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A Basketball Team's Onahole Manager (7)

After the self-introduction, and after I had squirted from Michael's rough fucking, I was panting. It was as if I was showing everyone the defenseless state of a female ready to be attacked.

'Someone to pounce on me right away...'

But most of the members didn't even look me in the eye. They were either staring at the cum stains scattered on the floor, or glancing at my body with embarrassment. No one made eye contact and came to touch me.

'I guess that's understandable.'

In fact, this self-introduction itself was something that could get me in deep shit if someone with a strong sense of morality reported it.

If things had gone that way, I might have been handcuffed for sexual harassment or public indecency. Of course, Michael, who ordered me to do this, would also be held responsible, but I would definitely be the main culprit.

Worriedly, I asked Michael and the other basketball team executives about it, and they replied that they had only chosen guys who wouldn't turn into prudes after seeing something like this.

'So that's why they had interviews.'

The reason for interviewing the male members was finally revealed. Of course, even so, no one had the courage to jump right in. Maybe they were worried that if they just shoved it in, they would end up being labeled as sex offenders.

So, let's not be disappointed that there isn't a big reaction right now. Everyone is just testing the waters. Once someone crosses the starting line, everyone will start lusting after my body.

"Training...?"

"Yes, it's a special training I designed for the team manager."

Meanwhile, while the members who had just witnessed my self-introduction were still dazed, I was led away from them by Michael, keeping a certain distance. It was to carry out the 'special training' he had mentioned.

"So, hurry up and take off your panties."

"Y-yes, sir."

"By the way, did you buy those panties yourself? If they were already yours, does that mean Min-jung is a total slut...?"

"N-no! I bought them new! I bought them before going to bed at home, and I picked them up this morning and wore them right away. I was trying to look pretty, but, ugh..."

As I started to cry, Michael stroked my pussy like he was petting a sad puppy. He rubbed and massaged my weakened pussy, lightly rubbing my clit, and I couldn't control my body, wriggling like a freshly caught fish.

"I praise you, I praise you. Min-jung definitely has the qualities to be a good onahole."

"Hehe..."

"It would be great if we had just two onaholes like Min-jung on our basketball team."

"Oh, come on... You're exaggerating, heehee."

I was becoming a woman who was increasingly swayed by Michael's every word. Even I thought I looked pathetic for being so easily influenced, but I couldn't help the way my emotions were changing against my will.

In that sense, Michael's next words brought my soaring mood crashing down again. Like a roller coaster.

"But since we can't have two Min-jungs, how about we double the size of Min-jung's onahole hole?"

"...Huh?"

Doubling the size of the hole, that means...

"Alright, let's start now. A special manager training program just for Min-jung! According to my theory that not only players but also managers need training as managers...!"

Squeak.

Michael grabbed my buttocks with both hands. Soon after, he peeled off my panties, leaving me completely naked from the waist down, spread my buttocks, and caressed my anus with his cum-soaked fingers.

"H-huh?! W-wait a minute. So suddenly..."

"It's not sudden. I told you yesterday, didn't I? That I would open up your ass."

"U-ugh..."

Michael didn't just stop at caressing my anus. He poked and prodded the anus that hadn't even tasted a finger, let alone a cock, and then slipped a finger joint inside.

"A-at least some preparation..."

Thanks to his neatly trimmed nails, it didn't sting, but since I had absolutely no experience with my ass, it was bound to hurt. Besides, Michael's fingers

weren't just thick like his dick, but also thick and hard. His large fingers, like those of a completely different creature, ruthlessly violated my small hole.

'What is this, it's weird...'

It definitely started with pain, but the more Michael poked my anus with his finger, the more a strange feeling gradually consumed my body.

"I'm so sorry... You must hate a manager as lewd as me... Even if I'm just an onahole manager, the fact that a tool only meant for sexual release dared to have dirty thoughts about you, Master, and used you as wank material... It must be upsetting, I'm sure..."

"...No, never. I'm not upset at all. Min-jeong used me as wank material."

He was trying hard to maintain his composure, but I could see the corners of his lips twitching. I clung tightly to Michael's firm body, squishing my large breasts against him, and he inserted and withdrew his finger from my ass, making my body even hotter.

"Hngh, thank you...♡"

"So, exactly what did you do? You used me as wank material, for what?"

"D-Do I have to tell you even that...? I guess I do... I'm an onahole, so I don't have any privacy...♡"

I buried my face in Michael's chest and wiggled my large ass, contrasting with my slender waist. From his perspective, looking down, he could only see the graceful lines of my body and my fuckable ass.

"Y-Yes... I... without eating anything, first I wash my ass clean..."

"...And then?"

"I lock the door, secretly take out the gel that's normally for my pussy... Even though my younger brother and parents are outside, I don't care and I'm all alone..."

I could tell, because I was holding Michael tightly. His dick was stiff and poking my belly as I hugged him. Because of our height difference, that monstrous dick, pressing from my lower abdomen to my chest, was hidden inside his clothes.

"I imagined getting my pussy and mouth fucked by the other two senior managers... and offering my virgin ass pussy to Director Michael's handsome dick... alone, I applied gel and stuck it in my ass...!"

"...Wow."

"I even made vulgar, filthy moans... In an unsightly position, I stuck it in my ass alone, squirting cum all over the floor, *splurt splurt*... I sincerely apologize for reducing the tightness of my virgin ass, which Director Michael's dick will taste, even just a little...♡"

Squelch—!

I got so excited while talking that I shot a water pistol between my legs while still in Michael's arms. In that state, I moved my hips up and down, giving Michael's dick a handjob with my whole body for a moment.

"...Then Min-jeong, what should we do now?"

"Yes...?"

"What should we do with Min-jeong's ass... I mean, her second pussy?"

The answer to that question was already decided.

"Hnnngh, hnnng...♡"

I moved my trembling legs, turned around, and presented my ass to Michael.

"Please punish the naughty onahole manager's ass, who wanks off imagining your dick...♡"

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A Basketball Team's Onahole Manager (8)

Although he didn't show it, Michael was extremely pleased with Dominic's behavior.

'Things are going so smoothly.'

Of all the basketball team managers he'd seen... no, of all the women he'd fucked, she was by far the best. She reacted instantly to his touch, and her eyes glazed over at the sight of his dick, turning her into a horny bitch. It was as if she was made for men.

Except for a very few who genuinely didn't know what they were getting into, most of the women who came to his basketball team had a lewd streak. They came hoping to be gang-banged by the male members of the team. It was less of a reverse harem fantasy and more of a gang rape fetish.

Of course, many couldn't handle the intensity, no matter how kinky they were. Even if they quickly succumbed to Michael's dick, many would regain their senses afterward, avoid him, and eventually drop out of school.

'But this woman is different.'

First of all, she didn't seem to have any intention of running away. You could tell just by the way her eyes sparkled when he fucked her a little rough, as if she'd found the love of her life.

And that's not all. Even though she was gang-raped just yesterday and should still be feeling some resistance, she was apparently so weak for dick that she masturbated all night after going home. Fantasizing about how it would feel to be penetrated in her untouched ass by Michael's BBC.

And then she apologized for touching her master's property without permission. She said that even though she just masturbated, it was like

touching a brand-new onahole that her master hadn't unboxed yet. She really seemed to believe that she was a fixture of the basketball team.

Considering all of this, Michael couldn't help but conclude that Dominic was a woman who deserved any vulgar label you could put on her. Even a seasoned prostitute couldn't compare to her.

'Yes, this is the Asian bitch I've been searching for...!'

Like the country of Confucianism, she pretended to be a demure and elegant lady on the outside, but deep down, she was a masochistic bitch who obeyed violent men. His fantasy was to bring out that Eastern woman's true nature with rough sex and turn her into a submissive fucktoy.

That's why he, a promising professional basketball prospect, had boarded a plane, left his hometown, and come all the way to faraway Korea. It was an impulsive act, but if he could achieve his goal, he wouldn't regret it.

Of course, so far it had been a series of failures. He was filled with disappointing results. There were times when things went so badly that he could have easily ended up in jail.

'But each time, I managed to get out thanks to the strength I gained from drugs.'

Finally, the time had come to reap the rewards. Michael thought as he got a hard-on looking at Dominic, who was bent over in front of him, spreading her ass cheeks to show him her asshole.

"Please punish the naughty onahole manager's asshole, who fantasizes about your dick, Master...♡"

This was an unbelievable stroke of luck. No matter how kinky a woman was, she would flinch the moment you said you were going to touch her ass. Her brain would suddenly wake up from its lustful daze. She would get scared and worry about the side effects on her body.

And this wasn't even the West, but the East, Korea. He had never seen an onahole manager who had passed this gate, no matter what. It was like hitting the jackpot with an impossibly low probability.

'I was already so satisfied that I was wondering if I should let her off the hook if she cried and begged me not to do it in the ass...'

Looking at Dominic now, it didn't seem like he needed to. Michael stared intently at Dominic's fuckable asshole, smacking his lips. He couldn't wait to find out how tight it would be and how different it would taste from her pussy.

'Whoa... calm down, my brother.'

But Michael began to soothe his dick and put it to sleep.

In fact, there was a clear reason for his actions. Aside from the monstrous size and shape of his dick, and the fact that Michael enjoyed treating women like objects and fucking them roughly, he wasn't stupid enough to throw away a lottery ticket he'd just gotten his hands on.

'I'm not going in there.'

It's not over just because the other person tells you to put it in. He managed to get it in her pussy, but if you just shove it roughly into her ass, you could kill someone. Michael knew that, so he could restrain himself when he needed to.

Of course, he was surprised that Dominic's ass had been developed a little. But if the only thing she'd ever put in it was her own finger, then the next step would be Michael's dick, which was out of the question.

The reason he was actually able to fuck her pussy was that Dominic had grown to some extent through her breeding with the invisible Shin Tae-gun's thing and the slime. Michael's black dick was not the right size for a newbie ass that had never even been used for anal masturbation.

'I can't kill a bitch with a golden pussy with my dick.'

That would be like killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. Strictly speaking, Dominic was a magical girl with a body that transcended humanity, so this was somewhat of an overestimation on Michael's part, but Michael, who didn't even suspect Dominic's true identity, couldn't help it.

"Dominic?"

"Hng, hng... the finger..."

"Are you disappointed about the finger?"

"N-no... ! Thank you for putting in your handsome, cool finger...!"

Dominic's brand-new asshole-pussy tightened, even though she was disappointed that it was a finger instead of a dick. Michael was once again impressed by her dedication to service, but he hid his genuine disappointment and said forcefully.

"Dominic, what does a basketball player have to do to get better at shooting three-pointers?"

"...S-suddenly?"

"You can compare it to a baseball player's home run or a soccer player's goal."

"Well, hmm... shouldn't they practice hard...?"

Smack-!

Michael slapped Dominic's ass as a reward and shouted.

"Exactly!"

"Kyaaa♡"

Dominic's asshole tightened as she moaned, as if she was going to cut off his finger. Michael was once again impressed and gently stroked Dominic's reddened ass, giving her medicine after giving her poison.

"That's right. It's all about practice, practice. So, what should Dominic do if she wants to be fucked by my dick?"

"Me, practice...?"

"Practice as a basketball team manager. Now, come with me."

"Ohoh?!"

Dominic was startled and jumped up when Michael wiggled his finger, and Michael laughed at her reaction with pleasure. Dominic, who had been properly played, didn't even think about fixing her clothes and went somewhere with Michael.

"Um, could you take your finger out, at least while we're walking, since all the other members can see..."

"It seems like your mental training isn't complete yet. I'm putting it in on purpose so they can see?"

"S-sorry...!"

Dominic's face flushed and she trembled. Michael stirred her asshole with his finger as if to reassure her.

"It's okay. After you finish the training you're about to do, you'll be a great 'onahole manager' who can freely use her ass."

"Ah, ah..."

Looking at Dominic's ecstatic expression as she moaned, Michael thought.

At least while this woman was the manager, there would be no trouble with sex-related issues.

Creak...

Michael, who was disappointed that he couldn't just shove his huge black dick into my brand-new asshole, took me to the locker room again.

Perhaps because it was the place where I was gang-raped by three seniors yesterday, it still smelled of semen and my cum. The only saving grace was that it would be covered up by the smell of sweat from the male members who would be barging in here after practice.

"This is, the locker room...?"

"That's right. No one's here right now. The members are all practicing."

"Why did we come back here? Am I going to train here?"

"That's right. As a fixture of the basketball team, Dominic, you'll have to train with the other fixtures here."

Without warning, Michael threw open a locker in the corner of the locker room. The locker Michael opened was full of sex toys. From dildos and lube to vibrators, rotors, anal beads, and anal plugs.

It was strange that there were only sex toys that were mainly used by women in a club full of male members, with no onaholes. But I soon found the answer.

"Oh, there are no onaholes...?"

"If you're talking about an onahole, isn't it right here?"

Michael took his finger out of my ass, slapped my butt, and laughed. It was the answer I was expecting, so I smiled sheepishly.

There was no need to use an onahole with only one hole when there was an onahole manager with three holes. The onahole manager washes herself, but you have to clean the regular onahole every time you use it, which is a hassle. Including warmth and skin texture, the onahole manager was bound to win against the regular onahole.

"Um... but then do I have to be alone in the locker room?"

"That's right. The members will train as basketball players with each other. Dominic is a fixture, so she'll train as an onahole with the other fixtures. Is this simple explanation difficult to understand?"

Michael pointed to the dildo and asked me. With a genuinely puzzled expression.

I thought I would be treated as a sex slave who would be passed around to the members from today... but for now, people train with people, and since I'm an onahole, I'm supposed to train with dildos. It was an absurd claim, but I had no choice but to follow it.

"Are you disappointed, by any chance?"

"...N-no way! It's, it's Master's order..."

"I know. That Dominic is a slut who's crazy for dick. Just like we'd be disappointed if we used a regular onahole after using an onahole manager, Dominic wouldn't be satisfied using a dildo after being fucked by my dick."

Don't say it like that. Don't call me a slut in a gentle voice as if you know everything about women's hearts. But everything you're saying is true, so I can't deny it... if you know, do something about it.

"S-satisfied... an onahole like me, if I think about such a thing..."

"But don't worry too much. There will be guys who come back to the locker room to pick up something they left behind."

"Come back...?"

"Or maybe they saw Dominic going into the locker room and came to 'use' her. We don't stop them from going to the bathroom even during practice."

I swallowed hard.

"B-but this isn't a bathroom, it's a locker room...?"

"If Dominic's here, it's no different from a bathroom. Whether it's pee or cum."

I felt a tingling sensation in my uterus. I'm going to be alone in the locker room, using dildos and rotors to masturbate... no, train... and someone suddenly opens the door and comes in...

"T-then what should I do? If someone comes in?"

"What do you mean, what should you do? The player might be surprised by Dominic's lewd appearance, so you should greet them politely like a manager and briefly explain the training you're doing. And help them with any tasks they need to take care of."

At first glance, it just seemed like a humiliation play, but I immediately understood Michael's intention. He was creating this opportunity for the rookie members who had heard the announcement that I was an onahole manager from today but couldn't bring themselves to use me.

It's difficult to step forward and use me in a public place. It's even more difficult if there are a lot of friends your age around. But if you're alone with me in this closed space... it might not be so difficult to cross the line.

"...I understand♡"

"If you understand, train hard by yourself. Don't even think about slacking off. There's a CCTV in this room, so if Dominic doesn't train properly and plays around, I can find out."

"Ah, ah..."

It's probably closer to an AV camera to record my shameful behavior than a CCTV. I just hoped he would keep it for his personal collection or for blackmail and not immediately distribute it for profit.

"Um, then the first training is..."

"Do I really need to ask?"

Michael took out a dildo from the locker, similar in color to his but much smaller in size. He slapped my cheek with the black dildo, then spread my buttocks and rubbed it against the slightly open entrance of my ass.

"It's ass special training."

"I'm sure she went in there..."

Second year, completed military service, returning student.

These three keywords described the man named Baek Jun-woo.

He left for the military too early, so he didn't become close with his classmates. When he returned after his military service, the male classmates he was somewhat close to were still in the military, and it was difficult to readjust to college life...

'A complete mess.'

He tried to find a way out in his own way, but he couldn't bring himself to do it. He wanted to join a club to make a girlfriend, but he was afraid to go to female-dominated clubs, a contradictory situation.

In the end, he gave up on having a girlfriend and applied to a basketball-related club, which he was good at and liked, just to make friends. He vowed that he didn't need a woman and would relieve his sexual desire through exercise.

But the sexual desire that had been building up for over a year and a half couldn't be relieved so easily. He didn't expect women and joined the club, but the moment a crazy slut appeared as an onahole manager, his dick almost exploded. It was absurd and embarrassing, but he couldn't help but get hard.

Even the other members around him seemed to know about this culture of the basketball team. Was I the only one who didn't know? He couldn't concentrate on basketball because he was anxious about that thought.

'No, that's not it.'

But he soon realized that there was another reason why he couldn't concentrate. There was no way he could concentrate on basketball when his dick was so hard it hurt.

'...Should I go?'

The moment he was completely consumed by sexual desire, there was no need to hesitate any longer. From what he heard, it didn't seem like a hidden camera situation, and in the end, it was obvious that the woman would become everyone's communal onahole from the moment someone fucked her first. He had that much insight.

Then, if everyone was going to fuck her anyway, wouldn't it be better to fuck her first? It seemed like the captain had already fucked her, so there was no need to worry about STDs. Instead of fucking a loose pussy soaked in cum, it would be better to be a little brave and go first.

'Even now, courage...!'

Baek Jun-woo had run away because he couldn't bring himself to join a female-dominated club, but he could muster the courage to fuck the pussy of a slut who called herself an onahole manager.

'This was it, right?'

The locker room where the captain and a female member named Do Min-jeong had gone in together. The black captain came out again soon, but Do Min-jeong didn't come out. Baek Jun-woo watched all of that in real time, even while holding a basketball.

Squeak...!

Finally, he stepped into the locker room where there was not a single competitor.

"Hnnng... Ahhhn♡ Oh, you caaame...♡"

And as soon as he opened the door, what greeted Baek Jun-woo was, as expected.

"Hellooo...! Onahole manager, Do Min-jeong, heeere...♡ Right now, hnnng... I'm, hnnng... doing ass masturbation training with a, dildo... Ahhhn... If there's anything I can help you with, feel free to tell me anytiiiime♡"

Do Min-jeong was becoming addicted to the pleasure of her first ass orgasm.

Chapter 38

Here is the English translation of the Korean novel excerpt:

The Onahole Manager of a Basketball Team (9)

"Huh, huup...!"

Left alone after Michael left, I started anal masturbation by myself. I attached a dildo to the floor and moved my hips up and down, thrusting as if doing squats.

Though smaller than Michael's dick, it was still an average-sized dildo. For my anus with no experience of real cocks yet, it was not an easy opponent.

However, it had loosened up somewhat from the slime cleaning and Michael's fingering. Using the unopened lube from the locker, I managed to slowly push it in from the entrance, though only a small part went in.

"This feeling is strange...♡"

With just the tip of the dildo inserted in my anal entrance, I rubbed my nipples with one hand and my clitoris with the other. While the situation itself was extremely arousing, the physical stimulation wasn't quite matching up, so I heightened my excitement through my most sensitive erogenous zones.

'Is it because my anus is still underdeveloped?'

Michael treated my anus like a back pussy, saying I felt good there too, but I didn't think it was quite at that level yet. Maybe it was a misunderstanding since men don't know how much sexual pleasure women actually feel. It would take more practice for it to be on par with my G-spot, clitoris, or nipples.

Squelch... squelch...

Slowly lowering my hips made me feel full, and lifting them pulled the dildo out of my anus, sending embarrassingly pleasurable shocks through my body. My body wasn't one to tire after just a few squats, but the more I repeated these dildo squats, the stronger the stimulation became, making my waist and legs tremble.

'What if someone were to come in now...'

I fell into a happy delusion. If someone came in, should I service them with my mouth? Or start with a simple handjob?

It would be difficult to use my pussy in this position... Since Michael said this anal masturbation was officially training, it would have to be my mouth or hands. Sucking a cock with my mouth while taking the dildo in my anus, or giving a handjob while experiencing anal climax both seemed good options.

"Mmm... slurp...♡"

Lost in my fantasy, I couldn't hold back anymore and took out another dildo to lick with my tongue. Like yesterday, I was reenacting a threesome - sucking man A's cock with my mouth while taking man B's cock in my pussy.

Of course, now all the cocks were replaced with dildos, so there was no trace of that male-specific roughness or ferocity. I wasn't being forced either, but moving on my own. Since I was just imitating rather than doing it for real, the stimulation was less than when I was actually taken yesterday.

But with no one actually coming through the door, I had no choice. I couldn't just wait endlessly for someone to show up. I sucked on the dildo earnestly as if giving a real blowjob, while my other hand alternated between pinching my clitoris and nipples.

"Huh...?!"

How many minutes had passed like that? Just as I was reaching my limit, a sudden signal came. A signal that I was about to cum from my back pussy. For my body known for being a pathetically premature pussy, lasting this long was close to a miracle.

"Suck... slurp... puhaah♡"

Though I had a dildo stuck in my ass and was bouncing up and down, my pussy squirted. I rolled my eyes back and trembled with my back straight. In that moment, I tried to focus solely on the climax from my back pussy without touching any other erogenous zones.

"Ohh... ohoooooh...♡"

I let out moans I couldn't make at home for fear of family hearing, or during sex in front of others out of shame and vulgarity. Though it caused the dildo in my mouth to fall out.

The saliva-covered dildo rolled across the locker room floor, now a mess with my pussy juices. It was annoying to think I'd have to clean this up too, but this was just the beginning.

Creak...

The door opens. Someone is coming in. I'm about to be caught as a pervert masturbating alone with a dildo in my anus in the locker room.

Who could it be? Han-gyeong? Choi Jun? Or that gentle senior from in front of the interview room?

"Hah... haang♡ S-someone's here...♡"

To cut to the chase, it was none of the above. Certainly not Michael either.

But I wasn't disappointed. You never know how satisfying a partner will be until you try them. Besides, sooner or later I was scheduled to be ravished by every single member of this basketball team without exception.

'Of course, if the schedule for the Operators to attack our school gets moved up, who knows what might happen.'

Meanwhile, I was already lifting and lowering my hips again, trying to savor another back pussy climax. Proudly and shamelessly, as if shouting that there was no post-nut clarity even though I had just cum.

The man who saw me like this and got an instant erection strode towards me. This didn't seem like he was shocked or surprised by my appearance. He may have expected me to be like this and come with the intention of fucking me from the start.

"Hello...! I'm Min-jeong, the onahole manager...haah...♡ Right now, huh... I'm in the middle of... dildo back pussy masturbation training... haang... If there's anything I can help with, please let me know anytime...ooooh♡"

Following Michael's instructions, I briefed him on the training I was currently conducting while simultaneously asking if there was anything I could help with. Judging by the outline of his erect cock about to burst through his pants, it was obvious what kind of help he'd want.

Ziiip!

Instead of answering, the man lowered his pants. He looks so innocent but is unexpectedly aggressive. I was slightly taken aback, but tried not to get intimidated from the start, knowing I'd have to deal with dozens of men going forward.

"...Take care of it. Aren't you the onahole manager or whatever?"

"Y-yes, that's right! With your cock this big, it must be interfering with training, right? How can I help you?"

"Open your mouth."

"...Pardon?"

For a moment I was at a loss for words. I thought he would naturally hesitate, being the first one. I was planning to tease this awkward partner with cheap seductive lines like 'Mouth? Hands? Where do you want to cum~?'

'Why is he so aggressive?!'

Only then, looking directly into the man's eyes, could I understand. He was already completely consumed by lust. He didn't see me as a woman he wanted to seduce and fuck somehow, but as an onahole to be used for ejaculating semen.

'How can this be...?'

No matter how I look at him, he doesn't seem like such an aggressive person. So why? Do I perhaps have a body that emits hormones that turn normal men into ferocious males?

"Um, at least your name! It's my first day, I need to remember..."

"Baek Jun-woo."

"Baek Jun-woo... oomph?!"

As soon as I finished speaking, Baek Jun-woo shoved his cock into my mouth. A slightly salty-tasting cock, probably from just finishing basketball practice. My mouth, already trained, immediately wrapped its tongue around the long meat stick and started sucking with pursed lips as soon as it entered.

'Wait, this...♡ It smells so strong...♡'

It felt completely different from when I was doing anal masturbation alone and pretending to give a blowjob with a dildo in my mouth. The cock I was sucking now gave off a pickled smell of sweat from training mixed with precum dripped from looking at me.

The difference between a tasteless, odorless dildo and a real cock was immense. Like the difference between seeing the world in black and white versus full color, it was the same for cocks. At this rate, I might even develop a smell fetish within a month.

"Pu, puhah...!"

"Why are you so bad at sucking?"

"...Heh?"

While I was sucking Baek Jun-woo's cock with my mouth and enjoying double penetration with the dildo in my ass, I heard something like a bolt from the blue.

'Me? Bad at fellatio?'

My pride was strangely hurt. It's ridiculous that my pride would be hurt by something like this, but after having my blowjob skills acknowledged by the three basketball club executives just yesterday, what nonsense was this?

Moreover, for this seemingly awkward guy to negatively evaluate the mouth pussy that even those bastards who had gaslit and used several women as onahole managers before me had praised highly.

I wanted to tell him it must be his poor judgment, but I couldn't. An onahole manager must be an equal onahole for all male members of the basketball club.

"In porn they deepthroat all the way, can't you do that?"

"...That's."

Your cock doesn't seem to be that big though.

I wanted to tell him honestly, but that didn't seem like a good judgment as an onahole either. I just smiled and flicked my tongue as if asking him to let me suck quickly, as if I would do better this time... but he finally achieved his dream of pushing his cock into my throat.

"Breathe through your nose."

"Kuheogh—?!"

I was suddenly grabbed by the back of my head by Baek Jun-woo and pulled forward sharply. Making a sound like a medieval knight stabbed in the heart with a sword. I suppose it's similar since my throat was stabbed by a cock.

"Kuhup, kuheop♡ Kuhook...!"

The problem was that it wasn't just my throat that was stabbed by his cock. As I was suddenly pulled forward, the dildo stuck in my anus also became an issue. With the dildo fixed in place while my whole body was pulled forward, it rubbed hard against the back wall of my anus.

But Baek Jun-woo didn't seem to have any intention of considering my anal situation. Judging by how satisfied he looked after pushing his cock in deep while pulling my head, somehow making up for his lack of length.

"Is he trying to use my throat as a perfectly sized cock case...?"

If so, do something about these pubes tickling my nostrils first. I can't breathe through my mouth no matter what. It's not just tickling the bridge of my nose, but stuck all over my face like decorations. Can you get them off me?

"Puhuhuh... puhut!"

Only after pubic hair was stuck all over my face and he poured all his semen directly into my throat with a squirt-squirt sound, without giving me time to taste it, did he stop treating me like a throat onahole.

"Thank you for the semen...♡"

While giving the stereotypical words of thanks, I started thrusting my hips again. My anus still had a long way to go in terms of sensitivity, and above all, Baek Jun-woo wouldn't be the only one in this locker room.

"Hey, she's really here?"

"Hyung Jun-woo, where did you go..."

"...What are you doing here during practice?!"

No sooner had the words ended than the door opened and other new club members started coming in one by one.

Just looking at the faces of the new members who came in, I could tell. They were clearly cunning guys who had been watching and waiting after hearing my self-introduction as an onahole manager, and rushed in as soon as Baek Jun-woo crossed the starting line.

"Oh, uh. What's going on?"

Whether he knew them or not, a flustered Baek Jun-woo hurriedly pulled up his pants and acted as if nothing had happened. He also tried to cover me with his body, moving awkwardly.

Like a typical man, it seemed he wanted to monopolize me as a woman the moment he fucked my throat pussy.

"Hello♡ I'm Min-jeong, the onahole manager♡"

"Hey, don't greet them and hurry up and rinse your mouth..."

But his response was too clumsy. Pubic hair was already stuck all over my face, and the smell of semen was wafting strongly. There's no point in pretending nothing happened. From the moment he was alone with a woman fucking herself with a dildo in her asshole, he was confirmed as a pervert.

To let him know this, I lifted my hips slightly, pulling the dildo out of my anus, and tapped his cock over his clothes.

"Hmmm, hmm...♡ Is it okay to put it in without cleaning? I should clean it...♡"

"W-what are you saying..."

"Tsk tsk, cock cleaning. If you put it in without wiping well, you'll get dick cheese. Don't tell me you're going to make me clean your dick cheese too...?"

"Don't look at me like that! I didn't do anything!"

Like a man experiencing post-nut clarity unlike women, he regained his senses and protested that nothing had happened, but his expression alone lacked any credibility. Moreover, the lines I threw in between also had an effect.

"I just came to find something I left behind, so let's all go back and practice! It's our first day, how would the captain view us if we all skipped out like this?"

"Well, wouldn't he praise us?"

"...Huh?"

However, Baek Jun-woo's excuses had no effect from the start. That's because all three or four men here had come after getting a tip from Captain Michael.

"I was skeptical when you introduced yourself as the Onahole Manager earlier."

"When I asked the team leader where you were, he said you went to the locker room."

"But out of nowhere, the Onahole Manager said not to worry about you and to use you as much as we want, so I was wondering what that meant... so this is what it was."

The basketball team members grinned, as if they understood everything now. Baek Jun-woo sighed.

"I thought I'd at least get a fuck buddy, if not a girlfriend."

"I'm sorry I can't be your partner. But I'm still the Onahole Manager... so you can keep using me as long as you're in the basketball club.♡"

"So, we can use you too?"

"Of course...!"

A total of four men, including Baek Jun-woo, surrounded me. Even in this situation, I was still using a dildo in my ass. The new members, simultaneously pulling down their pants and taking out their various dicks, began to decide which part they would take.

"Who wants to go first?"

"Should we decide with rock-paper-scissors?"

"I can't wait, can't we just do it at the same time?"

"Then I'll take the mouth."

"Is it first come, first served? Then I'll take the pussy."

"Ah, fuck... what's left? Can I use the ass too?"

One of the new members pointed at me and asked, and I quickly replied.

"I-I'm sorry...! My ass is under construction right now, so it's unavailable...!"

"Really? Not saving it for the team leader?"

This guy, for a freshman, has a good sense.

"N-No, not at all..."

"Well, I guess I understand. Once a girl tastes a black guy's huge dick, she'll lose her mind."

"You have to be nice to the team leader to have an easy time in the club, right?"

"Hey, don't tell me that's why you didn't choose the pussy? Because you thought it would be ruined by the team leader's dick?"

"You virgin, you didn't even know that and happily chose the pussy."

The freshman classmates, fondling my breasts and butt as they giggled. We're the same age, but I'm the only one using honorifics. But even so, being called a ruined pussy was a serious defamation, so I responded with a slightly angry tone.

"I-It's not that bad, okay? I can still tighten it!"

"Hmm, really?"

The freshman classmates laid me down and brought their dicks to my body. One was preparing to penetrate me missionary style, another was positioning himself to put it in my mouth backwards, and the last one put his dick in my left hand.

"...Me too."

"Oh, Jun-woo, you just came... are you okay?"

Baek Jun-woo, who silently nodded, also had his limp dick in my right hand. Mouth, pussy, left hand, right hand... I've only ever done a threesome at most, and now there are four men. Isn't the number increasing too quickly?

'But the difficulty is low.'

Unlike Michael or Slime, who are out of the ordinary, these guys are still inexperienced twenty-year-olds. Their dicks are about average, and the guy trying to fuck my pussy is a virgin, I heard.

"Then let's see..."

"Not there, a little higher..."

"Ah, it's my first time. I might not be good at it?"

"I-It's okay! As the Onahole Manager, I have a duty to be an educational tool... Ohoooooooook?!"

However, the virgin basketball player realized the moment he penetrated me. There's no point in talking about skills after just one thrust, and unless his dick is exceptionally large, there's only one answer.

"...This bitch is a mess?"

"N-Nooo——♡"

Screaming didn't matter. The dick coming from above soon blocked my mouth.

With a dildo in my ass, I was having missionary sex with a virgin graduate, and I was giving handjobs to two different men with both hands. And I even had another man's dick in my mouth.

'This is, like, totally slutty...♡'

My sexual tastes are unique, but I haven't done it with that many people yet, so I was trying to deny that I was a complete whore, but if it's come to this, there's no excuse. Even if someone sees me and curses at me for smelling like cum, I can't even argue back.

'Just one month, it's only for a month, okay♡'

After all, in a month, the Operator and Darkswan will come and turn this place upside down. I wasn't exactly dragged here and used as a sex slave, but I walked in on my own, but I somehow felt like a captured heroine.

"But you know you can't rest even after we're done, right?"

"Haa... Haa♡ W-What do you mean...?"

"It's training time right now, and we skipped out, but when it's actually break time... everyone will come here, right?"

"B-Break time? There's such a thing...?"

"Of course."

The man tapped the dildo in my ass and sneered.

"You can take this out during break time. You said you're wearing this for training, right?"

"W-Well, yes..."

"But you'll put something else in."

I asked, my heart pounding.

"Then, will the team leader come then too?"

"Who knows. He said he was going out for a bit."

That means that even if dozens of people rush at me during break time, I must defend my ass at all costs. More than anything else, I wanted Michael, who first taught me about anal, to be the one to break my anal virginity, so my face turned pale.

'So, I have to hold out until then...?'

My thoughts became complicated, but as the virgin dick plunged deep inside me, my mind went blank again.

In any case, the anal virginity defense battle had begun.

"I'm home."

Michael opened the locker room door with his arms full of cup noodles and snacks. We'll have dinner together several times later, but I prepared this

event because it would be boring not to do anything on the first day of club activities.

'Well, there's one more event, though.'

Sure enough, as soon as the locker room door opened, a terrible smell of semen wafted out. The smell of urine and vaginal fluid that one female had produced was completely buried by the smell of dozens of males.

"Huek, hek...♡"

The first thing I saw was Do Min-jeong, lying unconscious on the locker room floor with her eyes rolled back. Of course, her whole body was soaked in semen, so she couldn't exactly be called presentable.

Besides, the lying position was ridiculous. It would be more accurate to say that she was sprawled out like a frog rather than lying down. White semen was pouring endlessly from the pussy visible between her spread legs. Her uterus was full, but it didn't stop, and she kept getting filled with cum, resulting in this mess.

"Hoo! What a terrible sight."

Michael exclaimed as if he was sorry, but the corners of his mouth were raised.

"Oh, Michael! You're here now?"

"You're late. Were you being considerate of us?"

"No, no, I was being considerate of the new guys rather than my friends."

All the other members except Choi Jun and Ahn Gyeong-han were also in the locker room. The room was almost cramped. Fortunately, everyone was naked and enjoying the gangbang, so the area occupied by clothes was reduced, which was a relief.

On the other hand, everyone had come once or twice and was in a state of reflection, so they weren't paying much attention to Do Min-jeong now that

Michael had arrived, and they were looking at their phones or talking to each other.

In fact, this was a familiar sight to Michael in his own way. He's seen it several times and knows it. After a gangbang, this kind of atmosphere is formed.

The Onahole Manager was messed up with the male members' semen, but the male members themselves didn't want to touch the semen-soaked Onahole Manager because it was dirty, and they didn't even try to get close to her. So, in this situation, Ahn Gyeong-han and Choi Jun, who are club executives, tend to take care of the Onahole Manager.

"So, did everyone take a turn?"

"Wait a minute, let me check. Baek Jun-woo, did you fuck the Onahole's pussy? Yoo Se-han, you too?"

Michael smiled with satisfaction when he received answers from the two people Ahn Gyeong-han pointed out.

"Good. Is Min-jeong unconscious?"

"Min-jeong? Is that her name?"

"Hey, hey. Jun. How can an executive forget the manager's name?"

"Ahaha, sorry. I keep calling her Onahole. But didn't we have a Min-jeong last time too? I'm confused."

Choi Jun smiled slyly and grabbed Do Min-jeong's thigh without caring that it was covered in semen.

"By the way, Michael, I have something to show you. It's a very interesting show."

"Show? That sounds interesting. Show me."

"Watch closely, here...!"

Choi Jun grabbed Do Min-jeong's thigh, who was unconscious, and spread her legs wide. Ahn Gyeong-han didn't miss the gap and pressed down on Do Min-jeong's slightly bulging stomach.

Pshoo-!

"Wow, wahahahahahat!"

"Did you see that? Did you see that! Semen fountain! That wasn't vaginal fluid just now?"

"This is definitely talent. She could go on America's Got Talent."

"But you know, there's one more thing I haven't shown you yet."

This time, Choi Jun turned Do Min-jeong's body upside down. He didn't care that her face was buried in a puddle of semen, and he just grabbed her butt and spread it wide to show Michael what was inside.

"...Do you see it?"

"This is, an anal bead?"

I didn't even expect this much. Michael hadn't been very interested in taking Do Min-jeong's anal virginity in the first place, so he couldn't help but be genuinely surprised this time.

"Take them out one by one. I won't say anything more."

Michael grabbed the ring of the anal beads stuck in Do Min-jeong's butt and started taking out the beads one by one. One, two, three, four... With the fifth bead as the last one, the inside of Do Min-jeong's ass, or rather, her backdoor, was completely revealed.

"Jesus, oh my god..."

Do Min-jeong's backdoor was perfectly clean. Unlike her pussy, which was flooded with semen, her backdoor, which she had put anal beads in and absolutely defended, didn't allow even 1 milliliter of semen.

Michael, who had been silent for a while as if he was moved, slowly opened his mouth.

"I'll take her to the shower room. I need to wash her."

Chapter 39

(Orientation Confirmed - Part 1)

Splash!

The sudden cold water drenching me shocked me awake. My body felt heavy, and my eyes struggled to open. I couldn't make sense of the situation.

"You awake?"

"M-Michael...?"

But the massive, dark shape vaguely visible before me, and the familiar baritone voice, at least told me who I was with.

"Keep your eyes closed."

He then gently rubbed my face with warm water, making sure to wipe around my eyes. Gradually, my vision cleared, and I could see properly.

"Semen had stuck to your eyelids and hardened. You okay now?"

I nodded in response. Hearing the word "semen" made the memories flood back. The locker room, where I was relentlessly gang-raped by dozens of men without a break.

'...That was rough.'

Even after Baek Jun-woo, and then dealing with the three freshmen who barged in during practice, I still had some energy left. Although my sensitivity had recently spiked, making me react to average-sized dicks like a woman encountering an oversized monster, I could handle those four.

But the problem started after that. More and more new members kept coming back to the locker room during breaks.

Even with a large number of guys, I was still only dealing with one at a time, so I figured it was just a matter of endurance. But reality went against my expectations. They didn't line up in an orderly fashion like they were using the bathroom. They just started jerking off, using whatever part of my body was available.

It wasn't even sex. Since they weren't planting seeds in my uterus, it wasn't really mating or reproduction either. It was just a wank-fest to relieve their sexual urges, using my tits, ass, hands, feet, armpits... every part of my body that turned them on.

'And they all came whenever they pleased.'

Maybe I was just tired and my body felt heavy, but my body was probably heavier than usual. Not only was my uterus and vagina filled with semen, but the amount of semen that had dried on my skin was also considerable.

'Is this what they call bukkake?'

I unconsciously stuck out my tongue and licked my lips, grimacing at the taste of cold semen.

"Gross..."

And it wasn't just the new members who were after me. The older members were too. They say people who know the taste are scarier, and the older members were definitely more ruthless than the newbie basketball players.

Especially those two seniors I saw at the interview, Choi Jun and Ahn Kyung-han. They were exceptionally skilled at harassing me. I desperately fought them off when they tried to taste my ass, and thankfully, if I had been even slightly careless, I would definitely be leaking semen from my ass like a pussy right now.

'So, did I like it?'

If you asked me if I liked it or not, I'd have to say I did. It was like being treated like an onahole. I can't help but like being seen as a sex toy, not a person. It's just my nature.

I especially loved the guys who were fucking my pussy while casually talking about their girlfriends and the girls they were flirting with. How could they be so cruel? They have love, and I'm just a sex toy for them to use.

But there were some things I didn't like. No, there were quite a few things I didn't like.

...I wasn't satisfied.

Being able to break through a man's physical limits with sheer numbers and keep getting fucked was definitely an advantage. But having guys come in endlessly was too much. At some point, I felt good but also incredibly exhausted.

'Since I don't know who they are, I don't really feel like I'm being dominated...'

And that wasn't all. There were so many guys that I couldn't keep track of who was who. This made it impossible to know who I was losing to, which reduced my immersion. The physical pleasure continued, but the mental pleasure decreased.

It's not like I value emotional connection in sex or anything like that. Looking back at my past defeat play experiences, there was a common thread.

When I was Invisible Woman, I got off on being targeted by a pervert villain while undercover as a heroine. When I was Slime, I was excited by the sense of depravity of being an S-class heroine becoming a seed-bearer for a mere C-class monster.

In that sense, Michael was similar. I, a real heroine, was being dominated by a thug-like black exchange student athlete who thought he could

compete with real heroes because he took illegal drugs.

Since I had to hide my identity as a hero at the university where I was attending in my civilian form, and since I was temporarily suspended from hero activities, I couldn't just suddenly appear as Flos and resolve the situation.

'All three of them were aware that I was a hero.'

But I didn't have that with the other basketball players. At least, while I was being gang-raped, I wasn't getting off on the thought that I was a hero being gang-raped by ordinary people. If I wanted to feel that way, I'd have to be raped while transformed into a magical girl.

'That would be pretty shocking in its own way.'

Anyway, masochistic sex without the awareness of being a magical girl hero is like steamed buns without red bean filling, or kimbap without pickled radish. There's a dick, there's sex, and there's pleasure, but there's no substance.

'I guess that makes sense.'

Since the day I got my superpowers, the biggest thing that defined me was the word "hero." More people know Magical Girl Flos than know Do Min-jeong, a female college student who enrolled a month ago. Conversely, I know more people as Magical Girl Flos than I know as Do Min-jeong.

Even if I get caught doing something lewd in my civilian form and a scandal breaks out at the university, I can just take a leave of absence, drop out, or retake the college entrance exam and transfer somewhere else. It might be a serious problem for someone else, but it's not a big deal for me, since my main job is being a hero and university is just a smokescreen.

'The fact that I can easily run away at any time might have lowered my psychological barriers to being a slut.'

Enjoying defeat play while working as a hero is like walking a tightrope over social suicide, but being a slut as my second identity, Do Min-jeong, is relatively safe compared to that.

For example, if a photo of Do Min-jeong getting fucked by Michael was spread on social media, only those who knew me would recognize me, and it would end in the university's anonymous community. But the moment a photo of Flos getting fucked by a Slime is spread, it would become a national... no, considering it's interspecies, it would definitely become a global issue.

Of course, the former is enough of a social suicide for an ordinary person, but anyway.

So, what I need to think about now is...

'So, will the Operator arrive in a full month...?'

A month is probably just a few hundred instances of being treated like an onahole in my daily life with dozens of basketball players. After completing that, I'll definitely be a super slut among sluts. I'm curious and scared about my completely corrupted self, but the process itself isn't appealing at all.

Now that I've realized that masochistic sex without the awareness of being a hero isn't 100% my thing, I'm sure I'll feel like I'm wasting my time living as a basketball team onahole manager.

In that case, it would be better to quickly escape and find other things to enjoy until I return to hero work...

"Min-jeong, what are you thinking about?"

"...Cough!"

While I was introspecting about my tastes in a daze, Michael, who was pouring warm water on me, suddenly spoke to me. While I was showering with warm water and feeling strangely relaxed, wondering if I should quit

my life as a basketball team onahole manager, he was silently washing my semen-soaked body.

'Damn it, this is making it hard to decide...'

But the reason I couldn't easily quit my life as a basketball team onahole manager was right here. Other people aside, Michael, the illegal drug user, was a villain who instilled in me the awareness that I was a hero while humiliating me.

Of course, he also has the added advantages of having a big dick, a big body, a nice voice, and being gentle in normal times but turning into a wild beast when he's fucking... but that's a secondary issue.

Even if I think about it from a public interest perspective rather than a lewd one, it's the same. If I don't care about this and don't pay attention to it, this guy might run away on his own before the Operator comes.

It's ridiculous to have to have hundreds of unappealing sex sessions for a month because of Michael alone, but I can't just throw everything away because I'll miss Michael's dick. I wish I could have brought him as my exclusive onahole... With that thought, I glared.

"...Michael, Captain?"

"Yeeess, are we able to have a conversation now?"

"I remember everything. From beginning to end, everything..."

In the end, there was only one piece of information to refer to in this either-or situation. The thing I was so looking forward to. Using how "good" it would feel to have Michael's black dick in my anus, which was developed under orders, as an indicator, I would decide whether to run away from the basketball team or not.

To calculate that data, I needed sex with the awareness of being a hero, as I said earlier. And the awareness of being a hero comes from a certain

amount of resistance. It's a bit much to spread my legs wide like a sex slave and beg to be fucked.

Therefore, I decided to temporarily go back to the point before I was brainwashed as an onahole manager. With a little bit of newly created setting added.

"...This onahole manager thing is really disgusting."

"...What?"

"I tried to bear with it, but I can't take it anymore. Although I'm not a hero... as a hero-in-training, I will never forgive you, an illegal drug user."

Michael slowly tilted his head and chuckled.

"Hoo, is that what it was? I was suspicious because you were a girl but you were strong. A girl who isn't strong enough to be a hero but admires heroes, how romantic."

"I don't have time to talk about being romantic or anything. I didn't show all my strength back then to disguise myself. I'm going to subdue you right now and expose the basketball team's misdeeds to the world."

"Puh-ha, pu-ha-ha-ha! That's definitely not the kind of line a girl standing there with semen dripping from her pussy would say! Ah-ha-ha-ha!"

Only after hearing those words did I flinch in surprise, cross my legs, and cover my crotch with both hands. What, this is embarrassing. I wasn't embarrassed when I was spraying semen like a frog while being gang-raped, but being pointed out as a hero-in-training facing a villain...

"S-shut up! This was just an act to be alone with you!"

"Hmm, alone with me. You must have known that I was also hiding my strength last time, right?"

"What are you talking about..."

"Anyway, why are Asian girls, especially Korean girls, so dishonest? Why do you have to make excuses like that and try to create a situation where I have to defeat Min-jeong in a test of strength?"

Slurp—♡

Michael strode closer and suddenly whispered into my ear, sticking his thick tongue into my earhole.

"I'll do it as many times as you want if you just admit that you love being defeated and dominated in a test of strength, and ask me to do it again like you did last time."

Meanwhile, at the Hero Association.

Dark Swan approached the Operator, who was alone in the conference room, deep in thought.

"The meeting's over, aren't you going out?"

They had just finished their first meeting after forming a task force to deal with the Shinwa Pharmaceutical drug leak. Now that the task force had just been formed, it would take time to start a real investigation.

And the Operator's primary mission was to reduce that time as much as possible. At least reduce the currently estimated month to about half a month.

"Sigh."

I wanted to rush to the university where 'Magical Girl Flos's' friend was attending and catch the illegal drug user right away, but I couldn't help but sigh when I thought about how half a month would be delayed due to various adult circumstances.

The Operator wanted to fulfill Flos's requests as a top priority if possible. He had tanned himself by going on a trip to become a gold-skinned guy, but

in the end, he was still a 'nice guy' type. A nice guy who does everything a woman wants.

Changing your appearance doesn't automatically change your personality. I was too self-conscious to dye my hair blonde, so I only tanned my skin, leaving my hair black.

"Don't tell me you're thinking about that? The favor Flos asked, to have her friend at that school searched?"

"...Yes. It's a colleague's request. How can I refuse?"

"Still, it doesn't seem like something to worry too much about. Flos's friend isn't involved in any illegal drug user's misdeeds, they just go to the same school."

""

"And there's no proof that any illegal drug users even attend that school... well, um. Just the fact that Flos is the informant is enough to consider the source reliable, though."

The Operator knows it too. Whether we go tomorrow or in fifteen days, it doesn't seem like anything major will happen. But just because it's Flos's request, I felt a surge of obligation to fulfill it immediately.

'If she offers to buy me a drink as a thank you. '

The number of sex acts recorded in Flos's status window might increase by one that day. But the Operator deliberately didn't imagine what number it would increase from. He didn't want to think about how much she'd done while he hadn't seen her.

" ..If I'm just dropping by the university for personal business, not going there officially, that should be okay, right?"

"Senior, really!"

"I guess not. Hmm, indiscriminately spamming status windows and scrutinizing even ordinary people who aren't suspects isn't morally right, but..."

"No, I was going to say it's a really good idea?"

".....?"

Dark Swan clapped her hands, beaming.

"Well, moral issues can be put aside for a moment when it comes to a colleague's request, right?"

"Is, is that so?"

"Just one illegal drug user, quietly catching them is something the two of us can easily handle. I just need to put them to sleep and bring them over. I'm all for it."

"Ahem, perhaps because you were Flos's former sidekick, you seem to have a high level of loyalty to Flos."

"Of course. Speaking of which, Operator Senior, don't tell me you like Flos Senior?"

"Don't be ridiculous. She's just a colleague."

Of course, that's what they say, but their minds are working in completely different directions.

'If I help her out to the point of breaking regulations, she'll not only buy me drinks, but we might even go to a hotel for the after-party.'

The Operator is eagerly anticipating raising Flos's Sextatus stat.

'This guy is being a little too kind to Senior. If he shows even a hint of ulterior motives, I won't let him get away with it. More importantly, why is Flos Senior, even while on hiatus, going to the trouble of asking fellow

heroes to help her friend at the university like this? Could it be that she's not just a friend, but a lover or something...?'

Dark Swan is still unable to let go of her obsession with Flos, and is filled with jealousy.

The 'Rescue Flos's Friend Operation' of the two people united by their conflicting motives was about to begin.

Chapter 40

Orientation Confirmed (2)

"I... no, I don't even need to use honorifics with you."

Michael spoke confidently, as if he knew my heart better than I did. I glared fiercely and retorted.

"Me, competing with men and... what? Enjoying being defeated and submitting? What kind of pervert is that?! You must have been completely fooled by my acting all this time. One of the abilities a hero needs is undercover infiltration, you know?"

"Hmm, is that so? You should have hidden these massive tits while you were at it. Or is it that you don't have that ability yet because you're not a hero, just a hero hopeful?"

"D-don't touch me... like that!"

Without warning, Michael fondled my breasts. I wasn't wearing a stitch of clothing, and after being brutally raped, my body reacted immediately. Sure enough, Michael smirked when he saw my nipples erect.

"According to Min-jeong, she's a hero hopeful who's turned on by the antics of a fucking villain while using illegal drugs. Already full of masochistic tendencies, aren't we?"

Michael made sure to point out that I was a "hero hopeful," as I had mentioned, to shame me. Whether I was actually a hero hopeful or not didn't matter to him. Just as I was turned on by the depravity of a hero being violated by a villain, he was turned on by the depravity of a villain violating a hero.

"A hero hopeful isn't a real hero, my strength is more than enough."

Michael suddenly grabbed the showerhead and sprayed hot water on my body. Not hot enough to burn, of course, just pleasantly warm.

But even at that level, I couldn't help but panic when he aimed it directly between my legs. Besides, the water pressure was quite strong, even if the temperature wasn't that high. It was only natural that my delicate pussy would be startled and I would squeeze my legs together and cover my crotch with both hands when hit by the intense stream of water.

"H-Hukyaaaht?!"

"Hap!"

As I screamed in panic, Michael threw the showerhead away and lunged at me. The series of movements happened in an instant, and water continued to flow from the showerhead on the floor.

And the same was true for me, pinned under Michael's muscular body. The shower floor was already wet, so it wasn't obvious, but my pussy juices were slowly mixing with the water flowing from the showerhead.

"What's wrong? Don't tell me you're so scared of being ambushed by a man that you're pissing yourself?"

"S-shut up... it's not pee...!"

A struggle ensued between Michael and me for a while. Michael mounted me, pinning me down and using his strength to keep me from getting up while firmly holding my arms. All I could do was groan in that state.

Since most of my strength came from superpowers, I tried to flex my soft, flabby stomach and used my thighs to shake Michael off. But most of it was useless.

To make matters worse, Michael's face, looking down at me intently from above, felt more like a horror show than the strength of a male.

"H-heeeeeek..."

Michael already had dark skin, but with the backlight from the shower room lights, I felt a sense of dread looking up at him. His white eyes in the middle of the all-black figure due to the backlight, and the white teeth visible between his thick, crimson lips, were especially overwhelming.

"What, were you really scared? Try harder, hero hopeful!"

"D-don't kick my pussy with your knees...!"

Perhaps he was even more excited by the sight of a female pinned beneath him, unable to do anything, because Michael began to push me more and more aggressively. What hunters like Michael liked was the sight of a rebellious female being constantly tormented between a sense of depravity and humiliation. Seeing that scene unfold before him seemed to ignite him as well.

"Hoo, this is it. All the women I've been with so far were missing something... and that's why..."

"Ugh! Ugh ugh!"

"They were all fucking bitches who were obviously eager to be taken after hearing the news about the basketball team, so I couldn't be completely satisfied."

"Ukeuheok?!"

As I continued to struggle while pinned down, he raised one hand and shoved my head into the puddle of water. My body under his, as well as my face, were being violated by just five fingers under his palm. Even though I was sometimes told I looked a bit gloomy, I was still considered pretty enough to be called a "pretty girl."

"Don't... push my face...!"

"All you've been saying since earlier is 'don't,' so isn't it about time you asked politely? By the way, your cheeks are very soft. I could touch them all day long."

He rubbed my eyebrows and opened and closed my eyelids as he pleased. He grabbed my lips and stretched them out like a duck's beak, then let them go. He put his finger in my mouth and gently scratched my front teeth. He teased me by putting a finger in and out of my ear, as if he was going to do the same to my pussy soon.

"Min-jeong, do you know what makes you different from those fucking bitches?"

I knew. That's what I had been trying to induce in the first place. That I resist like this, desperately saying I hate it, but that there is a hidden, essential female nature inside.

"You know how to hide it, to some extent. That masochistic female nature. But because you grit your teeth and hide it, that nature shines all the more brightly, so that only the real ones can recognize it."

"Upoop... Upooheueup...♡"

"In my experience, women who don't immediately fall for this cock and try to push it away with a thorny attitude are actually even more perverted. Isn't that right, Min-jeong?"

Not only that. I didn't completely hide this lewd nature. In fact, I could have hidden it if I had tried, but I didn't bother to try. Because sex with a villain who recognizes my true feelings and approaches me is the kind of defeat play I truly enjoy.

"That's because, Min-jeong... when you defeated Kyung-han and Joon and tried to push me away, you didn't show all your strength, did you?"

Just like the invisible man noticed when he saw me going to school on the weekend.

Just like Michael noticed that I had only used part of my strength when I was first raped in the locker room.

"I don't know if you unconsciously reduced your strength because of the desire to lose to the man in front of you, or if you deliberately reduced your strength... don't worry. My full power can't even be compared to Min-jeong's full power."

Of course, he had no idea how much real power I had. I could tell just by the way he took out another illegal drug with a pseudo-superpower-granting effect from his pocket and talked about my full power.

But the premise he set was a perfect fit.

"...Well, conversely, even if I reduce my strength, Min-jeong will reduce her strength accordingly. Isn't that right?"

When I came to my senses, I was crying. Tears of joy flowing because I was so turned on.

But Michael, seeing the tears flowing down my wet face, took it as a sign that I was giving in and became even more excited. He aimed his even harder cock between my legs.

"N-not my pussy..."

"Hmm? Why not?"

"I-I'll get pregnant... having a child with someone of a different race..."

"Are you saying that after already receiving the semen of more than ten members?"

"Your semen is... different... different... the moment it enters my uterus, it's a confirmed pregnancy... please...♡"

That's nonsense. It's not like the sperm concentration in Michael's semen is much higher than others. If you want to be precise, a virgin who has abstained from masturbation for months might have more sperm than Michael, who has sex every day.

Besides, today is a safe day, and if it's really dangerous, I can just take it out myself.

No, actually, I don't even need to say this. After everything is over, I can quietly go to the women's restroom, secretly put it in a bottle, and clean out all the semen inside with the slime I brought.

But the reason I'm desperately begging him not to use my pussy is probably...

"Really, you can't be honest, Min-jeong."

"Heeuk, heueueuk...♡"

"I already prefer other holes to a pussy that's been used by other guys, so I don't care, but wouldn't it be better to be honest with yourself while you're at it?"

Was the reason I mumbled that I didn't want my pussy used because I wanted to have my anal virginity taken, even leaving an anal bead in for him?

Realizing my true feelings at his words, I quietly asked.

"...How?"

"I told you a little while ago. Ask politely. With respect. Korea is the land of courtesy, isn't it? Min-jeong is the very Confucian girl of Korea."

Michael grinned slyly and forcibly pulled me up. My legs were shaking from being under Michael's weight for a while, so I had to support myself with both hands on the glass wall separating the shower room from the outside.

Michael grabbed my butt and subtly pushed me from behind. So that my body was completely pressed against the glass wall. Thanks to that, my large breasts were crushed against the glass wall, but that wasn't important right now.

'He wants me to beg for his cock.'

From the past few experiences, I knew exactly what Michael wanted. To become a bitch who opens her pussy and begs for his cock. It's not like I can't do it, but right now, this style seems to suit me better than a horny bitch who can't control her excitement and begs for his cock...

"Heeuk, heuk, please... put your cock in my butt..."

"What are you crying for?! You want it too, don't you?!"

Slap!

"A, my butt hurts...! I lost...! I lost, so stop now...!"

"Do it right! I'm trying to make Min-jeong honest, but you're still like this?!"

"I, I understand...! I understand, so don't hit my butt... please... euheet?!"

Slap!

Michael slapped my butt as if punishing me for not being honest, and each time I was hit, I trembled and my legs shook... and then I pissed myself.

Trickle trickle trickle...

"Are you a little more ready now?"

"...Yes."

Only then did I sway my hips as Michael wanted. As if emphasizing my well-loosened anus instead of my pussy, which was dripping with pee.

"Please. Make me, my ass... Michael's personal fucktoy."

"What's the price?"

"...I'll, I'll offer my virginity. A beginner ass that has never received a cock before."

"That's all good, but you're lacking in cuteness. Asian girls are all about the cuteness, aren't they? More than that, why are you asking in a language that's easy for Min-jeong to use instead of my native language, when you're asking politely?"

He wants me to do even this? I closed my eyes tightly and moved my trembling lips.

"F-fuck me, daddy...♡ Fuck my ass... please♡"

Squelch—

At that moment, the black cock, already loosened as much as possible but still of a burdensome size, entered my anus.

"Eokeuheueueuk——?!"

I let out a moan without a hint of pretense, and honestly came.

Chapter 41

"Ugh, hngh...♡"

I expected it, but Michael's black cock was on another level. From the moment it touched my entrance, I thought, 'Oh, this is something else.' But Michael didn't care and thrust his cock in.

"See? You can do it if you try, right?"

That's not how you use that phrase. I let out a moan that sounded more like heavy breathing and lowered my head. My hands, gripping the glass wall, kept slipping because of the moisture, so I had to flail like I was doing a pantomime.

"Ugh, gnn...♡ Ughh, hngh...♡"

My first time doing anal sex. Michael's black cock, which I never get used to no matter how many times I experience it. And the feeling of being completely dominated, which is why I love doggy style the most. Is this what they call the holy trinity?

My ass, somewhat developed by dildos, was even feeling pleasure. How can you feel it in your ass? I couldn't understand it, but Michael seemed to assume I would feel it and stirred his cock inside.

"Haa... Hngh?! Stop, Daddy...!"

"No, no, it's not 'stop.' You have to say 'Fuck me harder.' Min-jeong didn't study English properly, did you?"

"Fu, fuck me harder...? Ugh, unghhhhh?!"

Thwack, thwack, thwack, thwack!

A brutal sound came from my butt. Every time Michael's lower body collided with my butt, a violent impact sound occurred. As if adjusting the volume, my moans grew louder, and Michael didn't stop me at all.

"Haa...! Ugh, ughh♡ Oh, oh...! Ohoooo...!"

"Min-jeong, what was the English phrase you just learned?"

"Fu, fu-uck... wh, what was it again♡"

Every time my butt was stabbed by his cock, I felt my intelligence dropping in real-time. It was like my head was turning completely white. I wanted to focus solely on this cock and empty everything else. My arms and legs lost strength, and my jaw slackened, causing saliva to drool from my parted lips.

"I, I don't know...♡ I don't know English♡ More than that, faster, faster...♡"

"Haa, you can't even use the user's language. You're a hopeless fleshlight."

"But when I'm... when I'm getting pounded by a cock, I become stupid...♡"

Smack!

Michael slapped my butt hard and whispered softly in my ear.

"Well, I don't really care. You're just a fleshlight, so just clench well."

"D, don't say that...! I admit I lost the fight, but my mind is still...!"

I uttered a line that had become a classic beyond cliché and unconsciously clenched my ass, and Michael chuckled as if satisfied.

"What, did your mind lose just now too?"

"...N, no. That can't be, that can't be happening. Why isn't my body listening to me and listening to this man instead..."

"This cute hole seems to have realized its role before its owner. Now, Min-jeong's ass's primary function isn't excretion, but 'Michael's cock sleeve,' right?"

"N, no... Please, take it out... If it goes in any further, I think I'll really become strange...!"

"Haha, stop with the jokes. Take it out? It's your ass that's holding it in, you know?"

Michael grabbed my hair. As if riding a running horse and holding the reins. And in that state, he pushed his massive cock in even deeper. Ignoring my request to take it out, enjoying the tightness of my ass.

Squeak, squeak...

"Ooooooh...♡"

"Min-jeong wailing in a low voice, you're so fucking hot...!"

By the way, Michael's tension was noticeably different than when he was pounding my pussy. Back then, he was clearly just repeating simple piston action without stopping, but now he was stirring inside and not missing a chance to poke around to find the spots that felt better inside my ass.

One hand on my hair, the other on my butt. Michael pursuing stable penetration with a perfect posture. But on my end, being penetrated, it was driving me crazy.

'When is it all going to go in...?'

Whenever I was surprised, thinking, 'It's going in this far?' I would flinch and it would advance further. Then, when I tensed up, thinking, 'No way it'll go in all the way to here, right?' it would unfailingly dig in to that spot. Was the drug effect not strength enhancement, but cock-length extension with the Gum-Gum Fruit?

'Where can you find such a hard and hot rubber♡'

Of course, there's no such thing, and what's inside my stomach right now is Michael's pure cock. Does it feel longer than when it's in my pussy simply because of my mood, or is it because Michael is more excited by my ass and it's gotten even bigger than before?

It felt like my stomach was full of cock even though I hadn't eaten. As the cock continued to advance, it suddenly stopped, and Michael let go of my hair, gently stroked my head with that hand, and said.

"Min-jeong, it's in all the way to the root."

"Hngh, hngh... Ugh, cock, deep... Haa...♡"

"I know, I know. You don't have to try to speak with difficulty. Girls lose their language ability the moment they're impaled by my cock. You've held out pretty well until now, you know?"

He's not treating me like a human, but like a robot that breaks down when impaled by a cock. I was getting angry at the attitude that clearly treated me as an inferior being, but I was also getting excited by this unavoidable situation.

'If I move, I'm fucked...'

The reason I couldn't move was simple. My intuition recognized that something huge would come if I moved even a little. It was like having a time bomb inside my stomach.

Michael's black cock, inserted all the way to the root, was touching a dangerous spot. I guessed it was rubbing against the wall adjacent to my uterus. When it's inserted into my pussy, it can only knock on the entrance of my uterus, but when it's inserted into my ass, the direction changes, allowing it to attack my uterus from a completely different side.

Of course, the meat wall separates them, so you can't directly hit the uterus with your cock. But it was possible to inflict damage remotely. For example, by hitting the wall with that heavy glans, sending the vibration to the uterus.

'If I move and Michael's cock inside me starts to shake...'

It was obvious that it would be like a battering ram breaking down the castle gates. It's no different from detonating the floodgates of a huge dam with a vibration bomb. The still immature Porcio climax would be rapidly developed and a huge flood would rush out of my pussy.

"What are you doing to me right now..."

"Uh-oh, even talking is dangerous. You might feel it just from the vibration, you know?"

"Ughhhhh♥"

"See, I told you. Be careful."

Pshh— Pshh, pshh—!

I only said six letters, but I lightly came from the vibration. If it's like this now, it wouldn't end with a light climax if he really set his mind to it and knocked hard. I couldn't help but look forward to that moment.

"From now on, I'm going to give Min-jeong a reward."

A reward...?

I was afraid of coming again, so I didn't open my mouth to say it, but I felt like I would cum just from the word "reward."

"Of course, you don't have to accept it if you don't want to. But if you say you want it, I'll give it to you."

"..."

"Oh, by the way, there are two rewards. A grand ass climax that you've never experienced before, and an entry ticket to become my first Asian fleshlight."

"...?"

"Don't be too disappointed. I've already made a few in America. But still, it's the first in Asia, so it's not bad to have some pride, right?"

Not that he'll make me his first fleshlight, but the first fleshlight in the Asian region. And it's not even a guarantee that I can become one right away, and what's with the entry ticket? What woman would be tempted by such bait and give up her life?

'So hot...♡'

But I was an exception. It was as if that reward contained how lowly he viewed me, and rough breaths automatically escaped.

The truth is, I'm much cooler and more excellent as a magical girl saving citizens and fighting against evil than a guy who's only strengthening his body with illegal drugs and is just the head of the university basketball club... Michael considers me an inferior being just because he has a cock and I have a pussy, and I'm even having his cock inserted into my ass.

'This is so unfair...♡'

A birth gacha where you're born as a being who dominates women with a 50 percent chance, and a being who is dominated by men with a 50 percent chance. I was born as a man, but by a trick of fate, I became a magical girl and ended up like this.

"Haha, ahahaha..."

I smiled faintly with half-rolled-back eyes.

Becoming Michael's lifelong fleshlight is good, of course, but I also wanted the thing before that. A grand ass climax that I've never experienced before, what the hell is that?

It's a question that doesn't even need to be considered. Yes without asking or questioning. If possible, ask and double it.

Just when I was about to go crazy wondering if I just had to say I wanted it, or if there were separate conditions needed to receive the reward, Michael shushed me quietly.

"Wait, someone's approaching from outside."

"...?"

Even if it's outside, it'll just be a fellow basketball club member, so why is he making such a fuss? If it's a basketball club member, they wouldn't even care if the head, Michael, took me out separately and fucked me.

Squeak—

That's what I was thinking, but as soon as the shower room door opened and I heard a strange man's voice, I couldn't help but be shocked.

"Ugh, hey! Head, Michael, are you in there?"

...A man, and a middle-aged man's voice at that.

I was able to immediately identify the man looking at us from outside the glass wall, which was thick with steam. Assuming it's the basketball club, there's only one man who can call the head, Michael, so easily.

"Oh, shh. It's the coach."

"C, coach..?"

I unintentionally made a noise and lightly came from the vibration that was transmitted, but the current situation was more urgent.

"He only drinks and plays around, so he doesn't come to the basketball club often, but why today.. "

"R, really ?"

My heart was pounding. The basketball club has had several fleshlight managers, but the coach is such an indifferent person that they were able to

hide it properly without getting caught, but right now, if we get caught, there's no way to deny it.

"What should we do? Should I take it out for now?"

"N, no...!"

"Hmm?"

"I, it's not that, but even if you take it out, just the fact that we're showering together is enough..."

Even if I washed off some of the semen on my body, it's suspicious enough that a man and a woman are bathing together. Of course, it's less suspicious than getting caught while he's pounding me.

But I knew that this wasn't my true intention, and so did Michael.

"Okay, then as you wish."

"Hngh?!"

Michael pushed the cock that was slowly backing out back in.

'Y, you crazy bastard...! Even so, this isn't right...!'

The worst-case scenario flashed before my eyes. Getting caught by the basketball club coach, the basketball club fleshlight manager incident becoming public, the school taking issue with it, the rumors spreading throughout the school, and even appearing on the news so that the entire nation knows...

Then it wouldn't just end with a leave of absence and reapplying to college, could I handle it?

"What should I do...?"

"Well, there's no good way, right?"

"T, that's true, but..."

"Then let's cum first and think about it. My head will work better when I'm in the post-nut clarity."

"Ah? Eh? Hnghhh...♡"

"If you make a sound, we're both fucked."

Michael stirred the deeply inserted cock inside and grabbed my breasts with both hands. He took turns touching my erect nipples with his fingers, and I came several times just from that.

"What's that sound over there? Is that Michael?"

"Haha, yes, Coach. It's Michael."

The only fortunate thing was that the shower room was full of steam from the hot water that had been flowing since earlier, and the coach was drunk and his vision was blurry. And I was holding back my moans so as not to get caught.

"I heard about it from the kids, but where's that new manager who came in? I should take a look at her face."

"Ah... I wonder? I don't think I've seen her either."

"Hey, you're the head, you should know where your members are... Sigh, never mind. I'll go look for her."

I breathed a sigh of relief. I could see that the coach was turning around to leave. I could hear the sound of his footsteps splashing.

But Michael suddenly had a playful idea and grabbed the leaving coach's foot.

Thwack—♡

"Hngh?!"

None other than a surprise pussy slap.

"...What was that sound just now?"

"Huh? Coach, what are you talking about?"

"I think I heard a *pang* sound, along with a moan... or something."

"Haha, no way. I'm the only one showering here. If you want, I can open the door and let you come in and check?"

I glanced back with a disbelieving look. Is this guy crazy? I'm one thing, but is he really willing to do something that could get him a criminal record and deported back to his home country? Just for a little thrill?

'This guy must be insane...'

A madness on a completely different level from the pervert who was so afraid of getting caught. An act even I, with my lustful brain, couldn't easily understand. It was enough to momentarily turn on the reason switch in my usually horny female mode.

"A, are you serious...?"

"Don't worry, that old man won't open the door and check anyway. Minjeong just needs to hold in her moans."

"Even so, this is..."

"Hmm, but Minjeong's tightening her ass even more, isn't she?"

It was true. Every time the coach took a step closer, I was clenching my loosened asshole as if trying to cut off Michael's black cock. It wasn't a conscious act. It was out of instinctive fear.

"...Are you sure there's no one there?"

"Of course."

"Maybe, is the manager there... by any chance?"

Correct. A perfect, 100-point answer with no margin for error. I couldn't help but admire the coach's deductive skills for figuring out I was here with just a short moan, but at the same time, my vision went black.

'What do I do?'

If this happens, I won't be able to go back to being a magical girl. They'll be too busy dealing with the basketball team's onahole manager incident that I'm involved in. In the process, my identity as the magical girl Flos might be revealed, and if that happens... I'll be too ashamed to face my hero colleagues.

"What do you mean, is the manager here? Coach, your jokes are something else."

"Wasn't that sex scandal in the basketball team last time because of you too...? Don't tell me, this time too..."

"Hahaha, I told you, it's not like that. We're both guys, just open the door and check."

What is he believing in to act like this? Does he really have no fear? Just as my mind was going blank, I heard a sigh from outside.

"...Fine. Even if it's you, you wouldn't be doing something like that alone. Take a shower and come out. I have something to talk about."

"Yes, Coach."

Thankfully, miraculously, the incident seemed to be coming to an end.

But this time, there was no time to breathe a sigh of relief.

"...Huh?"

Michael's large, dark hand was now on my stomach. That hand was pressing exactly where my uterus would be. To put it in vulgar terms, he

was gently stroking my clitoral hood with his hand, while trying to attack my uterus from behind with his cock deep inside my ass.

'No, no way...'

He's not going to ravage my uterus from front and back, bringing me to climax with a porcio sex...

"O, ohhooooock—♡ Ugh, uhiiiiick?! Wh, whataaaaa... !
Ungoooooooooot♡♡"

Pshoo! Pshoo-shoo-shoo-shoo! Pshishishishishit—!

Crazy♡ He actually did it♡ Pressing down hard on my clitoral hood with his hand♡ Slamming the meat wall surrounding my uterus from behind like he's spanking it, conquering my uterus with vibrations♡

My tongue lolled out of my mouth, my eyes rolled back, and I could only moan. My limbs lost their function and hung limply, but I didn't fall. Michael had already proven that he could support the weight of a woman's body with just the cock hanging from his crotch.

Like meat skewered on a skewer, I hung dangling, impaled on Michael's cock. My feet didn't even touch the ground. The meat hole meant to please men was still faithfully fulfilling its duty of squeezing his cock.

...This is, in a word, an onahole. As Michael said, I was granted the chance to become Michael's first Asian onahole with a grand ass climax I had never experienced before, and I won instantly.

"Hnnng...! Haaaaaang♡ Ahheueeut?! Cock...! Coooock...♡"

Having let out such a loud, vulgar moan, my fate was as good as sealed. With blurry eyes, I watched the glass door slowly open, and soon a large man appeared through the hazy steam.

He was middle-aged, but he was in pretty good shape, probably because he was involved in sports. A muscular body that I now worshipped rather than

admired, and thought was hot rather than cool.

I just widened my eyes and looked up at his huge body, drooling.

"...Is this the manager?"

"As you can see."

"..."

At that moment, I had two expectations in my mind.

The first was that, since there was a precedent, maybe the coach would try to cover up this incident and pretend nothing happened.

The other was the expectation of being exposed as a perverted masochist if this became public, and the ensuing ruin that would come crashing down on me.

...However, the situation didn't go in either direction.

"Heh, damn. That guy's got skills. He brought in a real hottie this time, huh?"

"Haha, does Coach like her?"

"She's the best. Couldn't be better. Especially like her tits. I don't even know how many 50,000 won bills I'd have to stuff in the cleavage to find a girl like this in a room or an office, but thanks to you, I'm getting to fuck her for free."

"I owe a lot to you too, Coach. So... what, do you want to use her mouth or something?"

"Oh, I'd love to. I'm all horny because of this bitch's moans."

What is this? What the hell is going on? With hazy eyes, I watched his huge cock slap against my cheek. It didn't hurt, but it felt very strange.

"U, um, it's not what I was told..."

"What is it? Michael, what did you tell this girl about me?"

"Hahahaha, really... Minjeong, did all the nutrients that should have gone to your brain go to your tits instead?"

His tone, which had been polite, had suddenly turned informal. The thrusting had lost all consideration. I blankly blinked between the two men's cocks.

"Logically speaking, there's no way the coach, who's in charge, wouldn't know that this kind of thing happens regularly in the basketball team, right? It's not like we do it once in a while, we even named her the onahole manager and bring her around."

"Kyahahahat! No way, you told her I didn't know anything? And she believed it?"

"That's right. Korean bitches are all stupid, but Minjeong is especially so."

"Her name is Minjeong, huh. Hey, Minjeong. Open your mouth pussy."

I panicked. I hadn't imagined this kind of development. They're deceiving me like this? Did they deceive other girls like this to make them onahole managers?

This is... really, even so, too...

'...So hot♡'

I opened my mouth and sucked, *jjwooop*, *jjwooop*♡, and sucked and licked the coach's cock. The two men who had turned a girl into a female onahole with such a perfect act deserved to be served.

"Ugh, this girl is really... did you bring a prostitute from somewhere instead of a college student?"

"Haha, don't say that. Minjeong is a true pussy, so she gets hurt."

"Pussy? Isn't that what you call a vagina? Even so, you can't just call a kid a pussy..."

"Well, that's not exactly what I meant, but whatever. So Minjeong, are you ready?"

Michael asked me, who was receiving the coach's cock in my mouth and Michael's black cock in my ass.

"Jjwooop... Ready? What... *Haljjak, readyyo...? Chureureureureup*♡"

"I'm going to give Minjeong medicine to make her smarter. In her asshole, of course."

"Ah, aah...♡"

I briefly took the coach's cock out of my mouth and licked it with my tongue as I answered.

"Give it to me...♡ Give me lots of medicine to make me smarter, in Minjeong's asshole...♡"

Booowoook! Booook! Byureut, byureureureut...

A fierce downpour of semen. After emptying out all the remaining semen in several bursts, Michael changed positions and started fucking my pussy this time.

"Hnnng♡ Haa♡ Ahheueueeung♡"

"Ugh, damn, I'm going to cum in her mouth too... Minjeong, right? Eat it all?"

"Yesh, *heup, jjwoouuuuup*♡"

While I was being fucked, a worry arose inside me.

'But can I really do this?'

With the heroes about to barge in soon, the thought that I shouldn't be doing this kept popping up in my mind.

But in the face of overwhelming pleasure, my worries couldn't maintain their form and disappeared.

'...Just until the Operator comes?'

And exactly a week later.

Not even a quarter of the originally scheduled month had passed, but the Operator and Dark Swan arrived at our university.

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"...I won't look weird, will I?"

The Operator muttered, pressing down on his cap. Seeing the obvious anxiety in his tone, Darkswan, standing next to him, sighed deeply.

"You don't look weird. Besides, no one cares anyway."

"But, I'm an A-Rank hero, you know..."

In principle, he wasn't wrong. An A-Rank hero is recognized for their abilities, and their fame spreads, increasing their public recognition.

Although S-Rank heroes account for 90% of the entire hero fandom pie, A-Rank heroes could still build their own small domain. Among the various missions undertaken in the process of becoming an A-Rank hero, one or two are bound to be splashed across the media, and that's when their name spreads widely.

If they play their cards right, they can even turn their hero work into a side job and become celebrities or internet streamers, but that's another story.

What Darkswan was thinking now was that the Operator's fame wasn't quite at that level.

'I'm just a C-Rank, so there's no need to mention it, but Operator-sunbae is a bit... for an A-Rank.'

As she just said, simply having the title of A-Rank doesn't make you famous. It's because they perform missions that attract public attention in the process of becoming A-Rank that they gain popularity. In that sense, the Operator was inevitably at a disadvantage.

'Because he mostly does back-end support.'

The Operator's strength is information gathering and analysis. Of course, heroes who work in the field know how important the Operator's abilities are, but to the public who watch heroes on YouTube videos or news, the Operator can't help but be less noticeable.

On the other hand, Flos, with her unique concept as a magical girl, had established a relatively solid position among the A-Ranks despite her short career. Darkswan had no doubt that if Flos were to rise to S-Rank, she would become a national-level star.

'So, I must secure the fan cafe president position.'

Firmly reaffirming her fan spirit once again, Darkswan stepped into the university with the Operator, where illegal drug users were suspected to be enrolled.

"The atmosphere of the university... is fascinating."

"Huh? Oh... is it?"

"I've never been to a university before."

The Operator is a hero affiliated with the state and one of those who awakened relatively quickly. He's now in his mid-20s, but he first became a hero in his late teens. In other words, he's been busy being called around as a hero since he was a high school student.

Naturally, he didn't have the time to go to university, nor did he need to. Therefore, unlike Darkswan, who awakened her abilities while preparing to graduate from university and get a job, belatedly dreaming of becoming a hero, he was unfamiliar with the atmosphere of a university.

'Come to think of it, I'm surprisingly a life senior?'

The Operator and Flos are both far senior to her as heroes, so Darkswan sometimes forgets that they are younger than her. This time, she decided to guide the Operator, who was burdened by the atmosphere of the university as a college graduate.

"Aren't you, aren't you walking too confidently? What if they find out we're not students here..."

"Come on, how many people are there in a university? And you can enter here even if you're not a student."

"Really?"

"Of course. Just look over there, there are grandpas taking a walk. Well, they don't kick out outsiders or anything, so let's go in with our shoulders straight. That's what looks more suspicious, you know?"

Only then did the Operator gain some confidence and change his mind. Then his eyes sharpened.

'Right, I have to catch that guy.'

There was a reason why it took a week to discuss the infiltration plan. Flos, a reliable informant, said that there was an illegal drug user in this school, but the clues were too vague.

Of course, Flos knew that the culprit was Michael, but she couldn't say it. Because she said it was a university her friend was attending. If she was pressed on how she knew that much, she wouldn't have a good excuse.

That's why the Operator and Darkswan had to investigate separately. Whether anything strange had happened in this university recently. They obtained an account for a university student-only community and searched for characteristics commonly exhibited by illegal drug users, and as a result, they were able to identify a suspect.

One of the clubs in the College of Humanities, the 'Basketball Club'. Even a cursory search showed that the reviews were not good, and there seemed to be ominous rumors circulating among the female students in particular. A few years ago, there was a major exposure of sexual harassment. However, it was unreasonable to assume that there were illegal drug users based on this alone.

- ♦ 'It's hard to find a connection.'

Sexual harassment is sexual harassment, and illegal drugs are illegal drugs. Besides, the sexual harassment was an incident from a few years ago. The time frame is different, and it was impossible to know what causal relationship there was between illegal drugs that grant superpowers and sexual harassment.

However, in a post that seemed like just a random comment if not read carefully, the Operator found a path to the answer. It was while searching for keywords related to the basketball club.

[lolololol the captain broke the hoop while dunking today]

An anonymous post presumed to have been posted by a member of the basketball club. Attached to the post was a photo of a black foreign student scratching his head awkwardly in front of a basketball hoop that had been broken in half.

No matter how strong you are, breaking a basketball hoop while dunking is hard to imagine with the strength of an ordinary person. It's not like the glass of the backboard shattered, but the hoop was completely broken in half. It wasn't the late 1900s, and now that the strength of basketball hoops has increased, it was an unlikely event.

'Of course, there's no physical evidence at all. Only circumstantial evidence. But it's Flos's tip, so I can believe it just by that.'

It could simply be that the basketball hoop at the university is old, and the sexual harassment-related issues may be completely unrelated. But even so, the Operator took the time to move his feet.

'If it's not, I can just go back.'

The Operator's superpower also played a part in this decision. He could open the status window of the suspected person and take a quick look, and if he wasn't the culprit, he could just turn around. The human who is the target of the ability doesn't know that the Operator is peeking at their status

window, so there's nothing to lose except for the time it takes to go back and forth.

'It's a violation of regulations for a state-affiliated hero to use their ability on a civilian without permission, but...'

The moment you let go of your morality, your body becomes very comfortable. Just this once, and only to open the status window of a guy named Michael who is suspected of being an illegal drug user... The Operator thought so and arrived at the gymnasium.

"I think this is the place?"

"Then that must be the locker room."

Where the Operator's gaze reached, there were two students standing like guards protecting the basketball club's locker room. They were talking without even noticing that the Operator and Darkswan had come.

"Damn, I was so horny today, why am I last in line?"

"Can't help it. You're assigned to the front of the line tomorrow instead."

"It's good to be in the front. If you do it after everyone else, the smell is bad, and when you're pounding..."

"Hello. I came to ask you something."

The two male basketball club members, who were having a conversation that was hard to understand, were startled by the Operator's greeting and immediately went on alert.

"Wh-who are you?"

"You can't come in here."

"You can't come unless you're in the basketball club. We're training now."

"Y-yes. We borrowed the gymnasium from the basketball club. Come back later."

They looked suspicious to anyone. The Operator could only sigh and didn't even bother to open their status windows. There was no way these guys were illegal drug users.

"Shall we take care of them?"

"Quickly."

There was a brief exchange of glances between the Operator and Darkswan, and that was enough. When Darkswan gestured, the two men instantly fell into a deep sleep.

Leaving the two basketball club members who collapsed on the spot and were snoring away, the Operator opened the door to the locker room.

Creak—

What was visible when the door opened was an extremely unusual sight. But it was a daily scene for the basketball club members inside, so when the Operator opened the door and came in, they naturally assumed it was another member and didn't find it strange.

"...What the fuck."

But the moment they saw a woman named Darkswan, the basketball club members, including Michael, realized the seriousness of the situation. Dozens of eyeballs simultaneously stared at Dominjeong, who was lying on the floor of the basketball club locker room like a frog. She was spewing semen from every hole.

"What, what is this..."

A woman collapsed, covered in semen. Dozens of men surrounded her. And even the status abnormality effect 'Drug Addiction' clearly written in Michael's status window that the Operator had summoned.

The Operator was a man too, but this wasn't arousing. He could only frown. He unconsciously almost brought up the dark status window... that is, the 'Sex Status' when he saw the collapsed woman, but he hurriedly stopped.

'Am I crazy? What was I about to do to the victim?'

Summoning the status window without consent is only for suspects. And that suspect was right in front of him. A black man dangling a huge thing in his lower body.

Without even hearing an explanation, it was clear what was going on. In the Operator and Darkswan's minds, the basketball club sexual harassment incident and the illegal drug use incident were connected, and at that moment, the incident was as good as over.

"Are you Mr. Michael?"

"Wh-what the fuck are you doing...?"

"That's enough, you guys can sleep for the rest of your lives."

Darkswan waved her arm widely with a coldly cooled voice. Members who were just ordinary people, such as Glasses-han and Choi-jun, could not resist the superpower she emitted. The members who were hesitating whether to fight or run away all lay down on the floor with Dominjeong.

Darkswan's superpower, 'Sleep', which is hardly effective against gate monsters or villains with superpowers, boasted outstanding power against ordinary people.

"Haha, could it be... heroes?"

Even in the confusing situation, Michael desperately racked his brain. How on earth was this secret play leaked?

But he soon realized that thinking about it was meaningless. Right now, the priority was to deal with the two heroes in front of him and take care of his own body.

"Sunbae, I don't think my ability works on that bastard."

"This is enough. Leave the rest to me."

Michael inwardly sneered at the Operator. He had just injected a muscle-enhancing drug he bought from 'Drug King' this morning. He didn't think that a fight would even be possible with an Asian boy who looked weak.

"Since it's come to this, I have no choice, I'll quickly take care of you guys... and run away!"

Michael charged like a giant monster. Even in front of him, the Operator remained calm. He looked at the situation, read the status window, and aimed for the place marked as Michael's weakness.

Because he is a hero specializing in analysis, the Operator spends a lot of time sitting and working almost like an office worker, but even so, he has a well-maintained muscular body.

This is not something made by bringing in drugs like Michael. It is the result of time and effort alone.

Pow!

No matter how strong a human is, they can die instantly if they are hit in a vital spot. That is human. Of course, 'real superhumans' with physical superpowers would be fine no matter how many times they were hit in vital spots, but Michael was not.

"Cough, cough... How did you know about... the surgery site from 10 years ago... and aim for it..."

"Tsk."

The Operator clicked his tongue as he watched Michael collapse to the floor with a single well-placed punch. He didn't pass out right away because he took drugs, but it wasn't much different since he was in a state where he couldn't fight.

"Even if you use drugs, you're just a fake superhuman after all. In a way, it's a pity."

Drugs only make ordinary people a little stronger. After confirming that, the Operator belatedly turned his gaze to the woman who was presumed to be a victim of the sexual assault they had committed.

"...Hmm?"

Darkswan had collapsed in the spot where the black-haired woman had been lying.

"What is this..."

"S-Senior! Watch out! I guess there was one that wasn't affected by the sleep spell! Just now, it hit me in the back of the head, ugh..."

Dark Swan, who seemed to have avoided serious injury, got up while rubbing the back of her head. Leaving Dark Swan, who was grimacing, behind, the Operator looked around in a flustered manner.

"Nowhere to be seen?"

There wasn't anyone unaffected by Dark Swan's sleep spell, nor was there a woman with ebony hair.

What on earth was going on...?

It was beyond comprehension.

'...Th-They didn't see me, right?'

Meanwhile, having barely made it home, I frantically touched my clitoris out of anxiety and fear.

I almost got into real trouble.

If I hadn't escaped through the door that opened the moment Dark Swan and the Operator were distracted.

If I hadn't climbed out the window and leaped into the air naked with the maximum strength I could muster without transforming.

If I hadn't quickly transformed into a magical girl and immediately put on my costume the moment I fell to the ground after not being able to fly for long due to being raped and lacking strength in my untransformed state...

...I shudder to even imagine what would have happened by now.

Of course, it could be a problem that I was walking around as a magical girl in front of people during my hero activity suspension period.

Someone might have taken a picture of me flying naked through the sky.

The Operator might have checked my status window the moment I entered the locker room and realized that Do Min-jeong was Flos.

'They didn't see me, right?'

So, for now, I had no choice but to comfort myself. Of course, in a double entendre kind of way.

First of all, I had to believe that the gentlemanly Operator wouldn't bother opening the status window of a woman who had been raped and was covered in semen.

Secondly, I had to pray that no one had taken a picture of me flying naked through the sky covered in semen, and that it wouldn't be uploaded to male-dominated online communities with titles like "Flying Naked Woman."

"Even if it's a warning, ungh, come, come...♡"

And the third consolation... was literally, self-consolation.

What if I met the Operator next time, and he already knew that Do Min-jeong, who was being gang-raped in the basketball club, was the same

person as the magical girl Flos? What if pictures of me flying naked were widely circulated on the internet?

...This was a pussy-throbbing, squelching self-pleasure session based on imagining the worst possible future.

Knock knock knock!

"Sis, what are you doing in there! I need to use the bathroom too!"

"J-Just a minute! I'll hurry up and wash and get out!"

It seemed that after washing up, I would have to spend the whole day waiting for a secret message from the Operator or waiting for my picture to be uploaded to online communities.

Chapter 43

Hero's Return

A few days passed after that. I was on edge, worried that something might happen, but thankfully, I didn't receive any direct contact. The Operator didn't try to blackmail me with my weaknesses, and my photos weren't leaked anywhere online.

'Well, they might be safely stored in someone's album without me knowing...'

Without the interference, there was less excitement, but it actually helped me finish what I needed to do. I submitted a leave of absence from school, sent personal messages to the classmates I'd become somewhat close to...

'Come to think of it, what happened to the basketball team?'

I could just contact the Operator and ask, but I was strangely nervous and couldn't bring myself to do it. Like the saying, "A guilty dog barks first," I was afraid of seeming like I was making a fuss. I worried about being suspected.

As the leave of absence was being processed and a brief period of peace continued, a phone call came in.

[Chairman]

"Huh?"

The last time I spoke with the Chairman was the day I was ordered to suspend my hero activities for the time being. We also made plans to travel together, but we hadn't set a specific date, so I thought of it as just a casual "Let's grab a meal sometime" kind of remark.

Could he be calling to finalize the travel plans? I can't do hero work, so he wouldn't be calling about hero-related matters, or maybe he's just checking in?

If I were a normal hero, I would have trembled the moment I received a call from the Chairman, but since I'd known him for a long time, I could answer the phone without much pressure. I might have been more nervous if the Operator had called.

"Hello."

[Ah, Min-jung. How are you doing?]

The fact that he called me by my name instead of my hero name made me realize it was just a casual greeting, and the beginning of the conversation was indeed like that, but somehow the story started to flow in a slightly different direction than I expected.

"You want me to return?"

[Yes, it seems like the suspension period will be much shorter than expected.]

In the first place, I hadn't committed a major crime. I didn't meet the deadline for the mission in the Slime Forest, but no real problems occurred.

It was just that, because of how things looked to others, and because I was on bad terms with the Shinhwa Group, the Chairman gave me a suspension as a penalty, which also allowed me to rest. So, if you really think about it, it was more like a vacation than a punishment or disciplinary action.

"Well... I don't mind. I've been resting for too long, and my body was starting to feel stiff. If there's a mission, I'm happy to do it. But is it a mission that specifically requires me?"

[It's not so much that you're specifically needed, but rather that a mission has come in that you specifically need.]

I perked up my ears. There are many missions that need heroes, but not many missions that heroes need.

[Shinhwa Group... or rather, Shinhwa Pharmaceuticals, has made a request. They want it handled discreetly, without being made public.]

"Shinhwa Pharmaceuticals wants me?"

[No, they didn't specify a particular hero. But you don't have any disqualifying factors for the required conditions, and more than anything, you need to improve your relationship with the Shinhwa Group right now.]

Come to think of it, that was true. It was more of a mission that I needed rather than a mission that needed me. I should be grateful that the Chairman thought of me first when he received this request and gave me a call.

"Th-thank you..."

[Haha, it's nothing to be thankful for. But you know, Min-jung.]

I think I know why he's calling me by my real name instead of my hero name, Flos, even though it's hero-related work. It felt like our personal relationship had taken over our professional one.

[...About that trip we talked about last time, when are you planning to go?]

Seriously, he's so honest about his desires.

[Ahem!]

After promising to take a short trip after finishing this mission, I got dressed and headed to the Hero Association.

"I'm just asking out of pure curiosity, but what happened to that illegal drug user?"

The Operator, who now feels like an NPC at the Hero Association. I ran into him by chance while visiting the Hero Association to receive the

request from Shinhwa Pharmaceuticals, and we shared a cup of coffee.

"Since you were the informant, it's understandable that you'd be curious about what happened. By the way, is your friend safe?"

"Huh? Oh, yeah, my friend is fine! Just because we go to the same school doesn't mean we know each other. I heard rumors at school that someone was arrested, but it was someone I didn't know at all."

"I see. Unlike middle school or high school, universities are big, so that's understandable."

The moment our eyes met, he was startled and initially very flustered. Honestly, my legs were shaking. The Operator saw my civilian form when he came to catch Michael.

I had been thinking all along that the Operator, of all people, might realize that Magical Girl Flos and Do Min-jung were the same person. Even though we look completely different, so the average person wouldn't be able to tell, the Operator's ability was none other than the 'Status Window.'

'If my Status Window as Do Min-jung said "Magical Girl Flos"...'

But as I looked closer, it seemed like the Operator didn't know that Do Min-jung was Magical Girl Flos. It was hard to believe he was acting. The reason he was surprised when he first saw me might have just been because it had been a while.

"As you reported, there was an illegal drug user at that school. A black foreign exchange student named Michael from the basketball team... He seemed to be quite a big shot. When we raided his house, we found piles of drugs."

"Wow, wow... That guy was a real scumbag."

"Well, thanks to that, we were able to trace back to the drug dealer's base... But that's another story. Anyway, the black foreign exchange student was

successfully arrested. He admitted to the charges and is just waiting for his punishment."

Hearing about Michael's situation from a distance like this felt strange. I mean, he was a really bad guy, but... Hearing that the person who developed my ass was going to be imprisoned was a truly bizarre feeling.

"The problem was the other members of the basketball team besides Michael. It seems that the entire basketball team, led by the illegal drug user, Michael, was committing sexual crimes... A woman presumed to be a victim was found at the scene, but she quickly ran away, probably out of fear."

"R-ran away~ Hmm, I see. Well, she might have been afraid of retaliation, or maybe she was ashamed of the fact that she was gang-raped by the men...!"

"That's true. I was frustrated that we couldn't catch them all, but I could understand to some extent."

The Operator's expression, which had briefly turned serious while talking about the runaway woman and the sexual crimes, soon brightened again.

"But it doesn't seem like the investigation will be completely blocked. After hearing that Michael was arrested, victims who had been similarly sexually assaulted in the past but had kept their mouths shut for fear of retaliation are starting to come forward one by one."

"Really?"

"If things go well, we might be able to catch all the guys who were there. But the investigation has just begun, so I can't be sure yet."

I had to choose my words carefully the whole time I was listening. It would be a disaster if I made a mistake. After carefully considering, the only words I could say were very limited.

"It's great that you're not only taking care of the original mission of arresting the illegal drug user but also paying attention to the sexual crimes."

"...Uh, um?"

"There are a lot of heroes who don't care about anything that's not their job. In that respect, you seem like a great hero."

It was a compliment I gave without much thought, but the Operator seemed very pleased. I could tell just by the slight smile that appeared on his face.

"...Well, I'm going to go back to work now? See you next time."

"A-ahem! Okay, Flos. Feel free to call me anytime."

Somehow, the Operator's internal sense of closeness to me seemed to have increased significantly, but whatever. I also think of the Operator as a good friend. There's no need to be stingy with compliments.

"Oh, I almost forgot to say this. The tan looks good on you."

...Well then, should I go check out the mission that Shinhwa Pharmaceuticals has entrusted to me?

The moment he reunited with Magical Girl Flos, the Operator felt his heart drop.

Pulling up the Status Window of an ordinary person and peeking without permission is, of course, a violation of the rules and extremely rude. Of course, that also applies to heroes. Perhaps it's even more impolite to use your ability on another hero.

And even more so, the Operator's other ability, the Dark Status Window... 'Ero Status' is nothing short of an absolute taboo. Even the Hero Association, which openly reveals the abilities of heroes, had agreed to hide the Ero Status for the sake of the Operator's reputation.

But right now, he wanted to completely ignore such moral values. The Operator summoned Magical Girl Flos's Status Window, or rather, her 'Ero Status,' as if he had been waiting for it, and clearly imprinted the numbers written there in his eyes.

'Ero Status Open.'

[-Magical Girl Flos-]

[Mouth Development: 27]

[Breast Development: 48]

[Vagina Development: 26]

[Butt Development: 9]

[Number of Sex Acts: 41]

[Number of Pregnancies: 0]

[Number of Masturbations: 123]

[Overall: She is now a slutty bitch who deserves to have the word "whore" attached to her name. Her butt development is even increasing... How long has it been since she discovered sexual pleasure, and she's already opened up her ass. It's amazing she hasn't gotten pregnant yet. Is she even bothering to use contraception, you pseudo-onahole?]

The various numbers had increased dramatically compared to the last time he saw them.

'Oh...'

He had expected it to some extent. It would be a lie if he said he didn't expect it at all. The last time the Operator saw Flos was right after the Invisible Man incident, and he hadn't seen her for a while since then.

The Flos he saw last time was a novice bitch who had just awakened to sexual pleasure. Like a little kid who had just discovered something lewd... No, it was almost certain that she would be even more unable to control her desires, as she had awakened to them later than others.

'But even so, I thought only the number of masturbations would increase dramatically, but the number of sex acts is like this...'

It couldn't be helped. The Operator didn't know, but Flos had experienced two things in the meantime. She had been seeded by slimes day and night in the gate, and she had even been gang-raped like crazy by the basketball team... Dark Swan's sleep training in the middle also contributed to increasing her sensitivity.

Fortunately, the Operator and Dark Swan arrived early, so she was able to get out of the basketball team quickly. If she had stayed in the basketball team for a full month as originally planned, the number of sex acts might have exceeded three digits.

'Sigh.'

The Operator felt complicated. Of course, Flos wasn't his. But that's why the Operator had gone on a trip and gotten a tan, hoping to have Flos.

But now that he thought about it, he wondered if it would have been better to just stay by Flos's side and devour her when she couldn't control her sexual desires, rather than getting a tan or anything else.

As he was sharing the story about the illegal drug user while trying to pretend to be okay with such complicated feelings, a few words that Flos said directly caused a change in her Status Window.

"It's great that you're not only taking care of the original mission of arresting the illegal drug user but also paying attention to the sexual crimes."

"...Uh, um?"

"There are a lot of heroes who don't care about anything that's not their job. In that respect, you seem like a great hero."

[Magical Girl Flos's Affection has increased!]

[A new item has been added to the Ero Status!]

[You can now view the keywords that Magical Girl Flos prefers!]

Since the keywords were being added to the Ero Status, it was clear that they would be lewd. Things like her taste in men, her favorite play, or her preferred position...

It was the first time that additional features of the Ero Status had been unlocked due to an increase in affection, so the Operator couldn't help but be nervous.

[Preferred Keywords: Doggy Style, SM, Tanned Skin.]

Doggy Style, SM... Both were shocking, but the Operator's gaze remained fixed on the last keyword, Tanned Skin, for a long time without moving.

"Oh, I almost forgot to say this."

A few seconds later, Magical Girl Flos looked at the Operator and said with an embarrassed smile.

"You look good with a tan."

It was a single phrase with enough firepower to ignite a spark of hope in the operator's heart.

Chapter 44

Cooperation with an Invisible Man

First, I had to go find the person from Shinhwa Pharmaceuticals who came to meet me. It seemed they had already finished talking with the Association President and were waiting for me, so I hurried my steps.

"You've arrived."

"Uh, uhh?"

However, the moment I opened the door and entered, I couldn't help but be surprised. The employee from Shinhwa Pharmaceuticals who had come to meet me was none other than Shin Tae-gun.

An invisible man, the president of Shinhwa Pharmaceuticals, and the man who took my virginity. When I put it like that, he was a very special person, at least to me. Of course, he probably just thought of me as one of the many, many heroes out there.

'But the president himself?'

I hadn't heard exactly why he had called me. I hadn't even heard that President Shin Tae-gun himself had come. But the fact that the president himself, not just a regular employee, had come meant that it must be a pretty serious matter.

"Glad you're not late."

Association President Hwang Cheol-jin was also sitting across the desk from Shin Tae-gun, as if they had been talking before I arrived. Judging by the fact that both of them had emptied the coffee cups in front of them, they had been here for quite a while.

"Well, I'll leave you two to it. President Shin can explain the company's business better, as the client."

"Ah, thank you. Please take care, sir."

Unexpectedly, Shin Tae-gun was a young man with impeccable manners towards his elders. To think that this was the same person who had groped my chest and put a dick in my mouth while chatting with an old woman on the subway... it was hard to see them as the same person. Is he the type who only becomes forceful when doing something lewd?

'No, he's a little old to be called a young man, isn't he...?'

Still, he wasn't old enough to be called middle-aged, so I decided to just gloss over it. Of course, even so, I knew he was in his early to mid-30s, so he was still much older than me.

"What were you talking about with the Association President?"

"Please, have a seat first."

Despite being a person of high status, he got up before I even sat down and personally made me coffee. I felt like I was sitting on pins and needles. What kind of favor was he planning to ask that he was being so nice?

'I'm uneasy.'

From my perspective, Shin Tae-gun was the president of Shinhwa Pharmaceuticals, a superpowered villain I had caught, and the man who took my first time. He was a special person in many ways, but unlike him, I wasn't that special to Shin Tae-gun.

Shin Tae-gun fucked Do Min-jung, and he only knew Do Min-jung's appearance. He knew almost nothing about the name Flos. To the current Shin Tae-gun, the magical girl Flos was just an unpleasant hero #1 who had bothered him by trying to lock him up in the past.

But to be so nice to such an unpleasant hero, I couldn't help but wonder what his intentions were.

"It's been a while. Do you perhaps remember me?"

"...Yes, well. I did catch you with my own hands, after all."

"I deeply regret what happened then. I caused trouble for Hero Flos. The stress of business... that's just a flimsy excuse. I will never do such a thing again."

I had only poked at him slightly, but words of apology poured out like a waterfall. I wondered if he was really repenting, but when I thought about it, it wasn't really my business whether he had reformed or not, so I decided to move on.

Even though he was being so polite in front of me, it was clear that Shinhwa Pharmaceuticals had looked at me unfavorably for a while because I had caught Shin Tae-gun. I just hoped he wouldn't recognize me. Of course, since my face was completely different, it was almost impossible for him to recognize me.

"I've heard all about it from the Association President. What kind of activities Hero Flos has been doing, and how well you can do in the mission I'm about to ask you for."

"Let's hear what that mission is first. And you don't have to call me Hero so grandly."

At first, I was flustered by the sudden reunion with the invisible man who took my virginity, but since he was treating me in a completely businesslike manner, I could deal with him without any pressure.

"Then let's get straight to the point. I believe you've heard about the recent news regarding illegal drug users. I heard the Operator told you."

"Did the Association President tell you? Yes, I have."

"The distributor of those drugs is a former employee of Shinhwa Pharmaceuticals. That employee... no, that bastard, took various dangerous

drugs from our company and ran off with them, then became a drug dealer. That's the simple explanation."

There was a slight hint of emotion in the last sentence. Even if he didn't show it, it was clear that Shin Tae-gun, the president of Shinhwa Pharmaceuticals, was very angry with that employee.

"If I ask why Shinhwa Pharmaceuticals was making such things in the first place... I guess that wouldn't be okay?"

"Haha, it's not that simple. The drugs that employee ran off with are the basis for various dangerous drugs. To give you an example with food, it's like taking wheat and using it to make all sorts of different foods like bread, noodles, sujebi, dumplings, and so on."

"That's... dangerous."

"Regardless of his personality, he was definitely a capable employee. That's why it's even more dangerous."

Shin Tae-gun paused for a moment, then opened his mouth in a heavy atmosphere.

"In the world, he calls himself... the 'Viagra King'."

"...Excuse me?"

Wait, did I hear that wrong? No matter how I thought about it, that wasn't a word that should come out in this heavy atmosphere.

"Not 'Drug King', but 'Viagra King'?"

"Yes. When you think about it, he's not selling narcotics. He's selling high-risk body modification drugs... and mainly love drugs to sex offenders or upper-class people who enjoy a promiscuous sex life."

"Ha,ahaha... Even so, 'Viagra King' is so blatant..."

How does he make them? I want to know. I wouldn't buy love drugs from him for money since I'm a hero, but if there was a recipe, I'd like to take a peek.

'Drug sex, it must feel good...'

I remembered how good it felt when I was soaked in the slime's love drug, feeling my body's sensitivity changing in real time. Even though the slime's love drug barely worked on me, it was that good. Now that my body's sensitivity has been developed even more than then, if I were hit by an incomparably powerful love drug...

"Hero Flos?"

"Yes, yeheh?"

"You have drool on your mouth..."

"Oh, oh my. I'm sorry."

Slurp, I quickly wiped the drool from my mouth and returned to my senses.

"So... what I'm asking you to do is to sneak into that guy's hideout and secretly subdue the 'Viagra King'. If that's not possible, at least get a sample of the drugs the Viagra King made."

"What? Hideout? You've identified the hideout?"

"That's the problem. That's why we decided we absolutely had to recruit Hero Flos."

Shin Tae-gun said with a serious expression.

"As far as we know, the Viagra King's hideout is located underground, halfway between the subway lines and the surface."

"The subway...?"

"Yes. If the hideout is destroyed or a major collision occurs, the citizens on the subway could be greatly harmed. So, we naturally excluded firepower-type heroes. Someone who can exert their power appropriately in the right situation and subdue the enemy properly, but doesn't indiscriminately destroy things..."

So, Shin Tae-gun set these conditions and the Association President recommended me. Compared to guys who breathe fire or explode things, I'm definitely better at controlling my power...

"Still, infiltration missions are a bit..."

"Excuse me?"

"I don't have any stealth abilities, and as you know, when I transform into a magical girl, I'm actually incredibly conspicuous. I appreciate the Association President recommending me, but I don't think this is a mission for me."

Logically, it was an absurd mission. Transform into a magical girl and sneak into that Viagra King's hideout? Unless the Viagra King was an idiot, he would immediately respond just by looking at my hair color.

"...Ah, you don't have to worry about that."

"Yes?"

"All Hero Flos has to do is quietly but surely subdue the Viagra King. We can provide the stealth."

"So, how..."

"It's faster to show you than to tell you."

In response to my question, Shin Tae-gun grabbed a coffee cup and made it transparent. The coffee cup that had been on the desk just a moment ago disappeared as if by magic.

"Sniff, sniff..."

Of course, I could still tell the coffee cup was there because of the coffee smell and the faint smell of Shin Tae-gun's saliva. He had just made it invisible. But even this alone was a power that could be said to be the best for stealth or infiltration missions.

'Come to think of it, this invisible bastard made my clothes transparent too.'

I knew he could make not only himself but also other objects transparent. Of course, this was information that magical girl Flos shouldn't know, not Do Min-jung, so I had to pretend to be surprised.

"I, I can't believe it~ I heard you were an invisible man, but I didn't know you could make other objects transparent too~?!"

"Something about the reaction..."

"Ahaha...?"

"Ah, no. It's as you said. Not only can I make objects transparent, but I can also make people transparent."

It was the first time I had heard that an invisible man could make other people invisible, and it was quite tempting. Come to think of it, if he could do it to his own body and objects, there was no reason why he couldn't do it to other people's bodies.

"So... I can just put on the invisibility that President Shin gives me and sneak in?"

"That's right. Of course, there's a limit to the duration, so you'll have to deal with it quickly and get out, but I think Hero Flos will be able to do it."

I agreed with that. If I had a reliable means of stealth like invisibility, it wouldn't be difficult to sneak into the Viagra King's hideout. If it came down to a physical fight, there was almost zero chance that the Viagra King could beat me, so the mission success was as good as confirmed.

"Then can you put it on me now?"

"Yes?"

"Why are you so surprised? I'm just asking you to put on the invisibility once as a test."

Shin Tae-gun had a somewhat embarrassed expression when I asked him directly. Was this such an unreasonable request?

I had no other intentions at all. It was a practical decision based on the judgment that I needed to get used to the feeling of being invisible before going into action. Since Shin Tae-gun used to be a villain, it seemed necessary to test it a few times in a safe place like the Hero Association.

"Well, that's not..."

"Can't you use it right now? Is there a usage limit or something?"

"No. It's not that. It's just..."

Shin Tae-gun mumbled, slightly covering his reddened face with one hand.

"...Making others invisible requires you to take off all your clothes."

"Oh, clothes? So..."

"You have to take them all off. To become invisible."

"Didn't you become invisible while wearing clothes...?"

Why is it that he can become invisible while wearing clothes, but when he makes other people invisible, such restrictions are necessary?

"What can I do about my ability being like that? It's not like I'm trying to see the Hero's bare skin..."

"...Hmm."

"I understand that you're suspicious because of my past, but that's really not the case."

"Really? I'll believe you for now, but..."

I trailed off and fell into thought.

'What should I do?'

Shin Tae-gun probably thought that I would back down and retreat here. There aren't many women who would show their bare skin to a strange man they've just met without any preparation. He must have been thinking of disbanding for now and meeting again later to test it properly.

But I, magical girl Flos, wasn't that easy.

"...Okay. Let's do it right now."

"Yes?"

"If I'm naked, do you just have to touch me?"

"Well, that's true, but... really here? There must be a lot of your colleagues around?"

That's what's good about it, he doesn't know anything. How can I pass up the opportunity to become invisible and do outdoor exposure at work?

"I'm okay with it. If I'm invisible, you can't see me, right?"

"Well, that's true, but. Really?"

"You committed indecent acts while you were invisible..."

"..... Understood. Please go into that restroom, take off all your clothes, and then hold out your hand. Transparency is possible with just a fingertip's touch."

As he instructed, I went into the restroom, gleefully stripping off my clothes, but then suddenly felt awkward and muttered to myself.

'Mr. Invisible, I'm sorry. But in a way, you might have created this monster...'

Of course, I was the one who sought him out first, intending to take advantage of the Invisible Man, but that didn't really matter anymore.

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Outdoor Exposure at the Hero Association (1)

"So, I just need to hold out my hand like this, right?"

"Yes, that's right. But are you sure it's okay to turn invisible here...?"

I and Invisible Man, or rather, Shin Tae-gun, were talking through the slightly open door, just enough to stick our hands out. This was an opportunity to test Shin Tae-gun's superpower, 'Invisibility.'

"Don't worry. Do you think I'd do something weird?"

"It's not that, but..."

"You don't think I'd turn invisible and do something perverted, like a molester or something..."

"...Sorry. I'll turn you invisible right away."

I chuckled and took his hand. I didn't know if he had genuinely reformed or was just pretending to repent in front of me, but since I was the one who caught him, it was fun to tease him.

"Okay, done."

"It's done?"

"Yes. I can't see you."

Shin Tae-gun said he had finished turning me invisible, but I couldn't tell what had changed. My hands, feet, and entire body were still clearly visible.

"You're not playing a trick on me, are you?"

"Huh?"

"You didn't turn me invisible, but you're lying to embarrass me... If you're angry because I teased you earlier, I'll apologize now. Please turn me invisible properly."

"Of course not! The invisibility is definitely applied correctly. People who are invisible can still see their own bodies, so if you're misunderstanding because of that..."

Listening to him, he didn't sound like he was lying. Just in case, I looked for a mirror in the room, and only after realizing that my reflection wasn't visible could I awkwardly apologize to Shin Tae-gun.

"...Sorry."

"Ahem, it's okay. I've never turned anyone else invisible before, so I was worried that something was wrong. I'm glad it worked out."

"So, you really can't see me? Look here. How many fingers am I holding up?"

"I told you, I can't see you."

I verified it again and again. I also asked Shin Tae-gun to make my phone invisible, and it was still visible to me but not reflected in the mirror at all. It seemed that invisible people could see not only their own bodies but also the objects they made invisible.

Only then could I cautiously step outside. Shin Tae-gun was looking in my direction, but he must have thought I was still in the room because he was looking over my shoulder.

"Ooh..."

"Did you come out?"

"Yes, I'm behind the boss now."

"Ahem, ahem."

Even though he couldn't see me, I wasn't wearing a single thread of clothing. My nipples were visible, and if I spread my legs, the split in my crotch would be clearly revealed. Only I could see this lewd situation.

Meanwhile, Shin Tae-gun kept crossing his legs whenever I spoke to him, trying to act nonchalant. He was probably trying to hide his erection. Even if he didn't want to think about it, the image of me naked in this room with him was probably constantly being drawn in his mind.

"You can still feel it when I touch you, right? You just can't see it. So, if I tap your back with my finger like this?"

"I, I can feel it. You can't see it, but it doesn't disappear."

"Hmm, that's amazing. I wonder what the principle is. How can only I see it?"

"Well, I, I don't know... If you've experienced it enough, shouldn't you go back to your original form soon?"

I flatly refused.

"I don't want to."

"Huh?"

"I need to get more used to it. Walking around, running... I don't think this room is enough."

"W-wait a minute. Don't tell me..."

I opened the door to the hallway wide and replied.

"Are you going to stay here the whole time? I'll be right back!"

"Are you serious? But the time..."

I closed the door at that moment, so I didn't hear the next sentence. But Shin Tae-gun didn't even finish the words he couldn't convey to me while opening the door. It must not have been important.

'Or maybe, is it because I told him not to leave the room?'

If he was really staying still and waiting because of my words, how weak was he? I wondered how he could run a company like that.

That wasn't all. The last time I saw Invisible Man, Shin Tae-gun, was in that subway bathroom, so I still remembered the sadistic side he had shown. Calling me a bitch and making me bark like a dog, slapping my butt and thrusting deep inside.

In a way, he was the first man to strengthen my masochistic tendencies. But the Invisible Man of that time and the Shin Tae-gun of now were so different. It felt like a different person. Had he really repented and decided to become a new person?

'Can human nature change that easily?'

Probably not. When I think about it, Invisible Man was originally a very timid villain. It might be a characteristic of the invisibility superpower itself, but before he met me, he was just working as a subway molester as a deviation, and he didn't even raise his voice in front of the women he targeted, let alone his dick.

He was so careful and cautious when using invisibility in the massive crowd, so I couldn't expect him to perform with the same burning lust now that he wasn't using invisibility. On the other hand, I was a little disappointed. I wondered if he wouldn't show it to me one more time after so long.

'Shin Tae-gun is quite fun to tease.'

But one thing was clear. Even the cautious Shin Tae-gun couldn't hide his voice in his invisible state because he was so impressed by my body. And

before, he had only touched me slightly while invisible, but because of me, he had even attempted rape in his invisible state.

A body that makes men unable to resist. I, who had inadvertently become a woman and gained a sinful body, enjoyed the freedom from the eyes of others for the first time in a long time.

'That's it, yeah, that's it...'

Walking down the hallway where many people came and went, I enjoyed the sense of liberation I felt for the first time in a long time. That's because, after gaining the power of a magical girl and becoming a hero, I had rarely felt this kind of freedom.

'If I walk around in my magical girl form, of course, everyone will stare, and even if I walk around in my normal form, people only look at my chest and butt...'

The thing I felt most strongly after becoming a woman was the gaze. At first, I was so nervous that I thought it was paranoia and considered taking medicine, but after a few days, I realized it wasn't paranoia. It was true that everyone who passed by was looking at me.

Not only men but also women looked. How should I put it, it wasn't like I was being seen as an object of lust, but just like an animal in a zoo. It felt like the sentence 'How can there be such a body in the world?' was being conveyed through their eyes.

It took quite a while to get used to it. Fortunately, I've recovered enough to go to university without any major problems these days. Although I recently took a leave of absence.

When it was at its worst, I couldn't even take a step outside and had to live a semi-forced shut-in life, but now it was nothing. Rather, I was realizing the proper use of my body and gradually becoming more and more happy.

'It's the same now.'

I was wandering around the hallway of the Hero Association naked, without a single piece of cloth on, but no one was looking at me. No one was even interested. I was shaking my breasts wildly and swaying my exposed butt as I walked, but no men turned around or hesitated.

'I wonder if there's anything more fun?'

I tried playing alone, such as avoiding people in the busiest hallway without barely bumping into them, or taking suggestive poses, but... as time went on, it started to get boring.

At first, I was excited because of the thrill of being caught and the sense of depravity that I, a hero, was walking around naked in the Hero Association, but most of the people passing through the hallway were just ordinary employees of the Hero Association, and there were hardly any people I was close to.

Tap!

Wondering if there were any heroes I knew, I went down to the cafeteria on the first floor and saw an operator sitting alone at a table, looking at his phone even though he had finished eating. Eating alone was something I did often, so I didn't care, but I was curious about what he was looking at, so I peeked.

'I know it's rude, but I should do things like this while I'm invisible.'

To be honest, it would be a lie if I said I didn't expect it at least a little. It was certainly true that the operator was just my friend—since we're friends, I can play pranks like this!—but he had become a little, how should I put it... more manly after tanning, so I suspected that he might have a girlfriend.

But even though he was my friend, I didn't think we were close enough to ask him directly, so when I saw a KakaoTalk conversation window open on his phone, my eyes widened.

'.....Ah.'

Of course, I quickly lost interest when I realized it was just work-related communication.

"Haa..."

He even seemed to be suffering from postprandial sleepiness, as he closed his eyes and started dozing off in his seat. Even though it was a cafeteria, it was essentially a convenience facility for heroes, so it was no problem to take a nap... It was strange to see the operator, who always seemed so thorough, sleeping so peacefully.

Vibrate—!

But then, his phone vibrated, as if he had received another message. But it was just one vibration, so it quickly became quiet, and the operator, who was already asleep, didn't check the message.

"!"

And at that moment, I had a very good idea. Of course, in a lewd way.

First, I took out my invisible phone and called the operator. I turned the volume down to the minimum and kept it far away from the operator, so the ringing tone from my phone couldn't be heard at all.

However, the vibration sound from the operator's phone on the corner of the table could be heard clearly. The vibration sound resonated powerfully as it touched the table and resonated.

But the operator didn't wake up easily, as if he was already in a deep sleep, so I spread my legs and carefully brought my smooth, bare pussy to the corner of the table, slightly lifting my heels.

Of course, I wasn't rubbing it against the corner. I was just gently placing my pussy on top of the operator's vibrating phone.

"Hngh. ♡"

I couldn't help but moan at the unexpectedly intense vibration. I was so surprised that I held my breath and looked at the operator, but he was still sleeping soundly, oblivious to the world.

'What am I suddenly doing...?'

It was something I had done so impulsively that I didn't immediately understand why I was doing it. Using a friend's phone as a vibrator in front of a sleeping friend was crazy, no matter how I thought about it.

'If this gets found out... I can never stay friends...♡'

It's not like it doesn't matter just because I'm invisible. My pussy juice will be left on the phone, and if I can't hold back and cum, I'll wake up the operator with a grand water shower. Even though I know that, even though I know what will happen if I get caught.

Vroom...! Vroom...!

"Hngh, hngh...♡"

Even though I know that I'll be hated as a crazy slut by a perfectly normal person like the operator if I get caught. Even though I know that my friendship will be broken and I might become his slave.

..... I, who was addicted to the vibration of the operator's phone, couldn't stop calling the operator until I came once.

'I'm crazy ..♡'

I spread my legs, put my pussy on the operator's vibrating phone, and kept looking at the operator's sleeping face while touching my nipples and masturbating.

That's why I couldn't help but be surprised when the operator opened his sleepy eyes.

"H-huh?!"

"Haa... What, a phone call?"

As soon as I hurriedly took my pussy off the operator's phone, my head turned ice cold. But my head and body were completely separate. My pussy, which was still not cumming and was still hot, didn't know what to do and dripped with fluids.

On the other hand, the operator seemed to be as surprised as I

was. " Flos?! E-eight missed calls?!"

Come to think of it, that was true. To the operator waking up, it would look like I had spammed her with missed calls like a madman while she was sleeping. Lost in my masturbatory trance, I hadn't even considered the missed call issue, as I immediately redialed every time the call dropped to continue the vibration.

"Oh, what do I do? Could this be...?"

The operator, clutching her damp phone, frowned as if disgusted. But she didn't take it seriously, casually wiping it once with a napkin, then brought the phone, which would still smell of my pussy juices, to her ear.

And, as if it were only natural, she answered my

call. "I answered. What on earth is going on,

Floss?"

I stood there, holding my transparent phone, and turned into a hard stone on the spot.