

"A hero club? Hmm, that's unexpected. Minjeong, are you a hero otaku?" "Huh? I don't like them that much! It's just that some decent people have been showing up lately!" "Really? Who is it?"

"Uh, uh... Magical Girl Flos, for example. I don't know much about her, but she's really strong and cool..." My classmate gave me a forced nod of agreement with a face that showed she wasn't interested at all.

"Ah~ I see. She's pretty, though. And cute. I guess guys would like her." "I- is that so? Ahaha... I think she's popular with girls too... What do you think?" "Me? Well, I don't really like her because she emphasizes her body too much. And what kind of girl is she with that body type."

"..."

I shut my mouth like I had eaten honey. I had a lot to say in my defense, but the moment I went that far and refuted her, I would really become a hero otaku and a hardcore fan of Magical Girl Flos...

"Looking it up, there is one in the College of Engineering. But the recruitment period is over, and most of the people there will be from the College of Engineering, so it will be hard to adapt."

To be exact, the hero club was a "hero otaku" club. It wasn't for students who wanted to become heroes.

I knew that too. As someone who had a shady ego-surfing career of searching for my name on YeoHiGel (female hero gallery) every night, I was just hoping that there might be some fans of mine among the students at the same university.

But I didn't even get to join. I was a little disappointed. It's almost the end of March, so I guess they think that everyone who was going to join has already joined and they're stopping recruitment.

"Is there anything else besides the hero club?" "Hmm, just a moment."

But it ended just short of being a disappointment. The university is big and there are many clubs. There must be one or two that I'm really interested in.

"How about a sports-related club?" "Sports?"

"Yeah, there's women's soccer, women's baseball, or even swimming..." "I want to play basketball! I want to play basketball!"

I hadn't even thought about it until just now, but when the topic of sports clubs came up, I remembered how much fun I had playing basketball with my friends every lunchtime in high school.

The past is transformed into memories and shines even more as time goes by. I, too, asked my classmate about the basketball club with sparkling eyes.

"Basketball club? There's a decent one in our College of Humanities..."

But for some reason, my classmate's expression wasn't good. Even when I brought up the hero club, which seemed to have a lot of otaku tendencies, she wasn't this reluctant. But when I mentioned the basketball club, she frowned.

"Well, the basketball club is a bit..." "Why? What's wrong?" "It's not that something's wrong, but the rumors aren't good. Especially among female students."

I tilted my head. I wasn't interested in clubs, so I hadn't heard any rumors about the basketball club, or maybe I had heard them and forgotten them.

When I urged her to tell me, my classmate couldn't resist and opened her mouth. She looked around at the people passing by and lowered her voice as much as possible so that only I could hear her.

"There's a rumor that there was a... sexual assault incident." "It means the rumors aren't good, like a scandal." "I know that much, okay? I'm telling you to tell me specifically." "Even if you tell me to tell you specifically..."

She looked more and more troubled. It didn't seem like a story to be shared in such a public place, so she and I finished our meal and quickly left the

student cafeteria and returned to the empty department room.

"So, what happened?" "First of all, you need to know this. Unlike other clubs, the basketball club is co-ed." "...Huh?"

"Men and women are on the same team." "Then, in terms of strength, women won't have a chance to play in the game... Oh, I don't mean to be sexist." "I know what you mean. But that's not the point, the sexual harassment starts from the interview that takes place when you apply to join the team."

The story was getting more and more interesting. My classmate must think that if she tells me this, I'll be scared and won't go...

'It's only giving me more reasons to go...!'

She had only known me for less than a month, so she didn't know my sexual preferences.

"Sexual harassment, really?" "There were several posts on the school bulletin board that called them out, and they even issued an official apology. The interview is already like that, so how much worse would it be inside the closed-off club? There was even a case where a group rape incident broke out inside." "G-group...?"

When I think about it, the Invisible Man and the Slime were both one-on- one. No matter how much the Slime treated me like a pregnancy pouch, it was still just one.

A story where several men use a woman as a tool and pass her on to the next person is always hot. From a man's point of view, he wouldn't want to stick his dick in a pussy that someone else has already fucked and left, but for masochistic bitches like me, it's a situation we dream about.

"Is group really important? It's rape, rape?" "Y-yeah, yeah. That's right, sorry."

"Anyway, the rumors aren't good. The girls who applied to be players because they liked basketball can't even play in a game, and they're basically treated like managers on the bench... Even though they're treated like that, they're either being gaslighted or they don't leave and keep staying..." "Don't tell me they're using them as toys behind the scenes..."

"Maybe. But even if they're being gaslighted, no one says anything even though they're being treated so badly, so maybe those guys have some kind of power..."

There was silence for a while, then she stared at my face and asked. "You're not going to apply anyway, are you?" "Of course!" "...Why?" "I told you, I like heroes. If something like that is happening in secret, I

have to go in and expose it and make sure it doesn't happen again, right?" "Th-that makes sense."

My classmate was dumbfounded, but on the other hand, she seemed impressed. It was clear from the way her voice was trembling.

"Y-you're really amazing... I wish I had the courage like you..." "No, it's okay. I'm doing it for everyone."

I'm pretending to be a cool hero, but my mind is completely different. 'Gangbang play, sex toy manager, club public toilet...!'

I suddenly remembered the erotic novel I had first discovered in the back alleys of YeoHiGel about a month ago. It was a gangbang story about a group of middle-aged men from a soccer club raping a woman. It was a masterpiece that I had masturbated to several times while fantasizing about gangbang play. If it's a basketball club, they're all big and tall... I wonder if their dicks are big too...?'

As I gulped down my nervousness, the female classmate, as if to confirm my kill, said,

"The current head of the basketball club is... Michael, yeah. If you contact him and say you want to join, that should do it."

"Michael? Is he a foreigner?"

"I heard he's an international student from the States. A Black guy." "Holy crap."

"...Huh? What's crazy?"

I quickly wiped away the nervousness that was about to drip down my chin and hurriedly replied, "No, nothing."

One word from the author (Author's Note): Lightly today, with a build-up feel...

Thank you, Ahingheunghaeng-nim and Poreutteojjong-nim, for the Jaeja coin donations! I'm always grateful for the excessive love TT...

# Chapter 28

After sending a club support message to Michael, the basketball team captain, several days passed.

There was still no particular movement, but the important thing was from now on. After all, I was on my way to the place I was notified for the basketball team support interview.

'Was it here?'

An empty classroom located right next to the gymnasium with the basketball court and the basketball club room. It was today's interview location. It was my first time coming here since entering the school, so I almost arrived late, but fortunately, I wasn't.

"Oh, the last one is here."

A male senior with a gentle impression was standing in front of the empty classroom, that is, today's basketball team interview room, welcoming the students who were waiting. Unlike what I had heard in rumors, his first impression wasn't anything special. It felt similar to any other club.

"Since you're the last one... here... um, no. There aren't many women anyway, so let's just group the last ones together."

If there was anything unique... the number of female applicants was overwhelmingly small. It was definitely a day for interviews for both men and women, but for a moment, I was confused if it was only a day for men.

'Including me, is it three?'

Just looking at the gender ratio of the applicants, it was almost 9:1. Well, it's not strange. Regardless of whether there are many or few women applying to the basketball team, everyone knew that the rumors about this basketball team weren't good.

Even if there was a female student who loved basketball so much, she wouldn't bother joining a college club and would go to a central club instead. Rather, it would be surprising if there were three women.

'Either they didn't know the rumors at all, like me a few days ago, or...'

They heard the bad rumors about the basketball team and came on purpose, expecting that kind of thing. *gulp*

If you want to be precise, I was closer to the latter. I just didn't show it on the outside. It wasn't just because I liked being forced open rather than opening my legs alone.

'If I were to openly ask to be fucked, wouldn't that be the same as treating everyone here as my personal dildo?'

Aside from all that, it wasn't polite as a human being. Other people might say it's absurd, but it was my own belief that I had been adhering to since I was a transparent human.

'Then what are the other two thinking when they came?'

I suddenly became curious. I came expecting something lewd, but did the other two come with that thought too? Unfortunately, there was no chance to talk, but I roughly got a sense of it from their appearances.

The first was a tanned delinquent girl version. The makeup was so heavy that men who didn't know makeup would think it was excessive, and the outfit was revealing. There were tattoos on her bare legs and arms.

On the other hand, the second felt like the complete opposite. A neat black- haired ponytail girl. She had a face that looked like she only studied during her school days, but the further down you looked, the more solid she became, so you couldn't help but think that she must have been a physical education elite.

I know that it's not good to judge people by their first impressions, but this was so typical that there was no room for disagreement.

'The tanned girl definitely came for something lewd. The ponytail girl came to play basketball without knowing anything.'

While I was imagining things on my own, the line gradually shortened. The women's interview group, which included me, was assigned to the last turn, so it was a system where my turn would come after the male applicants left.

"Hmm~ It looks like the interview will end soon~?"

The tanned girl, who was watching the line quickly shorten, licked her lips and muttered to herself, and the gentle male senior who had guided us to our seats earlier reacted to that.

"It's just a formality, it's not a big deal, so you don't have to be too nervous about the interview." "Oh, really?" "Of course. Especially since we have so few female members, we usually give them a pass."

The ponytail girl, who had been very nervous, let out a sigh of relief at those words. It seemed like she was worried about failing. She was also taking out her phone from time to time and preparing for expected interview questions.

But unlike her, the tanned girl was relaxed from beginning to end. As if she knew why the basketball team accepted all the few female members. And she seemed confident that she would more than meet that standard.

"Haha, so you can relax." "Ah, yes. Thank you..."

The basketball team senior smiled at me last. He seemed to have a good personality, and his face wasn't bad either. He was the type commonly called a 'handsome guy,' so was he confident in his looks and flirting with me?

'I'm not interested.'

If they were ordinary female college freshmen, they might have fallen for the senior's charm and been unable to escape. In fact, the ponytail girl had been glancing at him since earlier.

Noticing that, the basketball team senior quickly cut me off and turned his attention to the ponytail girl. It was hard to tell if he was here to guide the applicants or to pick up freshmen.

"But when did you start liking basketball?" "Oh, are you talking to me? I..."

But the response wasn't very enthusiastic. That's because about 60% of my head was still filled with Michael, the black exchange student I hadn't even seen yet.

Since the remaining 40% was rape play, the senior was just a very small part of that 40%. To make an analogy, it's like when you buy a box of assorted snacks, he's just one of those snacks that comes with the main snacks.

'...No, maybe it's the opposite. Now I'm going to be the snack for these people.'

Like a snack that you always keep at home and take out when you're bored, I might be treated like a snack that's left in the basketball club room or on the basketball court and eaten when they're horny or their dicks are bored. And not just eaten alone, but an S-class snack that several friends share together.

"Hehe, hehe."

"Okay, that's it. The three of you can go in together. Good luck!"

I was secretly laughing, and before I knew it, it was time. I, the tanned girl, and the ponytail girl entered the interview room with excited hearts.

"Haaam."

What greeted the three women who had just entered the interview room was a man's dignified yawn. Leaving the ponytail girl, who was startled as if something was wrong, alone, the tanned girl and I went to our assigned seats and sat down.

"Oh, sorry. We're tired too because we've been interviewing all day."

I quickly rolled my eyes and scanned the interviewers. There were three people in total. On the left was a senior with a playful face, on the right was a senior with a serious atmosphere wearing glasses. And in the middle was the long-awaited black exchange student and basketball team captain, Michael.

'That's him.'

As soon as I saw him, I had to swallow my saliva. His short sports haircut that was almost a buzz cut and his chocolate-like black skin were impressive, but the most important thing was...

'He's big.'

He was big. Just everything was big. He was tall, his feet were big, his hands were big, his arms and legs were big, and his head was big. 'I'm sure his dick is big too...?'

I'm not a pervert addicted to only big dicks, but I can't deny that bigger is better. Of course, usually a dick that fits a woman's body perfectly is the best, but... sadly, it seemed like the bigger the dick, the more honestly I felt it. "Um, aren't Koji-nim and the coach coming?"

Then, unlike the other two, the ponytail girl, who was serious about basketball, raised her hand and asked a question.

Well, if it's a physical education club interview, it's normal for the person in charge, Koji, or the coach to come. It was a field I didn't know well, but it seemed like a very embarrassing situation for the ponytail girl.

'The coach? He's busy today.' 'Aren't the three of us enough?'

"Hey, you're greedy. Three-on-three would be perfect, wouldn't it? It's like a blind date!" "Oh, um..."

Ambiguous sexual harassment from the start. The interview, which should have been serious, was turned into a three-on-three blind date in an instant,

but it wasn't an open invitation, and it was subtle, so it was difficult for the listeners to even protest.

"Then shall we get straight to the point?"

"Well, all three of you seem to be freshmen, but have you ever played basketball before?"

Meanwhile, Michael's Korean pronunciation was a bit awkward, but it was possible to understand him, and I was so excited by his voice that my breathing was getting faster and faster.

"Um... basketball? I've never played it. I've seen basketball anime movies!" "I played a little with my friends when I was in school."

"I have consistently built up relevant experience, starting with the neighborhood elementary school basketball team since elementary school, and going through middle and high school, and I even won the city- sponsored tournament as a women's basketball team in high school."

"Ah, wait a minute."

The ponytail girl's words were cut off. Michael cut her off with his unique low voice.

"But that's, isn't that just the women's basketball team?" "Well, basketball is divided by gender, so..."

"No, no. Well, didn't you find out in advance? Our club is a mixed basketball club, right? So, it's not about being the best among women, but about meeting the condition of being better than the worst man. Do you understand?"

The man with the mischievous face sitting to Michael's left was sarcastic and spewing venom.

"I came knowing that it was a mixed basketball club! However, I think there are areas where female players can also surpass male players. Of course, it

is true that they are generally shorter and somewhat disadvantaged in physical fights..."

"That's a statement that makes me doubt your expertise in basketball. You're not particularly physically fit either... As you said, I don't think it's just a slight disadvantage."

This time it was the bespectacled man with a serious atmosphere sitting to Michael's right. Somehow, it seemed like all three interviewers were pressuring only the ponytail girl. I vaguely knew the reason for that.

'They're trying to quickly drop the ones who can't be used as onaholes.'

Just like I looked at the faces of the female applicants and grasped the atmosphere of the interviewers. They also recognized me and the female interviewees at a glance. The tanned girl was obviously a slut, and the ponytail girl was a stuffy closet case.

"Then why does this basketball team recruit female members? If you're not going to use them as players?"

"Isn't it obvious? A good team isn't just made up of players. Even if you watch movies or dramas, you need good supporters."

"Supporters?"

"They don't play in the game, but they help the players from behind. Health care, condition management. Sometimes smiling cutely and enlivening the atmosphere would be very good."

The ponytail girl muttered with a frustrated face.

"So, not a player, just a manager... or a cheerleader...?"

"It can't be helped. If you don't have the skills, you have to contribute to the team in that way, right?" "Or, or~ you can show us that you have the skills right here! Huh? Isn't that right?"

A girl who only knew basketball was in a panic, not knowing what to do with the jabs that the three of them were throwing in succession.

Meanwhile, my crotch was getting wet at the thought of wanting to be pressured like that too.

"Just, simply~ whether you squeeze in nimbly with your small physique, or push through with a power struggle, anything is fine, so try to take the basketball from our captain, Michael!"

"From the captain, the basketball...?"

A bewildered voice. I could sympathize with that feeling too. Taking the basketball that Michael was holding tightly in his hand with a woman's body, there was no way that was possible.

Looking back and forth between the ponytail girl's physique and Michael's physique, even I, who only enjoyed playing with friends and didn't know much about basketball, knew that the playful man's suggestion was absurd.

'The difference in size is too much...'

Michael's huge body, which looked at least 1.5 times taller and two or three times bigger in terms of bulk. Compared to that, the ponytail girl looked like a small hamster, even though she was quite tall among women.

"...I'll try."

But even so, the ponytail girl accepted the offer. Whether it was because of her pride, or because she really thought she had a chance. "Alright, come on in."

Michael took a basketball from under the desk, stood in the middle of the interview room, and the ponytail girl similarly got into a stance, trying to somehow squeeze through the gap and snatch the ball from Michael.

It was like the battle of David and Goliath. The difference from the old story was that the ponytail girl, playing David here, was in the body of a weaker woman and wasn't holding a slingshot.

On the other hand, Michael, playing Goliath, was tightly gripping the basketball with arms full of grotesquely bulging muscles.

"Eeee-yaaah!"

"Heh, what are you doing?"

The result was too anticlimactic. No matter how many times the ponytail girl bumped into him, Michael's mountain-like body didn't budge. It felt like watching a girl headbutt a giant wall all alone.

Far from snatching the basketball, the ponytail girl failed to even move Michael an inch. In the meantime, her tenacity was admirable as she kept repeating the attempt without rest, but in the end, it was the ponytail girl who got tired first and started panting. That was no surprise, since Michael hadn't moved even half a step.

'Damn it, 5.1 billion...'

"See? Now you get it. This is why women's sports are meaningless."

*Thwack!*

"Eeeeek!"

Unlike how Michael didn't move even when she rammed into him with her frail body, the ponytail girl flew away like a feather when Michael bumped her butt once. Not at all like a sports player, but like a mere girl, she let out a shrill scream.

"So, do you understand now?" "Ugh... Ugh... Ouch..."

The ponytail girl, who had been bounced away by a movement too embarrassing to even call a counterattack, plopped down on the floor, tearfully stroking her tailbone. Michael strode towards her.

"What... what do you want?"

"Isn't it obvious?"

And with his towering height, he looked down at the ponytail girl, who had fallen infinitely close to the floor. As if bestowing a reward, he casually dropped the basketball he was holding next to her.

"...Can you accept your role now?" Not to play as a player, but to become a female who serves the players.

Michael and the basketball team were demanding that, and after a moment, the ponytail girl answered. Not with her mouth, but with another part of her body.

*Pitter-patter...*

"Heh, *pfft pfft hahaha*!" "Oh, freaking gross!"

'Ha, to be twenty years old and pee in front of others... Aren't you ashamed?'

I didn't know why she peed. Was she humiliated by the public shaming? Was it so mortifying to be looked down upon by Michael? Or was it because she realized her true instincts?

"Hoh, *hnnng*!"

In the end, the ponytail girl left a yellow puddle on the floor and stormed out of the interview room with a tearful face.

But soon, I heard a man outside comforting her, followed by the sound of them walking side by side somewhere together, so I could guess how she would be comforted soon.

"Hmm, did we push her too hard?"

"Nah, nah. Michael. She wasn't going to make it anyway. By the way, that guy's going to bang her right away."

"Don't give any more attention to a failure. We still have two more people left."

Michael nodded as if he understood the glasses guy's words. But he didn't quietly go back. Turning around, he immediately put both hands on my shoulders and massaged them roughly.

"Hoh...!"

"Then, shall we get into the real interview?"

I recalled the image of the ponytail girl who had peed herself just from looking up at Michael from below. 'Could... could that be me soon?'

Just imagining it made me feel like I was going to cum. I trembled and blushed silently.

Author's Note (Afterword) Juice Maker Michael...! Thank you for the coin donation, Ahinghongheng-nim!

# Chapter 29

After the ponytail girl left, the basketball team interviewers, seemingly deciding it was now okay to openly engage in sexual harassment, gradually made their questions more explicit.

"What are your special skills? Any useful talents for basketball?" "Well, I think my flexibility is my strength."

"Flexible, you say? Oh, that's good. Ladies and gentlemen... I mean, you can do it in various positions, right?"

"Huh?"

I casually glossed over it by saying I was flexible, and now he's going off on some fantasy, throwing in "ladies and gentlemen." "Oh, I almost forgot to ask, do both of you have big mouths?"

"Hmm? Mouth? I guess it's on the bigger side."

"Mine's pretty big. But why are you asking about mouth size?"

"It's nothing much. Michael prefers it that way. Or rather, he can't handle it if it's too small..."

Even the lips of girls who constantly maintain them with lipstick and lip balm to look pretty were just seen as another hole to stick a dick in... it was truly a mixed bag of questions.

"The questions are interesting. It's different from the basketball team interview I imagined." "...Uh..."

"B-But it's fun! It's my first time experiencing something like this, hehe."

However, I continued to maintain my innocent college girl persona. Seeing what happened to the ponytail girl and still sitting here, I might seem like

the gold-digger girl, expecting something lewd, but I can subtly twist that perception.

There's a big difference between a slutty girl who blatantly shows she came for the lewd acts and a virgin who tries to hide it but subtly exudes a suggestive aura. It's the best-case scenario if she seduces you and then resists when it's time to actually do it.

'The flower on the cliff is the one you want to pick the most.'

That's what my classmate testified. If the basketball team members simply needed an onahole to use after practice, they wouldn't bother conducting these interviews. Any of the members could just bring a perverted female acquaintance, which would be safer.

But the fact that they're going through the trouble of conducting these interviews, even taking risks, means they have a desired type of person. Not a blatant slut like the gold-digger girl, but unlike the ponytail girl, at least a girl who shows some potential for corruption.

'I wonder if one of those three has that kind of taste.'

In the end, what they want can be summarized in one sentence: to turn a pure girl who applied to join the basketball team because she admired the senior members into a sex slave manager exclusively for the basketball team, making her fall into a slutty state.

There's no fun in corrupting a rag that's already useless after a few uses from the start, and if she never falls and even resists strongly, the risk of things escalating to the police or the courts is too great. So, they have to quickly make her leave on her own accord.

'They actually succeeded. Making her leave on her own accord.'

As a result, the ponytail girl was corrupted. It might seem like nothing, but it was all a meticulously designed trap.

The basketball team I was in now was like a Venus flytrap, luring insects with a sweet-looking fruit and swallowing them whole. They're just being very careful about choosing the female they'll use as food.

If my theory wasn't wrong, the next female the Venus flytrap would filter out wasn't me, but the gold-digger girl.

"Next up are some more personal questions, are both of you okay with that?"

"I don't mind~"

"I'm okay with anything!"

"Perhaps both of you have boyfriends, or maybe... had boyfriends?" The playful senior sitting to Michael's left quickly continued.

"It's not for any other reason, but we've seen it happen. Especially with the female members, if something happens with their boyfriends, they become negligent in club activities. It's not a bad thing, but from our perspective as managers, it's a bit difficult to watch, haha."

"Ah, if that's the reason... I don't have one. Actually, I've never had a boyfriend before..."

I felt a little guilty, but it wasn't a lie. But it's true that a real boyfriend has never existed in my life. And of course, there never will be.

The interviewers smiled, seemingly satisfied with my answer. But the gold- digger girl's answer was something else.

"Boyfriend? Well, I broke up a few weeks ago. Does a fuck buddy count as a boyfriend? If so, then I have quite a few." "...Ah, a fuck buddy?"

The playful-looking senior's expression distorted. It was an even more noticeable change because he had been smiling the whole time.

He then glared at the other two with a look that said, "See, didn't I tell you?" The serious-looking senior with glasses sighed briefly, and Michael just chuckled.

"Hmm, by fuck buddy, do you mean a sex partner? I'm still not very good with Konglish."

"Yeah, that's right. But you don't have to worry too much. If the basketball team guys here are better than my current fuck buddies, I'll dump them all and switch over here."

"Ah, I see..."

"You knew all along, right? Why bother with an interview? And you, you've been bothering me since earlier. You keep subtly pretending to be pure, but I know everything about you."

I didn't say anything, but I was suddenly singled out. I was so dumbfounded that I widened my eyes and blinked a few times.

"Me?"

"Yes, you. You came here after hearing all the rumors, right? Unless you're as stupid as that ponytail-haired airhead from earlier, it's obvious that you're a huge fox..."

"No, I don't know what you're talking about. I came here because I wanted to learn basketball." "...You expect us to believe that?"

"I'm serious. Unlike the person who just left, I don't have the ambition to play in games right away, so if I have to start by helping the team members, I'm willing to do so. And I'll learn along the way."

The atmosphere in the interview room changed in an instant. The room was tightly closed, so there was no wind blowing, but it felt like a southeast wind was blowing towards me. It meant that the atmosphere had shifted to my side in an instant.

'You have to prepare thoroughly before launching an attack.'

Having seen all sorts of infighting with constant knife fights in the YeoHi Gallery, such an attack was nothing. Rather, the gold-digger girl's attack gave me an opportunity to further emphasize my persona.

"Hey, stop, let's stop. You two didn't come here to fight, right?"

"But I'm curious. Since we're on the topic, let's ask. How many people has that tanned woman over there slept with? Oh, don't say it's sexual harassment. She's the one who brought up the fuck buddy thing first."

"...Damn it."

It wasn't just me and the senior interviewers who could read the atmosphere. The gold-digger girl seemed to sense the crisis befalling her. She had come expecting to be accepted, so she was starting to worry that she wouldn't be able to suck the basketball team seniors' dicks.

"How many people could it be? About fifty?"

"...Are you sure you've only been twenty for four months?"

"Hey, isn't America more promiscuous than this, Michael? Is that about right?"

I didn't particularly respond to the gold-digger girl's words, but I read the interviewers' true feelings in their eyes. At least, it seemed unlikely that the gold-digger girl would be chosen. I even overheard the playful senior whispering to Michael to just drop her.

"Hmm."

Meanwhile, when the gold-digger girl answered, the three interviewers' gazes simultaneously turned to me.

The gold-digger girl was the one who brought up the fuck buddy thing, and she was the one who had to answer about her experience, but I don't know why the atmosphere naturally shifted to me having to answer as well, but I was lost in thought for a moment.

'How many should I say?'

Since the unit is 'people,' let's exclude slimes that aren't people. Dark Swan only touched me while I was sleeping, so it's not really an experience, so if you think about it, it's one invisible man.

"Um, I've had one person..." "Ah..."

"Hmm, so you're not a virgin." "B-But! I was forced into it!"

"Ah, I'm so sorry. I didn't know you had such circumstances. My mistake, I'm sorry."

I didn't bother hiding it since it would be obvious once they actually stuck it in, but the interviewers' reactions were more blatant than I imagined. They didn't even hide their disappointed expressions. Still, when I explained that I was assaulted by Ji-han, their disappointed faces changed to regretful ones.

Still, this reaction itself wasn't bad. It was proof that I had been playing the 'innocent virgin who is easily corrupted' role well, as I had planned. At least, that's how they saw me so far.

After whispering to each other for a while, the interviewers suddenly closed their mouths, and Michael came forward as the representative and said a word to the gold-digger girl.

"Hmm, the decision is so hard. We're going to have a conference time among ourselves, so could you wait outside? It won't take too long."

The gold-digger girl and I obediently followed his words and went outside. The gentle basketball team senior who had been guiding the waiting order also disappeared somewhere, saying he would comfort the ponytail girl, so only the gold-digger girl and I were left.

"Hey, you..."

"I'm not in the mood to talk right now."

Perhaps because of the awkward atmosphere, she tried to talk to me, but I cut her off immediately. It was to listen to the conversation the basketball team seniors were having inside the interview room with my superhuman magical girl hearing.

"I don't know about you, Michael, but I feel like I'd be fucking the air if I stuck it in there..." "Is that so? Actually, I was already worried about STDs."

"Compared to that, Daminjeong? This girl is pretty good. But if she really came here because she wants to play basketball, she's pretty clueless, but it shouldn't be a problem, right?"

"It's okay, it's okay! I'm telling you, there's nothing to worry about! You can tell just by looking at her face. Once she starts getting fucked, she'll be the type to take care of things on her own."

"...How did he know? Does physiognomy really exist? It seemed to be the voice of the playful senior, but I got goosebumps because he guessed it right.

"So, is it fixed on Ms. Daminjeong?" "Is one person enough?"

"Either way, if we bring in both of them, all the kids will be lining up in front of Daminjeong."

"I guess that's true. It's just dangerous to increase the number of people, so that's better."

After a few words of low-class and vulgar commentary about my body, the door to the interview room opened. "Would you like to come in? Ah, just a moment. Ms. Minjeong, please wait there a little longer."

The gold-digger girl, thinking I had been eliminated because only she was called inside, walked in with a spring in her step. But she soon came out of the interview room with a face of anger and resentment.

Her face, which had been full of joy of victory, was now covered with anger and resentment. She didn't even think about looking at me and walked away, huffing and puffing. It seemed she was immediately notified of her rejection after going inside. If I had known this would happen, I would have eavesdropped on what was said in the process.

Squeak-

"Ah, now Ms. Minjeong, please come in." "M-Me?" "Of course. You're accepted, you know?"

The plan was proceeding smoothly. There were dozens of male members in the basketball team, but only one female member, me. I applied as a player, but a future where I would be used as a manager to handle the members' sexual desires and receive everyone's semen alone seemed to be unfolding before my eyes. Whether it was the locker room or the stadium, I would be caught and eaten at any time.

"Really? I'm accepted?"

"Haha, there's no need to be surprised. You were chosen because you deserve it."

"Of course, you won't be able to play as a starter right away. Unless you show your skills in the starter test, you'll have to be a support member for the time being."

"We're teammates now, so I'll speak casually? We call it a support member for convenience, but just think of it as a manager~ A manager who serves the members, that's it!"

Three men, taller and bigger than me, were surrounding me. An ordinary girl would have felt like she was the protagonist of a reverse harem and liked it, but I was excited as if I had become the heroine of a gang rape story.

"Yes... As a manager, I will serve the members a lot in the future...!"

"Oh, very good. That's a very nice attitude. I want to give you a welcome kiss." "Yes? Oh, uh?!"

The next action happened in an instant. Something thick and rough was placed on my lips. As soon as he finished speaking, Michael wrapped his arm around my waist and forced a kiss on me.

'...A kiss?!'

Kiss, it was definitely a kiss. It took only a second to grasp the situation, but by that point, Michael's thick tongue was already invading my mouth.

Taking advantage of my vulnerability, he casually explored every corner of my mouth with his tongue.

He licked the roof of my mouth, licked my clean, white teeth, licked the inside of my cheeks, and awkwardly intertwined his tongue with mine, injecting his saliva into my mouth. This kiss was so intense that I felt like I was going to lose consciousness.

"\* = \* O Especially C 1::::1 1::::1 Bro "

Had I ever even kissed a man before? At least, I don't remember. The Invisible Man just rammed me without kissing. And kissing a slime is impossible in the first place. So, my first kiss was stolen by a black man named Michael, whom I met for the first time today.

'This is dangerous. '

A kiss wasn't just an act of touching lips. It was too similar to sex in that a male body and my body were connected. Moreover, it wasn't just connected by lips.

5 one.gO ,''

―o •

The arm that gripped my waist went down further and further. Before I knew it, Michael was kneading my soft butt, covered in athletic wear, with his large, black hand as if he were kneading rice cakes. And that wasn't all.

As a result of pressing our bodies together, my large breasts were crushed against his muscular chest, and I was enjoying the pleasure from the pain.

'Kiss... I like kissing... It feels this good? I've been missing out...!'

And it wasn't just me who felt good. Michael was injecting his saliva while sucking mine. He was enjoying my breasts with his chest, enjoying my butt with his hands, and his dick was getting hard.

It wasn't even half, not even half of half erect, but the black dick that seemed to pierce through my clothes was amazing... 'If, if you poke an egg with that dick...'

The color of the sweatpants I was wearing changed. Only the crotch area turned from light purple to dark purple. I raised my hand and grabbed his elbow as if begging him to stop, but he didn't budge.

'Wait a minute, this is weird... Even if it's my body without transformation, there's no way a normal person without superpowers can resist my strength...?'

Could it be that this guy isn't a normal person, but a hidden esper... a villain...?

"Hooeeeuuuh?"

...Before I could even suspect that, my butt was squeezed so hard that I was on the verge of losing my mind.

"Hoo."

"Mmph, puha? Cough, cough, ker-hook!"

Fortunately, Michael took his lips away at that moment. I had been holding my breath during the kiss, and as soon as I was released from his grasp, I gasped for air. It was a bonus that I touched my lips with a dazed expression, where his saliva was smeared.

"W-what suddenly..."

"Oh, sorry. Now that I think about it, Korean Confucian girls wouldn't be familiar with this kind of culture."

"Ahaha, you said your name was Minjeong? Please understand. Michael is a foreigner, so kissing is probably familiar to him as a greeting."

That wasn't a peck, it was a kiss, a French kiss at that? In the first place, cheek kisses are French culture, and Michael should be American...

'Whatever.'

It felt good, so those problems don't matter one way or another. To have my first kiss taken so forcibly and out of the blue. As soon as I was 'accepted' as a member, I was being used like an accessory of the basketball team.

There's a limit to how cheap I can be treated.

"More importantly, Minjeong, you were holding your breath the whole time we were kissing, weren't you uncomfortable?"

"I-I thought you might not like it if I breathed through my nose because of the nasal breath..."

"Hahaha! You were forced to kiss and you were even thinking about the other person's feelings? This, isn't this a slut born to serve men?! You've chosen a good manager!"

"S-slut? What's that? I'm not good at English..."

I answered blankly, then noticed that my crotch was wet with dripping pussy juice and quickly closed my legs in surprise. The three men looked at each other and snickered at my pathetic reaction.

"Oh, do all freshmen have weak bladders these days?" "N-no! This isn't pee..."

"Hey, if it's not pee, what is it? But there's no way you'd get this wet from just one welcome kiss. I've seen a lot, but normal girls don't do that."

"There's only us here anyway, so there's no need to hide it. We're practically family now that we're in the same club. You just have to raise your hand and ask if you can go to the bathroom."

"That's right. I'll make it easy to understand, so just say 'Minjeong wants to pee~' and I'll let you go."

"Ah, you can say it like that to Michael, but when you ask me, you have to moan and say 'Minjeong is going to cum, uh-huh?' Otherwise, I won't let you go?"

I felt like my brain was burning from the humiliation and contempt. I'm a respectable human being, and even a magical girl hero who is respected by everyone, but in this place, I was being treated as less than a toy.

Everyone knows that what I'm leaking is pussy juice, but they never say the words 'wet pussy' and insist that it must be pee. They even demand that I, a respectable adult, act like an elementary school student asking the teacher if I can go to the bathroom during class.

But while I was being humiliated and excited by the males, the last bit of my hero spirit was ringing alarm bells when I saw Michael.

'That man is definitely an esper... and probably... a villain...!'

I couldn't figure out what his ability was right away, but I had to catch him somehow, even if I had to borrow the power of other heroes since I had temporarily quit being a hero.

'Ha, but...'

However, on the other hand, I found myself excited that even though my hero activities were suspended, I was in a situation where I could enjoy a defeat play against a villain.

While I was hesitating about what to do, Michael's large hand patted my butt once again.

"Alright, let's go to the locker room." "L-locker room...?"

"Of course, we have to measure your size. You're officially a player, even though your role is manager."

"It's a mixed-gender basketball team, but most of the members are male. So, there probably aren't any uniforms that fit the female members. We'll have to measure your size to get one made separately."

Locker room.

I couldn't even imagine what would happen if I, a female, entered that place filled with the sweat and male pheromones of the male members alone. I could only guess that something very lewd would happen.

But the option of refusal was not in my mind.

It seems that the villain's arrest will have to be postponed a bit. At least I need to figure out his ability. This is just a preliminary investigation. I'll also do some fun things on the side.

"L-let's go?"

When I came to my senses, I was already urging the basketball team seniors to go first.

Author's Note

I already became a NTR girl at the point where I wrote 'Golden Haetae Girl's Fall', but I felt like there wasn't enough content, so I wrote more and it became two episodes' worth.

Speaking of which, the results of the 'Write Me' contest came out today, did everyone see them? To be honest, I was secretly hoping for it even though I thought, 'Ah, it won't work out'... so I was a little bitter... But I'm happy enough with the attention I'm getting now. In fact, I started writing this because I chose the minor genre of TS erotica and decided to write it according to my tastes without any worries. But I didn't expect so many people to read it... Of course, there's also pressure that comes with it, but when I see a story that I started with the thought that it would be great if

just 100 people followed the latest chapter is in the top 100, I'm often amazed. I'm just grateful.

Sorry for the long rambling. Anyway, Magical Girl M is operating normally. Well, it might be adjusted to about 6 days a week if it's a bit tight... but it's still operating normally!

P.S. Since this is a social story with a bit of an omnibus feel, if you leave any plays you want to see in the comments, I might consider including them as episodes. Please continue to show a lot of interest!

# 30 - 30

"This is..."

"Welcome. This is our basketball team's locker room."

It was nothing like the locker rooms of professional sports teams you see on TV. It looked like a room tucked away in a corner of an old university, that had been moderately renovated. Needless to say, it was far too cramped for the number of basketball team members.

"Hoo-eup..."

But the cramped, old room felt like a strength to me. What would it be like if dozens of male team members, sweating profusely from training, crowded into this small room? The male pheromones they simultaneously exuded would surely give me an effect greater than any aphrodisiac.

And that wasn't all. Today, there was only an interview for the basketball team, and no team training, so the male scent wasn't as strong as I had imagined, but I could still sense something. The male scent had permeated every corner of the room over time.

'How many women have fallen into being female here...?'

The long history of the basketball team proves it. If they've been grabbing female students every year and using them as communal onahole managers, there must be more than one or two women who have become female here.

But the fact that only one or two exposures have actually occurred means that all the other women were satisfied and accepted their fall into being female here. In other words, this locker room is like a female-corruption restaurant where most of the women who visit leave a 5-star rating.

It's possible that they were just afraid of retaliation if they exposed it, but somehow I had a feeling that wasn't the case. I have no evidence or

witnesses, but I can tell because I'm in the same situation as those women of the past.

"You said you needed uniform sizes?"

"That's right. We have spare uniforms for the male team members in all sizes, but we don't have any for the female team members."

"I'm sure you want to go home soon since the interview is over, so I'm sorry to keep you, but this is an unavoidable process to get things done all at once, so please cooperate."

I nodded at Glasses Senior's serious request, and soon the three men surrounded me in a circle. I was like prey surrounded by hunters, unable to escape, or like an animal trapped in a cage.

"Um, but why aren't you leaving...?"

"You're going to measure the sizes, right? Wouldn't it be easier if we helped you?"

"Ahaha... N-no, it's okay. Can you just give me a tape measure? I'll measure myself and let you know! Or I can just tell you the size of the clothes I usually wear..."

"The basketball uniform sizes are a bit special. You have to measure them directly."

I had expected that they would use the excuse of measuring my size to touch my body as soon as I entered the locker room, but it was more blatant and brazen than I had thought. It was as if they were already handling a fish caught in a net. Did they think I would remain silent even if they did something openly here?

'It must be confidence from experience.'

I'm sure I'm not the only woman who has been treated like this here. In other words, it was clear that they had the confidence that no one would report them as soon as they left, no matter how they treated them, since they

had already come inside. It must be a hasty generalization that I wouldn't be any different because all the other women were like that.

"...Minjeong, are you perhaps refusing our kindness?"

Michael's big, black hand rested on my small shoulder. The difference in size between my shoulder and his hand was so extreme that it looked like a child was holding a large umbrella at first glance. It wasn't like he was touching my bare skin or pressing down hard, but that light gesture alone made me feel pressured.

"N-no, it's not that..."

"Didn't I tell you? Minjeong is a manager who serves us. And the opposite is true too? The players will gladly serve the manager. If Minjeong listens to us."

"What do you want me to listen to...?"

"When you're measuring clothes sizes, it's not accurate if you're already wearing clothes, right? You might make a mistake. And Minjeong is wearing a baggy hoodie right now."

I glanced down at my outfit. It was that time of year when the smart kids start to prioritize comfortable clothes for class. I was also wearing a long, loose hoodie and sweatpants. All in matching light purple.

It was true that it would be difficult to measure my size while wearing these clothes. But it was also obvious what they were up to. I hesitated for a moment, but the decision wasn't late.

'Let's play along for a bit.'

I suspected that Michael might be a villain with superpowers, but I came here to be treated roughly in the first place. I can achieve my original purpose first and investigate later.

More than that, I thought they would just beat me up and rape me in a three- on-one attack as soon as they approached me so openly, but I was surprised

that they were building up to it. I guess it's polite for me to respond at this point.

"You want me to take them off...?"

"Haha, you're embarrassed to take off your clothes when you just kissed me? Don't joke around."

"Ah, okay! But we have to measure the size quickly! Someone might come in."

"No, no, don't worry. No one will come today... Slurp."

No sooner had he finished speaking than Michael smacked his lips. It seemed he was determined to keep me here and eat me all day.

"Giggle..."

While being watched by three men, I began to take off my clothes, enduring the shame. As prey, my defenses were negligible, but it was still funny to be taking off my clothes myself and being left in my underwear.

It was even more ridiculous when my hair got messed up while taking off my hoodie, and I almost tripped while pulling down my pants without taking off my shoes. Every time I made a mistake, the interviewers, or rather, the basketball team seniors, didn't hold back their laughter, and the humiliation I felt grew stronger.

"Phew, I expected it from seeing you in your clothes, but you really do have a nice body."

"Miseon, I thought I was watching a stripper show for a second. Can you show me again?"

"...Wasn't it supposed to be a matching set?"

After I barely managed to take off all my clothes, the sexual harassment poured out as if it were natural.

Michael focused on my body itself, and the playful senior focused on the act of me taking off my clothes as if I were a stripper, while Glasses Senior was evaluating my underwear. All three of them saw me taking off my clothes, but they each had different impressions.

However, Glasses Senior's words were the most damaging to me. After being a monster's breeding ground and a villain's bitch, I didn't think much of being treated like a stripper.

But the fact that my underwear wasn't a matching set was too much of a blow.

"W-what's wrong with it not being a matching set?!" "It's not pretty."

"Huh?"

"That's the problem. A black top and a pink bottom, it's not like you're an idol group."

When I was a man, I only had to wear the bottom, so I never thought about matching sets. But since becoming a woman, I've been subtly conscious of it. It's like when you wear different colors or designs for the top and bottom, it feels like you're not dressed properly.

But I didn't pay attention to it every day. Because it was annoying. When I wake up in the morning, I just grab whatever I can get my hands on and go out. This was especially true after coming to college, where a consistent lifestyle is required, and today was no different.

'I never thought I would be criticized for this...'

I hadn't even thought about it before I realized it, but now that I was aware of it, shame washed over me. I didn't know why this was more embarrassing than being forcibly kissed or showing my pussy juice.

What should I say? It felt like I had done something a woman shouldn't do. Perhaps the very fact that I was feeling this way was a sign that I was

enjoying the defeat play and gradually changing. "I-I'm sorry..."

Leaving aside the defeat play, I was so genuinely ashamed as a woman that I couldn't even think of what to say. It wasn't even something to apologize for, but before I knew it, I was blushing and apologizing.

Meanwhile, the other senior, who was smirking as he watched me being scolded by Glasses Senior, also chimed in.

"But we're nice, you know? If we were really bad guys, we might have told you to take off the mismatched piece right here~ But then would Minjeong have taken off the top or the bottom?"

"Ah, I think she would have taken off the top..."

"Okay, okay, let's stop there. I'm starting to get sleepy. Ah, I mean the size measurement."

As I was seriously answering the playful senior's mischievous question, Michael quietly approached me from behind and tried to wrap his arms around my waist, as if he didn't want to wait any longer. Only then did I come back to my senses a little and hurriedly opened my mouth.

"Um, didn't you say you were going to measure my size? Where's the tape measure?"

"This is bad news for you, Minjeong. We don't have a tape measure right now, so we'll have to do it simply."

"S-simply... Ugh?!"

Before I could even finish speaking, Michael reached out his hand. The next step was simple. Without asking or saying anything, he grabbed my breasts roughly with his big, thick hands. The large milk jugs that had grown to feed a child someday were now being consumed solely for a man's entertainment.

"W-wait, stop! What, what are you doing?!"

"Hmm, I'm figuring out the size by squeezing them directly. Would you say this is an F cup? Or bigger?"

"Michael, then I'll squeeze her butt! The pants size is important too!"

"Is this a division of labor? Okay! While we're at it, let's find out her shoe size too? We have to get her basketball shoes."

"I'll take care of that." "Okay, then..."

At that moment, my body floated into the air. There was no time to resist. He stopped squeezing my breasts, put his hands under my armpits, and lifted me up as is.

"H-heavy! I'm heavy! I'm going to fall!" "Hey, hey, relax. Relax, Minjeong."

"You're going too far! Who measures sizes like this! S-stop it right now! I won't let you get away with it, even if you're my seniors! Otherwise..."

"Who's going to let who get away with what, pfft."

Michael, who had lifted my body like a portable onahole, used his mouth to violate my breasts. He pressed his lips against my bra and sucked, mercilessly licking the upper part of my breasts that were exposed. He even bit my bra with his pure white teeth and pulled it down, sucking on the bare breasts hidden under my underwear.

"Haa, haan... N-no, don't...? D-don't play with my nipples with your tongue..."

"Minjeong, how can you be defeated so easily? Your voice is changing too fast."

"Ugh?! H-her butt is really not okay! Please! Please! Senior, please stop him! Michael Senior suddenly!"

"Yeah, yeah, I understand. But it's not like Michael is the only one who likes this. And a woman's 'no' means 'do it more.' If you even say 'please do it,' then I can't help it."

A playful voice came from behind me. Soon, the hand that had been slowly caressing my butt with a sly touch abandoned the excuse of measuring the size and began to slap me.

"Ugh?! Uhee?! Why, why are you doing this... What did I do wrong, hitting... Hng?!"

"Of course you did something wrong. Your panties are getting dirty because you're leaking cum while getting your butt slapped. How can you have such a perverted masochistic fetish when you're just a fresh-faced twenty-year- old?"

"N-no...! I'm not a masochist, so stop this... I, I'm a player too...!" "What player? I told you earlier. You're a manager for service." Smack! Smack!

My breasts were being sucked on alternately by Michael's thick lips, and my pink nipples were hardened and solidified on Michael's tongue.

Meanwhile, my butt, which had already awakened to masochism from the first defeat play, was being beaten like a drum by the man's hand, faithfully transmitting pleasure to my brain.

"Hehe, I know. Min-jeong pretends to hate it, but she doesn't really, does she?"

"Th-that's not true... More than that, don't ask while sticking your tongue out and licking my nips...!"

"Please don't lie. Lying is bad. Min-jeong, you're already hugging my back with your legs, aren't you? And your arms are wrapped around my neck,

clinging to me like a sloth."

"Th-that's... because I was afraid of falling, without even realizing it... Eung-hot?! Uhihihihiit!"

Suddenly, laughter burst out. Someone was tickling the soles of my feet, tormenting me.

It was my mistake. I forgot there was one more person. Besides Michael, who was caressing my breasts, and the senior who was slapping my butt, there was still Glasses Senior...

"Are you ticklish? I'm a little surprised you're reacting like this just from taking off your shoes."

"D-don't touch there... It's very sensitive, even through my socks... Keuheuheuhot?!"

Glasses Senior took off my shoes and playfully fondled each of my toes, gently scratching the soles of my feet. He went behind Michael, causing my legs, which were wrapped around Michael's body, to loosen on their own.

To avoid his sole attack, I had to pull my legs towards my body. 'This is dangerous!'

But it's dangerous to suddenly change positions like this, especially when you're being held by someone or clinging to someone's body. As my legs, which were supporting my weight while wrapped around Michael's body, came loose, I felt my butt sliding down.

"Euh, kka-haaaaat!"

I squeezed my toes and unknowingly let out a pathetic girly scream, but I didn't fall to the floor.

I was still floating in the air. It wasn't that a new superpower had bloomed. It wasn't that Michael or the playful senior had reached out to support me.

"H-how..."

"Min-jeong, aren't you sitting down right now? Do you need more questions?"

Michael was right. I was sitting on something. But what was puzzling was that I couldn't understand what I was sitting on.

I'm sandwiched between the senior who's touching my butt and Michael, like an ingredient in a sandwich. But where could I be sitting? It felt like there was something hot, hard, and long between my legs, but I had no idea when it appeared.

"How's the ride?" "...Huh?"

"I'm asking how it feels to sit on the Big Black Chair." No way. There's no way this is possible.

I may be light for my chest size, but there's no way a man's dick is strong enough to fully support a woman's weight. It wouldn't be stiff enough to not bend downwards even with a woman sitting on top.

I've never seen a black person before... or rather, this is the first time I've seen a black person's dick, but even if races are different, there are impossible areas for humans. Michael's BBC was in that area right now. This wasn't a physical spec that a human without superpowers could have.

"Euh, heu-hot, haang... Ah..."

"Haha, I'd prefer an answer instead of moans."

I couldn't answer. I couldn't speak human language. I was straddling a dick between my legs like a chair, shaking my hips as if I were riding it. Slap, slap, my butt was being hit while I rubbed my wet pussy against the dick.

"Let's see... Haah, eu-hot, g-good... Ah, no! I hate it, I hate it...!" "You have to pick one, Min-jeong?"

It felt like a tragedy that my pussy and dick couldn't meet with only a thin pair of panties in between. Tears of lust flowed endlessly, soaking Michael's black monster dick even without penetration. So that my masochistic pussy could be penetrated at any time.

...No, at this point, I'm practically begging to be penetrated.

"It's hard to understand when you say it like that. Please say it properly." "Michael..."

"Not a kid, you're an adult, right? You're twenty, you should be able to say what you want, right?"

Even as another senior was slapping my butt, I heard it clearly. *Ting*, the sound of a video recording starting.

Judging by the fact that the tickling on the soles of my feet had disappeared, Glasses Senior must have stepped back a bit to prepare to film the video.

If I beg for sex, they'll save it and threaten me, saying, "You wanted this, so don't go around saying weird things."

'They're typical trash bastards!'

But that's why it's good. Do this to perverted masochists like me, not other innocent girls. It's a crime if you do it to anyone else.

I didn't hide the excitement that was boiling up inside me. There was no need to hide it. I was too busy thinking about what kind of flirty comment would suit Michael best.

'Should I beg for sex?'

But my animal instincts wanted something else. Sex was only second on the priority list right now.

Needless to say, the first was what I had just tasted. The feeling of saliva mixing with saliva, tongue intertwining with tongue, and my mouth being

filled with happiness. I learned about that for the first time today. "Ki, kiss..."

"Yes?"

"Huu, huung... Please, kiss me while you fuck me... Please..."

If a video like this were to spread, my college life would be over for sure.

Even if I sent it to my friends, it would be over, and if it were posted on the school's official community, it would be over. The switch to end my life as Do Min-jeong before I transformed into a magical girl would be in the hands of trashy rapist thugs.

"You're not polite for a Korean girl." "Huh, what..."

"You have to say 'please' when you ask, please." "Ah, aah..."

The hand that was slapping my butt stopped. Were they jerking off or something? Of course, I didn't care. After all, my head was filled with only one thought right now.

"Kiss fuck, Michael, please..."

At that moment, there was a female animal in Michael's eyes. Before she was the magical girl Flos, she was the inherently lewd masochistic female named Do Min-jeong. She closed her eyes as if waiting for something.

xo TTE

A kiss that was infinitely far from a sweet kiss.

A kiss that was closer to mating between beasts, as if devouring the other person's lips.

A kiss that masochistic females like me like the most, and that can make us squirt without even touching our pussies.

"Uung, please..."

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What Michael gave me was that kind of kiss. One word from the author (Author's Note)

Thank you for the support, Porepong, DuckGoesOink, and AhyungHongheng!

Somehow, this chapter is also a big bowl of rice...! Since I've reached 30 chapters, I'm going to try applying for exclusive rights! I hope it passes on the first try!!!

# Chapter 31

Phew, one chew, one long one.

The first deep kiss was disgustingly long.

When he first put his tongue in, everything was unfamiliar, and I acted clumsy, but I was able to quickly learn the skill using Michael's tongue as a textbook. Michael was on the savage side, so he was the best teacher, and I was arguably the best student.

Come to think of it, they say geniuses learn two things when you teach them one. Before I knew it, I was paying attention not only to the mouth connected by the kiss but also to what was below. I worry that someone might call me a female genius if they saw me like this.

"Huuung... Huuuut...!"

Just a moment ago, I was levitating with Michael's dick. But now it was different. Despite his tall height, I somehow managed to grab his dick and land on the ground.

While sucking and biting Michael's thick tongue with my juicy lips, I clenched my thighs, now that I had a floor to support my body, and devoted myself to making Michael's dick feel good. Is this what they call a "smata"?

"Slurp... That's it, Min-jeong...!"

It was my first time using it in a real situation, so there were some clumsy parts, but thankfully, it seemed to work. Michael, who was hit by the new technique, let out a groan of admiration. It was an effective hit that I, who had only been on the receiving end, landed with a low voice.

But for some reason, I felt strange. Not the pleasure of landing a blow, but a different emotion welled up. A sense of pride...? No, should I call it a sense of accomplishment...?

I'm a human who chose the path of a hero without any chance of falling into the path of evil as soon as I gained superpowers. I even swore to use my abilities to save citizens in danger.

In fact, not many people choose to be heroes without hesitation like this. Helping people indiscriminately without expecting much in return isn't easy. There aren't many volunteers who are actively working right now, so it's not common for people to make a career out of being a hero, which requires risking their lives.

I was the exception. A human who feels the greatest sense of accomplishment from helping or saving others. That tendency became a little strangely twisted as I became a female, turning me into a masochistic woman who enjoys serving men.

'He told me to serve... with my whole body.'

Following the smata, I leaned my soft body against Michael's hard body and rubbed it up and down. This, too, was something I did with the priority of making Michael feel better than myself.

It was a strange feeling. Even when I was deliberately attacked by an invisible man, or when I was fucked by a slime, I prioritized my own pleasure. Of course, that was physical pleasure. I just loved the feeling of my pussy throbbing or sticking inside.

But serving someone else felt different. You could call it a kind of mental pleasure.

I was just rubbing my hard dick with my plump pussy flesh through a single pair of panties. But seeing Michael feel good using my body made me feel like my value was being recognized.

I felt like I wasn't a human, but a piece of equipment in the basketball team's locker room, a communal onahole that anyone on the basketball team could use at any time.

'Actually, this is what the men who are tormenting me now intended. Is this the process of becoming an onahole manager?'

The women who passed through here before may have become managers like this. If so, I can't blame them for not resisting. Just touching Michael's dick, I'm trying to turn myself into a tool... an 'onahole', and if it came all the way inside...

Gulp.

'Woah, woah, Min-jeong. Insertion is dangerous without a condom.' "... ... O-, O-oh...!"

Without realizing it, I tried to bring my waist in and match my pussy entrance to his dick, but Michael stopped me.

Would this even count as reverse rape? Embarrassed, I turned my face away and wiped the saliva from the corner of my mouth. Of course, the saliva belonged not to me, but to Michael, who had lasciviously licked my lips.

"Oh, today..."

For a moment, I almost made excuses like, "Today is a safe day," or "It's okay to cum inside because the slime will absorb it," or "It's okay without a condom," and begged him to cum inside.

It must be because the afterglow of the beastly kiss was still lingering. Fortunately, I soon came to my senses, stepped back, leaned against the wall, and dabbed the wet pussy with a tissue nearby.

"I'm going to make today's events public no matter what! I had no idea the basketball team was such a disgusting group..."

'Wait, I don't think that's what I was going to say?' "Ahem."

And although my body had already given in, I tried to pretend that my mind hadn't, and started acting. Because I know that this is how they'll willingly show me the next step.

"Well, go ahead and make it public. We've actually been hit a few times."

"We'll see. Saying they're measuring my clothes size, someone suddenly hugs me and gropes my breasts, someone turns around and slaps my butt. Do you think it's the 20th century? Women aren't your toys! I also paid tuition and enrolled, I'm my parents' precious daughter... Oot?"

My speech was cut short. Michael, who had strode up to me, lifted his knee and slammed it into my crotch.

"Maybe not all women are toys, but Min-jeong seems to be our sex toy already?" "W-wait a minute! Pussy knee kick, ouch, eugh, that's too much...!"

"In the first place, a service manager is the same as a sex toy, that is, an onahole, but you don't seem to understand that at all. Don't you often hear that you're clueless?"

"Oh, ohoooo... Stop, stop! Rubbing, rubbing my knee against my pussy, the vibrating... Nooo!"

"It seems like she's almost completely fallen. Okay, my friends. Bondage this masochistic girl. If we use a few 'tools', I think she'll be conquered before midnight today."

"Okay!"

As soon as Michael finished speaking, the playful senior and the glasses senior rushed forward. A force that couldn't be achieved simply with the position of the basketball team's captain. I could see how strong Michael's leadership was in this training exclusively for female members called 'Onahole Managerization'.

"Don't come any closer! If you approach any further..."

"Shut up, you're noisy. Underwear mismatch girl, take a look at this." "Ugh..."

I'd rather just take off one side of my underwear than keep being humiliated like this. Just as I was seriously thinking that, the glasses senior turned on his phone and showed me my lewd appearance. It was a video recording of the scene where I was kissing Michael a little while ago.

[Ki, ki-pyuuuuuuu...] [What?]

[Huu, huuung... Please kiss me, kiss me and fuck me...]

Even though I remember it clearly and know what I was thinking at the time, it wasn't easy to see my lewd appearance from a third-person perspective again.

[Ki, ki-pyu sex, Michael, please...]

From the scene of squeezing a black dick between my legs and begging for a vulgar kiss, to the kiss scene that follows with lewd sounds such as 'Chuuup- Slurp'. Of course, even though it's called a kiss scene, it was completely different from those that appear in dramas or movies.

"Erase it right now!"

"If you keep being uncooperative like that, you'll have no choice but to have a rough time. You don't want this video to spread, do you? The moment this spreads, no one will listen to your claims."

"Just accept it. Just give us a little help until we graduate. You won't even come out much when you're a senior anyway? Just suffer for a year."

"Just looking at the video, it doesn't seem like suffering at all. Rather, she seems to be enjoying this kind of thing." "That's right. Hey, you actually like it, don't you? You're enjoying it?"

I was accidentally hit right on the mark, but I shook my head with tears in my eyes. It was an acting performance worthy of a supporting actress award.

"Originally, only the teaching assistant was supposed to be here today, but if you keep resisting like that, that Michael ajusshi might say, 'You naughty girl~' and take out his dick club."

"There's a saying that a woman who goes to a black man can't come back. You don't want that, do you?" "Actually, we don't really like it either. If Michael fucks the pussy he just fucked, it'll be loose and not very tasty..."

That was the most welcome sound I'd heard. Being tormented all day with just toys like vibrators or rotors when I was this excited would be more painful than anything else for me.

'It'd be better to just give in once and go straight to the Michael route.'

With that thought, I gathered my strength. Of course, I had to be careful with my strength control. Even if I make a small mistake, these ordinary people will die easily.

Whether you step on a bug crawling on the floor lightly or hard, it's the same as dying. In fact, when the Hero Association discovers superhumans with great power, the first thing they do is teach them how to control their power. The next thing they do is try to persuade them to become heroes.

'If I release about 10% of the output I can release now, it should be okay...?'

When I'm not transformed, I can't even release half of my maximum output even if I gather my strength to the maximum. In other words, 10% of my current strength when I'm not transformed is probably only 5% of my real strength when I'm transformed into a magical girl.

I was a little worried because it was my first time suppressing and releasing power to this extent. The output I'm expecting is at most the level of a strong female college student resisting. I was trying to adjust it to a level that would be difficult to subdue even with two adult men.

"... What, why aren't you moving?" 'Wait a minute, this is something... Keuhak?!"

...To put it bluntly, it was a complete failure.

Should I have adjusted it to 3%, no, less than 2% instead of 5%? From the moment I drew out my strength, even though two men were clinging to my arms at the same time, my body didn't budge like a huge stone mountain.

Before I could even recognize that fact, I swung my arms as if resisting, and unfortunately, the glasses senior, who was hit in the temple by my blind backhand, fell backward along with his glasses. He didn't seem to be dead, but his head was shaken momentarily, and he seemed to have suffered a mild concussion.

'Oh, I'm screwed...'

Beyond the fact that my defeat play was ruined, if things go this far, it wouldn't be strange if I was featured in the newspaper as a hero who assaulted an ordinary person by using superpowers in a situation where I should have been careful. But since these guys did something that they'd be embarrassed about, they probably won't report it...

"Ooh, tough."

"H-heuk?!"

As soon as the glasses senior fell, the other senior's face turned pale. The usual smile disappeared, and a terrified expression appeared. But as the two seniors moved away, Michael strode towards me this time.

What's with him? Is he not scared? Didn't he see me blow away one of the guys just now? Surely he's not going to carry out the Michael ajusshi's dick club re-education operation even in this situation?

Does he want to make me an onahole manager that badly? Even at the risk of his life? '... Uh, is it going properly anyway?'

If you only consider the intention of the plan, it's a success. Because I was thinking of enduring the two small fry seniors and then succumbing to

Michael. However, the minor difference is that I didn't endure them, but blew them away completely.

"Could it be that you're also a drug user, Min-jeong?" "Huh, drugs?"

"Muscle-enhancing drugs... Well, I guess not if you're not. Of course, even if you are, its performance will be far inferior to mine." It was too sudden of a statement to understand right away, but by combining fragmentary keywords, I quickly came to a conclusion. 'Muscle-enhancing drugs...

Could he be talking about that?'

I've heard of it. There are humans who are jealous and envious of superhumans, so they create drugs that cause serious side effects in the body, inject them, and act.

The Association mostly classified them as villains. They actually committed acts that villains would do. But no matter how good the drugs are, their effects are weak compared to real superpowers. In other words, I've never met drug-using villains because they weren't on the level I'd have to deal with.

'...To see them here like this.'

I thought it was strange from the start. He was too strong for an ordinary person. It seems that this guy named Michael is a villain-in-training who secretly took illegal drugs to gain pseudo-superpowers.

Of course, nothing changes. Even if he's on drugs, he's still just a pushover to me. I even let those two seniors get away, but I'm even giving Michael a reason to overpower me…!

"I'll ask you the details after I make Min-jeong my private onahole, you know…!" "Hng, hng?!"

The moment Michael's black arm, with veins bulging, came crashing down, I reduced my strength a bit, just in case. Lowering it to about 3 percent allowed for a somewhat meaningful struggle. Of course, victory was predetermined to be Michael's.

Rip-!

To Michael, who had me completely subdued, my underwear was nothing more than rags. He tore it all off, and on top of my bare stomach, now completely naked, Michael casually placed it. A large, throbbing cock, hot and hard, alive.

"Hey, Min-jeong. If you apologize now, I might just pretend this never happened?" I gasped for breath, pinned beneath Michael's massive frame.

"N-No,.,.,. "

D-Don't.-.- •

Yeah, that's it. Being forced down and subdued by a strong male. Even if it's just acting, even if it's just a defeat play, I wanted to feel this feeling, even if just a little.

Don't forgive me. Even if I apologize, punish me. Discipline the naughty female who dared to defy her master.

"...S-Sorry…?" "It was a lie, you know." "Uhoooooooooo!" Please, make me your onahole manager…?

Author's Note

Thank you, Serling and Aheungheung, for your support!

I'm sorry for being late...! When there are delays or breaks, the notice with the posting time will be updated, so please refer to it!

# Chapter 32

Out of the blue, when I speculated that Michael might be a drug user with pseudo-superpowers, he suddenly felt cute, or rather, ridiculous would be a more accurate expression.

When I watched professional wrestling matches as a kid, the foreign wrestlers looked so cool.

If I had to rank them, the Black wrestlers somehow seemed more ferocious and stronger than the White ones. Huge bodies, jet-black skin, rock-like fists, and solid muscles. I used to admire that kind of masculine physique.

'Even though I'm now lying beneath such a body, moaning and groaning.'

For some reason, I'm now lying beneath a voluptuous empress who is almost the opposite of that, but that's not the point. The key is that at some point, I became disillusioned with those professional wrestlers.

The reason was simple. Suddenly, controversies erupted over famous wrestlers using banned substances. I wasn't such a big fan of the pro wrestling scene that I remembered their names, but I recognized a few faces. There were even quite a few wrestlers I thought were cool.

Disappointed, I lost interest in it after that. I had admired them as true males, but when I realized they were cowards who would resort to underhanded means to win, I lost all interest.

'But now, it's like...'

I was disappointed because I admired and envied them. That's how I was back then. But now, my position is completely different from then. First of all, I'm much stronger than them, so I have no desire to be like them.

Excluding superpowers, the direction changes a bit, but my position remains different. After all, I'm not a male who has to compete with them to

possess a mate.

Rather, I am now the female that they want to have so badly that they prove their strength by using illegal drugs to win, a reward that comes after victory.

'Once, they were enemies to fight over food, but now they are just food themselves.'

I don't know for sure, but I can guess why those professional wrestlers back then had to take banned substances and falsely become stronger. To get more money. To enjoy greater fame and popularity. To fuck more good women. To put it simply, to get a mate.

And that's the same for Michael now. He was just an ordinary person, but he took dangerous drugs to gain pseudo-superpowers, all to fuck females, including me.

'It's kind of cute...'

My feelings change when I see the same thing from a different perspective.

In the past, when I admired the wrestlers, I cursed them as cowards who resorted to dirty tricks like drugs. But now, as an onahole manager, I just find Michael, who would do anything to look strong to a woman, cute.

"Oooohwoooooo!"

Of course, only Michael's true intentions are cute, not the huge cock dangling between his legs. I rolled my eyes back and groaned, sticking my tongue out from the pain of it nonchalantly forcing its way into my narrow opening.

"Oh, I never imagined it when I interviewed you... Min-jeong makes sounds like that?"

"W-What sounds are you talking about... Ooooh!"

I desperately tried to cover my mouth, but Michael grabbed my wrists and pinned them to the floor, immobilizing me. With him thrusting hard into my pussy in that state, it was only natural that my face would be a sight to behold.

"Ooh? Ugh, ughghghgh! Oh, oh, oooooh!"

"A girl who was in high school last year shouldn't be making sounds like that...! Could it be, is Min-jeong a repeat student? Did your boyfriend train your whole body last year, so that every part of you has become an erogenous zone?"

"N-No, that's not it..."

I'm being mindful of my moans in my own way. This is also part of the newfound spirit of service, because a woman's moans make it easier for a man to fuck better.

I first realized this when I was attacked by the Invisible Man. That day, I was dragged into the bathroom and let out my first vulgar moans, and I was severely punished. It was more humiliating than being teased for not matching my underwear. Perhaps that's why I've been trying to make my moans sound a little prettier ever since.

But after the Invisible Man, I met a slime who was deaf, and now I've met Michael. If he doesn't like this voice, I'll try to change it, but I'm not sure if I can do it right away.

"Sorry, sorry... I'm an onahole manager, but I'm making animalistic noises... Unghghgh!"

"No, thanks. I won't accept that apology. I like Min-jeong's moans, very good."

"V-Very good...?"

"It's always fun to rape a female who thinks she's strong because she's never met a real male. The best part is when they act confident but then get

subdued and cry out in a filthy voice."

Speechless, I cried out vulgarly as he wanted. It was a genuine reaction without any acting. Whatever else, Michael's Black cock couldn't be dismissed as just being due to drugs.

The Invisible Man's cock was also a huge one, rarely seen in Korea. But the Black one was on another level. It was the first time I realized that a human could have such a big cock. It felt like my soul was being pierced every time that cock, which I estimated to be at least 20 centimeters, silently stabbed me.

"T-Too big..."

It feels like my pussy is going to tear. The slime wasn't this bad. In the first place, he had prepared a size that fit my body perfectly, only for the sake of reproduction. Besides, thanks to his sticky and squishy jelly-like nature, it wasn't that painful to insert.

But Michael clearly had a cock that didn't fit my body. That cock was something that only a Western whore who had been playing around like crazy since childhood could handle. Among Asians, it was a huge cock that only an AV actress or a prostitute would dare to try.

Of course, this is from the perspective of the woman receiving the cock, and Michael was just shoving his cock in like an old man trying to fix a broken machine by hitting it. My body wasn't originally designed to receive something like that, but he didn't care.

"H-Hooeeeee..."

Truly an onahole manager. If an onahole breaks while you're masturbating with it, you just buy a new one. You might be sad if it was a product you were attached to, but no one cries because an onahole broke or promises to use onaholes more carefully in the future.

It seemed like Michael was thinking exactly that. Violent sex that doesn't care if I break or not. No mood-setting or special play to make me feel

good, just shoving his cock into my pussy and repeating the piston motion for ejaculation.

Could it be that I misunderstood? Maybe he didn't take drugs to look strong to women, but simply to become strong so he could use women as onaholes without paying.

Squeak— Squeak— Squeak—

Sex that sees women as mere tools for relieving sexual desire. If they were a couple, it wouldn't be strange to break up right away. The same goes for sex partners. Because ordinary women would only feel pain and not be satisfied at all.

But for a masochistic woman like me, or a sufferer of algolagnia to put it elegantly, the story is different. Every time his glans pierces deep inside my belly, my uterus echoes with a thud. That vibration spreads and turns into happiness called pleasure, and is transmitted to the ends of my limbs.

Pfft—! Fshshshsh—! "Ughheukang!"

The way it vibrates and makes a sound when he bangs it with his cock, it felt like I had become a percussion instrument. Of course, the only melody I was making was the sound of a female's moans and splashing water, so it was nothing but vulgar.

"What... Did you come? I haven't even fucked you that much yet?" "Y-Yes?"

I smiled shyly like a girl in love. But me coming was one thing, and Michael, who hadn't ejaculated yet, didn't stop having sex.

He just kept repeating the piston motion like a dildo machine that existed for me. Until he ejaculated inside me... or maybe he'll keep going even after that.

'But don't you have anything to say to us?'

'It's funny that you made her like that and then got your ass kicked by Michael.'

Meanwhile, it wasn't Michael who was lying next to me, pinned down in the missionary position, and talking to me. It was the glasses-wearing senior who I had blown away with just a fraction of my power a little while ago, and another senior who was taken aback by my appearance and stepped back.

"H-Hoo... I, I'm sorry... I'm sorry, so just let go of this..."

The two of them were lying on either side of me, with me in the middle, and fondling my breasts.

"What kind of exercise did you do with tits like these to blow away Kyung- man like that? Even though he wears glasses, he works out pretty hard besides basketball, so his body is pretty good."

"Stop it, Choi-joon. I can see that you're trying to make fun of her while pretending to be curious."

"What are you talking about? I'm just going to twist Min-jeong's nipples." "Hoo, hooah! Please don't pull on my nipples like that!"

Thump!

I covered my face with both hands at the same time as I climaxed. Michael was treating me as less than an onahole, so he wouldn't say anything even if I made embarrassing noises or made ugly faces, but it seemed like these guys would do that and more. Especially Senior Choi-joon was good at playing with me.

"Hey, who are you ordering around?"

"Ugh! Ah, it hurts! If you pinch me there... Unghiit...!"

"Wow, did you hear that? Unghiit, he said unghiit! What kind of porn is this?"

"I, I didn't say unghiit...!"

I raised my voice without realizing it. With Michael's cock poking my uterus, I got angry because these insignificant guys were acting up, but as soon as I said the words, I realized I had made a mistake.

As long as I'm impaled by Michael's cock, I can't move. In this worst-case scenario, I've provoked two men who already resent me.

" Michael may be scary, but it seems like we're easy to deal with."

"Yeah, yeah. I can understand Glasses getting his ass kicked, but I was fine."

"Stop beating around the bush and just use her first. I'll record it in the meantime."

"Ah, sorry, sorry. I'll give you the ass instead. But you can't use it today, right?"

"It's too much trouble to prepare now. Let's postpone it until next time, and be satisfied with the mouth today."

I didn't know what they were talking about, with the two of them having a conversation with me in the middle. I didn't say I would give them my ass or suck their dicks, but they were deciding on my uses on their own.

"Huh?"

I'm busy focusing on Michael's cock, and now I have to do a blowjob? I've never even done a blowjob first, unless it's Iramachi Oramonto.

Even though Manager Michael is my favorite, I'm an onahole manager now. Like writing with a pencil's graphite on white paper, I was engraving the duty of taking care of all the basketball team members, one by one, with Michael's Black cock inside my pussy. So I tried to refuse as politely as possible.

"Um, seniors... Haah? I, I'm with Manager Michael right now... Hoo! If you wait a little bit, I'll apologize to each of you in turn..."

"What are you talking about? There's no room in your pussy today."

"You probably don't know Michael's stamina yet. You won't be able to walk on two legs today."

"Besides, I don't even want to use your pussy. It gets all loose after Michael uses it. So I'm going to use it here."

Before I knew it, the playful senior, Choi-joon, who had lowered his pants, rubbed his appropriately sized cock against my lips. Two cocks at the same time. My mind went blank and I blurted out whatever came to mind.

"I, I've never sucked a dick before! I'll practice next time, so just one at a time today..."

"I thought you'd already had your virginity taken, so I assumed you'd done a blowjob before, but I was mistaken."

"It's okay, it's okay! Just don't touch it with your teeth! Of course, you'll get slapped in the face every time you do?"

Choi-joon, saying he would slap me with a bright face. I fluttered my eyelids and pursed my lips.

"Hmm... You're not biting right away?"

Then, as if he was going to use his ultimate secret weapon, he opened his mouth with a solemn attitude.

"Michael?" "Oh?"

"You know, that thing?"

"Oh, of course. If it's just for a moment, that's okay."

"Thanks, thanks. Then just for a moment, can I have the 'dick control' gun?"

...Dick control?

I didn't immediately realize what it was when I heard the low voice, but I soon found out. To be exact, it was from the moment Michael pulled his dick out of my pussy with a *poong* sound, only to rest it on my butt crack without thrusting back in.

The intense piston action stopped, and the moment it touched the cold air, Michael's black dick slowly deflated and began to shrink little by little. Of course, even that was still a size that would overwhelm over 90% of adult men's fully erect dicks, but as the dick touching my butt shrank, I felt the anxiety of the sand running out in an hourglass.

Dick withdrawn for 1 second. "Why, why are you doing this...?" 2 seconds.

"Mr. Michael? You want to cum quickly too, don't you?" 3 seconds.

"No, really, why are you doing this..." 4 seconds.

"Hng, hng, ahh..." 5 seconds.

Exactly at the 5th second. *Phew*—

I started to greedily suck on Michael's dick.

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They say knowledge is a curse. Once you know something, you can never experience the feeling of not knowing it again. The moment Michael's dick was pulled out of me, I experienced something similar.

"...Huh?"

Something was wrong. I felt like I wasn't myself anymore. When Michael's black cock, which had been filling my insides, was pulled out, it felt like something that should have been there was gone. It was as if a component of my body had been plucked out.

A sense of loss I had never felt before. Like a child lying on the street begging for a toy, I wanted to cry and beg for his dick back. Of course, not to go back to last year when I had a dick, but just to have my panting hole filled with a dick again.

"Why, what's wrong...♡"

At first, I thought it was just a joke. It's harder for a guy to suddenly stop right before cumming. Besides, I had already come once, so I thought Michael would be the one who was disappointed.

"Chief♡ You said you wanted to cum soon too♡"

But the atmosphere was strange. From the moment it was pulled out of my slippery, pleasant pussy, Michael's black cock gradually became limp. His erection was starting to fade.

"No, why is this..."

The one who was disappointed that his erection was fading wasn't Michael, but me. For some reason, I felt like he wouldn't fuck me again once he was completely soft, so I tried to keep it from going down at all. By wiggling my butt to make him feel good with the sensation.

"Hng, hngg, hnggg...♡"

But Michael didn't react at all. He didn't force or threaten me to suck Choi Joon's dick so he would fuck me again. It seemed like he wanted me to move on my own, not because someone else told me to.

*Smooch*—♡

Exactly 5 seconds later, I realized. I had no choice but to give him a blowjob according to their silent command.

I forgot my dignity as a human being, my pride as a hero, and my self- esteem as a woman. In that instant, my brain gave up all other thinking abilities and only thought about what I had to do to get fucked again.

'Just do as they say...♡'

The result was a decision that was so feminine, so submissive and weak. It was so embarrassing to even call it a decision.

"She bit right away. It looks like it's almost over?"

Choi Joon put his hand on my head as I sucked his dick and smiled slyly. Michael seemed satisfied, chuckling and actively rubbing his slightly smaller dick against the entrance of my pussy to make it bigger again.

'Over, don't tell me...'

I suddenly reflected on why I was doing this. According to them, what was happening now was a kind of production process, a surgery. It was production to create an onahole manager, and surgery to turn a woman into an onahole manager through mental reshaping.

So, the fact that the end was near meant that there wasn't much time left until I was completed as an onahole manager. At the same time, it meant that I would be cured and regain my duties as a female. It could be interpreted in two ways.

...Then what will the final stage be?

I anticipated it and tightened my empty pussy. "Hoo♡"

*Squeak*—

Finally, Michael's black cock, the onahole-making tool, began to force its way into my hole again. It was the second time, but it was still hard, so I thought it must be really big... but only for a moment.

I lay on my stomach, lifted my palms off the floor, and held on with just my fingers.

'What, this position?'

Was I momentarily dazed by the shock of dropping my oxygen mask the moment his dick was pulled out? I realized now that I had already changed my position and was kneeling on the ground on all fours. This had to be precise, it wasn't two hands and two feet, it was all fours.

'This is really, just a bitch...'

Sucking a dick with my top mouth, and having a dick in my bottom mouth while kneeling on all fours and wiggling my butt. Having already done 3P, a threesome, I had far surpassed the line of an ordinary woman. If Ahn

Kyung-han, who was taking pictures from a step back, joined in, I would be even further away from the line.

A position that only a dick-crazed slut would do. An expression that only a male-starved bitch would make. Equipped with all of that, I ridiculously pursed my lips awkwardly.

"Hmm... she has talent, her throat is perfectly open in a structure that's good for a dick to go in."

"Oh, I should try it out later too."

"Then can I reserve your pussy in advance, Michael?"

Choi Joon and Michael, with me in the middle and their dicks in my holes, were talking. The two of them were talking about me as if they were making a restaurant reservation.

'Throat, you haven't even used it all yet...'

While a *thwack! thwack!* sound was coming from my butt again, I awkwardly sucked Choi Joon's dick and thought to myself. The reason my throat had become so easily receptive to dicks was because of the invisible man's irrumatio.

Of course, the invisible man's thing was much bigger than Choi Joon's, and it went deeper into places that Choi Joon's dick couldn't reach. In other words, Choi Joon wasn't really enjoying my throat pussy 100 percent.

'But what if Michael fucks my throat♡'

It was obvious that it would go all the way into places that the invisible man's thing couldn't reach. Then my throat would definitely transform again to become an even more horny pussy. A throat pussy that doesn't lose its ambition and constantly strives to follow the real pussy, I praise you.

"But she's still clumsy~ Hmm, should we give her some intensive tutoring?" "Slurp, smooch... Hmmm?"

I looked up at Choi Joon with his dick in my mouth. The gaze he gave me was subtly overbearing, but it was much better since I had just been through something similar with Michael. But his personality was the complete opposite of Michael's. I wasn't careless.

"Take it out of your mouth first." "Bleh... L-like this?"

"Yeah, don't wipe off the spit because you're going to suck it again. You need to know this now so you don't suffer later."

For a moment, I thought Choi Joon was thinking about my future dating life or marriage. Well, if you teach a woman how to give a blowjob and say it will be helpful later, that's the way you're going to think. But what Choi Joon was talking about was the near future, beyond imagination.

"Because you're going to have to suck all the guys off whenever they get horny starting tomorrow."

"Huh...?"

"It'll be easier for you than using your pussy or ass, right? In the first place, there are so many people that you'll have to be able to handle at least three holes. Otherwise, you might really die?"

The words "you might really die" didn't sound like a joke. I didn't want to be laid down by energetic, prime males and die from exhaustion, so I unconsciously stuck out my tongue and licked my lips. It was in preparation for learning how to suck dick.

"Follow exactly what you hear from now on."

Choi Joon put his hand on my head and began to recite the know-how of giving a blowjob as if teaching me, tapping it lightly.

"Don't bite down like a hungry dog, remember that a blowjob is a service. Start from the root and slowly wrap your tongue around the end. Cover it with a lot of spit, that's right."

"Ugh, uheehee..."

"It's not bad to tease them by licking the whole thing before you start in earnest. You have to attack their weak spots to finish faster, right? It's good to work hard, but you have to be clever."

"T-that's right..."

I moved my tongue diligently according to Choi Joon's words. I licked the place where the man's pee came out with sticky spit, licked only the sides

like eating ice cream, and always looked up. To be exact, I had to look straight into the eyes of the man who was getting his dick sucked.

"Hmm, but your posture is good?" "Slurp... Bleh, is that so...?"

"It's a small detail, but that's what makes a man feel good. Making eye contact and smiling..."

It was clearly my first time giving a blowjob, but Choi Joon's reaction wasn't bad. It was like if you told me one thing, I would do two.

It seemed that being a man in the past had some effect. I still understand dicks better than most women.

"Put only the front part in your mouth, and at first, spin it around with your tongue... Ugh?!"

*Smooch*♡

"W-what? Occasionally sucking it in deeply and shaking your head... I haven't taught you that yet?!"

"...Hehe♡"

"She's good at giving blowjobs. The learning ability itself might be the best of the kids I've taught..."

I felt proud when I heard that I was good at sucking dick. It's something you should never hear as a magical girl, but as an onahole manager for the basketball team, it was a compliment I deserved, so I couldn't help but smile.

Even Choi Joon, a pussy maker who has taught many women, admitted it. The fact that a man, not a woman, is teaching blowjobs so skillfully meant that he had already made a few new female members of the basketball team into onahole managers before I came.

"Hmm, Joon is praising her so much. I want to taste Min-jung's mouth pussy soon too."

"This is no joke... it really feels like there's another pussy in her mouth..."

"Do you think you're going to cum? If you're going to go, I want to go with you."

"Heh, heh... No, I'll hold on a little longer. I want to teach her the ultimate technique and cum with that..."

The first talent I learned in my life was the superpower 'magical girl', and the second talent was fellatio. My head was dizzy from the huge gap, but in the end, praise makes even whales dance.

Only then did I realize the final stage of onahole manager production. The end of the onahole manager production process, which had been going on with fear and threats, was ironically a completely different atmosphere from what had been going on. Until now, it had only been the whip out of the carrot and stick.

'From now on, it's the carrot♡'

I, who had been getting hit with only the whip during the carrot and stick operation and was being completed as an onahole manager, was finally hit with the final blow with the carrot. Unlike the whip operation, which had clear limitations because I knew that I was stronger no matter how much they scared me, praise was so easily effective.

"This manager, you really chose well...! Is it because of the power that Kyung-han blew away, her vacuum fellatio is amazing...!"

"Hehe, her pussy is also the best of the best among Korean girls. Even though she's Asian, it's quite deep, so she can swallow my dick without any difficulty... Honestly, I don't want to share her with the members."

"Ah, no... I'm everyone's, a manager for all the members...♡"

Embarrassed, embarrassed, embarrassed. What is everyone saying?

Just curse at me. Call me a lewd sow, a bitch who arrogantly relied on her strength and got beaten by a male, curse at me and threaten to leak my photos and videos.

"If it's a woman like this, I might as well marry her... I want to go back to my home country and introduce her to my parents, live happily ever after, and give them a black baby..."

"Ah... me too. I want to get married... If I had a woman like this at home every day, I think I'd be happy when I came home from work... A wife who's ready to suck my dick from the entrance..."

"Dangerous, dangerous... Don't value me so highly, like a wife or something...♡"

My pussy will melt if I hear such kind words. I'm not such a valuable woman. I lost my virginity to a pervert and became a breeding ground for mindless monsters like slimes.

But if you treat me kindly, my brain will melt in reaction and I'll become a real onahole manager. I'll always think about dicks and become a public sex toy that gives my body to the members for their victory at any time.

"Haa, haa..."

Even Ahn Kyung-han, the senior with glasses, had come to my side. He put the camera down on the floor, set it up to film this way, and held out his dick to me. His dick, which was erect as if it was about to explode, proved that he had lost his reason because he was so excited.

All I could do was give him a handjob, since my mouth and pussy were full. I felt sorry for him.

"I'm, I'm sorry... I can only do it with my hands... Next time, I'll definitely...♡"

"Ugh, no... I, who lost to a woman in a battle of strength, don't deserve to covet a hole...!"

"Hoo, hoo... It's like a miracle... That a kid with a mouth pussy like this came to the basketball team..."

"If Min-jeong becomes our manager, our team could definitely aim for the trophy this year, you know. But, I can't even imagine a total alpha female like Min-jeong becoming a fixture in this cramped locker room..."

Their lines were beyond praise, almost worship. The problem was, it wasn't just talk; Michael's pounding tempo was also getting slower and slower.

I couldn't take it anymore, so I took the dick out of my mouth for a moment and shouted loudly.

"I-I'll do it...! I'll be your... basketball team's personal... fleshlight manager... so please, pleeease fuck me hard♡ I don't care if you cum inside, please, pleeease♡♡"

I knew it. They were waiting for this kind of fleshlight declaration. They're probably recording everything. I thought having the scene of me sucking dick was enough, but they wanted to secure this much solid evidence.

But I couldn't help it. I couldn't take it anymore. I shouldn't be treated like this. I need to be fucked more roughly, fiercely, and mercilessly. Because I'm the fleshlight manager.

Sure enough, their expressions changed immediately. Their gentle voices instantly turned into those of predators.

"...Gyeong-han, turn off the camera, you know."

In the end, I couldn't go home that day until the moon was in the sky.

# Chapter 34

"What's up, sis? You're just getting home now?"

I was only able to arrive home late at night. Michael stubbornly insisted on staying up all night, but I pleaded with him, saying he could do it every day from now on, so please let me go today, and I was barely able to escape.

The persuasion of the other two senior members, who couldn't keep up with Michael's stamina, also played a part.

"I thought I was gonna die for real..."

"...Huh? Did something hard happen today? You're even taking a break from hero work."

"School is no joke either, you know."

I entered my room, trudging along while receiving comfort from my younger brother. Aside from sex, one of the things that had definitely gotten better since becoming a woman was this. My brother's attitude towards me had become much kinder than before.

"Minjae-yaa, I have a favor to ask..." "Uh, uhm?"

"Can you go out and buy me an ice cream, please?"

"Ice cream? At this hour? Why didn't you buy it on your way home?" "My legs feel like they're giving out... and I'm low on sugar..."

Even though I was exhausted, I clung to my brother's arm and begged for ice cream. It was something I would never have done before, but was it because I had been thoroughly trained by the teaching assistant today?

Looking up and making eye contact, the skill of acting cute and begging came out naturally.

"I'm not usually mean, right? Let me use my little brother like other people do, okay?"

"Aish, seriously... I'll get you a Double Sweet Bar, so you know." "Mhm, good. If possible, get the vanilla flavor."

"Chocolate is the classic, what are you talking about."

I knew he would buy the vanilla flavor even if he said that, so I smiled and quickly went into my room. The words about my legs giving out were sincere.

"Haaaah..."

My pussy was still throbbing. Just how hard did he pound me, with that huge thing? Lying on the bed and thinking about being gang-banged today, my pussy, which was as watery as the Han River, started to get wet again.

"...This is no time for this."

I opened a small container and took out the slime that was wriggling inside. It was to deal with the semen that Michael had ejaculated thoughtlessly into my vagina, like using an onahole. I had hurried home because the longer it stayed inside, the greater the chance of pregnancy.

"Uwoot...♡"

I inserted the slime and felt the semen sloshing around in my uterus being absorbed. A very strange feeling. It was a little weird, but having the slime wriggle around in my stomach and clean it out was a hundred, a thousand times safer and easier than scraping it out myself.

In the midst of that, I suddenly got up. Starting tomorrow was basketball club life... or rather, basketball club onahole manager life, but aside from that, there was something I urgently needed to find out.

Trrrring...

I opened the address book, which had become scrollable thanks to the university friends I had made, and called someone. After several rings, the person who answered the phone was none other than Operator.

[What's going on at this hour?]

I felt awkward hearing Operator's voice from the other side of the phone. It was past 11 PM, almost midnight. No matter how you looked at it, it wasn't a time to call a work colleague. I couldn't say anything even if he felt unpleasant.

"I called because I had something to ask... S-sorry. Is it too late? Should I call again later?"

[No. I just got back from Hawaii, so I'm adjusting to the time difference. It's early morning there, so I'm actually wide awake.]

"Ah, you said you went on a trip. I heard. Was it fun?"

[Rather than fun, I went there to relax alone and do some things... I also uploaded photos on Instagram, so take a look when you have time.]

He uses Instagram. But before that... the Association President had definitely said that Operator went to Hawaii with his girlfriend, but he actually went alone. It was a little unexpected.

[But what did you call about?]

"Oh, right. You're the most sensitive to information among the people I know. So I wanted to ask you something. Do you know anything about illegal drugs?"

[Illegal drugs? You're not talking about narcotics, but the pseudo- superpower drugs that are popular these days?]

"Y-yes, yes! That's right, a list of guys who use them, or sellers..."

I was worried that he wouldn't have any information because he had been resting for a while, but as expected, Operator knew everything. Before being an onahole manager, I wanted to become a hero and catch the forces distributing illegal drugs.

[I've been investigating that recently anyway. You know about Shinhwa Pharmaceuticals, right?]

"...Of course."

The male lead of my first defeat play, the Invisible Man Shin Tae-gun. He was the president of Shinhwa Pharmaceuticals, one of the affiliates of the Shinhwa Group, and the son of the chairman of the Shinhwa Group, a leading conglomerate in Korea.

One way or another, it wasn't a place with a good connection to me. How was I supposed to know that the pervert Invisible Man I caught after enjoying the defeat play was such an important person? Only I, who had diligently caught the villain, was properly marked by the Shinhwa Group.

[It seems that a researcher who played a pretty important part in Shinhwa Pharmaceuticals resigned and took various samples with him. A large number of unreleased, unfinished drugs were leaked.]

"U-uwaat..."

[I heard that there were many drugs among them that could be misused. Random superpower granting drugs, monster berserker drugs, and even sex drive enhancing drugs...]

"...S-sex drive enhancement?"

I became unnecessarily interested and perked up my ears to ask again, and I heard a sigh from the other side of the phone.

[Why are you interested in the least important drug?] "..."

[Anyway, even if it's not just me, the higher-ups are also paying attention to this issue. If drugs with serious side effects start to be actively distributed in the shadows, it will be difficult to crack down on them with taxes, and above all, the Shinhwa Group will be in trouble.]

I groaned and fell into thought. I thought it was a trivial matter, but it was more deeply intertwined than I thought.

'What should I do?'

It wasn't a problem that would be solved by just catching Michael. For example, Michael was just one fruit on a huge tree called the Shinhwa Pharmaceuticals drug leak incident.

"Then catching that researcher from Shinhwa Pharmaceuticals would be the priority. He's the one who's distributing the drugs."

[The problem is that we can't figure out where he is. So I'm thinking of approaching it in reverse for now. If we catch the guys who are recklessly running wild after buying the drugs, we can reach the core.]

The idea of harvesting the fruits on the branches one by one, reaching the trunk and then the roots. For now, that was the only way. It would be easier to catch guys like Michael who were getting pseudo-superpowers and running wild than to just blindly look for that researcher.

[So, for now, we're planning to look for suspects who are presumed to have taken the drugs in the near future. The places where reports have come in right now are Seoul Grand Park, Busan Station, Songdo New City, near Eunryung University... There are quite a few others besides that.]

"Puhueup?!"

[W-what's that sound? Are you okay?]

While Operator was talking, I was taking a sip of mineral water, and I couldn't help but be surprised when the name of the university I attend came up.

Could it be that Michael's location has already been identified? Then those bastards, are they trying to find a female member and make her their onahole today, without even knowing that they're being watched and tracked?

"U-uh... Eunryung University?" [Yeah. Why?]

"Ah, no, someone I know goes to that school. I'm, I'm worried. But you can't tell me, right?"

[I can't really say. If it leaks out, the target might run away. But since you said you have an acquaintance there, I'll investigate that area first. You're temporarily suspended from hero activities, so it's hard for you to help even if you want to.]

"...Ah?"

Things are getting more and more strange. I was just cast as the basketball club's onahole manager today, and Operator is coming to search our university?

Of course, my usual appearance is completely different from my magical girl form, so even if we run into each other, there's no chance Operator will recognize me... or so I wanted to think, but when I thought about it, that wasn't really the case.

'Operator's ability was the status window.'

Even in my normal form, if he just opens my status window, it might be revealed that Magical Girl Flos and I are the same person. Even if we happen to run into each other, being caught while being used in the basketball club is absolutely forbidden. I don't know if it would be different if we ran into each other while I was just living a normal university life.

'If my fellow hero finds out that Magical Girl Flos is actually a slutty onahole being gang-raped by students at the same school in her human

form... what will happen...?'

Saliva filled my mouth. When I came to my senses, I had put my hand inside the clothes I wear when I'm comfortable at home - a tank top and dolphin shorts - and was rubbing my pussy. Just like the saliva, the pussy juice that was leaking out soaked the bed sheets.

"D-don't you have no combat ability? Don't rush too much, find an assistant and take it slow..."

[Don't worry too much. Dark Swan, who was your sidekick, is also joining this operation. If the opponent was a strong villain or monster, both of us would be helpless, but it's basically just a regular person who took some drugs. They're helpless in front of Dark Swan's sleep.]

"Haa, haah...♡"

[It'll be there in a month at most. I don't know the exact date because I need to get cooperation, but. I'm sorry, but even if it's decided, I don't think I can tell you, who is not involved in the operation.]

"...Uh, I understand. Then, I hope you finish the job well..."

I held my pussy, trying to hold back the moans from flowing into the phone. I couldn't put my fingers in deeply because of the slime inside, but even with weak physical stimulation, my pussy was completely flooded. The mental stimulation was much stronger.

'No way... Operator and Dark Swan finding out that I'm an infinitely lewd bitch when I'm a normal person... I don't want that...♡'

Even if I think I don't want it, my body is honest. Even after the call ended, I couldn't stop masturbating.

I threw away the annoying bra, pinched my nipples over the thin tank top, and continued to rub my crotch with the other hand. After the surprised slime absorbed all the semen and came out, I put my fingers in deeply and poked around.

Zzzzz-!

Meanwhile, the phone vibrated because of the Instagram profile link that Operator sent, and I unconsciously clicked on it and was so surprised that I felt like I was going to stop breathing. There was a tanned Operator with dark skin in Hawaii.

"Wh, what is it..."

My masturbation speed was getting faster and faster as I muttered to myself in a horny bitch-like voice. Operator's muscles and handsome face were the first things that caught my eye, but in the end, what remained in my head was his black skin.

That's where the problem was. Although he said he tanned, when I saw the color, which was closer to brown than black, I naturally thought of Michael, who had fucked me today, and his black cock came to mind.

It didn't stop there, and the fantasy of Operator and Dark Swan, who came to catch Michael, seeing my lewd appearance and joining the gang rape, was naturally connected. Operator, who came to save me, couldn't hold back and eventually unbuckled his belt, and Dark Swan, who already had a record, naturally started licking my body...

"Heu, heuuht?!" Pshoo, pshushushut...!

My pussy, which had already gone as far as it could go and was weakened, spewed out pussy juice with just a short fantasy. I soaked the bed properly and lay there for a long time.

If it was normal, I would have committed a storm of masturbation like this, but it was fortunate that I didn't have any energy left because I had been fucked all day.

'No, should I call this fortunate...'

While I was exhausted and collapsed from something similar to a reality check that shouldn't exist for a woman, I heard the sound of the front door opening. Soon, I heard someone knocking on my door right away.

"Sis! Open the door quickly! The ice cream is melting!" "Heu, heueh?!"

That's right, I forgot about it. I cursed the stupid past me who had told my younger brother to buy ice cream a little while ago and hastily tidied up my clothes. The pink dolphin shorts were wet, but there was nothing I could do about it now.

"I said the ice cream is melting?!" "A, alright! I'll be there soon!"

Legs that had lost strength because I had been fucked all day. A back that hurt because I had been penetrated front and back with a doggy style. I opened the door, dragging my body that was aching unlike a magical girl, and witnessed the ice cream with white droplets forming at the end, about to fall.

"As expected of our good little brother, you bought vanilla as I asked... Hooo, hoo!"

If it falls on the floor, I'm definitely the one who has to clean it up. Annoyed by that, I didn't even take the ice cream, and just shoved it into my mouth while my younger brother was still holding it.

Sluuurp...♡

My body moved naturally. Exactly as Choi Jun taught me today. I created a vacuum in my mouth, making my cheeks hollow, and licked the long ice cream stick, wrapping it with my tongue. I didn't forget to look up and make eye contact with him while sucking.

"S-Sis...?"

"Chwooop... Beeh...♡"

After sucking hard once, tightening my throat, I opened my mouth, which had been holding a dick all day, and stuck out my now-white tongue to show that there was nothing inside. Thankfully, it smelled like vanilla instead of semen now.

Praise, head pat, slapping cheeks with his dick.

Waiting for one of the three things that should naturally follow, I looked up at my younger brother and realized something was wrong. It was the moment I saw my reflection in my panicked younger brother's eyes.

My face was flushed red. I was drooping my big tits, and blinking with eyes full of anticipation, like a pet waiting for its master's reward.

"...Uh, uh?"

A drop fell. It wasn't ice cream, but pussy juice that had gathered on my damp pink dolphin shorts.

Slam!

I couldn't say anything and slammed the door in his face. With the ice cream still in my mouth.

For a while, there was no sound from outside the door, and only after a few minutes did I hear Min-jae's footsteps returning to his room.

The self-loathing of showing such an embarrassing sight to my brother, whom I always wanted to be a cool older sibling to. And the lingering afterglow of the basketball team-operator-Dark Swan fantasy that still remained.

I hesitated for a long time between the two, and then fell asleep, looking forward to my life as the basketball team's onahole manager, which would officially begin tomorrow.

"Why are your eyes like that?" "I went to bed late yesterday."

And the next morning, I discovered dark circles under Do Min-jae's eyes, who always goes to bed earlier than me. He also looked particularly tired compared to usual.

"Go to bed early."

"You're the one who should go to bed early, Sis." "Hey, I have a lot of things to do, that's why!"

...Well, it's probably not my fault, right?

# Chapter 35

A Perverted Manager in the Basketball Club (6)

Despite what happened, the next day arrived as if nothing had occurred. I had been thoroughly ravaged by three seniors, corrupted from a new member of the basketball club to a perverted manager, but I was still an ordinary college student.

Going to school and attending lectures was no different from usual, but after that, something had definitely changed. The reason I waited for class to end had changed. Originally, it was to hang out with my classmates, but now….

'I want to do service sex….'

A thoroughly lewd and obscene desire. To have my hero activities suspended and be doing this kind of thing at university. Or maybe, having sex like this is the real duty of a college student?

Lost in my fantasies, I secretly touched my nipples under my clothes during class, enjoying the sense of depravity. Wishing for time to pass quickly.

"Okay, that's it for today's lecture."

Even before the professor finished his closing remarks, I had already packed my bag. I had to get to the basketball club quickly. Had constantly touching my nipples made it hard to bear, blurring my reason? I didn't even wipe away the wet spot I left on my seat before hurriedly getting up.

"Min-jeong? Where are you rushing off to?" "Oh, uh…?"

"Exams are coming up soon, how about we study together, have dinner, and then go home?"

A male classmate, not particularly close but someone I knew, stopped me. Of course, I refused without hesitation. He might have been mustering his courage to talk to a female classmate he was interested in, but unfortunately, I had somewhere I needed to be right away.

"…Sorry, I have club activities." "Club? What club? You joined a club?"

I gave a suggestive smile and turned my back on the classmate whose name I couldn't quite remember.

"The basketball club. Want to join?"

It was time to return as the perverted manager.

The Operator would arrive here in a month.

The schedule might be subject to change, but simply put, the period I could be used as a perverted manager for Michael and the basketball club was only one month.

If the heroes stormed in, even Michael, who seemed so strong, would be helpless. Pseudo-superpowers? It was just simple physical enhancement. And because it was drug-induced, the effect was lessened.

On the other hand, the Operator and Dark Swan were real heroes. The Operator's control and Dark Swan's special ability of sleep, combined, were arguably the strongest in terms of subduing enemies without direct combat.

'They'll catch everyone, starting with Michael, and all the basketball club members.'

Once caught, it was game over. The basketball club would be destroyed, the players and coach would be punished, and the victims, the perverted managers… no, the female members would receive investigation and treatment at the same time.

No one would notice if I quietly slipped away, so I could just quietly disappear around that time. So, for now, I would just enjoy it. Playing the loser as Do Min-jeong, a college student, not a hero.

"So, a self-introduction…?"

"Yeah, we're the only ones who know Min-jeong's true identity, right?"

Meanwhile, I couldn't help but be flustered by the direct request Michael made to me.

"The freshmen still don't know that Min-jeong is the basketball club's perverted manager."

Come to think of it, that was true. The sophomores, or juniors—seniors rarely showed up because they were preparing for employment—would have been around last year and known about the perverted manager 'culture,' but the freshmen who had just entered wouldn't.

"Oh, then how should I introduce myself…?"

"That's for Min-jeong to figure out. Seniors can't always help." "Ugh… Kyaa, kyaa! Wait a minute…!"

No sooner had he finished speaking than Michael grabbed my wrist and started walking briskly. I had to move my feet quickly to keep up with his large strides. Leaving the locker room where we were alone, the place he headed to was none other than the basketball court right next door.

"If your self-introduction pleases me, Min-jeong might get a reward."

"Wait, there are so many people… More than that, in such an open place…?"

The gymnasium was definitely indoors, but it was so large that it didn't feel like it. Moreover, seeing dozens of basketball club members all gathered and waiting for me made me feel overwhelmed.

It was fortunate that there were no outsiders, but because almost half of them were freshmen, I had to reveal my humiliating role as a perverted manager to those who didn't know anything yet.

"Huh? What are you thinking about? It's a self-introduction, a self- introduction. Is your head full of pussy juice?"

I glared at Michael with resentful eyes. A self-introduction that would please him would surely be so vulgar and base that I would degrade my own value. Enough for anyone to realize that I was a female pervert.

Of course, the reward for that would be terrible. At best, he would allow me to touch his dick once, or fondle my breasts. In reality, he would offer me things that benefited him as rewards.

'I have to be a basketball club manager who loves to serve.'

I couldn't help but sigh. If the reward was at least hugging and kissing… I would have done my best.

'…Wh-what am I saying? Kissing? It's not like I've become a girly girl.'

I brushed away the useless thoughts and straightened my clothes for the self-introduction. However, Michael slyly fondled my butt, messing up the shape of my skirt. With that gesture alone, I realized what he wanted from my self-introduction.

"Who is it?"

"What, there was a female member too?" "Is she a freshman?"

"A rare flower, a rare flower."

"Is she like a basketball club manager?"

Being the only female member in a basketball court full of men. I caught the attention of all the new members just by existing. The males, captivated

by the female pheromones, couldn't help but look this way. "Oh, I think she applied as a player, not a manager."

"Did she fail as a player and change her course to manager?"

There was also a guy who remembered seeing me in the waiting line on the interview day. He must have been wondering why a girl who had definitely applied as a player was wearing ordinary training clothes instead of the basketball club uniform that everyone else was wearing.

"Wow, she's so hot…" "Hey, hey, she'll hear you."

"So what if she hears me, damn it. It's a compliment. Can't I even say she's pretty?"

Of course, there would be those who were lost in completely different thoughts. Some might be dreaming of a youthful drama in the basketball club after seeing my face, while others might be fantasizing about using the manager as a sex partner in an adult video.

If I had to guess which was more likely, the AV fantasy was closer to reality than the youth drama. I carefully went and stood near the basketball club executives gathered in front of everyone.

'Michael, Choi Jun, Ahn Gyeong-han, and that gentle senior from back then, so four of them…'

I confirmed that these four were in dominant positions in the club. Should I recognize them as the people I need to fawn over more diligently? The coach didn't even show up on the first day of practice, so these seniors seemed to be the masterminds who made this basketball club into this kind of club.

"Ah, hello."

I awkwardly greeted them first. Wearing red training clothes, waving my hand lightly.

Murmurs, chatter.

The reactions varied. There were monkeys who were just excited that a girl had joined, and there were cold-blooded people who were subtly displeased, wondering what a woman would do in the basketball club. The latter must have been angry that I seemed to have monopolized the love of the seniors.

'Yeah, yeah, I'll share that love equally again.'

My eyes met Michael's. I accepted that I couldn't help it and sighed.

"I understand that there are many new freshmen this time…. I'm sure many of you applied hoping to enjoy basketball and promote friendship rather than a serious atmosphere…."

"Hey, I can't hear you!"

A student sitting in the back row of the basketball club lineup, sitting in a row, raised his hand. I blushed for a moment, then nodded and raised my voice.

"But when you play basketball…! There will be situations where you want to focus only on exercise and friendship, but you have to worry about other annoying things…! I joined the club for times like that, to be your faithful 'manager'…!"

As soon as I finished the sentence with a louder voice, applause erupted. It was polite applause, thinking the speech was over. The problem was that the real start of my self-introduction was from now on.

"Well, originally, I applied to the basketball club as a player, not a manager……."

"Hmm?"

"Hey, I told you."

"You applied as a player, so why did you become a manager?" "Quiet! Quiet! The manager is talking!"

A group of freshmen who were noisy but quickly quieted down with one shout from Michael. It was the power created by the president's authority and male dominance, that is, overwhelming physicality. As a female clinging to that power, I continued to speak coquettishly.

"Unfortunately, I failed as a player…. It can't be helped. The competition as a player is for men with superior bodies and strong minds, I… as an inferior female, I can only support you from behind and relieve your desires…♡"

As soon as I finished speaking and took a breath, the basketball court once again fell into a state of chaos. It wasn't a porn or manga, so there was no way that Koreans in their early 20s would have heard such obscene language in reality. They must have been thinking that something was wrong with their ears.

But with Michael's shout, this place became quiet once again. In the calmed atmosphere, everyone realized. That this situation was in progress. And that it was a real situation with no room for denial.

"Because I realized my duty, I willingly decided to become the basketball club's equipment…. Please don't treat me as the same member. I'm just an object that you can always use, like a basketball or a basketball goal. Just as you don't give affection to a perverted manager who is just a masturbation tool, I'm that insignificant…♡"

"Oh… perverted manager?"

A particularly loud male voice was heard in the silent basketball court. Someone had unknowingly made a sound.

All the other male members looked at him at the same time, and the owner of the voice was surprised and covered his mouth with his hand.

By the way, it was a strange thing. Clearly, the volume of that man's voice and mine was much smaller than when I first started my speech, but back then I was told that my voice was small, and now everyone is focusing on what I'm saying.

In the end, is the content important? The content of a girl suddenly becoming a manager is less immersive than the content of a perverted manager's debut, thoroughly educated and reciting male chauvinism with her own mouth.

"……Yes, that's right. A perverted manager. A perverted manager to serve you! My name is Do Min-jeong…! Please take care of me♡"

I shielded the new member who was unfairly noticed and slowly started to lower the zipper of my training clothes.

I'm only wearing underwear inside. It wasn't ordinary underwear at all. It was a product I had ordered by rocket delivery last night, thinking that I would need it soon, and received and wore this morning, right away.

Even in the lecture room, in the student cafeteria, and while with my classmates, I had been wearing this inside my clothes. Just as idols pay special attention to their debut stage costumes, I carefully chose the underwear to wear inside, as it was my debut day as a perverted manager.

'For example, winning underwear……?'

Like a stripper, I took off my clothes in front of everyone. When I lowered the zipper of my training clothes, my large breasts wrapped in shiny black micro bikini were revealed, and when I lowered my pants, my hairless pussy, covered in a thin area of cloth, came into everyone's eyes.

"Oh, how is it… Ehehe…♡"

This is the first time I've shown my body in front of so many people. I've been working hard to take care of myself, but I was a little shy, wondering if the men would say they didn't like my body—I often saw comments like

that when my photos were posted on female-dominated hero fandom communities.

"Um, everyone's reaction is... Mr., Mr. Michael? Did I do a good job with my introduction...?"

But the reaction was lukewarm. I was expecting them to gasp and catcall with lewd words, or for someone to jump out and attack me, but everyone was just gaping and covering their crotches. But seeing their boners, I guess they don't hate it that much...

"Um, Min-jeong. Your introduction was excellent." "R, really? Then a k, kiss..."

"But there were some shortcomings. Oh, don't make a sad face. It's nothing big."

"What is it...?"

"You called yourself a non-human tool, an onahole manager, but you said your name was Do Min-jeong. I could understand if your model name was Do Min-jeong, but you gave your name?"

Michael slowly embraced my body, and I swallowed hard without resisting. "T, then what should I have done...?"

"There's no need to give your name. Just call you Pussy, or Onahole." "Hehe, ehehe... I have a name, Do Min-jeong, but to be called that..."

...Feels so good?

"So there will be a slight downgrade in the reward. Is that okay?"

"O, of course! I'll take anything you give me, Mr. Michael... Hwah?!"

Michael lifted me up in one swift motion and started pounding my Pussy. My body was already excited from declaring myself an onahole manager... It wasn't just his dick that was amazing, but his technique was also dazzling, and I couldn't help but squirt instantly from his fingers.

Pshoo! Pshshshshoo!

"Hey guys, did you all see that? This is the best way to use an onahole manager."

Michael said as he gently placed me on the floor after my climax.

"Now, let's start training. Ah, Min-jeong will have separate training, so follow me."

"Y, you said you wouldn't call me by my name...♡" "What, would you like me to call you Pussy?"

I hesitated for a moment and shook my head. "I'd like Mr. Michael to call me by my name..."

As if that was the answer he wanted, Michael smiled arrogantly.