

1 - Magical Girl Floss

[Target is 1km ahead. Focus on the container at the end of the pier.]

"Roger."

[The location is confirmed, but there are likely many containers there, so you'll have to open them yourself. You might encounter some of the organization's members in the process.]

"You worry too much, Operator."

I replied casually to the man's voice coming through my earpiece.

The moon is bright, so the night isn't too dark. I'm running along the quiet coast. The weather is good, the night sea is strikingly beautiful, and the enemies are just small-time thugs. This is nothing more than a leisurely stroll.

[...Well, yeah, Flos. For you, this kind of thing is a piece of cake.]

The man was right. As an 'Operator' who supports hero activities from behind, he was just being cautious, but as a partner who often works with me, he knew my strength better than anyone.

"Y-You are...!"

"You're a hero! I've seen you, definitely, you're Magical Girl..."

"Shut up."

Crack!

As he predicted, I quickly knocked down the organization members I encountered along the way. I have no personal grudges. It was just their bad luck that they were on night duty today.

I ran across the asphalt at a speed that could scratch it, subduing every thug I saw. These guys are nothing compared to villains with superpowers or scary monsters. This isn't even a warm-up.

"Is this it?"

I soon arrived at the pier. The pier was full of containers of various colors: red, blue... Finding a single container here seems impossible.

But there's no problem.

First, I went around to the very end. Exactly to the point the Operator indicated. This narrows down the candidates considerably, but there's a limit to how much you can narrow down the predicted location.

Sure enough, when I arrived, there were 10 containers at the predicted location. I have to pick just one out of these candidates. The other nine will be ordinary cargo.

"Haa..."

To identify the container with 'it' inside, I took a deep breath through my nose.

I exclude the dark night sea that fills my vision, and I exclude the sound of the crashing waves that pierces my ears. If I forget the salty taste of the sea breeze and the feel of the ground I'm stepping on, all that's left is my sense of smell.

What comes into my nose is the clear scent of seawater. In addition to that, there's an indescribably diverse mix of smells from inside the container ship, where all sorts of things in the world are gathered.

But I'm not distracted by that. I find only one smell among the many smells that I'm looking for.

...A pungent, dusty smell of gunpowder.

"Found it."

My eyes sparkled as I leaped up to the red container stacked on top. I only lightly kicked off the ground, but I flew more than 10 meters above the ground.

[You found it by smell? That didn't take long.]

"Why are you so surprised? It's not like we've only worked together once or twice."

[True, but... a physical-type Magical Girl, it's always amazing to see.]

"...Shut up. Call me Flos."

It's an undeniable fact that my hero name is 'Magical Girl' Flos, but it made me feel strangely bad. I'm okay with the 'Magical' part, but I can't accept being called a 'Girl' anymore.

But I didn't have the gift of gab to make jokes like that, so I focused on my work again.

Crack!

I grabbed one side of the container, which was made entirely of steel, and tore it off, looking inside. Sure enough, inside the container, as expected, was a pile of explosives covered with white cloth.

[Enough to easily destroy a small city. How could they embezzle something like this?]

"Tell them to manage things more thoroughly."

[I will.]

This explosive was originally secured by the government to eliminate monsters from the Gate.

The culprit in this case is a government official and the head of a low-quality organization, who secretly tried to steal the explosives and sell them elsewhere. If this inside story is revealed, the government will be in trouble.

I was a freelance hero secretly dispatched at the request of the government to recover the explosives. The Operator was a government-affiliated hero who was in charge of supporting me from behind during this operation.

Anyway, if I take this back, my annoying mission here is over.

[Wait, Flos. Someone is approaching your location.]

"Who else? I took care of everyone I saw on the way here."

[Not from the land. From the sea. It seems they noticed the attack and the main character is coming.]

"Perfect timing."

Before the Operator could finish speaking, I jumped out of the container. My superhuman vision spotted an object far away.

A ship cutting through the calm night sea. And eyes beyond the telescope looking this way. I could clearly see the eyes filled with anxiety and fear.

Bang-!

I dashed out like a bullet, closing the distance in an instant. Without slowing down or braking, I crashed straight into the ship.

It should have been an impact that would have broken bones, caused blood to spurt, and caused more damage than an ordinary traffic accident, but the body of the Magical Girl, who had reached the realm of a superhuman, was fine. Even I was amazed at my physical specs.

"What is this monster...!"

The boss of the organization stared at me with wide eyes, seeing that I was unharmed. Still, as a big shot who made the bold decision to embezzle government explosives, his judgment was quite quick.

"D-Die!"

He took out a pistol from his pocket and fired several shots at me right in front of him. But before deciding to attack immediately, he should have thought about whether a human who was unharmed after crashing into a ship would be hurt by a gun.

"It's useless."

"What is this...!"

Bang! Bang!

He kept pulling the trigger, and the muzzle flashed, but it only ended with some of my clothes being torn.

The boss of the organization thought that the bullets were blocked by something, so he aimed at the places where the bare skin was exposed because the clothes were torn, but of course, it was useless. It wasn't the clothes that didn't allow the bullets to penetrate, it was my body.

Then he quickly changed his attitude.

"I... I know who you are. A-Class Hero, Magical Girl Flos, right?"

""

"Yeah, I've heard of you. Your rank is A-Class, but they say you're actually the strongest hero?! If you join my side, no, if you just spare me, I'll definitely reward you handsomely!"

...Maybe it's because he's a former government official, but he has a good eye for people.

But he probably knows that I won't listen to this offer either.

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"If I was chasing money, I wouldn't have become a hero in the first place."

Whack!

I lightly hit him to knock him out, dragged his limp body back to the pier, and secured the container with the explosives.

[Good work, Flos. We'll reward you handsomely for this.]

"It's okay. I just told you, I'm not doing the hero work for rewards."

[I'm glad I opposed the idea of letting the internal heroes handle it and insisted on hiring you. I didn't know it would end so cleanly. I'll treat you to a meal later...]

"No."

The Operator replied in a slightly sulky voice.

[Heroes have gatherings often, why don't you ever come?]

"There's no reason for me to go. It's too much of a burden."

[Is it because your appearance is different when you're transformed and when you're not? If you don't want your usual appearance to be seen by other heroes, you can transform and come.]

When I didn't answer for a while, the Operator added briefly.

[Well, if you don't want to, there's nothing I can do. Anyway, good work today. I'll contact you again.]

Buzz-

The communication was cut off with noise. I sighed as I waited for the government officials to come and take the container.

"Haa..."

It was a sigh of unfairness.

"It's good that I became a hero, but why did it have to be a Magical Girl?"

There was a reason why I didn't meet heroes. Beyond that, there was a reason why I didn't make friends.

It's not just because I have a separate life, or because I'm burdened by the public's attention or being targeted by villains if I reveal it - it's a different reason than the heroes who hide for those reasons.

'It would be a problem if it was revealed that I used to be a man...'

Whether they are heroes or villains, they acquire superpowers with awakening at some unexpected moment in their lives. It's rare, but there are cases where side effects occur in the process.

I was one of those cases. I gained powerful strength by awakening as a superhuman, but I was followed by the shocking penalty of my dick disappearing.

'My dick...'

After finishing work and returning to the house where I lived with my family, I became aware of my empty crotch and closed my legs.

It was an incident that happened just half a year ago, in the summer of my senior year of high school. My family and I, as well as the government officials who rushed to hear the news of my awakening due to the unprecedented side effects, were all embarrassed.

In the unprecedented situation, the coping method chosen by the government and I was extremely simple. Live a new life and distance myself from the relationships I had when I was a man - except for my family. There was no other way.

Even if it's a side effect of awakening, I don't know how a person who has become a woman from a man will be accepted in this society. At least, it didn't seem like it would be all good.

Moreover, I wanted to become a hero. If I become famous later, I don't know what kind of finger-pointing I'll be subjected to if it's revealed that I used to be a man. I was afraid of that.

'I had no choice.'

The government also recommended that I be reborn as 'Do Minjeong' after identity laundering.

However, the reason was slightly different from mine.

It may sound a little cruel, but they said it was to maintain society's expectations for awakening.

It's a world where everyone is waiting to awaken and gain superpowers. Whether they become heroes or villains, people admire superhumans who have gone beyond the realm of humans.

And the government wanted those superhumans to become heroes and fight the monsters in the Gates that began to appear all over the world. Monsters were scarier than villains.

But what if rumors spread that TS is a side effect of awakening? Even people who wanted to awaken may avoid it, and in severe cases, a social atmosphere that despises and avoids awakening and superpowers may form.

I was in a position that I didn't think it would go that far, but their thoughts didn't change.

'What if I say something wrong and it's revealed that I was a man? What if I meet the Operator and he's someone I knew when I was a man?'

Unless I confess my past, he will treat me as the female hero 'Magical Girl Flos' without any problems, but that's not the point. I'll be uncomfortable.

So, if there's even a slight possibility, I want to avoid it. I don't have to meet him in the first place.

'We can just do our jobs well. What do we have to do by meeting? The Operator is a man, and he knows I'm a woman, so isn't he thinking of trying something?'

I realized once again that I was in the position of a woman being flirted with by a man, and I felt a sense of self-loathing.

"Ugh..."

One of the reasons why I moved far away after cutting off my relationships from when I was a man was this. What if a friend who was close to me when I was a man suddenly saw me as a woman and confessed his romantic feelings?

Ew.

I really couldn't stand that.

It's not unfounded confidence. It's a pretty face, even if I say so myself. Just this week alone, I've received three emails recommending me to appear in a commercial.

On the first day I became a woman, I admired myself in the mirror, saying that my ideal type, which would never exist again, was a neat black bob, a small head, a sharp nose, and deer-like eyes.

'At least make it so that I only become a woman when I transform. I'm a woman all the time, even when I'm not transformed.'

Not only that. When I transform into a Magical Girl, my black bob turns into pink twin tails, my black eyes also turn pink, and no matter what clothes I'm wearing, I'm changed into a costume unique to Magical Girls that seems to come straight out of an animation.

It hasn't been long since I debuted, but I have a fandom. Unlike the overwhelming power that comes from my abilities, my body itself has quite feminine lines, and it seems that many fans are attracted to that aspect.

Well, I'm always grateful for fans, even if most of them are guys, which is a bit of a shame. I keep an eye on their reactions, too.

...Right, reactions. The fans' reactions. More precisely, the internet's reactions.

Once you get a taste of this, it's surprisingly hard to resist.

"Okay, then, let's start today..."

Click.

[Female Hero Gallery]

Shall we begin? The 'ego-surfing'.

[Search: Flos]

Searching with the hero name "Flos" doesn't yield many posts. But if I swallow my pride and search for "Magical Girl," the search results are considerable.

Recently, there haven't been many posts, probably because I've been on classified missions and haven't had much publicly known activity. I knew this would happen, so I wasn't expecting much...

"Huh?"

There was a post with my name on it in the 'Fan Art' tab, where hero fan art is mainly uploaded.

And it's a popular post.

"...A popular post?"

I couldn't believe it. To get a popular post with fan art in the Female Hero Gallery, you usually have to draw a famous S-class hero and get overwhelming upvotes.

But I'm not that famous... which means that users were just so impressed with the incredibly high quality of the fan art that they couldn't help but smash the upvote button.

There might be more fans flowing in with this high-quality fan art, so I happily moved the mouse.

I wonder how elaborate the drawing will be. With a heart as fluttery as opening a gift box on Christmas...

Click.

I clicked on the post.

【Magical Girl Defeated as a Woman by a Blond Hunk and Turning into a Bitch... [72]】

...Without even reading the title properly.

2 - Awareness of Taste

Ego-surfing refers to the act of public figures or celebrities repeatedly checking the internet to see what their reputation is.

The method is simple. Search for your name or keywords related to you. This satisfies their desire for attention or confirms public opinion, or in simpler terms, 'public sentiment.'

At first, I questioned whether it was even necessary. But after searching a few times before bed after work, I gradually got hooked, and now it's become a routine to end the day.

Even so, I don't frequent or participate in online communities often. I just search for my name. Since I haven't revealed my real name at all, all I have to do is find posts related to 'Magical Girl Flos.'

'After checking the Female Hero Gallery, I should patrol the Magical Girl Flos Minor Gallery too.'

After all, the place where my name comes up the most is the Female Hero Gallery, or 'Yeohi Gallery' for short. The Magical Girl Flos Minor Gallery was my fan gallery, but it didn't have that many people.

The community with the largest population after 'Hero Land,' a community that discusses heroes in general, was the 'Yeohi Gallery,' which was created to specifically mention female heroes.

'And my fan art is listed as a popular post in that Yeohi Gallery!'

As an emerging hero, not an S-class hero boasting celebrity-like popularity, it was a pretty good opportunity.

"...Ugh, ugh?!"

What I expected was fan art depicting my battle scenes with atmospheric backgrounds and cool compositions. But when I clicked on the post, what suddenly popped up was a lewd drawing covered in flesh tones.

【Magical Girl Loses to a Blond Hunk as a Woman and Becomes a Bitch...
[72]】

Only then did I check the title of the fan art post. Seeing that title, I could understand why the me in the picture was squatting in her underwear, sticking her tongue out and panting submissively.

"You, you crazy perverted bastard...!"

This was obviously a nude picture. A flushed face, eyes that seemed to be possessed by something, and a huge shadow cast over the face.

I knew very well what this shadow meant because I used to have it on my body when I was a man.

Furthermore, the me in the picture... the me who lost as a woman, had thrown away the clothes I usually wear and was wearing a dog headband that I had never worn during hero activities, while a man was stroking my head.

However, the man's face could not be seen. The picture itself was drawn as if looking down at me, who was fawning like a bitch from a first-person perspective.

'Report... report it immediately!'

I quickly scrolled down with the mouse to press the report button. But logically, there was something strange. It's been several hours since this post was uploaded.

Right, when I think about it, Yeohi Gallery doesn't allow free uploads of nude pictures. Whether a report is received or not, the administrator who monitors the nude pictures will delete them directly.

But the fact that the post hasn't been deleted yet...

'Does that mean it's not judged as a nude picture?'

Looking closely again, it was true. A suggestive expression, a lewd pose, and even the shadow of a man's genitals on the face, but there was no direct exposure of the genitals.

It's not like breasts or nipples are visible, and the man's thing doesn't appear vividly. Should this be called an erotic picture rather than a nude picture?

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...What's certain is that this won't be subject to sanctions.

"Hoo..."

I calmed my surprised heart and carefully examined the picture.

Well, the art style itself was good enough to be on a popular post. Even I, who was a man until half a year ago, thought the art style was top-notch. I even suspected that it was a professional artist.

On top of that, it's natural that a lot of upvotes would pour in since it's combined with something lewd. More than 90% of the female hero user base is male. A high-quality erotic picture of a female hero is bound to go to a popular post.

'Okay, let's think positively. I've seen erotic pictures of other female heroes before.'

This wasn't that bad. The fact that it hasn't been deleted and continues to remain is proof of that. You can't even upload anything with a high level of explicitness here.

In a way, this is also a kind of promotion... No, no matter what, it's not good for my image to be distorted like this. The thought that someone might use my picture as fap material made me feel terrible.

Still, as a fellow man, I can understand it to some extent... and decisively, it wasn't that big of a blow because the nude picture wasn't a photo or a realistic drawing, but a moe-style drawing in the style of Japanese manga.

'I should just let it go.'

Thinking that, I scrolled down and looked at the comment section.

"...Huh?"

Something felt strange.

[To the Back Alley]

[It's so delicious to death...!]

[C'mon over here, you son of a b*tch lol]

[This is why I do Yeohi Gallery]

[Hmm... Back alley pass]

[Can you tell me your Twitter address? Or even a Pensive address]

The word 'back alley' appeared repeatedly in some of the comments.

'Wh-what are they going to do after taking me to the back alley. It's really unpleasant...'

At first, I thought it was just a normal sexual harassment comment, but as I looked at it, something was strange. What should I say? It felt like their own jargon that I couldn't understand.

It seemed that I didn't know many words because I had only searched for my name rather than enjoying Yeohi Gallery. This must be a culture unique to this community, but what is 'back alley'?

As I was about to search for back alley on the spot because I couldn't stand my curiosity, I saw a new comment posted.

[(Writer) I'm not originally a person who does Yeohi Gallery, I just uploaded fan art, so what is back alley?]

[- Ah... you don't know?]

[- Come back when you see it.]

[- Stop bullsh*tting and just tell me; anyway, exclusion of newcomers]

[No, no, you'll know if you just look at it. Check the link below. Let me know when you've checked it, and I'll delete the comment.

It seems that the person who drew this fan art is also unfamiliar with the culture of Yeohi Gallery like me. I was lucky. Because I saw the scene where this comment was posted in real time, I was able to secure the link.

By the way, as soon as they told me, they deleted the comment right away, so what's hidden...?

My question was resolved as soon as the site linked to the clicked link appeared on the screen.

"...Yeohi Gallery Back Alley?"

It was written in large letters on the banner. The name of this site is 'Yeohi Gallery Back Alley.' It seems that the people who mentioned the back alley in my fan art comments were talking about this place.

By the way, 'Yeohi Gallery Back Alley' had a UI design that was similar to yet different from 'Yeohi Gallery' overall.

A darker and more eerie atmosphere than Yeohi Gallery. But instead of a community, it was a kind of data storage with bulletin board classifications divided into novels, comics, photos, videos, sounds, etc.

What was most embarrassing was that everything was password-protected so that it was difficult to enter.

An atmosphere that felt like you shouldn't dig into it easily. A feeling of chasing a secret that is hidden tightly. I was seized by a strange enthusiasm that I didn't need to take out.

'Found it!'

It wasn't easy, but I finally found out the password by using the comment search function in Yeohi Gallery. This was thanks to the fact that traces of users asking and answering the password for 'Back Alley' were rarely left.

Click.

After entering the password like that, the moment I was able to see the data in the back alley of Yeohi Gallery in earnest.

I was shocked.

"You crazy bastards...!"

This site, what was stored in the back alley of Yeohi Gallery, was all pornography. And it was pornography directly related to female heroes.

In the novel or comic tabs, stories were drawn of proud female heroes being attacked, corrupted, or humiliated by villains, monsters, or ordinary people.

In the photo tab, embarrassing photos of female heroes in everyday life or during battle were taken at the right timing and shared, and in the sound tab, voice data was used to make female heroes utter embarrassing lines that they would never have said.

In the video tab, videos that had ordinary porn with the faces of female heroes synthesized using deepfake technology were floating around without any problems.

'I wondered why they hid it so thoroughly...!'

Only then could I understand the suspiciously severe security. If a real female hero found out about this kind of site, they would have desperately hidden it because they could be sued as a group.

I'm the same man, so I was going to think that it can't be helped if they fap to my erotic fan art, but no matter what, this is a bit too much. It's gone way over the line.

Just looking at the home screen, the female heroes I respect and support were being violated to their heart's content.

[Novel) S-Class Hero Black Queen and No-Condom Cum-in-P*ssy Breeding Press Gang Rape Sex]

[Photo) B-Class Hero Bear Girl... Panties (Slightly Wet) Exposed During Villain Extermination]

[Sound) I got it with real difficulty... A-Class Hero Cold Beam's Support Voice Becoming a Mommy]

[Comic) C-Class Rookie Dark Swan Sleep Ability Female Senior Boobim F*ck]

"Heuaa...♡"

The sweet breath that leaked from my mouth must have contained the attribute of anger.

Even though I'm the same man as the guys who uploaded this, I don't even have a d*ck left to get hard. Moreover, there's no way I'd get excited about these kinds of erotic creations that ruin my colleagues.

If even I, 'Flos,' were violated like this, I would never forgive them.

'...But why are my nipples hard?'

Tap, tap, tap...

I typed my name into the search bar by tapping on the keyboard. There's no other reason. How much these guys have released their s*xual desire on me... I don't want to know that kind of thing at all.

It's just for investigation purposes. I need to confirm that there is data made with me here so that I have a justification for destroying this place, and I need a justification to properly retaliate.

I pressed the enter key with an excited... no, trembling heart.

Click.

[Search: Flos]

Taat-!

[Search Results: 1 item]

"Hoo, hoooooooo..."

I let out a long sigh filled with disappointment... no, relief.

Is it a little helpful to be less famous in times like this? If they had made novels, comics... videos, photos, or even sounds with me, my anger would have soared to the top of my head.

I suppressed my somewhat frustrated heart and decided to look at the one item that came out.

If I'm disappointed, I'm disappointed, but for now, I'll just sue this guy...

**【Flos Becomes a B*tch After Being Messed Up by a Blond Hunk...
[Revised Edition]】**

Huh?

It's definitely the title I saw in the popular post on Yeohi Gallery. The guy who drew an erotic picture when I went in thinking it was a normal fan art.

Like me, he had just found out about the existence of the back alley of Yeohi Gallery. There were a lot of comments saying that he passed the back alley, so it seems that he uploaded it here for storage.

But wait a minute... 'Revised Edition'?

Unable to resist my curiosity, I clicked on the post again.

"Haa, haah..."

A high-pitched moan that I couldn't believe came from a man leaked from my mouth.

The art style, as well as the composition and background of the picture, were the same as before. The only things that had changed were the breasts and crotch.

The bra that had been covering the breasts was gone, and the erect pink nipples were blatantly exposed, and the panties were also gone, revealing the plump clam meat with a sticky juice soaked in it.

"Heueu... haa... what, really... euung..."

A picture, just a picture. At first glance, it was hard to even recognize it as a picture of me.

Because I don't have that kind of bitchy face. I don't have my head stroked by someone's thick hand, or squat with my legs open and wet my crotch... or make my nipples stand up.

With that conviction, I looked down at my body.

"Euhehe...?"

A white T-shirt that was soaked with sweat and continued to stick to my bare skin. Nipples that were bulging out like rockets as if they were about to be fired forward.

Thighs that I had been rubbing against each other without realizing it. A slippery feeling felt between my legs. A tremor that started in my lower abdomen and spread throughout my body.

Startled by the strange changes in my body, I was checking myself over when the monitor went into power-saving mode. My face reflected in the black screen, though not transformed, was definitely no different from a 19+ fan art.

...No, it reflected the face of a female melting away even more lewdly.

The finishing touch that this picture hadn't captured was the very expression I was making right now.

"Ugh, hngh... It feels... so weird...."

I bit my lip and scrolled down. If I kept looking at this picture, it felt like things would get even weirder. I could roughly grasp my body's condition right now.

'This is... masturbation? No, not yet. I haven't put my fingers in yet... so it's not masturbation....'

Even though the door was closed, I secretly swayed my upper body gently from side to side, making my nipples brush against my clothes, and clenched my legs tightly, tensing and releasing, rubbing my itchy thighs together, afraid someone would see.

It was a gesture to gain pleasure and relieve desire in my own way, but as a result, it only ended up tormenting myself.

"Hooo..."

Just in time, the screen changed as I scrolled down. I couldn't see the lewd picture of me, but the comments that had just been posted were vivid in my mind.

[This one calls Flos, Flos in the back alley]

[Who else would you call Flos? A magical girl?]

[- Ugh, noob. If you don't know, memorize it: 'Masochistic Whore']

...Wait, what?

[Masochistic Whore? What kind of vulgar nickname is that?]

[- She knows her tits are big and deliberately flaunts them while fighting lol]

[If this isn't a whore, then what is it?]

[Magical Girl Flos of Justice X Masochistic Whore with a lewd body O]

Surely, surely, thinking it couldn't be true, I placed my hands on the keyboard.

I sometimes feel ashamed, but it's true that my bust size is larger than the average woman. I'm a physical hero, so I fight with a style that involves moving my body intensely.

But still, I'm the hero who always stands on the side of justice, 'Magical Girl Flos'.

'Right, good citizens wouldn't do that. Even on a site like this, they wouldn't call me by such a vulgar nickname....'

With a pounding heart, I pressed the Enter key.

Click.

[Search: Masochistic Whore]

Ta-dah!

[Search Results: 47]

Forty-seven. Seeing that number, I raised both hands to my red lips to suppress any sound.

With my legs spread wide, I trembled and squirted from my crotch.

Pshoo—♡

I could only repeatedly exhale warm breath onto my palms, unable to let out even a small moan because of the late hour.

"Hoo, hooong...♡"

This was the first climax I experienced as a woman.

3 - Delusion of Defeat

"...Piss?"

I stared down at the damp chair seat, agonizing.

"No, it can't be."

Even though I used to be a man, I've been living as a woman for six months. It's not like I'm completely ignorant about female sexual functions.

But I've never masturbated myself. When I was a man, I had to relieve myself regularly, but since becoming a woman, I haven't felt the need... and more than anything, I was a little scared.

What if I hurt myself by touching something wrong? And if I had to go to the hospital, how could I bear the embarrassment?

So, even though I was curious, I held back. There were times when I got aroused without realizing it in my daily life, but it was rare, and I could manage by holding back a little.

'I was also scared of the strange feelings.'

As a result, I've reached a strange state where I'm living in a woman's body but only know about a woman's pleasurable acts from books.

Like squirting when you come—though this varies from person to person—or how women don't have a cooldown time like men who need to rest a bit after coming.

Things I only knew in theory were actually being proven by my own body.

'What, what is this... I came, but the arousal isn't going away...'

I lightly touched my chest, and my nipples instantly hardened again. The pleasure tormenting my crotch only subsided for a moment before flaring up again.

No matter how you look at it, I'm still horny. There's no telling how many times I have to come to get back to normal.

But one thing is certain: I can't stop here. Or rather, I can't bring myself to stop. Suppressing this feeling, taking a shower, and lying in bed is only theoretically possible.

"Haa... just once. Let's just come one more time..."

This is definitely... yeah, it's a side effect of pent-up sexual desire exploding after being suppressed for too long. It's not like women don't have desires, and it's been half a year, so it's bound to burst.

'Besides, I didn't properly masturbate and come just now.'

I'm not an expert in sexual release, but to resolve what's happening to my body now... this symptom that feels like an animal's heat, I need to reach a definite climax, unlike the one just now.

'What should I do?'

I recalled how I was stimulating myself just now. Rubbing my thighs together, shaking my bare breasts to make my nipples brush against the fabric...

'I didn't even use my hands.'

Even kids who are just discovering porn wouldn't come from such pathetic masturbation. Thinking that, I suddenly felt ashamed.

Swish-

First, I pulled down my soaked panties to my thighs and rolled up my stuffy T-shirt to expose my hardened pink nipples to the air in the room.

"Hngh..."

I tentatively touched my nipple with the palm of one hand, and a sweet moan escaped that I could hardly believe came from my own mouth.

Captivated by the pleasure, I kept one hand on my chest, slightly spread my legs, and placed the other hand on my lower abdomen.

And... I seriously pondered.

'Should I put something inside?'

Certainly, the women I saw on porn sites used various tools or at least their fingers to stimulate their crotch... their vaginas. Or rather, "poke" would be a more accurate term.

But even in this aroused state, my cowardly instincts kept warning me.

I could get hurt if I carelessly put something in without trimming my nails. How many germs are on my hands? I might have a hymen since I'm a woman now, what if it tears?

In reality, I didn't have the time to suddenly trim my nails while this horny, and the germs made me uneasy.

And worrying about the hymen was a perfectly reasonable reason. It wasn't some girlish, sexy manga-like motive like wanting to give my virginity to the man I love.

'If my virginity is broken, there'll be blood... I'm scared of blood...'

Even though I'm a hero, I'm afraid of bleeding myself, not my enemies.

"Then, now..."

I took off my panties and tapped the area where my clitoris should be with my palm, without putting anything in my vagina. I pulled my T-shirt halfway off to expose my breasts and stimulated my nipples.

I was all ready, but I felt a strange lack. It felt like this alone wouldn't lead to a perfect climax and resolve this heat all at once.

'The essential item that always accompanies a refreshing wank is...'

None other than quality porn.

Click-

Forty-seven 19+ fan works featuring Magical Girl Flos. I started searching for one that would take me to a satisfying climax.

If you ask why it had to be stuff about me when there's regular porn, sexy comics, and erotic novels, I honestly have nothing to say.

'I don't know. I'm just so horny. A masochistic slut...'

It was a thrill I'd never felt before. It was indirect because it was delivered through the internet, but I'd never been so openly sexually harassed by someone before.

Is it this arousing that someone I don't know, someone whose name and face I don't know, is using me as porn?

[Comic] Manhwa: Splashing Semen All Over the Face of a Masochistic Slut Before Sending Her on a Mission

My fan art, which is hard to find even on female hero forums and is of poor quality even if there are a few, was endless in the back alleys.

Pure love, rape, molestation, gang rape... there was even NTR stuff about me. And they all had sophisticated art styles.

I realized, "So this is where all my fans are gathered."

That wasn't all.

The lewd pictures of me spreading my legs and squatting to show my vagina, or the realistic pictures of dicks mercilessly pounding into my hole while slapping my ass, took my breath away the moment I saw them.

[Novel] Chapter 14: Masochistic Slut Becomes the Hero Association's Public Sex Toy

[Video] Tried Combining a Masochistic Slut Cam with Western BBC

[Audio] Until the Magical Girl of Justice Becomes My Personal Masochistic Slut (Korean)

Besides that, there were so many different 19+ fan works featuring me as the main character, or those who fuck and humiliate me as the main characters.

Inwardly, I thought that if there were forty-seven, I could enjoy one a day for about a month and a half.

"Uh, uh...?"

OTNXSU9XcTFURXdtd0tweHpoait4a1VzVXRSMjRKOGdxVTcyTjBBUkhTU1JGQzZUZVptY0cxRERCbllrTHNBLw

But reality never goes as expected.

I was searching through everything to find the best porn with the intention of coming in the most pleasurable way and calming my arousal, and I ended up watching more than half of the forty-seven posts.

I don't know how much time has passed. The clock that was pointing to 9 PM when I first accessed the back alley of the Female Hero Gallery was now past 12 and heading towards 1 AM.

My whole body was trembling.

Besides, even though I didn't show it, I had come weakly a few more times, so the chair was already soaked... but the superhuman stamina of a magical girl didn't allow me to tire easily.

"Haa, haa..."

My masturbation method had also changed a lot compared to the beginning. I used to just tap my nipples with my fingertips or pat the mound of my vagina with my palm, but now I was twisting my nipples while playing with my clitoris.

Nipples that added pain to the original pleasure to provide even greater pleasure, and a clitoris that stood tall and confident, claiming to be a substitute for the dick I used to have.

I relentlessly tormented them, taking in all the sexually harassing comments and lewd content about me.

[I want to squeeze that slut's tits and take a big bite]

[If I saw you in person, I'd grab your pigtails tied up for handles and shove my face into your pussy]

[I want to fuck you while slapping your ass until it's red and make you howl like an animal]

Splash, splash...

"Hngh... ugh..."

[I'll stick my tongue in and rape your mouth, making you drink my dirty spit like holy water]

[I want to suck your hairless pussy until you cry and piss yourself from exhaustion]

[I'm imagining taking you on a backpacking trip and ordering you to suck my dick every time you can't shower to make you clean]

Slap, slap, slap, slap...

"Haa... uhn..."

[Pretending to help Flos when she's about to be raped by an evil villain and fucking her in the ass for a 3P]

[Putting a vibrator in her pussy and filling her mouth with cum before sending her to a fan signing event lol]

[Imagining Flos pregnant with my cum, holding her swollen belly and waddling towards me, smiling shyly]

Squish... squelch...

"Ohoh... ooh...!"

I realized that I already had my fingers inside my vagina. As feared, there was no blood, but I wasn't in a situation where I could worry about that.

My jaw lifted on its own. My focus blurred, my pupils lost their way, and thick saliva dripped from my red tongue, which was slightly protruding from my mouth like a real bitch.

My right hand grabbed and twisted the nipple of my right breast. I tried to touch the left one a lot to be as fair as possible, but since it was my right hand, my arm bent inward, and I ended up fondling the more sensitive right breast.

A few fingers of my left hand were tapping the swollen, red clitoris, but the rest had already disappeared one or two knuckles inside.

In fact, I don't even know where my G-spot is, and even though it's wet and sticky, it still hurts because my fingers are in a narrow hole...

"Ah, aah..."

That act that I couldn't even imagine when I was a man. A sensation that I can now know because I'm a woman.

In the end, the sense of guilt of masturbating by putting my fingers directly into my vagina dyed even the pain with the color of pleasure.

Pshh-♡ Pshhhh-♡ Pshpshpsh-♡

I didn't even drink much water, but the broken faucet between my legs kept leaking juice.

"Ah, ah... I, I really have to stop... I have to go to the Hero Association tomorrow..."

After watching all forty-seven porn and reading the sexually harassing comments.

It was only at 3 AM that I could finally get up from the soaked chair and take off my clothes.

I peeled off my sweat-soaked t-shirt and rinsed my body as if washing away the filth. I hastily chugged several glasses of water, quenching my thirst and replenishing my fluids.

Only then...

"...Haa."

I could barely collapse onto the bed.

'Now that I'm out of material, I really need to sleep...'

But all that masturbation had only been the first round.

'Hmm, should I do it just one more time before bed? Just one more...?'

I'd already exhausted all the material featuring me from the back alleys of the Female Hero Gallery, but...

Since time immemorial, the most powerful material for masturbation has been nothing other than the fantasies in one's head.

'Earlier, that explosives thief, the middle-aged man who recognized me during the mission and tried to scout me... If I were to fall for the money

and he revealed he wasn't hiring me as a fighter but for sex, pulling out his musty dick... How should I respond...?'

At this point, I could roughly grasp my kinks and sexual preferences.

'I received the money, so... I have to do it, right? But if I whine that I hate it too much... Will he... force himself on me...♡'

'Unofficially the strongest hero, yet pinned down by a mere middle-aged man... Just whimpering and moaning...'

'Unable to resist, getting filled with his cum multiple times... What if I end up with that melted, slutty look on my face...?'

I... I think I might like losing.

That situation where I'm overwhelmed by someone's overwhelming power or threats, resisting and resisting, but ultimately falling from a hero to a mere slut and being conquered.

Whether it's a powerful villain, an ordinary person who's found my weakness, or even a terrifying monster.

'What if I lose to a powerful villain I've never seen before...?'

'What if an ordinary person who's not even worth a punch finds out my identity and blackmails me...?'

'What if I sacrifice myself for my comrades, and my mating with a horny monster is broadcast live to the whole world...'

Just fantasizing about those situations, I could probably spend not just a day but a whole week lost in masturbation.

Just fantasizing is like this.

What if I actually lost like that in reality?

What if I could pretend to lose and safely enjoy the situation?

Pshh—♡ Pshh pshh—♡

"Eh, uhee...?"

I came just from the thought of 'What if it was like this—'. A stain of a different color remained on one corner of the bed.

Even I was embarrassed to soak the bedsheets, so I grabbed a tissue box from the desk and placed it by my head, but...

"Heuk...!"

...In the end, I couldn't even protect the bed and just wasted tissues like an idiot.

I didn't actually close my eyes until an hour after the morning sun had risen.

Creak—

Just then, the door opened, and someone stepped into my room.

Author's Note

I'll be back with chapter 4 at the same time tomorrow.

See you next chapter

4 - Hero Association

"Ugh, why isn't she answering?"

Doh Min-jung lived with her family: Dad, Mom, and her twin brother.

Doh Min-jae, the one holding the position of twin brother, scratched his head in front of Doh Min-jung's door. He had knocked several times, but Doh Min-jung hadn't opened the door.

"I need to take out the trash."

Doh Min-jae was in charge of taking out the trash this week for the Doh family. Since today was trash day, he was quickly gathering the trash from the house to take it out.

It was still morning, so there was plenty of time, but today was an exception. Doh Min-jae had plans and had to leave right after breakfast, so he wanted to get rid of the trash quickly.

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He had put everything in the bag, and now all that was left was the trash can in Doh Min-jung's room. Once he took care of that, he could leave.

"...Um, can I come in?"

Doh Min-jae felt sick of this awkward situation. If it had been six months ago, he would have just walked in without a second thought. But now, he couldn't bring himself to do it.

It was a bewildering event not only for Doh Min-jung but also for the rest of the family. Their son had become a daughter, and their twin brother had become a twin sister.

Still, he decided to think of it as no big deal. As someone who never had a sister, Doh Min-jae had a lot of concerns about having a girl of the same age in the house, but after all, they were still family.

Since TS was an unspeakable secret, he told his friends that he was living with a twin sister he had been separated from at a young age and asked for advice. The responses were all similar.

A sister is a sister. They wouldn't see her as a woman.

"What the fuck..."

However, the advice from friends who had sisters was unreliable. Their testimonies, based on living with female siblings for nearly 20 years, were completely different from Doh Min-jae's situation.

Even though he knew the inside was the same, he became more conscious of his behavior and attitude at home. Like not walking around in his underwear, or knocking cautiously like he was doing now.

Even though Doh Min-jung treated her brother exactly the same as before, to an excessive degree.

"No, now I'm supposed to call her 'sister' even in my head. I can't slip up outside."

Doh Min-jae sighed and grabbed the doorknob. He felt stupid for not being able to open the door now that his sister was inside, when he used to barge in without hesitation.

"It's not like I'm doing anything weird, I'm just taking out the trash."

Rationalizing it that way, Doh Min-jae opened the door. The fact that she hadn't come out even after he knocked meant she was sound asleep. He just had to go in carefully and empty the trash can without waking her up.

Creak—

However, the room was quite different from what Doh Min-jae had imagined.

There were no visible changes. To the eye, Doh Min-jung's room looked the same as always.

There were no fancy decorations or feminine items to be found, just a suspiciously high-performance computer and several monitors. No one would believe this was a girl's room.

But that wasn't important right now. The room was reporting every detail of the shocking event that had occurred last night. Not to Doh Min-jae's eyes, but to his nose.

"What's, what's that smell..."

So startled that he forgot he wasn't supposed to wake his sister, he blurted out the words.

It was a scent that was both familiar and addictive. Before he rushed to open the window and ventilate the room, he decided to investigate the source of the smell further.

It was sour, but not unpleasant. In fact, it was almost attractive. However, the air that had been trapped in the closed room for hours was stuffy and thick.

"...Ah!"

Soon, he realized what the déjà vu he felt from the smell was. He couldn't remember when, but it was a smell he had encountered when he visited his girlfriend's room.

His girlfriend had pretended not to know what the smell was, embarrassed, but Doh Min-jae knew.

'She masturbated...'

The evidence wasn't just the smell. The computer chair seat had a stain that looked like something had been spilled and quickly dried. The trash can was full of crumpled tissues.

Doh Min-jae felt a reaction in his lower body. He felt like he was possessed, his mind going crazy, and he almost forgot why he had come to this room in the first place.

However, he didn't know the proper name for it. If he had been more knowledgeable about lewd things, he would have called this scent the smell of a female in heat without hesitation.

"Ahem...!"

Finally regaining his senses, he cleared his throat and moved. He decided to quickly empty the trash can and leave.

He knew that Doh Min-jung had masturbated, but nothing changed. She wasn't a child, she was an adult woman. Masturbation was something she was perfectly capable of doing. As twins, he and Doh Min-jung were both adults this year, so he had no intention of teasing her about it.

He was just curious about how many hours she had spent enjoying herself alone last night. There was no way such a strong scent of a female in heat could be lingering unless she had been at it for a long time.

Tap-!

Tissues, each one emitting a strong scent of a female in heat. Even though he knew that what was on them was vaginal fluid, Doh Min-jae squeezed his eyes shut. It was also to avoid looking at the bed where his sister was lying.

Suppressing the urge to grab just one tissue and take a deep breath, he finally finished the job.

"Hoo..."

However, the used tissues weren't just piled up in the trash can. There were also several crumpled ones scattered around Doh Min-jung on the bed where she was lying.

In principle, Doh Min-jae didn't need to clean up those as well. That was in the realm of cleaning the room, and that was the responsibility of the room's owner, Doh Min-jung.

But when he came to his senses, Doh Min-jae was approaching the bed where his sister was lying, intending to clean up those tissues as well. Perhaps he was drawn to Doh Min-jung like a bee to honey, captivated by the scent of a female in heat that grew stronger the closer he got.

"Haa, haa..."

Doh Min-jae slowly picked up the remaining tissues and put them in the bag, capturing Doh Min-jung and her surroundings in his mind like a screenshot.

The bed sheets were damp with an unidentified liquid. Panties were draped over her legs. Her phone was dead. A tissue box was within easy reach.

Doh Min-jung's breasts, which looked like they would jiggle and hurt with every step, were covered by a single white t-shirt, and between her loosely parted legs, everything was exposed that should never be shown to a strange man.

He didn't have the leeway to say, "I'm not a stranger, so it's okay." Doh Min-jae sensed it instinctively. This was dangerous.

"Ughh..."

Just as he forced himself to look away and readjusted the bulging front of his pants, Doh Min-jung opened her eyes.

"Min-jae...?" "Uh, uh-huh." "I'll wash the bed sheets..."

No, the bed sheets aren't the problem right now.

"Ah... okay."

Her voice was drowsy, but it was enough to bring Doh Min-jae back to his senses.

Leaving Doh Min-jung, who had fallen back asleep after uttering those words, he hurriedly left the room. And instead of heading straight out of the house with the bag, he returned to his own room and locked the door.

'A sister is just a sister, what bullshit...'

Before long, a couple of tissues used by Doh Min-jae were added to the trash bag.

"Haaaawn..."

Even for a hero with superhuman powers, sleep is important. But because I only got two hours of sleep yesterday, I was still drowsy.

"Ms. Flos Hero, we've arrived at the association." "Ugh... thank you..."

Once you become an A-class hero, the association picks you up in a car, which is a perk I quite like because I can catch a few more winks.

"Oh, Flos!"

"It's Magical Girl!" "Can you wave for us, please!"

I blinked my sleepy eyes and responded to the cheers of the fans. I don't know if they're reporters or fans, but whatever.

"...Hngh."

But the moment I thought of the word "fans," I felt a sharp pang in my lower abdomen and was briefly taken aback. I didn't even need to guess the cause, I knew it right away.

'Do those people... secretly look at my lewd pictures and jerk off behind my back...?'

By chance, my thoughts led me in that direction, and my body reacted on its own. I recalled the ecstasy of last night. The 'back alley of the Female Hero Gallery' that had sexually harassed and humiliated me.

'What do I do now?'

That thought suddenly occurred to me.

I can't be the same as before now that I know, even if I didn't know anything before. For the record, what I found out wasn't just the existence of the Female Hero Gallery's back alley, but also the 'kink' I possess.

A hero who enjoys being defeated, surrendering, and being humiliated can no longer be a proper hero. That's an obvious fact.

So now I have two choices.

I can dismiss the pleasure of last night as just a dream, treat it as a momentary lapse caused by stress, and somehow continue to play the role of the usual 'Magical Girl Flos.'

Or I can accept this side of myself and continue my hero activities, but occasionally satisfy my desires by staging scenes where I appear to be defeated by villains or monsters.

'Well, if it's just once or twice in a while...'

The decision didn't take long.

It's not like I want to do it with a man. Staging a situation where I'm defeated and humiliated by a villain is no different from a slightly elaborate masturbation.

'No, not a little. I need to prepare very carefully.'

Because I'll have to play the role of a righteous female hero who is completely helpless and violated. While thoroughly deceiving not only the villain, but also the surrounding spectators and other heroes.

By the time my thoughts reached that point, I had already turned on my phone and was browsing the list of publicly wanted villains.

'Is there a suitable one among them?'

From among the villains I could subdue with one hand if I wanted to, I have to choose one who knows how to harass women. If I narrow down the scope by limiting it to those with subtly suggestive superpowers...

"Hey." "... "What are you looking at so intently? The villain list?"

Just then, someone came up from behind and tapped me on the shoulder.

I was annoyed because I felt like my work was being interrupted, but I didn't show it. If someone was acknowledging me here, it meant they were either a fellow hero or a high-ranking official.

"You finished a mission just yesterday and you're already worrying about who to catch next? You're so diligent."

"Excuse me, who are you?"

"Can't you tell by my voice?"

Turning around, I saw a pale man, as if he hadn't seen much sunlight. He had neat black hair and a muscular body beneath his clothes. He was also very tall, probably about two heads taller than me.

'All that talk about exciting height differences is bullshit. It just makes your neck hurt.'

The sorrow of being short since becoming a woman suddenly threatened to explode, but I refocused on the man in front of me.

"Do I know you?"

"It's my first time seeing you in person. Nice to meet you."

"...Huh? Sorry, but I don't recognize your face."

"I contacted you just yesterday, and you don't recognize me? I'm disappointed."

The man smiled, extending a large hand to me.

"Nice to meet you, Flos. I'm your Operator."

5 - Unconscious Temptation

It was our first meeting.

The Operator knew my face as Magical Girl, but I didn't know the Operator's face. As a formal hero, their picture would be on the official website, but I'd never bothered to look it up.

"What's up?"

"Well, I'm part of the Hero Association, so coming here is my job."

"No, I mean, there must be a reason you called me."

I knew my attitude was subtly sharp. But it couldn't be helped.

Ever since I became a woman, I've been extra cautious about strange men approaching me. That goes for coworkers too. Even if we'd been on missions together until yesterday, I couldn't help but hesitate when I saw them in person.

'It can't be helped.'

It's not just paranoia; this body of mine really does captivate the men around me just by existing. And my unfamiliarity with being a woman doesn't help.

I'd move without any intention, and my mom would scold me for it, saying I shouldn't do that. She put it indirectly, but she basically said it was similar to how sly women flirt with men while pretending to be clumsy.

But there's no reason for me to bother being mindful of that when dealing with men, so I started avoiding situations that could become troublesome, and it ended up like this.

"The reason I called you? Didn't you get the message?"

"Message?"

"So you really didn't know. Did you have something important to do last night? I'm sure the message went through."

"I... I slept! I was tired! How could I not be tired after a mission?"

The Operator frowned, and I stammered, unable to answer properly. But he seemed to think there was a mistake in the communication process and nodded, saying,

"Yesterday's operation was such a big deal that we decided to report it together this time. Usually, I'd report alone or you'd report alone, but this is a bit of an exception."

"...Ah, I see. That's why. I was unnecessarily flustered."

"There's no need to be flustered. It's the same as a normal report, except we have to go together."

The Operator glanced at me, guiding me in the direction we needed to go.

"But did you really go to bed early? Your voice sounds hoarse."

"I told you, I'm tired. Stop talking to me."

"Alright, alright. What a prickly woman."

...There's no way I can tell him I stayed up all night doing 'pleasurable things' that I just discovered.

Click, click!

The sound of shutters echoed incessantly as the Operator and I, transformed into Magical Girl, walked out of the Hero Association headquarters.

'This is troublesome.'

As the Operator said, the mission completion report went smoothly. The problem was the way back.

After finishing all the matters to be handled at the Hero Association, I cautiously spoke to the Operator. I asked if he had any other plans afterward because I had something to ask.

- ♦ 'I don't have any other plans. What's up?'
- ♦ 'I wanted to ask you something. Could you spare a little time at a nearby cafe on the way back?'
- ♦ 'I'd be honored. But the way to the cafe won't be easy.'

At the time, I didn't realize the hidden meaning in the Operator's words.

But now I could see it. For some reason, I was getting much more attention than usual.

Why? Is there a special reason?

"Is it because we're going out together?"

"...Since when did we become 'we'?"

"We're 'we' when we're together. Don't nitpick everything. What a bothersome woman."

"You, what did you just say..."

As I got annoyed, the Operator put his hand on my shoulder and pulled me closer. I was suppressing my powers as much as possible in my transformed state to avoid hurting ordinary people if I misjudged my strength, so I was dragged along.

"Hey, what are you doing?"

"There are too many people. Let's talk inside."

"Ugh, but do you really have to drag me like this..."

"This one picture will satisfy those people and they'll go back. So hurry."

I was dragged inside without knowing why. But since I was the one who asked the Operator to stay after the report because I had something to ask, I didn't resist.

"Why are you doing this?"

I was curious about the reason.

"...Don't you have any common sense? Or is it because you're a rookie hero?"

"Stop doing that and explain. I said let's go out together, so why did we come back?"

The Operator sighed lightly and shrugged.

"If a young male hero and a female hero go out together, reporters will write about a romance. Don't you know that?"

"...Ah."

I was careless because I wasn't photographed this much when I went to and from the Hero Association headquarters alone. I was even more careless because the Operator was the type to support from behind, so he wasn't very popular.

"We didn't do anything great, but just because the two of us are together..."

"Not just two people, but a young male and female hero together. There's a big difference between the two."

"Ugh..."

"The association is relatively safe, so let's go into that empty office over there."

It was another small mistake that happened because I wasn't aware that I was a woman.

"So, what did you want to ask me that you called me for?"

"It's nothing much."

I pursed my lips and looked around cautiously, wondering if the Operator would suspect or think it was strange. After all, he'd figured out that I'd gone to bed late just a little while ago.

Still, there's no hero in this world as suitable as the Operator to ask this. Knowing that well, I asked as confidently as possible, as if nothing was wrong.

"Earlier this morning, I was looking at villains on my phone."

"You were? Another mission right after finishing one, you really are amazing."

"There's no need to praise me so much. Is there any bad villain who's easy to deal with?"

"A bad villain who's easy to deal with?"

The Operator tilted his head. I tried hard to hide the sound of my pounding heart.

"Uh, um. If you're having trouble, take a moment to think. We were going to go to a cafe anyway, so I'll get you some coffee."

"Hmm? You don't have to."

"No, no, you just sit still. That way you'll be able to think better."

"...Well, I'll gratefully accept it then."

I jumped up from my seat, leaving the Operator behind. I was glad I could turn away from him. If I kept facing him, he might have seen through me.

'What I actually want isn't a righteous hero defeating villains, but...'

...merely a 'defeat play.'

The reason I'm looking for a villain who's easy to deal with is that if they're too strong, I'll have to focus on the battle, so I might not be able to enjoy the defeat play purely according to my will.

The reason I'm looking for a villain who's nasty and has a bad personality is that even among villains, there are some who have their own lines and don't harass women or commit sexually lewd acts.

These two conditions must be met for a villain to be suitable for me to 'pretend' to be defeated and humiliated.

Of course, I'm not treating these villains as human beings at all. I'm just going to use them as my masturbation tools. After I've enjoyed them enough, I'll arrest them and get credit for it.

"Hoo, hoo."

After making the coffee, I turned around and came back to the Operator. After standing up for a moment, I could now maintain a poker face in front of him again.

"Thanks for the coffee."

"You're welcome. Did you think of anything?"

"Ahem..."

What is it?

For some reason, the way the Operator was looking at me seemed a little different from before, but it must be my imagination.

I wanted to believe that it was just because I was nervous that everything in the world seemed uneasy. Whether that was actually the case or not, the Operator returned to normal and answered my question.

"I see what you mean. You need a villain to use to fill your achievements."

"Uh, huh?"

"According to your abilities that I've assessed, all the villains in this world are 'easy to deal with' for you, so that's practically a non-condition."

"W-wait a minute. Aren't you overestimating me too much? If that were the case, I would have gone to S-class a long time ago."

The Operator chuckled as he sipped his coffee.

"Even if you pretend not to care, you seem to be bothered by what that guy said yesterday. In fact, Flos, you have enough ability, but you can't get to S-class because you lack achievements."

"..."

"So you're trying to catch several bad villains who are negatively affecting society and get promoted quickly. Well, the idea itself is good. Everyone benefits practically."

I didn't say anything, but the Operator was doing all the talking himself. But it seemed like he was misunderstanding me in a pretty good way, so I didn't bother denying or correcting him.

"...T-that's right. You're the best hero in terms of analytical skills and information, so I asked you for a favor."

"Praise from Flos, what an honor. Then I'll recite the list I've roughly compiled."

During the short time I was making coffee, the Operator had narrowed down about six villains that perfectly matched my conditions.

I briefly noted the villains' nicknames and superpower information, and I also secretly decided which one to target first.

'Invisible Man.'

He mainly roams around subways and crowded public places, preying on high school girls who are molested, and just looking at the name brought all sorts of porn and erotic comics to mind.

Like a fisherman waiting with bait, wouldn't it be easy to catch him if I pretended to be a high school girl and got on the subway?

Suppressing my excited heart with that thought, I smiled calmly at the Operator.

"Yeah, thanks. It was helpful. If there's anything you need help with in the future, I'll do you a favor too."

"You don't have to go that far. A cup of coffee with Flos is enough compensation. Even though you didn't drink a single sip."

"Ugh, that's... because I don't feel well. My stomach rumbles when I drink coffee."

"Wow, I didn't want to know about a magical girl's intestinal health."

The Operator shook his head and pointed to the door with his chin.

"If you're done talking, go out first."

"Me first? Why?"

"If we go out together, there will be more misunderstandings. Just go out first."

"...Okay, thanks."

I hesitated and stopped as I was about to leave and asked.

"Hey, Operator, what's your ability?"

"My ability?"

"Yeah, you must have a superpower too. Besides analysis and information skills."

"That should be on the website too. Looks like you really don't care about me."

"Ah, that..."

I awkwardly lowered my head. I wouldn't have minded earlier, but now that I'm indebted, it felt a bit awkward.

"Sorry, I'll look it up from now on."

"...Huh?"

"Why?"

"No, no. It's nothing. Um, yeah. My ability is... the Status Window."

"Status Window?"

Just that word alone didn't really explain what the ability was.

"Yeah, Status Window. Like the ones in web novels or games. Should I say, stats?"

"Ah, ah! I know what you mean."

"There's nothing special. I can just see it. But I can also see other people's Status Windows."

"Ooh..."

"The measure of strength is shown in levels, and the superpowers you possess are shown as skills."

Certainly, if you could peek at such key information through the Status Window, it would be a huge advantage in terms of information gathering. I could see why Operator was a hero of analysis and information.

"Then what level am I?"

"That's..."

Operator smiled slyly.

"I'll tell you when we meet next time."

"Pfft, what's that?"

I couldn't help but laugh.

He was practically the first male hero I'd ever had a conversation with.

This Operator guy. He might be a pretty decent guy, surprisingly.

"Haa, haa..."

Inside the office, alone after the magical girl Flos, Do Min-jeong, left.

Operator struggled to calm his stubbornly assertive lower half, reciting the lyrics of the national anthem, starting with "Until the East Sea's waves are dry and Mount Baekdu is worn away..." in his head.

"I'm going crazy..."

Flos, she was a woman he already liked because of her outstanding abilities as a hero.

But meeting her in person today, the allure coming from her figure was enough to make him lose his mind.

Operator was convinced that today he had opened his eyes to the sexual appeal that cosplay girls, like magical girls, could exude. The outfit that exposed her back, and the glimpse of her underbutt peeking out from under her skirt, was pure violence.

Of course, if it had stopped there, Operator wouldn't have been so flustered.

But then she said, "I'm going to get to know you," and showed off her figure while making coffee in an office with just the two of them, subtly sticking out her butt and swaying it.

He couldn't possibly think it was unintentional. She wasn't a child, she was an adult woman.

The final touch was the Status Window of the magical girl Flos, Do Min-jeong, that Operator had peeked at with his superpower.

'This is a secret that no one but key figures in the government knows...'

The ability Operator possessed wasn't just a simple Status Window. He hadn't revealed it to protect the dignity and prestige of the heroes belonging to the nation, but his hidden, true ability was...

'Erotic Status Open.'

[-Magical Girl Flos-] [Mouth Development: 0] [Breast Development: 13] [Vagina Development: 6] [Butt Development: 0] [Number of Sex Encounters: 0] [Number of Pregnancies: 0] [Number of Masturbation Sessions: 11] [Overall: A brand new female who realized her sexual tastes and nature for the first time last night, and spent the whole night masturbating without even coming to her senses. You might be able to easily take her virginity if you push her a little harder.]

That prim and proper woman was frantically jerking off like a monkey who had just discovered masturbation for the first time last night?

Was that why she looked so tired, because she stayed up all night?

Then, could it be that her gestures just now were acts of courtship towards me?

The moment that thought reached him, Operator was so hard that it hurt, and he couldn't get up.

Author's Note Status Window (H-Game Patch Version)

See Next Chapter

6 - Invisible Man (1)

From time immemorial, invisible people have been characters appearing in all sorts of creative works, regardless of genre.

Of course, in movies and comics, but also in classic literature. They've steadily appeared in power battle stories, psychic stories, and even hero stories that have now become reality.

Therefore, in this modern era where people are awakening one by one and becoming aware of their superpowers, the invisible man has been attracting attention in many ways, even before it was revealed that someone with such abilities existed.

Because people were curious about what an invisible person would do with their abilities if they really appeared in reality. It was only natural that anyone would have imagined becoming invisible at least once.

Finally, the invisible man appeared exactly as he would in a comic book.

'Comics are comics. Lewd comics.'

...In the form of a sexual harasser who takes advantage of being invisible to everyone to harass women indiscriminately.

"Hoo."

And now, I am primping myself to become the new victim of that invisible man.

'He said he likes high school girls.'

With the operator's help, I was able to find out how the invisible man does his work. The hunting grounds are mostly subways packed with people on their way to or from work. The prey is mainly high school girls.

Targeting the time slot itself is not difficult. I was a hero and a college student before the semester started. I'm not particularly bound by time.

The problem is that the invisible man mainly targets high school girls, but even though it hasn't been a year since I graduated from high school, I'm also an adult, so I'm out of range.

But it wasn't a big problem.

"I never thought I'd be wearing a high school girl's uniform in my life..."

I became a woman in my senior year of high school, but after that, I didn't go to school and juggled studying at home with being a hero, so I never had a chance to wear a uniform.

However, there was a high school girl's uniform tucked away in my closet.

The reason was simple. My mom made a fuss, saying that I couldn't spend the last semester of high school like this, and that I had to finish it even if I had to transfer, so she bought it for me.

In the end, I never went to school, so it seemed like it would be thrown away without ever being worn, but somehow I took it out myself, washed it, ironed it, and was even trying it on.

'It's perfect.'

No matter how much the invisible man is a high school girl specialist hunter, he won't be able to tell that I'm wearing a uniform but am actually an adult, not a high school girl.

Maybe he just likes young women and isn't particularly obsessed with the keyword "high school girl."

I adjusted the uniform, which felt tight on my body because my mom just eyeballed the size and bought it without measuring it properly, and looked at my reflection in the mirror.

Since I haven't transformed, my hair and eyes are black. Since I'm not wearing my magical girl costume, it's virtually impossible to associate my current appearance with the magical girl hero, Flos.

In other words, it's an appearance that the invisible man can touch as much as he wants without being intimidated.

"...Am I really crazy?"

I couldn't have imagined this a week ago. To be planning to be defeated and humiliated by a man, a villain no less, in a public place.

But I couldn't stop.

Even now, tension and excitement were making my lower abdomen throb as if I had a second heart, and imagining myself being harassed on the subway made me feel excited and melt.

I haven't completely fallen yet, but I feel like I won't be able to turn back the moment I take the first step.

'What am I going to do, really...'

It seems that my sexual tastes went very, very wrong that day.

There were no major problems on the way to the subway station where the invisible man was said to appear frequently.

Everything was fine except for accidentally running into my younger brother in the apartment hallway and being asked why I was wearing a uniform. But I managed to get away with it by saying it was for a student event at the amusement park.

The problem was whether I could encounter the invisible man.

The Line 2 subway during rush hour, where the invisible man often appears. I'm waiting at the station where the victims' paths overlap the most, but honestly, I didn't even expect to meet him on the first day.

There are more than one or two subway cars, and he could be in the train right in front of or behind the one I'm on, and we could pass each other. I would have to try patiently for at least a month.

[The doors are opening.]

It's not as bad as the evening rush hour, but the morning rush hour subway was just as stuffy. It's only natural, since countless people, from students to the elderly, are gathered in a small space.

As soon as I stepped into the train, I took note of the most vulnerable places for groping and moved stealthily.

I didn't even look at the center of the train or the seats, and immediately stuck to the wall by the door I had just entered. If I look at the door like this, my chest will be pressed against the wall by people.

Originally, the subway doors open alternately on the left and right, but according to my prior investigation, the door I just entered will not open for a while.

In other words, from the omniscient molester's point of view, I look like a defenseless woman whose butt can be touched at any time.

"Heuh... Heueuh..."

I let out a breath full of anticipation. I also subtly stuck my butt out a little, not too much. Acting as the most delicious prey for the hunter to see.

"Hah?!"

"I-I'm sorry, student." "Ah, it's okay..."

Occasionally, something would touch my thigh and I would shudder, only to realize later that it was just a bag bumping into me, and I would be disappointed. I had reacted too much because I was so nervous.

How long had I been enduring the embarrassment alone in the train?

'...He's not coming.'

In the end, not only the villainous invisible man, but also other molesters did not appear up to the 10th station from the station I started at, which was the deadline I had set.

Paying my respects to the safety of Korea, I got off the train alone. I felt strangely bitter. It was like being rejected because the other person didn't show up on the date.

Of course, I didn't make an appointment with anyone, and if I had to say, I was just expecting it and was disappointed...

I decided to end it here for today and try again tomorrow morning, and the moment I got on the train to go home.

"...!"

My sensitive senses immediately noticed the presence of a heteromorphic being in the subway.

Even though there were well over a hundred people in just one car during the morning rush hour, I could vaguely tell.

My sense of smell, which had found gunpowder in a dock full of containers full of all kinds of things, came forward. Of course, it wasn't just my sense of smell. All the superhuman senses I gained as a magical girl worked together to capture something invisible.

'The invisible man...!'

But I can't be reckless here. If I deliberately approached him because I thought the invisible man was in this car, he might avoid me and run away.

He's a guy who has committed several molestation crimes so far and has left the scene of the crime leisurely without being caught. That means he's a human being who takes thorough care of his own safety, at least.

If someone approaches him while he's invisible, he might be scared and run away. So now, like a fisherman, I have no choice but to wait calmly and just use my body as bait to catch the villain.

Clatter- Clatter-

Amidst the loud noise of the train running noisily, I concentrated as much as possible and listened to the almost non-existent footsteps of the invisible man.

The footsteps were getting closer and closer to me.

Like a bee chasing honey. Like a male chasing a female's butt after pheromones.

With a trembling heart, I took the same position as before. The position and posture that looks most delicious to the hunter as prey.

My crotch became wet, and the scent of sweet female juice spread throughout the train car, which was filled with the smell of people's sweat. Ordinary people wouldn't notice, but there's no way the invisible man, an excellent hunter, wouldn't notice.

Thud, thud...

And my prediction was correct.

"Huu..."

The sound of footsteps that had been walking lightly through the crowd and stopped right behind me gave me the illusion that only me and the invisible man were left in the train car full of people.

I tried to pretend to be looking outside without showing it, but something didn't work out. I wondered if the vaginal fluid was dripping between my legs. My head was just turning white with worry.

- ♦ Hoo...

But it seemed that the invisible man was the same. I could feel the hot breath of a man on my neck.

'Well, even if you're a hunter, Invisible Man, you've never caught prey of this quality before.'

I'm a failure as a hero, but I'm a great fap material, so please violate, humiliate, and treat this body as a toy that you can always play with as you please.

If I wanted to, I could subdue a third-rate villain like you with just one finger, and I'm an A-class hero with quite a few fans, so please give me defeat by being messed up without any resistance.

I enjoyed this situation where a long wait was being realized and my delusions were becoming reality, and I suppressed the excitement that was about to explode.

'N-No way... Really...? Are you really going to do it...? In front of all these people...?'

Finally, as if he had made up his mind, a large man's hand slipped under my skirt, unlike me.

The hand that came under the damp skirt rested gently on my leg, and then began to slowly rub my thigh up and down as if feeling the texture of a new leather seat.

'...So this is it.'

A public place. Invisible man. A slightly raised skirt. Thigh stroking. A man's calloused hand.

The tactile sensation of simply being touched on the thigh itself was not very exciting, but the situation itself excited me. I wanted to move on quickly from here, but.

'I can't do that.'

It's like waiting a little longer without eating one marshmallow on a plate and being able to eat ten, but only eating one in an instant because you're too hungry to bear it.

And that goes for the invisible man too.

I will show the hunter that I am not an easy prey, and to give him the sense of conquest and accomplishment that he will surely be given at the end of this hunt.

At this moment, to instill in the invisible man the competitive spirit and possessiveness that any man would have.

"Eung..."

I let out a sweet moan, subtly shifting my legs to escape the invisible man's grasp.

The invisible man's hand, following as if it were a single organism, was about to reach my skirt-covered butt when I acted exactly as I had scripted in my head.

Trembling as if startled.

Turning around with a feigned look of bewilderment.

Staring at the empty air and saying.

"There's nothing there, what is it...?"

--The very line that an invisible pervert would find most thrilling.

Author's Note

Finally, the first main episode!

See Next Episode

7 - Invisible Man (2)

While pretending to be oblivious to the invisible man behind me, I deliberately acted as if I didn't notice something touching my butt. I delivered my line as if I was clueless, since there was nothing visible.

My words triggered the invisible man. I could tell he was excited just from how his breath on my nape grew hotter.

'As expected.'

It went according to my plan. The key factor distinguishing the man behind me from other perverts was his superpower of invisibility. In other words, he was likely to take pride in his ability to be invisible.

Realistically speaking, it would be better to only turn invisible when at risk of being caught, rather than staying invisible the whole time. The longer superpowers are maintained, the more physically taxing it becomes. Plus, moving around the subway while invisible increases the chances of bumping into people and arousing suspicion.

But the invisible man who had made a name for himself as the Line 2 pervert carried out his entire crime, from approach to escape, while invisible. Even enduring headaches and fatigue.

'He's gotten cocky.'

This invisible man had already committed multiple acts of molestation without getting caught. It's not strange that he's starting to gain confidence.

Even among heroes, there are many rookies who overestimate their powers and act arrogantly. If heroes are like that, villains would be no different.

With this invisibility power, I'll never get caught. I can harass and molest any woman I want. I'm practically a god of perverts on this subway.

...His head was probably filled with thoughts like these.

'Pfft.'

I held back a laugh that almost escaped and focused again on 'being molested'.

He seemed to notice something was off about me, so he politely retreated from my butt to my thighs. But the way the invisible man was actually fondling my body became more aggressive and bold.

He seemed more confident now roughly kneading my thighs than when he was carefully caressing my butt earlier. I could feel his emotions clearly through the invisible man's touch.

'If I wait a little longer, he'll move back up to my butt... much more roughly than before...'

There was still plenty of time left, and the invisible man seemed to know it as he gradually heated up my body like a blacksmith forging iron.

Meanwhile, as he kneaded, my thigh flesh increasingly wrapped around the invisible man's fingers. The soft, plump flesh clung tightly to his thick male hands as if coquettishly.

I wondered what it felt like. To knead my thighs so mercilessly like this. From the perspective of being groped, I couldn't know the pleasure the groper was feeling. All I could do was twitch my body and wait to see where the invisible man's hands would go next.

"Mmnh..."

And as expected, the invisible man's hands started moving up again. The hands that had been kneading just below my panties now moved up to fondle my butt.

Unlike before, he slipped his hands under my skirt instead of over it.

I still didn't stop my feeble resistance. If his hand went to my right butt cheek, I'd take a step to the left to escape. If it went to my left cheek, I'd take a step right to escape.

I didn't turn around completely. I wasn't confident I could control my facial expression if I faced the invisible man head-on. I might end up grinning without realizing it.

"W-What's going on, seriously..."

Of course, I didn't forget to throw out lines to anger the invisible man's cock. Acting like a high school girl whose butt was being touched even though she couldn't see anything. In reality, I was just a pervert who wanted to be molested.

The more I evaded and resisted, the more the invisible man's flames of lust grew. He started using both hands to caress my butt and thighs, when before he had only used one.

I leaned forward with both hands against the wall. As if trying to endure the ten thick fingers burying into my plump buttocks. But in reality, it was a pose to give the invisible man an easier angle to touch me.

'Wait, ugh, this is...'

It felt completely different from before. I could feel my body heating up more and more. Having my skirt lifted and my butt fondled without being able to do anything.

'It's embarrassing.'

In front of over a hundred people, I alone was being treated not as a person, but as something else. Like a soft, plush cushion or doll with a very nice texture. Being used as an outlet for an unknown man's sexual desires.

My crotch grew damp at the situation of a gallant hero being reduced to a lewd plaything.

"...Huh?!"

Only then did I become aware of my current state.

When masturbating alone at home, I didn't need to consider others' gazes. Even when walking around the Hero Association yesterday, I didn't have to worry much since I was wearing pants even if I got a little wet.

But this was a public place. Moreover, I was wearing a skirt I would never normally wear. And that skirt was now floating up as if defying gravity.

In reality it was because of the invisible man's hands, but there was no way anyone around me besides myself could know that. On the other hand, anyone with eyes could see the small wet spot on my panties.

...A cosplay schoolgirl exposing wet panties in public, only damp around the pussy.

This is disqualifying as a hero. Losing my magical girl qualifications. Of course, I'm disqualified as a normal woman too.

"Nngh...♡"

Right at that moment, something unexpected happened.

"Getting molested on the subway and wetting your pussy, what a perverted bitch."

A sudden deep voice pierced my ears. It wasn't hard to tell it belonged to the invisible man currently fondling my butt in real time.

But it took a moment to process that fact. According to the information I had, the invisible man hadn't made any sound besides breathing when molesting other victims.

It was hard to believe that he had deliberately whispered such lewd words for me to hear.

"Eh...?" "What do you mean 'eh', you crazy bitch. I've touched many girls here, but you're the first high schooler to get this wet from just a little touching."

What the hell. Why is he being so aggressive? He didn't do this with other women. It's cheating to grope my butt while cursing at me.

I almost came as a newbie experiencing molestation for the first time. This is why they say veteran players ruining the game experience for newbies by power-leveling them is actually harmful. Though in this case it wasn't power-leveling but hands under the skirt.

Anyway, I never expected to be this flustered. I'd never been called a perverted bitch or crazy bitch in my life.

Being told I was a woman getting molested and wetting my pussy was beyond imagination. The unexpected deep male voice was especially effective. Why does this pervert have such a nice voice?

As a result, I gave a genuine reaction without any acting mixed in.

'Why are you only using your voice with me...?'

I couldn't understand. Wasn't this the invisible man who had desperately hidden himself to avoid getting caught at all costs? So why was he taking the risk of using his voice?

Had he gained confidence from his string of successful crimes? Or was he unable to endure without verbally humiliating me?

In any case, my animal instincts that I had carefully suppressed for the invisible man's molestation play began to stir. My hearing awakened first due to the invisible man's voice, followed by my sense of smell.

The moment I smelled the bitter coffee and cigarette scent wafting from the invisible man who had opened his mouth, I hurriedly killed my senses again. I felt like if I wasn't careful, even my sight would awaken and I'd end up seeing his entire appearance, ignoring the invisible man's ability.

'I can't look...!'

Just as I was a toy, prey, and tactile doll for sexual release to the invisible man, he was merely a tool for my defeat play and molestation play.

But if I realized the invisible man was a person like me, and might be an ordinary office worker when not using his ability, it would become difficult to treat him as a tool for sexual release.

"Hey, you're not a virgin, are you? Did your boyfriend deflower you? How can a virgin feel this good?"

Whether he knew my thoughts or not, the invisible man continued to speak humiliating words to me while kneading my large buttocks. Conscious of the gazes around us, I spoke softly but audibly.

"Um... I don't know who you are, but please stop..." "You're enjoying it too. You say you don't like it, but you're this wet?" "I-If you stop now, I won't report you... Please..." "Should I check if you're really a virgin?"

...Wait, what did he just say?

"Huh?!"

The hands left my butt and something entered between my legs. For a moment I was so startled I almost broke character, thinking he had put 'that' in. But judging by the size, it was the invisible man's right hand.

In that moment of confusion over whether I should be relieved or disappointed, the invisible man's hand clung to my crotch like a magnet. Then he started rubbing over my already wet panties.

"Ahn...♡ Hnn...♡ S-Stoop...♡"

Excluding my own, this was the first hand to come this far. The calloused hand rubbing over my panties created friction with my soft pussy flesh, drawing out the pussy juices I had released to easily accept a cock.

My voice melted more and more each time the invisible man caressed my pussy. My face reflected in the glass door was already half transformed into a silly grin.

I thought to myself that this was a face that would justify immediate insertion even if we weren't lovers.

"Mmph!"

The invisible man seemed to think the same, as he pulled my body close. He embraced me with his sticky hand covered in my pussy juices. The arm around my waist didn't stop there but moved up to grab my breast.

"Studying is what high schoolers should do, not tempting hardworking office workers by walking around with such lewd tits."

I may be wearing a school uniform, but I'm not actually a high school student. And judging by the fact that he's doing this at this hour, the invisible man molesting me doesn't seem like a hardworking office worker either.

'Don't tell me this is...'

Our bodies were practically overlapping. In this embarrassing position that even lovers wouldn't take in public, there was an unidentified hard object poking my butt.

I was so distracted by that, I didn't have the capacity to pay attention to anything else.

'I-Is that his cock? But it's too big to be a cock...?'

Since it was something I had on my own body until half a year ago, I wasn't completely clueless like a real virgin who knew nothing about men. But because I did know, I was even more shocked by its size.

Perhaps he noticed my shocked reaction to the size of his cock. The Invisible Man chuckled softly.

Soon after, he stopped groping my breasts, grabbed my thigh, and began poking at my pussy through my white panties. Thankfully, it was a finger, not a cock.

"Just try to make a loud noise. Even if you do, I won't get caught, and I'll just end up taking a bunch of pictures of your slutty self."

The Invisible Man spouted trashy lines so casually. But, as if seduced, my pussy juice stuck to his fingertips with a *slurp slurp*.

With a lewd sound as the female pheromone-releasing liquid stretched, I glanced back.

Whether it was a finger or a massive cock, my female instincts were screaming for something to be shoved in right away. But I had enough reason left not to fall for it and beg for his cock.

So, with a look of contempt rather than longing, I stared at the spot where a man, who seemed to be nothing but was clearly lusting after me, was standing, and spoke with a hint of disgust rather than pleading.

"I'm going to report you and make sure you eat prison food, you filthy pervert."

OTNXSU9XcTFURXdtd0tweHpoait4a1VzVXRSMjRKOGdxVTcyTjBBU
khTUm5iZytXcWpicFc1YmhqalFDcU5PcA

Squish-!

Right at that moment.

My virgin pussy was violated by the finger of a man whose face I couldn't even see.

Author's Note

AI illustrations... To be honest, at first, I was worried that some people might feel uncomfortable if I included them too often, so I made them and hesitated about whether to include them or not. I'm glad to see that the response has been mostly positive.

If possible, I'll try to spend a little more time and consistently include them appropriately.

..... It's definitely not because I was shocked to see that Chapter 2, with the illustrations, had more views than Chapter 1.....

See Next Chapter

8 - Invisible Man (3)

His fingers, slipped between my panties and my pussy, skillfully rummaged inside me.

In that instant, I was overcome with fear, unable to even enjoy the pleasure. The thought of losing my virginity to an invisible man's fingers worried me.

Somehow, it ended up like this, but originally, I only intended to let him touch my breasts and butt. Not today, at least, since it was our first time. It was the first day of testing out defeat play.

But now, a man's fingers I've never even seen are inside my precious place. Unable to resist the naturally flowing atmosphere, I couldn't resist the momentary temptation.

'What do I do...?'

Even so, I'm trying my best to suppress my moans so no one around notices. I'm plastered against the wall, and the invisible man is, well, invisible. Unless someone stares intently at my butt, they won't notice.

Besides, most office workers on their way to work in modern society have earphones in and are staring at their phones, minding their own business, so they don't really pay attention to a woman squirming and coming next to them.

However, if a virginity is breached, that's a different story. Even the most oblivious person would be shocked if a girl who looks like a high school student next to them was bleeding between her legs. Of course, they'd think it's menstrual blood, not virgin blood... but the problem is that it would attract attention.

'Am I going to lose my virginity here?'

But if I don't bleed, I can't deny that this situation is also exciting because of the sense of transgression. I don't know how many women offer their virginity as a symbol of love with their lovers, but one way or another, most of them think they'll lose their long-held purity to a man's cock.

Whether that cock belongs to the childhood friend they promised to marry when they were young, or to a drunk upperclassman, is unknown. But it's clear that it will at least be the cock of a man they know.

But I was different. My partner was a villain, an invisible man, whom I'd never even seen. And it wasn't cock insertion for mating and reproduction, but finger insertion solely for teasing. The place wasn't a hotel or my own room, but a moving subway car.

"Hng...!"

Fortunately, what I feared didn't happen. Unlike what he said about checking my hymen, the invisible man's fingering was surprisingly gentle and careful.

Drip, drop.

What was falling wasn't virgin blood, but only pussy juice. If he had thrust roughly and violently, my hymen might have really been torn, but he didn't. I felt relieved, but also a little disappointed in a corner of my heart.

"Ha, haah..."

The invisible man's invisible fingers moved back and forth inside my pussy, and my voice gradually began to melt. At first, it was just one knuckle, but after a few more thrusts, he started inserting the second knuckle as well.

Squish, squish, squiiiish...

Could it be that he's teasing me?

I couldn't believe that the invisible man, who had already harassed countless women, was being considerate and gently tormenting me. That

means he's deliberately playing with my pussy so that I can't be completely satisfied.

"Aaaah...♡"

What the invisible man didn't expect was that I was getting extremely excited even with this gentle teasing. His fingers, aware of the location of the hymen, which is really just a wrinkle despite its name, and deliberately avoiding touching it, rummaged inside my pussy.

Not touching the hymen might be because it would be troublesome if I bled here... but what should I say?

'Could it be... he's saving it? To eat later?'

I was reminded of school lunch time. There were always friends who saved the most delicious menu item until the very end. It seemed like the invisible man was that kind of person.

He's not taking my virginity right now, but saving it for the ultimate delicacy to be tasted with the spoon of his cock when I'm fully trained and begging for his cock, spreading my legs myself.

I, on the other hand, am just treating him as a disposable masturbation tool, and have no intention of going that far... Talk about big dreams.

Coincidentally, at that moment, the invisible man said the exact same thing I was thinking out loud.

"Funny."

"Ugh, haah..."

"A girl like you is a virgin. What were the guys around you doing, not eating you up sooner?"

"I... I don't know who you are, but stop calling me names in my ear!"

Oops, my voice came out louder than I intended. People around me glanced at me, but they must have thought I was on a phone call with my earphones in, because they soon looked away.

The invisible man, who had stopped for a moment when people looked this way, began to mutter again, as if sticking his low-pitched voice into my ear.

"You're worried about me cursing? But you're okay with me sticking my fingers in your pussy?"

"Of course that's also... Hyaaah...♡"

"For someone who's not okay with it, your voice is too sweet. I can't believe a virgin is this sensitive."

He was right. Every time the invisible man poked or inserted his fingers deep into my vaginal walls, my body arched and my butt wiggled, as if my body's sensitivity was strangely high.

'It feels good... what is this... I've never felt this good before...'

Is it the aftermath of the superhuman sensory abilities I gained as a hero? Or is it the effect of masturbating non-stop a few days ago that still lingers in my body? Whatever it was, one thing was certain.

It's just that my sensitivity is unusually high for a virgin, but the moment I start developing it properly, I could become so sensitive that it can't even be compared to now. I could become a woman who makes any man mistakenly think his technique is good.

"You, let's see each other often in the future."

I could hear the invisible man smacking his lips. To him, I wasn't prey that could be eaten in one bite, nor was I prey that could be bitten once and thrown away.

The invisible man's proposal was that he wanted to keep tormenting me like this and eat me up someday, so from now on, I should check in on this train,

not at school, as a student, but as a living, breathing real doll with perfect reactions.

An ordinary woman would, of course, strongly object. She would have reported him to the police. If she were being harassed like this, she would have screamed long ago to attract the attention of those around her.

"Ugh, uuuh... nooo...♡"

But to me, who came here aiming for this situation in the first place.

To a defeat-addicted hero who was defeated by the invisible man's one finger, such common sense didn't apply.

My body was being controlled by the invisible man's one finger. In that it could be controlled by one finger, it was no different from a cell phone or a vending machine button.

It was also similar in that he could end it whenever he wanted.

Squish—

The invisible man's finger, coated with my cum, came out of my pussy and returned to the subway lights. I felt something that had been filling me leave, and for a moment, my legs gave out and I collapsed.

"Are you okay?"

"Yes? Ah, ah... yes, thank you."

A nearby office worker with earphones in helped me up, and I was barely able to stand.

'The invisible man?'

I awakened my senses, which I had been suppressing, and tracked down the invisible man, who couldn't have gone far yet. Following the familiar smell

of coffee and cigarettes, which I had become accustomed to after being around him for a while, I could see the outline of a man trying to push through the crowd and move to the next car.

Even if I couldn't see him, if I read the flow of various sounds in the subway car that are reflected and spread by people's bodies and walls, and the approximate shape made up of smells, it wasn't difficult to pinpoint the location of the invisible man.

'Should I follow him and catch him?'

Before being directly harassed, I honestly thought it was a bit light. My mindset was to use him as a disposable masturbation tool and throw him away.

Just one day. I was only going to enjoy it once. I didn't expect to meet him as soon as I tried to meet him, but even so, I never intended to continue my relationship with the invisible man for a long time.

So, when the invisible man was carefully fingering me in the middle, I even laughed inwardly.

The invisible man was carefully thrusting, as if leaving it for his cock to eat later. Up until then, I was planning to grab him as soon as the train arrived at its destination.

"...Hmm."

But now my mind has changed. I wanted to meet the invisible man a few more times. I wondered what else he could do besides harassing my pussy from behind.

'I can end it whenever I want.'

The invisible man may think he has the upper hand, but in fact, I'm the one who really has the upper hand. If I track him with senses other than sight, the invisible man is nothing to me.

The 'villain' Invisible Man can never beat the 'hero' Magical Girl Flos.

From that day on, I was neither a student nor an office worker, but I boarded the train at a fixed station every day during rush hour. I didn't forget to bring my school uniform.

At the exact time I met him again at that station. But I moved to the next car, and there was a good reason for that.

'I can't let it look like I came back because I wanted to.'

That kind of situation isn't bad either, but I stopped because I thought a woman who begs on the second meeting seems too easy, even to me. As I said before, I had to be prey that aroused a strong desire for conquest and a competitive spirit in the hunter.

It's okay if the time and station are the same. I'm a student now, so it's rather normal to come back. It's just that I changed my boarding location as a pretense of making a minimal effort to avoid being groped.

Of course, the invisible man, who roams around the train, quickly found me, and so my groping play with his tacit consent continued every morning.

"Ah, by the way, I also took pictures of your virgin pussy. You know what will happen if you report me, right?"

Sure enough, like a threatening pervert, he must have secretly taken pictures so that the shutter sound wouldn't go off. The moment I heard that, I had to try hard to hide my pleased smile.

So, I was groped by the invisible man a total of three times in five days.

"...Huh?"

One Saturday, which was no different from usual.

My relationship with the invisible man changed greatly.

I'm surprised that donations are pouring in like this when I haven't even started serializing for long. I was thinking about doing a unique concept for

a thank you notice for donations for a day, like other writers, but I couldn't think of anything special, so I'm writing a thank you note in the afterword like this. Thank you for your support, and I will become a writer who works harder in the future!

Next episode

9 - Invisible Man (4)

It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that the subway had been packed for the past five days. As it was the morning commute, finding a spot for myself wasn't easy.

It was precisely because such situations were conducive to molestation that I deliberately sought them out, but experiencing the "hell subway" every day made the start of the day tiring. I was at least fortunate enough to be pleurably molested, but how do people endure this every day?

"Huh?"

But today, something was off. Normally, I'd have to protect my unnecessarily large breasts and butt with my hands while squeezing in, but for some reason, the subway car was remarkably empty.

'Is it some kind of holiday today?'

Did everyone agree not to go to work together? Is this a strike? I tilted my head.

I dropped out of high school, and I haven't entered university yet. I haven't really worked any part-time jobs, and my few months as a hero were the extent of my social experience, so I couldn't figure out what was going on.

But one thing was certain. With so few people, molestation was impossible. If it were crowded, even a slight movement would attract attention, and voices would be heard more easily.

'I guess I have no choice today.'

It wasn't like I'd seen him every day for the past five days, so I wasn't too disappointed. There was even one time when I didn't encounter the Invisible Man, whether he didn't look for me or didn't come to the subway at all. Maybe we just missed each other.

I'd have to let it go today. But I believe I'll definitely meet him tomorrow. I felt a little embarrassed as I fidgeted my fingers out of disappointment.

"Aish."

Why am I acting like some tragic heroine? Just yesterday, the Invisible Man was thrusting into my pussy and whispering curses in my ear, there's no way he'd suddenly get tired of me and abandon me.

Still, just in case, I decided to wait the usual ten stops. If he doesn't show up by then, I'll turn back.

'Well, even if he does come, it'd be hard to do anything openly with so few people.'

I hesitated for a moment, then scurried over and sat down on a subway seat. Today marks the sixth day I've been attending the subway at this time, but it seems like it's the first time I've ever sat down here so comfortably.

I came here to get molested, so I was always standing, but other people usually had to squeeze their butts into the narrow space between the people already sitting on either side.

Whenever I saw that, I secretly thought that my hips and butt were a bit larger than average for my age, making it difficult to sit. But now that I'm actually sitting, there's no one on either side of me.

"Oh my, you're a pretty student."

"Huh? Oh, thank you..."

No, it wasn't like there was absolutely no one. An old woman was sitting in a seat about three or four cars away. Since they don't have to pay the fare, the most common people on the subway are the elderly.

Since it's a characteristic of the elderly to easily strike up conversations with strangers, I gave a polite response and looked away. But the old woman who spoke to me was no ordinary person.

"What school do you go to?"

"What grade are you in?"

"You look just like I did when I was a young woman, chuckle."

"Where are you going, by the way? To meet your boyfriend?"

I found it annoying to answer all the questions, and some were difficult to answer at all, so I brushed them off. At this point, I was even considering just getting off without waiting for the tenth stop.

Yeah, it seems like it's not going to happen today anyway. No matter how much longer I wait, the Invisible Man probably won't show up. Let's call it quits for today and come back tomorrow.

...Just as I made that decision.

Squish-

I felt an unpleasant sensation on my chest. To put it nicely, it was helping to lighten the load on my shoulders, but to put it badly, it was an act of sexual harassment itself, touching my breasts and slightly lifting them.

"Ugh..."

There's no way this sensation could be a mistake. And I recently learned about a villain who freely indulges in women's bodies without being noticed. That villain also knew my body too well.

"Are you alright, dear? You don't look well?"

"Yes?! Yes! I'm fine, I'm not... Hngh..."

Someone was tightly gripping my breast. No, there's no need to say "someone." The only person who would do this to me is the Invisible Man, that bastard. My breast, the lump of fat hanging from it, remembered the sensation of his fingers digging into it.

The grip grew stronger and stronger. I frowned at the pain combined with pleasure, then forced a smile at the old woman to show that I was alright. But I couldn't stop my face from turning red.

'Th-there's someone watching... Go easy on me, you crazy bastard...'

I cursed the Invisible Man in my mind and squeezed my legs together. Shouldn't he be more considerate when people are watching? I rubbed my smooth thighs together and bit my lip tightly, afraid that a moan might escape.

"Ugh...?"

But the Invisible Man showed me no mercy. He messed up my pretty breasts, kneading them roughly even through my clothes. He didn't seem to care at all whether I was caught enjoying having my breasts touched.

He was simply treating my body as he pleased, as if he was taking his share for the day. My breasts, which belong to a proud hero to my fans and a precious daughter to my parents... He treated them like toys that existed solely for his tactile satisfaction.

'My breasts aren't... Ungh, hng... They're not your personal slime...'

But seeing their shape change at will in his hands, it was hard to list the differences between them and slime. Meanwhile, my nipples were gradually hardening and rising. Thanks to my bra, it wasn't visible from the outside.

"Eep?!"

The Invisible Man didn't allow that either. He stopped kneading my breasts like rice cakes, and in the blink of an eye, his hand plunged inside my shirt. The Invisible Man skillfully unhooked and removed my bra.

"Kyah-ah..." "Dear, what did you say just now? I'm hard of hearing." "Ah, no. I wasn't talking to you, ma'am... Hng?!"

The Invisible Man left handprints on my bare skin with his invisible hand. He caressed my soft belly, which belonged to a physical magic girl without any abs, and of course, he kneaded my bare breasts, which were unprotected by clothes or a bra.

"Hyaaah..."

He stroked my already aroused and hardened nipples with the tips of his fingers, then pressed down on them.

The hand inside my clothes made my shirt bulge. Anyone who wasn't an idiot would realize that something was wrong. Maybe it was just my imagination, but it felt like the eyes around me were gathering.

At that moment, the Invisible Man also stopped touching my bare breasts and skin and pulled his hand out. I thought he was backing off because he was afraid of being caught, but I realized that wasn't the case the next moment.

Snap-

As his hand slipped out of my clothes, the bra that had been hanging on his wrist fell off on its own. I was startled and tried to hide it back inside my clothes before anyone could see, but the Invisible Man didn't allow it.

"Wh-what are you..."

I didn't even have time to look around. Something that clearly looked like a bra was on my lap. I squeezed my eyes shut and sat on the bra.

I hadn't taken off my top, only my underwear had been removed, but it was incredibly embarrassing. Even though there weren't many people on the subway... There was an old woman just a few cars away, and my erect nipples were clearly visible even through my clothes.

'Being braless in such a public place... Is this how people who do outdoor exposure feel...?'

Honestly, I thought the Invisible Man would be satisfied here and stop. Removing my bra in a public place and making me sit on it was dangerous enough. There's no way he'd do anything more today.

But the Invisible Man once again exceeded my expectations. As soon as he spotted my nipples protruding through my clothes, he didn't hesitate to pinch, twist, and pull them.

"Hngh...!" "Shh. Do you want to advertise that you're horny?"

The first words the Invisible Man had spoken today. As always, he whispered in my ear so that others wouldn't hear. I was terrified that others might have heard because the subway car was quieter than usual.

"They're all old people. They're hard of hearing." "Wh-why do you keep doing this? This is enough, isn't it? Unlike usual, there aren't many people today..."

Like a mouse caught in a trap, I glanced around while my nipples were being grabbed. It was a quiet morning with only about six people in each car. Except for me, most of them were elderly people in their 70s or older.

It's only because he's invisible that I'm able to endure without being caught. If he were an ordinary pervert, someone else would have reported him and he would have been caught and kicked out. I couldn't understand why he was being so aggressive today, when he usually paid so much attention to potential risks.

The problem was that I didn't dislike it. Being molested so openly made me feel more ashamed, and the more ashamed I felt, the greater the sense of depravity grew. Me, blushing in front of grandmas and grandpas while my nipples were being pinched.

'Lewd...♡'

It was obscene and lewd. The sticky honey flowing between my closed legs and wetting my panties. My erect clit, as if it was going to please me in

place of a missing dick. My erect nipples, proving that I'm a masochistic pervert.

"Why am I doing this?" "O-oooooh... N-nipples hurt..."

The Invisible Man twisted my nipples roughly and whispered in my ear.

"Today's the weekend." "...Huh?"

At first, I didn't understand what he meant. That's because I didn't really have a concept of days of the week. It's both an advantage and a disadvantage of being a freelancer and unemployed. I often got confused about what day it was.

"What student goes to school on the weekend, wearing a uniform, at the same time as on weekdays?" "Th-that's..." "You little brat. You're not even from the 'no Saturday classes' generation."

A mistake. A huge mistake. He found out that I was pretending to be a student. That means.

"You're not a student, but you've been riding this subway every time pretending to be a student, which means..." "Haa, hngh...♡"

Something thick came between my slightly parted legs. A knee, it was a knee. The Invisible Man tapped my crotch with his knee, stimulating my already wet pussy.

"...You wanted me to do this to you, didn't you?"

"N-No..."

I wouldn't say I actually wanted it to happen.

"You wanted to be defiled next to everyone on their way to work, didn't you?"

"T-That's not... possible...!"

I wouldn't say I'm a magical girl who enjoys being defeated by villains.

"So all this time, you've just been using me as your personal masturbation tool."

His low, sweet voice whispered close to my ear, and I could smell the mix of instant coffee and cigarettes coming from his neck.

But soon, the sound of his zipper coming down filled the subway car along with another scent.

'T-This is...'

It was a familiar scent, but one I should never smell this close.

It was a thick, masculine odor that seemed familiar, yet felt foreign when compared to anything else.

"I need to get back what I gave you, you little slut."

Author's Note:

Am I taking too long to get to the sex scene...? I was worried, so I took a peek at my previous work, and it didn't come out until almost chapter 30.

..... Rest assured, this one won't take that long.

Next Chapter

10 - Invisible Man (5)

That brazen little bitch. It was a derogatory term that perfectly described how I must have looked in the eyes of the Invisible Man.

Even my usual appearance, without transforming into a magical girl, was on the youthful side. Although I was a year older, no one had yet discovered that I was disguised as a high school student.

'Still, I'm not that much of a kid.'

However, if the Invisible Man wasn't close to my age, it made some sense. Just as a twenty-year-old sees a ten-year-old as a kid, even if they claim not to be, someone in their thirties or forties would still see a twenty-year-old as a kid, not yet an adult.

'He did seem a bit older.'

I remembered the scent from before. Coffee, cigarettes—things many adult men indulge in, but seemed more like the kind of things older guys, rather than people my age, would use. And the fact that he was only targeting high school girls... the Invisible Man seemed quite a bit older.

But that wasn't important now. No matter how old the Invisible Man was, the key was what he had just said. Going back before that shocking curse, "brazen little bitch."

'I need to get it back... he said?'

What did he mean by "get it back," like some loan shark? Actually, the answer was already inside me. If I thought about what the Invisible Man had "done" to me, it became clear what I had to "give back" to him.

'What the Invisible Man did to me was...'

Groping my breasts and butt. Making me suppress moans while molesting me in public. And not just rubbing my pussy over my panties, but actually sticking his fingers inside to make me feel good.

Usually, you wouldn't say someone "did" these things. It's more accurate to say I was "assaulted" by a pervert who was sexually harassing me at will. But my case was different.

'Because I got caught.'

Because I wanted to be assaulted. Because I wanted to be targeted by a pervert. Because I even deliberately found out that the Invisible Man's type was high school girls, wore a uniform, and secretly attended school on the weekend, pretending to go.

...Because I got caught.

'So, what happens now?'

He touched my breasts and butt... so do I have to do the same?

"Yeah, same as always. Like I used my finger to fuck your pussy last time, this time I'm using this to fuck your mouth-pussy."

"M-mouth-pussy..."

"Then what is this? It's not a finger. What is this that's fucking your mouth-pussy? Say it right."

The last few words were completely devoid of playfulness. He grabbed my chin and asked, forcing my mouth... no, my mouth-pussy wide open, exposing its obscene pink insides to the world.

"...Dick."

"What?"

"D-dick... It's a dick..."

Only then did I give him the answer he wanted.

"Kroooooak—!"

The moment I gave the answer. He shoved his 'dick'—with its dual meaning—into my mouth-pussy, like a teacher giving a belated reward, or a punishment to a naughty student.

The invisible man's thick dick, both punishment and reward, instantly plunged down my throat. At first, I resisted the unfamiliar flesh rod that was neither drink nor food, but it was futile. After a few jabs, it pierced through with an almost absurd ease.

My throat, having lost its virginity, instantly transformed. The esophagus, the path for receiving food, began to change into a path for receiving a dick.

Even without transforming, the magic girl's body, inherently resilient, quickly adapted to the situation. And soon, it successfully transformed the ordinary esophagus into an onahole exclusively for the invisible man's dick.

It might be seen as a regression for a human, but it was a clear evolution for a female. Whether this is ultimately beneficial or detrimental to me, it didn't matter much right now.

What mattered now wasn't me, but the invisible man who was using me. It was only natural, having been defeated by the villain who exploited my weakness and saw through my true feelings. A defeated female must prioritize the victorious male over herself.

Squish— Squelch— Gurgle—♡

The invisible man, who had been stroking my head as if praising a submissive girlfriend, now gripped my hair tightly with the same hand. My previously disheveled hair was now completely ruined, soaked with sweat from his palm.

Why is he holding on so tight? Is he trying to hold back his climax as much as possible because he wants to use my throat-onahole exclusively for his

invisible dick more? Or is it because he can fuck more intensely when he has a handle like this?

Lewd sound effects poured out of my mouth, even though I wasn't consciously vibrating my vocal cords.

"Student... are you really okay?"

"Gurgle— Squish— Squelch—"

"You've been saying strange things by yourself since earlier, were you talking to this old lady? Or are you in pain?"

The words 'Please just mind your own business' rose to my throat. But the invisible man stabbed my throat with his heavy glans, sending those impudent words back into my stomach. When teaching manners to a sassy little female brat, an old man's Confucian dick is exceptionally effective.

The invisible man, after thrusting deeply once and then tickling my nose wildly with his black pubic hair, slowly withdrew his dick from my throat as I coughed and spluttered with tears and snot.

He placed his retreating glans on my moist, warm tongue. As if my crimson tongue was his own personal dick stand.

Not stopping there, he whispered softly into my ear as I struggled to breathe.

"Masochist, you want more, don't you?"

"Uhhh...?"

At that moment, I was both relieved and disappointed that the invisible man hadn't come in my mouth, so I didn't immediately understand what he said. Only after regaining my senses a moment later could I comprehend.

"Want more..."

It could be interpreted in two ways. Whether to continue this fellatio, no, this irrumatio, of sucking an invisible dick while hiding from the eyes of others on the subway. Or whether to move on to the next stage.

As I cautiously asked which one he meant, the invisible man slipped his hand between my legs, which had unknowingly parted while his dick was lodged in my throat. Suddenly touched on my mons pubis, I was so startled that I shuddered.

"Why ask the
obvious?" Gulp.

I could tell from that gesture. The invisible man wanted to have sex, not just oral sex like before.

'...R-really?'

I hadn't thought that far. After all, the invisible man was just a pervert. There were many reports of him groping and molesting women, but I had never heard of him raping anyone.

Therefore, I naturally expected to be merely toyed with by the invisible man, like a pseudo-adult toy. I never expected... no, I never even considered that it would go as far as actual insertion.

I hesitated for a moment, but even that hesitation seemed to be seen as complete surrender in the invisible man's eyes. Because the next moment, he whispered these words in my ear.

"Get off at this stop. I'll deflower you as you wish."