# 168 - Magical Girl Who Reforms Villains (7)

Delivery driver Jung Jin-ho dragged his tired body out for another day of pizza deliveries. The more deliveries he could complete quickly, the more he earned—so he pushed his bike to the limit, just shy of causing trouble on the road.

"Ugh, what a pain."

On top of that, Jung Jin-ho was wearing a body cam. It was bothersome, but there was no helping it.

Lately, he’d heard stories about trashy people canceling orders after the food arrived, demanding refunds, and secretly keeping the meals. People around him that wearing a body cam would protect him from such scams, so he gritted his teeth and endured the hassle.

\*Well, it’s for self-protection, so…\*

Still, this time, the delivery was to a hotel, so he figured nothing unusual would happen. Surely, no one staying at a hotel would try to scam a refund on delivery food.

\*Knock knock.\*

After waiting at the door for about a minute, Jung Jin-ho grew impatient. If the customer would just come out and take the food, he could leave already.

Normally, he’d just leave the food at the door and go, but the customer had specifically requested a hand-to-hand delivery, so he had no choice.

\*Should I call them?\*

Just as he was seriously considering it, the door opened. Unaware that Kang Young-hoon had stopped time, Jung Jin-ho was inwardly startled. If someone had come out, he should’ve heard footsteps—but there was nothing.

"Uh, wha—"

"Ugh, h-heh…?"

"Huh? Magical Girl Flos…?"

But the shock that followed was nothing compared to the lack of footsteps. The door swung open, and the moment Magical Girl Flos was thrust forward from behind, Jung Jin-ho’s brain had to work overtime to process the situation.

Running into someone he knew while delivering wasn’t unheard of—sometimes they knew each other, sometimes only the delivery driver recognized them.

This time, it was the latter. \*Magical Girl Flos\*—there wasn’t a single person in the younger generation who didn’t know her.

She had a lot of female fans, but her male fanbase was just as sizable. Though, for most of them, their admiration leaned more toward the \*lewd\* side rather than her heroics.

"Fuck."

And Jung Jin-ho was one of those fans—specifically, the lewd kind. Just last night, he’d been in the back alleys of \*Yehigall\*, using Flos’ fancams as \*side dishes\* to his meal. There was no way his eyes wouldn’t pop out now.

If Flos had just come out in slightly skimpy clothes to receive the food normally, Jung Jin-ho would’ve been over the moon. That alone would’ve been enough for him to go home and \*pump out three rounds\*.

"Uhhh…"

But this was a bit much.

A hulking, muscular man gripping Flos’ bare hips, pounding her from behind. Her body shook with each thrust, her ample breasts bouncing wildly. Her face was flushed bright red, as if in shame.

\*Isn’t this… that thing?\*

Delivery exposure.

A kink so extreme that only the most depraved sluts indulged in it. Some people found it disgusting—using delivery drivers as props for exhibitionist acts—but Jung Jin-ho had a different opinion.

He was more the type who’d been \*waiting\* for an opportunity like this. If it ever happened, he’d take it as an invitation and \*jump right in\*.

\*But this is a bit…\*

For one, it wasn’t just a woman—it was a couple, and not just any woman, either. This was \*Magical Girl Flos\* we were talking about. If he underestimated her just because she was a girl, he might end up torn to shreds.

So, he’d just have to be satisfied with what he saw. Just \*capturing\* this in his eyes was already a jackpot.

...Thinking that, as he handed the pizza to Flos, who still couldn’t bring herself to meet his eyes, Kang Young-hoon suddenly slapped her ass with a sharp \*smack\* and spoke up.

“Ah, did I surprise you? It’s cosplay, just cosplay.”

“Huh? Cosplay…?”

“As you can see, she kinda looks like… what was it? A hero? A Magical Girl, right? So we put on a wig and some contacts.”

At Kang Young-hoon’s words, Jung Jin-hoo was momentarily stunned. He wanted to tug at the so-called wig to check, but no matter how curious he was, that would’ve been rude—so he couldn’t just reach out and verify it right in front of them.

\*Is that really it?\*

Jung Jin-hoo’s cock, having used Flos as his personal plaything multiple times before, stood rigid and screamed at him. His dick-compass insisted—this woman wasn’t some cheap cosplayer, she was \*definitely\* the real Magical Girl Flos.

That this man was lying to him with a flimsy excuse, trying to weasel his way out of trouble.

…Of course, given that Kang Young-hoon had orchestrated this situation from the start, “weaseling out of trouble was the last thing on his mind.

“Come on, use your head. What kind of justice would act this shamelessly in front of a delivery guy?”

“Well, that’s true, but…”

“Tch, guess you need to hear her voice. We were just messing around and ended up like this—didn’t think I’d have to explain \*this\* much.”

Even though Kang Young-hoon was the one who’d been rude first, Jung Jin-hoo somehow felt like \*he\* was the one getting a favor. Meanwhile, Kang Young-hoon’s hips moved faster, slamming into Flos’ pussy with wet, rhythmic \*smacks\*.

\*Squelch, squelch, squelch!\*

“Ngh… Hahh~♡ Hnng… Ngh, ughh…♡”

“Look at this bitch, moaning all proper just ‘cause there’s another guy here.”

“I-I’m not… Hngg~♡”

“I’ll make sure you can’t hold back, you fucking slut.”

Kang Young-hoon grabbed Flos by the hair and fucked her even rougher—so hard it seemed like she might break.

Flos’ face flushed crimson, not from shame but from sheer \*agony\*, and with every thrust, his cock hammered against her cervix, driving deeper until she couldn’t take it anymore. Just as Kang Young-hoon had predicted, her attempts at keeping her moans restrained hit their limit.

“Oooh… Ooooh~♡! Ooohk… Hk~♡ O-Ohh~♡”

“There. \*That’s\* your real voice, isn’t it?”

“Uooohh~♡!! H-Hohk~♡ Oh, ooooh~♡!”

Jung Jin-hoo instinctively took a step back.

The lewd, husky moans spilling from her parted lips. Her eyes rolled back in pleasure, completely lost. He’d \*never\* seen Magical Girl Flos like this before.

Just as doubt crept in—\*Was this really someone else?\*—Kang Young-hoon spoke again, Flos’ moans now a constant background noise to his words.

“Magical Girl Flos, was it? Does she sound like \*this\*?”

“Ah, no. It’s different. Flos has a higher, more delicate voice… This girl’s is…”

“What’s it like?”

“Lower. And… \*fucking\* perverted.”

Kang Young-hoon chuckled.

“She \*is\* a pervert. Right now, she’s clenching her pussy even tighter ‘cause she got caught by you. Bet if you pulled your dick out and shoved it in her face, she’d be sniffing and drooling all over it, begging for a taste.”

“C-Can I really…?”

Jung Jin-hoo jolted, staring at Flos as he asked. His cock had been rock-hard in his pants for a while now. Honestly, just pulling it out and stroking a little would’ve been enough to make him cum.

And if \*that\* was all it took, what would happen if he rubbed it against her face—or if she sucked him off? Jung Jin-hoo was already at his limit.

“A-Asking me… Nngh~♡”

“Huh? Then who \*should\* I ask?”

Flos shyly averted her gaze to avoid answering. Even so, her eyes remained fixed on Jeong Jin-hu's cock, though whether she could press that thing against her face wasn't a decision she could make herself.

"You... need Master's permission first......"

A tone devoid of confidence. A voice trembling with shyness. This was a completely different person from the Flos who faced monsters and villains with unwavering poise.

If anything, this version resembled the fantasy Flos from the dark alley doujinshi Jeong Jin-hu had seen more than the real one. A crystallization of male desire—a creature better described as a bitch than a woman.

At that moment, Jin-hu became certain: This wasn't the real Magical Girl Flos.

This fake Flos didn't even possess agency. She couldn't decide for herself whether to press a cock against her face—she needed permission from the man she called Master.

"Go ahead. We owe you for the trouble we caused. Consider this repayment."

"T-then......"

"Don't put it in your mouth, though. That's my exclusive spot. Just use your face."

Before he even finished speaking, Flos moved. Despite knowing she was a counterfeit, Jin-hu watched as she buried her face in his pants and took a deep inhale.

'Fuck......'

He'd get an earful from the shop owner for returning so late, but it didn't matter. He'd gladly be an hour for this.

'Ah.'

Then he remembered—he was wearing a body cam. This entire scene was being recorded. If he edited just this part later, he'd have fap material for at least a year.

'Wait. I could even monetize this if I upload it somewhere.'

Jin-hu felt genuine gratitude toward the friend who'd suggested he wear the body cam.

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\*Sniff, haah......\*

I pressed my face against the delivery driver's underwear and inhaled. I've always loved the scent of cock, but smelling it while being pounded from behind by Kang Young-hoon drove me insane.

"Ngh, hhhnn...♡ Getting fucked while smelling this... I'm in heat...!"

The mating in my pussy lowered my arousal, while sniffing his cock stoked it higher. Pouring water into a bottomless barrel—this vicious cycle left me lightheaded to the point of delirium.

'Does he know? Or not?'

The delivery driver who recognized me as Magical Girl Flos. Thankfully, Kang Young-hoon's quick talking seemed to have worked... for now.

What the hell was Young-hoon thinking, anyway? Did he not care if my dignity was shattered?

This wasn't just about my reputation. As someone who loved watching others fall, if his prank corrupted me beyond recovery, he'd lose interest—even if I were Magical Girl Flos—and move on to another woman.

Which meant I'd never locate the Villain Association's headquarters. Never find Operator who'd been kidnapped and taken there.

'So I can't get caught...!'

I desperately erased all traces of the Magical Girl Flos persona seen in mainstream media. Instead, I strained to appear as just some ordinary slut mimicking Flos' surface traits.

Playing up my embarrassment was part of the act, but it still felt insufficient.

'I need to act even sluttier. Like a complete airheaded bimbo.'

Pretending to be someone so opposite to my real self wasn't easy, but necessary.

\*Sniff sniff, huff... haah, ngh, oh, ohh...♡\*

With a slightly mischievous expression, I rubbed my face against his cock and looked up. The thrilling sensation of the man's gaze looking down at me made my pussy clench involuntarily for a moment.

\*Squelch!\*

"Hah, hiiik♡!"

Oops, I almost forgot. His cock wasn't just right in front of me. Kang Young-hoon pulled back slightly to thrust harder, then plunged deep as if reminding me not to forget him, showing off his power.

'I get it, I get it... My pussy is already yours...♡'

Because now my pussy is your personal onahole. You can pound it, grind it, and stir it however you want. I'm your masochistic bitch pussy of a former classmate hero who loves it even when you spank my ass raw.

\*Squelch!\*

While I was paying attention to the cock behind me, the one in front slapped my cheek as if demanding attention too. The cock that had sprung free when I pulled down my panties bumped against my soft, plump cheeks.

"H-Hey, Mr. Delivery Man... I know you're tired from work, but hngg♡ this isn't very polite...!"

"Huh? Wh-What are you talking about?"

"D-Don't you know the saying? 'Never hit a girl with your dick'? Because if you slap her face with your cock, her womb goes kyuun kyuun~ and she'll wanna marry you... it's a serious crime, you know...♡!"

"Whaaat...?"

"And since I'm your property now, hitting me with your dick could count as theft... \*sniff sniff\* hngg♡ Ughh... The sweaty smell of your delivery-ridden cock is so gooood...♡"

I spouted nonsense no normal person would understand. All to look as dumb as possible. The exact image I wanted to project was the dignified Magical Girl Flos—but in reverse. A brainless slut with gyaru energy.

"Your foreskin-covered cock, huaah♡... It's smaller than my Owner's, but the smell is so concentrated... Ngh, hup...♡"

"Wait, do you actually like the smell of cock...?"

"O-Of course! Why even ask...?! That sticky pre-cum smell... hyaaah♡ And if I go lower, \*sniff sniff\* puhahh...♡ The ripe ball stink from being cramped on your motorcycle... Ugh, uwaah... This part near the base is especially rank...♡"

"So why would you like a stinky smell—"

"Why do I like it? B-Because it turns me on, duh♡ Ngh, uhaaah... \*pant\*... Right here, I just wanna lick it once so baaad...♡"

I secretly stuck out my tongue, trying to lick where his balls met the shaft. Working my way up to steal the bead of pre-cum glistening on his tip.

It's not sucking, so licking should be fine. Even if I get caught and scolded, that'd be hot too. It'd make me look like the dumb slut who can't even follow simple orders.

"Bweh... Uhoooook♡?!"

"You fucking idiot, didn't I say no sucking? Can't you understand words? The delivery guy lets you smell his cock, and instead of being grateful, you try to take more?"

"Ghk♡ Oohht♡ S-Sowwy, Masteerr...!"

The moment Kang Young-hoon ruthlessly pistoned into me, my face twisted lewdly. He didn't miss it, grabbing my hair and grinding his thick, hard cock against my soft cheeks, smearing me with his sweaty musk.

"Heh, haaah...♡ Rubbing your cock on my face while you pound my womb... feels so gooood...♡"

"Smelling dick makes you clench harder, you bitch in heat."

"My face is... softer than an onahole... Ngh, kuhh!"

I could feel it instinctively. Both cocks were about to cum. As Kang Young-hoon lost himself in furious thrusting, I secretly stuck out my tongue again, cheering on the delivery man's climax.

\*Squelch squelch squelch!\*

\*Grind grind grind...\*

Tapping the side of the cock rubbing against my face with my tongue, the brainless slut cheering for his cum to rise.

The love toy coaxed me, its tip gently pressing down on my womb and ravaging my pussy while giving light kisses to my cervix, urging me to let my cum gush out.

At the same time, used as a cum dump for two men, I came hard alongside their cocks.

Splurt! Ssplurt!

Spllllurt! Ssssshhh!

An overwhelming flood of cum shot out from both sides. I made sure not to let a single drop spill onto the floor, using my body to catch it all—though I couldn’t stop the squirt from my own climax from staining the hotel hallway carpet.

“How many stars would this kid get if she was on a delivery app?”

“…Definitely a five.”

Listening to the two men chatting over me, I grinned drunkenly from the scent of semen. This time, it wasn’t an act—I really did feel like a mindless, used-up slut.