

Urotsukidōji: Fallen Idol

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Curious Cabbit Press

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Kikuchi Harumi

1

The pounding bass shook the stage just a millisecond after the point she was already started to sway to it. The volume was deafening if it wasn't for the low-profile earplugs in her ears. Despite the muffled sound, her ears still rang out from every beat that shook her body.

Harumi left a grin plastered on her face and high-stepped into the middle of the stage, right at the spot she practiced a thousand times. As soon as her bright yellow boot struck the stage, she twisted and brought her hip up in three short pops.

The beat of the song matched her movements perfectly, with each thrust matching the crash of J-pop music flooding over the audience. Her skirt, a matching yellow, fluttered up giving the camera C a chaste but forbidden look at her panties. The position was perfect to prevent the tightly-stretched fabric of view of her vulva, but not by much. She had practiced the maneuver a thousand times in the last few weeks and she pulled it off perfectly.

No doubt, there would be pictures of her traded in the back of schoolrooms before the week was out, but that was the entire point. The collective lust of her body and music drove sales skyward and made her a star, an idol.

She spun around and launched into her third number of the concert. The words were forgettable and saccharine, just like every other song currently flooding the market in the last three months. But, the producers picked the song for her after weeks of market research and then promptly drilled the words into her head until she would be singing them the day she died.

Still grinning, she gave the audience a wink before prancing in a circle. With every step, she waved her arms and sang into the

microphone. Her voice, high-pitched but somehow booming, rolled over her. The ear plugs muffled the volume, but it was her voice being blasted across twenty thousand screaming fans.

Her backup dancers came on the stage in a shower of yellow silk blossoms. They all wore dark sailor uniforms to contrast with her yellow ensemble. She couldn't feel their heels tapping against the stage, but each of their steps was accompanied by bass thuds. It was a rush to feel the vibrations warring inside her body. She thrust into the bass beat and cried out with a little more enthusiasm that she needed.

The response was electric, a wave of screaming and applause that washed over her. She couldn't see them past the lights blinding her, but she could feel their attention, their adoration, and their love. It was her drug and she almost swooned from the sweetness that burned in her veins. It also brought a rush of excitement pulsing between her legs, a heated throb that brought flashes of pleasure that dwarfed even the orgasms she invoked with the tips of her fingers.

Her third number smoothly segued into her fourth and then the fifth. The backup dancers left the stage and came back, but she wasn't allow even a moment's relief. By the time it was done, she was dripping with sweat and trembling with exhaustion. She gave a cheerful bow, spun around to press one fingertip to her cheek, and then screamed "Kawaii!"

The audience hall exploded into screams and cheers as she pranced off the screen. She had to press her thighs together to avoid giving anyone a forbidden view of her soaked pussy.

Harumi's smile dropped the second she was out of sight of the audience and the cameras. With a groan, she staggered forward underneath a countdown clock that measured the number of seconds before she was back on stage.

There wasn't much time.

Her dressing room was only a few meters from the back of the stage. Within seconds, she was inside where a small army of makeup artists and costumers rushed forward. Hands plucked at her clothes and face. She felt someone toweling off her face and arms before clothes were yanked off her body. The towels returned to blot up the worst of her sweat. Fingers worked their way inside her skirt

and she leaning into them as they unzipped her skirt and pulled it down.

A few seconds later, she was in her yellow bra and panties. Her body no longer glistened with sweat, but she could feel the heat pulsating deep inside her. It curled inside her body and reminded her that the high-powered air conditioner had no hope of cooling her down before she was back on stage.

When she saw her next outfit being brought to her, she held up her hands. "Towel, please?"

The nearest assistant reached out to blot an imaginary spot, but Harumi grabbed the towel. Looking down, she pulled the front of her pristine panties away from her body. The heat of her pussy, slick with sweat and her excitement, rolled along her skin. She jammed the towel into her underwear and sopped up the worst of the sweat.

Satomi, her manager, let out a hiss of annoyance from her stool near the center of the room. "That's disgusting," she muttered in her raspy voice. "You're suppose to be sixteen and sixteen-year—"

"I'm eighteen back here," Harumi said sheepishly as she drew the towel up the length of her slit before pulling it out.

"You are sixteen and will always be sixteen forever," snapped Satomi. "Never break the kayfabe!" The older woman stood up.

Harumi bowed her head. "Sorry, sensei." She released her underwear and it snapped against her taut belly.

Before she could adjust herself, the costumers were upon her. While hands guided her arms into the proper holes, someone adjusted her panties smooth against her shaved mound and buttocks. There was nothing sexual about any of the movements, even when someone adjusted her nipples inside her bra, but simply a matter of getting her dressed in a flowing dress in two minutes eighteen seconds.

"Don't forget it!" said Satomi before slumping back down. "It only takes one moment to ruin everything."

Harumi grinned and waved her hand. "Yes, sensei. A dancer is pristine and virginal, but that's on stage and I don't want to be soaking wet."

Some of the anger faded from Satomi's eyes. "Just... don't make a mistake."

Not good luck, or the Western's break a leg. Be careful to not ever break the kayfabe of being cute, adorable, and living the unreal dream. It was the simple reminder to Harumi not to fuck up the best chance she had.

She spun around and pressed one finger against her cheek. "Kawaii!"

And then she was heading back to the stage.

Ozaki Norikazu

2

Ozaki threw open the front door and stumbled inside his parent's home. Lighting flashed behind him before he could slam the door shut. Even with the front door closed, he could hear the hiss of rain striking the concrete walk and roof.

Yanking his coat off, tossed it toward one of the hooks. It shed rain as it flipped through the air, smacked against the wall, and then thudded to the ground. It left behind a glistening smear along the painted wall.

Reaching out it, he caught sight of his wristwatch. Swearing under his breath, he waved at his jacket and stepped away. Water splashed from his shoes as he stepped on the wooden floor and hurried toward the stairs.

"Shoes!" yelled his mom.

Ozaki stumbled as he considered obeying. His eyes lowered to his watch and the minute flipped to the next one. He was already too late for the show and every second meant he would miss seeing her.

Her show. The show of the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

His sneakers squeaked on the floor as he turned back to the stairs.

"I said shoes!"

"Mom! I'm missing her concert!"

When he heard his mother getting up from the couch, he muttered and kicked off his shoes. Using his toes, he tossed them toward the spot left for him. One bounced off his father's business shoes and the other rolled to bump against the front door.

His mother groaned as she staggered toward the entry room but Ozaki was already rushing up the stairs. His damp socks thudded on

the wooden steps. He caught the edge of the hallway and stumbled toward his room.

He slammed his bedroom door behind him and then locked it. His fingers slipped on the handle before he gripped it tightly. Taking a deep breath, he forced himself to calm his rapid breathing.

The seconds ticked past before he could peel his fingers off. He wiped the water from his face and dragged his hand against the door. It left a glistening smear of sweat and rain on the wooden surface.

Taking a deep breath, he turned and grabbed the remote from his desk. Pressing the power button, he waited for the tube to warm up and the glow to fill his bedroom. Anxious, he stepped aside and sank down into his bed without any regard for his soaked clothes.

The music came on hard, a brilliant blast of bright, cheerful tunes. He knew the words by heart and he whispered them underneath his breath as he stared into the screen. It came into slow focus and then he saw a flash of yellow.

It was her, Kikuchi Harumi.

The most beautiful girl in the universe.

His jaw opened as she twirled on the screen, a flash of yellow. It didn't matter if she was sixteen or barely visible on the thirty centimeter screen, he couldn't get enough of her. He drank in the sight of her slender body spinning on screen and lost himself in the voice that came drifting through dusty speakers.

On the screen, the screen faded to black just as Harumi pressed a finger against her cheek. Her final "Kawii!" filled the room and echoed in Ozaki's head endlessly.

Ozaki sat there, despair pooling in his heart, as he watched the concert ended. He had missed most of it and he didn't even have a recorder to play it back. He sniffed, struggling with the emotions that welled up inside him.

When a commercial filled the screen, he mutely thumbed the remote and turned off the TV.

Despair filled him. He had missed all but the last few seconds of the show. He clung to the short memory, trying to memorize every inch of her curves and her brilliant smile. He drew up her slender leg before focusing on the briefest flash of her yellow panties. He

thought he saw a faint line down the middle, a hint of the girl underneath.

His cock twitched as he let his memories linger on her pussy. He wondered if it was shaved like the hentai he watched. He had never seen one outside of anime, but the thought of peeling back the yellow fabric suddenly appealed to him. He quickly grew hard with his thoughts.

When his cock ground against the front of his jeans, he fumbled with his belt. He tugged it aside, trying to imagine Harumi's naked skin. It would be smooth and pale, just like her thighs. He could almost feel the delicate flesh underneath his palm as he pictured pulling off her panties and spreading her legs.

Slumping back with his cock in his hand, Ozaki moaned softly. He wished he knew what a woman's pussy smelled like, or felt like, or even looked like. He wanted to know if she would be smooth and slick, or hot and sticky like the heated length nestled into his palm. He pumped with his hand, smearing his pre-cum through his fingers and down his shaft.

Gripping tighter, he pumped faster as he imagined pressing his fingers against her hole and shoving inside. The cute little moans he imagined she would make brought a welcoming surge in his palm; his cock swelled in his grip until it was as large as he had ever felt it before.

Ozaki pumped faster, losing himself in the hazy imagination of the most perfect girl in the world. He had never felt a woman but that didn't stop his body from responding to his thoughts. His balls boiled and heat rose up his shaft. He groaned and pumped faster, the memories shredding under the onslaught of primal pleasure. With every thrust, he clenched his stomach and pulled himself off his pillow.

Groaning, he gripped the blankets with one hand and jammed his cock with his other. Every thrust of his soaked shaft filled the room with wet slurps. It echoed off the TV and walls.

The explosion of cum burst out of his hand, spraying across his bed and his jeans. He drove into his hand, lifting his ass off the bed in a hopeful image of a man fucking the most perfect girl in the world. He thrust again and again, panting with every surge of muscles that shot more cum into his palm.

With a shudder, he slumped back to his bed. Cum dripped off his palm and back around his balls, but he didn't care. He closed his eyes and tried to remember Harumi again, but his orgasm had erased the few precious seconds away.

Ozaki moaned and screwed his eyes shut.

He was too late.

Kikuchi Harumi

3

Harumi stood in the center of the recording studio with a microphone six inches from her mouth. Her eyes remained fixed on the image projected against the far wall as she tried to keep her body in position; it was a lot harder recording for a show than playing for thousands on a stage. She didn't have to worry about touching the stand or breathing too hard on the thin screen that protected the mic.

It wasn't what she expected when Satomi said she would be recording an anime. Harumi thought it would look more finished. She wasn't expecting the sketched women on the screen moving with disjointed swings and exaggerated looks. Her character was a cute little girl and the animators said they would use Harumi's trademarked colors for it, but the screen just had a few eyes and a mouth to mimic as she said her lines.

She blinked to clear her eyes.

The recording light flashed off. "You missed a line," came the impersonal voice of the recording manager. She never saw the man, but in the last few hours, she came to hate the sound of his voice. It grated on her ears every time he stopped and made her do it again. Even when she said her clearest words, he found some imagined flaw on her timbre or pacing.

Harumi took a deep breath and forced herself to smile. She bowed to the mirrored window that shielded the producer from her vision. "I'm sorry, I will do it again."

The speakers hissed, but no one said anything.

After a few seconds, Harumi shifted to her other foot. "Um, excuse me?"

No answer.

She waited a minute. She could imagine the ticks of a clock, but the studio had nothing that would make a noise inside the cramped room. She amused herself by imagining patterns on the baffles, a fancy word for carpet stapled to the wall, and then watching herself in the reflective glass window.

Harumi was a beautiful girl, well not exactly a girl. Her persona was still sixteen but she just celebrated her ninetieth birthday. Her lips pursed together, celebrated was also a stretch of the imagination. The grueling need to keep up appearances for the public meant that she had to whisper herself a birthday song while sitting in a closet between shoots.

A frown briefly crossed her face before she forced it away. It was only a few weeks ago and she still felt a bitterness in her stomach every time she wondered where the last two years went. Everything was controlled and placed and presented, all for the kayfabe.

She made a soft noise in the back of her throat to attract their attention. "Excuse me?"

The speakers hissed and Satomi's voice came through. "Go for a walk, we're talking. Five minutes." The speaker clicked off.

Harumi stared at the window for a moment and waited for more instructions, but none came. She sighed and pulled off her headset. It tugged on her bleached blonde hair before she pulled it lose. Setting it down, she gave the glass window one last look before heading outside.

There was no one in the plain hallway. Harumi turned around twice before she picked a random direction and headed down it.

Ten minutes later, she was outside of the featureless building and in the alley between a shopping arcade and the recording building. At one end of the alley was a busy road and the other lead to a quieter residential area.

"You look lost."

She jumped at a strange man's voice. Turning around, she saw a young man in his mid-twenties sitting on a dumpster. Curls of cigarette smoke rose around his head and the bright cherry end glowed in the dim light.

"Don't worry," he pulled the cigarette from his mouth and exhaled. For a moment, he looked like one of the monsters the video

game she was recording. The smoke faded away to reveal his dark hair and an easy smile. He had a small goatee, close-cropped hair, and wore a uniform of one of the restaurants in the arcade.

“Um, no,” she looked around nervously, “I was told to take a break and I thought I would... go outside.”

“Well, if you don’t have anywhere to go, why don’t you have a seat?” He padded the dumpster next to him and the plastic top thudded. “No one ever bothers me here.”

A prickle of nervousness filled her, but she inched forward to the dumpster. Finding a box, she stepped up on it and sat down next to him. Her dress, a brilliant yellow, settled down over the top of the dumpsters.

He chuckled and gestured to the door to the recording studio. “What do they do in there?”

“I’m... they are recording a game.”

“Oh, like Street Fighter? One of those fighting games?”

“I think its a visual novel, actually.”

“My sisters like those games.” He waved his cigarette and it left a line of smoke behind his fingers. “I don’t play them myself. All these emotions and feelings.” He grinned at her. “Makes me feel like a girl.”

“I,” Harumi clasped her fingers together, “I don’t really have time to play myself. They... they keep me pretty busy.”

He looked through the smoke at her and smiled. “Doing what?”

For a long moment, she stared at him as she thought about the day before, when she did a bikini shot on the top of a waterfall. It was a long, exhausting day. But, instead of heading home to the beautiful home that her fans thought she lived in, her home was a one-bedroom apartment on the far edge of Tokyo. It was well hidden to prevent any of her fans from every finding out that she was a practical slave when she wasn’t in the public view.

“Hello?” He waved his hand.

Harumi shook her head. “Sorry, just thinking.”

“So,” he said, “what do you do when you aren’t sitting pretty?”

She blushed. “I... they take pictures of me. And I do photo shoots... and sing a little.”

He nodded and took another drag of his cigarette.

She hesitated, the need to keep a secret rising in her throat. All the hours of singing and pretending she was something she wasn't suddenly came to a head. She closed her mouth for a long moment and then the words came out. She stumbled at first as she told him about recording for the game and how they kept her in a small sealed room, but then it blossomed into more stories of her bikini shoots and singing on stage, pretending to live the glammers life all the while living in a hovel.

The young man said nothing.

The floodgates continued to pour out. Even though she knew she was talking too much, she couldn't stop. The last three years came pouring out to a complete stranger sitting on a dumpster.

When it ended, she was crying. She went to wipe the tears from her hands and realized she couldn't. Looking down, she realized she was holding his hands.

Everything came crashing around her. She gasped and yanked her hand back. "No, I-I'm sorry, I have to..." She slipped off the dumpster and landed heavily on the ground. The back of her heel cracked and she stumbled.

Her hand slapped hard against the metal edge and she felt a sharp pain where the metal cut into her.

The young man looked surprised, the cigarette slipping from his fingers.

Harumi looked up at him and then away. "I can't, I'm sorry!"

"Wait!" His cry echoed against the walls.

But she was already at the end of the alley and sprinting away.

Kikuchi Harumi

4

In a room filled with recording technicians and props, Harumi only had eyes for the cameras focused on her. She could barely see them with the halogen lights bearing down on her, but the green-tinted lenses were tiny motes of brightness. She focused on them, giving her best innocent look at them as if she didn't have a care in the world.

They were recording a riff on one of her favorite songs, Mega Juicy Bounce Bounce. A year ago, it was the song that shot her into the public view and into her apparently glamorous lifestyle. The lie, however, continued to hang over her as she remembered that she slept on a tiny bed in a windowless room and that Satomi still hadn't had the furnace fixed. It was a cold night underneath thin blankets.

They were not using the full audio for the recording, only a tape player hissing at the end of the stage. She had to sing the song without accompaniment, but at least she didn't have to sing loudly. The intensity of her voice wasn't as important as the movement of her lips and the shake of her hips. The recording artists would bring in the full song after she went home for the night.

She spun on a white dot painted on the stage and pranced the length of the wooden platform. Her heels tapped loudly on the wood, the rickety stage creaking with every movement.

At the far end, she spun around and gave a little dip. She pressed her finger against her cheek. "Kawii!"

The lights went out.

Harumi froze, the smile locked on her face. The glow of the halogen lights faded slowly, plunging the stage into a terrifying

darkness. One camera light remained on for a few seconds, the red LED on top pulsating before it faded into darkness.

She gulped. "Um, excuse me?"

Her heels clacked against the stage as she stepped back. She stopped after only a step, terrified of falling off the stage.

With a whimper, she reached out. "Is anyone there?"

One of the spotlights burst into life and Harumi screamed. She stumbled back before she realized she was already at the end of the stage. In the brief moment where gravity was getting a grip on her, she felt with her foot for anything that would stop her.

And then she fell with a scream. She slammed into the concrete ground, striking her ass, wrists, and feet at the same time. Her arms slipped on the floor and she fell back, slamming her spine along the concrete. The impact drove the air from her lungs before her head smacked against the ground. Stars exploded across her vision.

She tried to inhale, but her lungs refused to move. There was a terrible silence in her body. She couldn't move, she couldn't speak, she couldn't do anything besides gape helplessly on the ground.

Her vision cleared and she focused on the first thing she could see, Satomi standing on the edge of the stage. The older woman had a scowl on her face that deeply etched the furrows of her brow and cheeks. In one hand, she had a folder. The thick paper was wrinkled underneath her fingers and the edges wavered.

Harumi gaped, pawing at the ground. She wondered why Satomi wasn't coming for her or anyone else at that point. Her fingernails scraped against the smooth surface but she couldn't get purchase.

"How could you?" snarled Satomi. She threw the folder at Harumi. Photographs burst out and fluttered around her.

Harumi's eyes focused on the photos as they landed around her. They were all black and white. Most of them were fuzzy and unclear, but there was no mistaking herself sitting on a dumpster talking to the young man. There were tears on her face and they were holding hands.

"You ruined everything because you couldn't keep your damn mouth shut!"

With a rush, Harumi's lungs started working again. She inhaled sharply and a piece of newspaper pressed against her lips. She

choked and flailed at it, scraping it from her face to draw in another breath.

Satomi pressed her lips into a thin line. With an angry shake, she turned and stormed away. Her shoes thumped against the stage, fading as she walked away from Harumi as if they hadn't spent the last year together.

Harumi struggled into a sitting position. The newspaper article crinkled in her hand. Panting, she straightened it out and started to read. It was an article that exposed everything about Harumi's life: her real age, the fact she didn't live in the mansion, and even the fact she got excited on stage. There was only one person who knew so many details about her, a complete stranger that she would never meet again.

She sobbed with the feeling of being stripped naked, not only in the stage but across all of Japan. She had been ruined. No, she had ruined herself because she needed someone to talk to. One moment of weakness and then nothing.

Someone turned off the stage lights and she was once again plunged into darkness.

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Kikuchi Harumi

5

The taxi pulled off to the side of the road and came to a halt. Harumi peered through the glass at the nondescript house that she called home for almost a year. The two-story building was dark and barely visible through the rain that rained down on the taxi roof and splattered on the ground.

“That will be 11,403 yen.”

She cringed at the price but Satomi had left without leaving her a ride. She dug into her costume’s pocket and pulled out two bills, a brown and purple one. Trembling, she handed it over without pulling her eyes away from the house. She tried not to think that she just handed over half of her remaining money for a single taxi ride.

When Harumi was coming home, it was usually with Satomi. In the few times that Harumi was allowed out with a bodyguard, the light over the front door was always on. Now, it was dark but Satomi’s car was parked in the driveway.

“Here you go,” said the taxi driver.

Harumi toyed with the handle, a feeling of dread rising inside her.

“Excuse me,” said the driver.

She jumped. “Oh, sorry.” She took the change and pushed open the door. Rain poured down on her face. She stepped out quickly and shut the door. Almost instantly, the sheeting water soaked her custom and plastered it against her body. The brilliant yellow ruffles crumpled from the weight and she felt the icy rain rolling down her bare shins and soaking through her beautiful, but unpractical, shoes.

Crying out, she ran across the sidewalk and up to the front door. She ran the doorbell and pranced on her feet, trying to keep the water from pooling around her toes.

No one answered.

She whimpered and ran the bell again, this time tapping it frantically. She knew it was rude but she was wet and cold and desperate.

When Satomi still didn't answer, Harumi knocked on the door. "Please? Please answer, sensei!"

The door cracked open. A chain stopped it and Satomi peered out. "Go away. You aren't welcome here! Didn't you figure that out? You ruined everything."

From the gap, Harumi could see that Satomi had made herself dinner. There was only one bowl of soup steaming on the table.

Harumi clutched herself and whimpered. "Please, I didn't mean to."

Satomi clutched the door. "What did you think would happen?"

"I wasn't thinking—"

"No, you aren't! And now you ruined it all." She slammed the door.

Desperate, Harumi jammed her foot in the door. It crunched against the side of her heel and she whimpered at the sharp pain that shot up her leg.

Satomi glared down at it. When she looked up, there was fury in her eyes. "It's over, Harumi. You ended it."

Harumi sniffed. She was crying, not that she could feel it past the rain streaming down her face. "Please, just let me get my things. I promise—"

"No." Satomi kicked Harumi's feet out of the door and slammed it shut.

For a long moment, Harumi stood in front of the door and stared at it. She silently wished that Satomi would open it and forgive her, but nothing happened except the rain kept pouring down.

A rumble of thunder rolled across the streets and the rain intensified.

Her career as an idol was over, leaving her only fifteen thousand yen and a yellow costume clinging to her body. She had no skills beyond her face and voice, no skills or training. She had nothing.

The hot tears finally overwhelmed the rain pouring down he face. She could feel it burning her eyes.

With one desperate attempt, she knocked twice on the door.

There was nothing.

Devastated, Harumi backed away from the door and turned away. She didn't know where she was going to go, but she knew it was going to be a long walk.

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Ozaki Norikazu

6

Ozaki stared down at the newspaper article in shock. It was Harumi on the front cover, holding hands with some boy. The grainy image had smeared under the assault of the rain, but there was no question it was her. Her face was unmistakable as was her smile.

She looked happy, sitting on some dumpster. He could almost imagine her legs kicking as she talked to her boyfriend whoever he was.

Ozaki's heart began to pound faster. There was nothing in her fan newsletter about a boyfriend, or even other friends. She was untouchable, she was perfect. His lips tightened into a thin line and he gripped the page so tightly that it ripped.

He peered over at the words, but the rain had smeared it beyond comprehension. He glanced back over at the picture. He avoided looking into Harumi's face and focused on the background. It was an alley next to an arcade. He knew it, it was only a quick train ride away.

"Ozaki!"

He looked up. It was one of his coworkers, an older man who cleaned the streets.

"Get to work," came the order.

Ozaki looked down at the newspaper once more time. He crumpled it up and slammed it into the garbage can next to him. Leaning his broom against the can, he walked away. His boots splattered in the puddles.

"Ozaki! Where are you going!?"

He turned back. "I have to check on something."

As if that was enough to explain the sudden hole in his chest and the despair that filled him. He had worshiped Harumi with all his heart. She was the most perfect woman in the world, a fantasy that was untouchable.

And some guy had ruined her for him.

He didn't know what he was going to do, but he had to do something. Anything.

Kikuchi Harumi



Harumi smiled sweetly as she poured coffee into one of the patron's cups. The steam curled around her hand as she held herself perfectly still.

The young man looked at her bashfully, but then his eyes drifted down.

At first, she thought he was looking at her outfit, a sailor's costume that was far tamer than her normal idol outfits, but his eyes drifted to the side. She tensed and lowered her head, struggling to keep her hand steady while she followed his gaze.

There was a shoe sliding along the floor from the table opposite of her. On the toe, there was a mirror.

Harumi blanched and the coffee pop wavered. The stream of coffee almost missed the cup. She grunted and lifted up the pot to stop the flow. Forcing the sweetest smile she could, she stepped neatly to the side and bowed. "Thank you."

The young man on the opposite side, a brother of the one she was serving by appearances, yanked his foot back. His heel thumped against his chair and he almost twisted his ankle trying to hide the mirror.

She bowed again to the one trying to get a view underneath her skirt and then backed away. Turning around, she carried the pot into the kitchen and set it down. "There is a boy with a mirror on his shoe," she said to one of the cooks.

The older man looked up from the grill and sighed. The glare of a small television nestled underneath the counter bridging the cooking area and her cast his belly with a flickering glow. He lifted his head to peer past her and then sighed. "Better tell Kichiro."

She nodded and came around into the grilling area. As she did, she smoothed down her sailor's uniform. Her shoes tapped quietly on the hard floor as she crossed the room.

Just as she reached up to knock on the door, she heard a voice from the tinny speakers of the television. "... Yutaka, now known as the man responsible for the downfall of Kikuchi Harumi, a former idol who had disappeared from public view two months ago, has been attacked by an apparent fan."

She froze as a pang of fear rose inside her. She spun around and hurried to the grill.

On the screen, a young man was being led out of the arcade wearing cuffs. His face was bleeding and a bruise was already forming on his cheek. It wasn't the stranger who ruined her life but a different boy, maybe a few years older than herself. He looked straight at the camera. "I did it for her! He ruined her! She was perfect and now she's gone!"

His voice faded out as the announcer spoke up. "And reporting from Shinobi Gardens Arcade, an assault in broad daylight of the young—"

Harumi's world faded out as Yutaka, the man who ruined everything, came on view. He fared far worse than the other boy. His nose was broken and blood poured out. One eye had already swollen up from the bruising. There was a clearly visible hand print around his throat and scratches along his cheeks, hands, and forehead.

Even though it wasn't appropriate, the corner of Harumi's mouth curled up into a smile. She couldn't do anything about Yutaka, not then and not now. But seeing the young man with a goatee brutalized by an apparent fan.

She was also stunned that she still had a fan left. It took very little time for the screaming hordes to abandon her. As fast as she disappeared from the public view, so did everything else. No more shows, no more mailings, nothing. As if she never existed before.

The cook looked at her and gestured at the door. "I thought you wanted to talk to the manager."

"Oh!" Harumi bowed. "Sorry." It took all of her effort to turn away from the television and the sight of Yutaka's brutalized image.

Gulping she hurried over to the manager's door and knocked twice.

"Come in," said Kichiro from the far side.

She opened the door.

At first, she saw her manager, Kichiro. The middle-aged man had black hair streaked with gray and large bushy eyebrows. He wore a black, American-style suit. He was smiling and holding a cup of sake between his palms.

On the other side of the desk was a guest, a younger man with pitch-black hair slicked back. The hint of a tattoo stuck over the collar of his collared shirt. The stranger was thin and tall, almost as tall as Harumi despite sitting down in a chair.

She froze at the sight of the two men. "Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know you had a guest." She bowed frantically and started to close the door.

"No," Kichiro said, "we were talking about you." He gestured for her to come in. "Is there something wrong?"

Blushing, she entered the room with her eyes downcast. "There is a young man at table twelve. He has a mirror on his shoe and he was trying to...." She blushed.

Kichiro stood up. "I'll deal with it."

"Y-You will?"

"Yes." Kichiro came around but then gestured to his seat. "Please, talk with Teruo. He has a proposal for you."

"M-Me?" She blanched.

Teruo stood up and turned. He had a long face with a ridged nose and piercing eyes. He bowed deeply. "Good evening, Kikuchi Harumi. I am Ito Teruo."

Kichiro patted Harumi on the shoulder and slipped past her. He headed out of the kitchen and toward the front dining area. No doubt, to actually deal with the boy with the mirror.

Harumi shivered and turned back to Teruo. "H-Hello."

"Please, have a seat."

She gulped and entered the room. Her shoes tapped on the ground and her uniform rustled as she circled Kichiro's desk and delicately sat on his chair. It felt wrong to be in her boss' chair, more so since he was the only one who gave her a job when she desperately needed one.

As soon as she sat down, Teruo sat down himself and leaned forward. "I know you were an idol."

Harumi froze, her hands still on the arms of Kichiro's chair.

Teruo smiled broadly and leaned back. "Don't worry, I'm not here to take advantage of you."

"W-What do you want?"

"Kichiro is a friend of mine, back when we were both in school together. He's always looking out for young girl who need a helping hand."

She blushed at the memories. Kichiro found her cowering in an alley, clinging to her last thousand yen bill and regretting buying sweet buns. She couldn't help it. A few years of living with Satomi as a rising star had done little to help with her common sense. It was a long time since she had to order anything for herself and a few mistaken words resulted in her losing most of her money in a flash.

"H-He got me a job."

"Yes, and paid for your room at the hotel until you could get on your feet."

Her blush darkened and she could feel it burning on her cheeks. "It's just for a few more months. I've almost made enough to pay for my own way."

"Would you like to make some more?"

Harumi gasped and her grip tightened on the chair. She thought about the tattoo she saw and whimpered. "I... I don't want to work for the yakuza."

Teruo chuckled and reached up to cover the back of his neck.. "I'm not yakuza. I just play one. The whole gangster thing is pretty much dead, except in drama."

"P-Play one?"

"Yeah, we make videos. A little role-playing, a couple scenes. It would bring you about a million yen a tape. It can be a steady gig, about once every three or four months, but it would help you pay the bills."

Shock slammed into her. "Five... hundred thousand?" It was a huge amount of money, enough for ten months of a nice apartment in the middle of Tokyo. Her heart pounded loudly in her ears, drowning out the rest of Teruo's words. She slumped back.

Teruo smiled and pulled out a card. He set it down on the table and use both hands to push it over to her.

Gulping, Harumi picked up the card. It was neatly printed and professional-looking, just like every other agent's business card pushed in front of her when she was an idol. She looked at it carefully, the feeling of discomfort rising inside her.

"Gajin Love Pictures." There was a naked woman printed on the bottom of the card.

The blush on her cheeks grew hotter and her stomach twisted.

"The videos are tasteful," Teruo said, "and everything will be consensual. We can play up your formal idol status or not, up to you."

"T-This is for porn?"

He nodded.

"Y-You," she choked on the words, "you want me to make porn?"

He nodded again.

"I-I can't. That would ruin—"

"What? Your image? You've been abandoned by society already."

Her chair rattled from her trembling. "I-I..."

He smiled at her, almost comforting despite the horror he was offering. "How about three, no let's make it four million yen for the first tape? No obligations. Just one tape, a couple scenes. It will help you pay the bills and then you can come back here," he gestured to Kichiro's office, "for all I care."

She wanted to shove him away, to tell him to go away. But, four million yen was a lot of money.

Harumi was a virgin, but she had broken her hymen years ago on a hair brush one late night. She had never felt the touch of a man. She had always wondered what it would be like, but she never would imagine it would be in front of a camera.

And somewhere, deep inside, she felt the familiar prickle of excitement. The hope that it would bring back the drug of feeling an audience, the rush of pleasure and pounding beats.

Tears burned in her eyes as she considered it. It would ruin any last shred of dignity she had left. Any image of pristine innocence remaining. She would have truly fallen and there would be no way she would ever be able to shine again.

She was crying when she nodded.

t'Sade

Kikuchi Harumi

8

It was a bright sunny Tuesday when Harumi would lose her virginity. The taping would be outside of Tokyo, in Kawaguchi. Without a car, she had to take a train, but it was probably one of the most terrifying train rides in her life. Nervousness and anticipation warred inside her, playing on her fears and passions. She leaned against one of the poles in the train, one hand on her stomach and her legs pressed tightly together. She felt like she was naked in front of everyone, stripped down until there was nothing left besides her sour stomach and the fluttering heat in her pussy.

Her sex fluttered as she tried to imagine what it would be like to finally have sex, to have a cock inside her, but she couldn't. There was nothing to hold on to, nothing to imagine. She doubted that a man would feel like her hairbrush handle or even her fingers, but she had never seen a real penis before much less felt one.

With Satomi, she never have considered buying a sex toy. Instead, she stole a few seconds pleasure in bathrooms and in her bedroom. After her fall, there was no time when she needed every yen just to survive.

The promise of money kept her on the train. She tried to imagine how she would spend it. After the last few months, she knew she needed to squirrel it away to pay the bills. She couldn't afford to make another mistake, she couldn't live with herself if she ended back out on the street.

It took all of her effort to put a smile on her face. Satomi always said that a smile made everyone else happy. And given that she had become famous across all of Japan, it appeared to work. She left the

smile on her face and lost herself in thoughts of fear and anticipation.

Off the train, she followed the directions given. She had been to the Green Center a few months before for a photo shoot, but that was with in a chauffeured car and well away from the overwhelming populations. Now, a single woman walking down the street, she felt tiny and insignificant.

Harumi didn't like being just another face.

The directions brought her to an unremarkable two-story building. It looked like an old factory, but one that had been repainted and fixed up. Two men stood outside, one toying with a cell phone and the other reading a hentai magazine.

She blushed and stepped up. "Um, hello. Is this the place for Gajin —"

The one with the magazine peered up and then gestured toward the door. "Second floor and then to the right."

A blush searing her cheeks and her stomach twisting with fear, she rushed up the stairs and fumbled for the door. She couldn't see to get her hand wrapped around the handle and the passing seconds added to her humiliation. She managed to get her hand on the handle, but it wouldn't twist.

The man with the magazine reached over and opened the other door. He didn't even take his eyes off some scene of a woman being gang-banged.

Harumi froze as she looked at the pictures and then up at the man. With a whimper, she dove into the beckoning door and stumbled away.

Inside, the building was bare with undecorated white walls and empty rooms. Only squares of dust and discoloration marked where desks and offices once populated the building.

Harumi's footsteps were loud against the floor and the sound echoed against the walls. She felt tiny and alone, like a victim in one of the hentai magazines the guy outside no doubt enjoyed.

A giggling thought flickered through her mind, that she had made some horrible mistake and she was about to be raped and murdered. Her grip on her purse tightened. She slowed down and turned around, afraid that someone was coming up behind her.

There was no one.

Pressing her lips together, she turned back. There were stairs ahead of her, black steps leading up to the second floor. She could see the yellow glow of an incandescent light shining against the far wall. There was also a shadow of a man.

She cleared her throat and forced the words out. “H-Hello?”

The shadow moved and Teruo stepped into view. “Harumi!” He smiled and came down the stairs. “Did you find the directions sufficient?”

Harumi nodded nervously, glancing around.

“Something wrong?”

“I-I’m just... a little nervous. I’ve never done this before. Actually, I’ve never been with... a man.”

His smile grew wider. “Don’t worry. No one is going to hurt you.” His polished shoes struck the bottom floor. “I promise.”

Harumi trembled.

Teruo tilted his head to look at her. “We can stop here if you really want. I’ll give you some money even if you leave.”

She glanced at him, a silent question in her gaze.

He chuckled. “Not that much. The entire point of the video is to sell it. But, if you want fifty thousand, I can give that.”

Fifty thousand verses four million. She knew the answer. Dredging up the lessons from being an idol, Harumi forced the smile on her lips. She straightened her back and shook her head. It took all her effort to keep her voice from cracking. “No, I’m good.”

“Come on, let’s meet Andy and Steve.”

The smile froze on her lips. Those weren’t Japanese names. But, she had already committed herself. She nodded again, the smile straining just at the edges. Satomi’s lessons came back to her and she forced even the strain from her face. She just had to put on a show. Just one video and then she could stop. Just four million yen. The words echoed in her head as she let Teruo lead her upstairs.

One of the rooms, a large one in the center of the building, had been made up to look like an American locker room. It had banks of metal lockers on two walls and a bench in the middle. The smell of fresh paint filled the air along the burn of chemicals. The furthest wall had some logo painted on it. It was a bear of some sort, but painted red and white.

Her heart beat faster in her chest.

Teruo chuckled. “Don’t worry, it’s just for show. Are you good at memorizing lines?”

She thought back to the thousands of hours of learning songs because of market research. With a nod, she peered into the room. There was no question what was going to happen in the room, not with a towel folded over one end of the bench and enough room around it to get three men.

Her pussy clenched with anticipation and a heat flickered to life inside her. She rested one hand against her hip and shivered.

“Come on, we have a shower area in the next room. Nothing fancy, of course, but enough for today.”

She gave a nervous nod.

Teruo didn’t seem to notice her nervousness. He gesture for her to follow and lead her down the hall to the next room.

Harumi followed, stumbling on her own shoes. She was screaming on the inside, but she kept the smile plastered on her face. She understood kayfabe, the need to maintain the role at all costs.

And then she walked into the next room. There were five men and two women already there. All of them were Japanese except for two men standing in the middle. The two were tall Americans and nothing like she had seen before.

One of them was blond. About a half meter taller than herself, he had deep-lined muscles, broad shoulders, and a cleft in his chin. His blue eyes flashed as he turned and caught sight of Harumi. He had a towel around his waist, but there was a bulge underneath it and the fabric started to push apart.

The other was a black man. Slightly shorter than the blond, he was also muscular and strongly built. He looked like a warrior of some sort with his shaved head and hairless chest.

He was also naked. Her heart slammed against her ribs as her eyes drew down to his cock. It was half-hard but huge, a swollen length of dark brown ended with a bulbous tip and a pair of large balls. Right above the base, a black tattoo had an English tattoo. She didn’t know the word, but she spotted a number nine. His was the first cock that Harumi had ever seen. It was terrifying and she fought the urge to run away screaming.

“And,” said the blond in broken Japanese, “who is this beautiful young lady?” He stepped toward her and held out his hand. It was the one holding up the towel and the fabric fluttered away.

Harumi squeaked and flinched.

“What?” asked the blond.

Teruo spoke quietly. “It’s her first time, Andy, so be gentle.”

Harumi peeked down at Andy’s manhood. It was almost the same size as the black man’s, Steve’s, but a dusky red and smaller, hairy balls. There were thick veins already visible along his length. The smell of musk filled the air as it twitched underneath her gaze.

“Don’t worry. I’ll be very gentle with her.”

Teruo gestured to the black man. “Steve?”

Steve stepped up. For a moment, she thought he was going to offer his hand but he surprised her by bowing deep. “Thank you for consenting to do this.” For a large man, he spoke remarkably smooth Japanese with a southern accent.

She smiled at him, fighting with the nervousness and fear. With a gulp, she bowed to him. “T-Thank you, sensei.”

When Steve straightened, he smiled at her. It was an easy smile, one that somehow was comforting and kind. Her shoulders relaxed a little and the sourness in her stomach eased.

Teruo chuckled. “Well, why don’t you get showered and cleaned up one last time. Did you follow our directions?”

She blushed and nodded. Teruo’s directions were very specific, including what food to eat and when to go the bathroom. She was empty, a vessel about to be filled. She gulped and looked down at the two cocks. Her pussy clenched with anticipation.

“Well, strip down and get comfortable. I’ll get your lines. There aren’t many.”

For a heartbeat, Harumi hesitated but then she realized it was just like being in the back stage between sets. Hundreds have seen her naked. Dozens have grabbed her young body as they stripped and dressed her. The only difference is that thousands will see her on VHS, but none of them will ever touch her. It was as close as she could to being on stage again.

She set her purse on a table and began to strip.

The room grew electric with every piece of clothing she pulled off. For a year, she was an idol pretending to be a nubile sixteen year

old. Her breasts were perky and tipped with tiny, hard nipples. Her skin was as flawless as a good life could give her. It was also the color of snow, the perfect shade of white to give the impression of pristine virginity.

“Fuck,” said Andy in a long drawl, “you’re hot.”

She glanced over and saw that his cock was standing straight up, a large line of thick manhood. It was swollen and huge.

Steve chuckled. “I think your dick’s scaring her.”

“It’s just saluting, dude.” Andy chuckled. He turned to her. “Don’t worry, little Andy won’t bite and you’ll get plenty of time to get to know him.”

Harumi continued to strip and resisted the urge to smile. She liked being an audience. She finished with her panties last, pulling them off and folding them neatly on the table. When she turned around, she was naked before them.

“Hey, Ter, I thought you Japanese didn’t shave.”

Harumi glanced down. Her pussy was hairless and bare, a throwback from her tight costumes and sweaty performances. The tightly pressed line of her sex was beginning to open from her excitement and she could see the nub of her aching clitoris beginning to peek out from her folds.

Teruo was staring at her, an unreadable look on his face.

All but one of the unnamed Japanese people had cameras out, playing with settings. She could tell they were recording her, probably for a “making of” or testing the video.

She looked around the room curiously for a moment, the fear and anticipation peaking inside her. She could see lust in all of their eyes. Then, on an impulse, she pressed on finger against her cheek and gave the entire room a brilliant smile. “Kawaii!”

The single word seemed to break the mood. As one, the room let out their breath.

Andy laughed. “Oh god, she’s adorable. I’m going to tap her like no tomorrow.”

She blushed and smiled back at him, more genuinely than she thought she was capable of. Her eyes took in Steve and she gave him another smile.

Teruo shook his head. “You are beautiful,” he whispered.

“Thank you, sensei.”

He grunted and turned away, a bulge formed in his pants. “Okay, we have a few lines for you to memorize. Nothing major. Think you can handle it?”

She glanced at the two cocks in front of her. The lines she could handle, but she wasn’t sure if she could take either of the men. But, she needed the money and her pussy was rapidly growing hot from the anticipation of trying.

Harumi nodded and licked her lips.

“Why don’t you also get comfortable with the two guys. Maybe get... a feel for things.”

She nodded again. Feeling the eyes of everyone in the room, she slipped between the two naked men and headed for a shower. It was a simple thing, just a plastic surround nailed to wooden boards. The shower hung from a wire. She reached in and turned on the hot water handle.

When searing liquid poured out, she gave a sigh of relief. She was expecting icy water. After adjusting the temperature, she slipped inside and lifted her head to the stream.

To her surprise, she felt someone enter the shower after her. She gasped and turned around. It was Steve and he was only centimeters away from her. His cock, the swollen length, bobbed between them and gently tapped her stomach.

“You don’t mind if we get to know each other, do you?”

“No, no.”

He reached out but stopped a centimeter from her glistening skin. “I just want to touch.”

Harumi froze, unsure of what to say or do. She stared into his welcoming smile and then decided to risk it. With a pounding heart, she stepped into his touch. His hands were large but warm.

He was tender as he ran his palms over her shoulders, tracing the water as it coursed along her arms.

She shivered in his touch, enjoying it but also growing quickly overwhelmed by the heat that filled her from the inside. It radiated from her pussy with an ache that felt like the anticipation before a big show.

Trembling, she watched his hands stroke down and then jump the gap to her hips. She jumped at his touch and then moaned softly

as he drew the backs of his fingers up along her stomach to her breasts.

“You are beautiful,” he whispered.

She watched as he cupped her breasts, his large hands dwarfing the small, perk mounds. His fingertips looked black against her white skin. He ran his thumbs along her nipples and she shivered at the electric touch that radiated from her sensitive tips.

“Do you mind if I join?” asked Andy from the shower entrance.

Harumi looked up, her body shivering against Steve’s warm hands. Beyond Andy, there were three cameras focused on her. The familiar sight of green-tinted lenses and LED brought back a flash of excitement, a thrill of performing in front of others. She nodded and held out her hand, unsure of what to do but willing to pretend she knew enough.

Andy’s body was hot as he slipped into the shower. It was cramped in there, but the pressure only added to the intensity of two men sandwiching her between them. Two hard cocks ground into her body, Andy’s against her spine and Steve’s against her belly.

Steve caught her nipples with his thumbs and drew her closer. She whimpered and stepped up to him, rising on her toes to keep from him hurting her.

“She is a hot little bitch, isn’t she?” Andy’s voice was a purr as he drew his hands around her, stroking against her belly before delving between her legs.

Harumi tensed as his thick fingers separated her thighs and ran along her slit. The first touch of a man, of anyone, against her most sensitive of places was an electric shock. She cried out and leaned into Steve while thrusting her hips into Andy’s hands.

Both men were gentle but insistent. Steve held her breasts and her up on her toes. He brought his mouth to hers, briefly blocking the water before he caught her in a powerful kiss. His tongue flashed out, working against her lips and encouraging her to open.

She did with a moan, the rush burning bright in her veins. His tongue warred with her own, stroking and sliding against her own. He tasted of orange soda pop.

Andy’s hands never stopped either. He found her clitoris and rubbed against it, stroking with hard movements that brought her right at the end of pleasure and pain. She didn’t know to cry out or

moan in pleasure. In the confusion, all that came out where kittenish whimpers that Steve's mouth muffled.

Steve released her nipples. She whimpered again, this time in need, but he trailed his fingers around her arms and then to her back. With delicate slowness, he reached down to cup her taut buttocks. Thick fingers spread her ass cheeks apart and then pulled up.

She gasped as the shower floor fell from underneath her. Steve's cock ground against her stomach, sliding in her water-slicked body. It measured the distance he lifted her, the bulbous head sliding past her navel and along her pubic bone. A moment later, it jumped away from her and she felt it briefly slide in the gap between Andy's fingers.

"No, no," she whispered. "I've never... I've never done this." Her hair whipped around as she cried out. She clamped her eyes shut, as if it would stop the inevitable.

"Just," Steve's voice was tender but throaty, "relax. It will feel good."

Andy chuckled and stepped forward. His cock thumped against the curve of her ass before it too joined the space beneath her body. He spread her thighs with his hands, the firm grip pushing aside her crumbling resistance.

She didn't know where their cocks were poised, but her pussy was spread open and exposed to them. She knew there were cameras watching every move and the thought of it sent hot waves of pleasure pulsating along her body. She trembled and tried to relax, knowing that she was about to be penetrated for the first time.

Shaking, she opened her eyes and looked into Steve's.

"Are you ready?"

"No..." she whispered.

"I can wait."

"No, please just do it."

The two men pushed her down with Andy spreading her legs and Steve lowering her.

She felt the first touch of the hard cock against her sex. It was searing hot but slick. It ran along the folds of her sex, easily sliding

between the swollen labia and up against her hole. She clutched to his body, shaking like a leaf and praying that it wouldn't hurt.

The swollen cock pressed up against her, her tiny hole resisting the large intruder. It was too large, too hot, and too hard for her.

She shook her head. "It won't fit, it won't fit."

Andy chuckled and drew tighter to her. His cock thumped against her thigh and then rested against her ass. Like Steve's cock, it was searing hot and hard as iron. It ran along the cleft of her buttocks.

Harumi shook her head. "No, no, not there."

"It's okay," whispered Andy. "It's about to feel really good."

She whimpered and clenched her eyes tight.

Steve continued to lower her and the pressure of his cock grew. She felt her body resisting with every iota of strength, but the slick cock head burrowed into her, forcing apart her inner entrance and sliding deeper. It was thick and hard, a swollen length that she couldn't push out.

She tried, straining her muscles, but he continued to push deeper into her. His cock head popped inside her lips. The relief of pleasure and the sensation of being filled was too much for her. She threw back her head into the pouring shower and let out a cry of pleasure.

The black man's hips shoved forward and his cock impaled her, thrusting deep into her cunt with a single thrust. It drove deep and stretched her open, forcing unfamiliar sensations to explode along her body.

Harumi's eyes snapped open. The cry locked in her throat as she tried to comprehend the sensation of being stretched open and filled completely. It was too much for her.

And they were recording her virginity being taken away. A thousand people, no a million would be watching the video for the rest of her life. And the thought of their fantasies crashed into her.

Her pussy clamped down on his cock and she let out a wail of pleasure. An orgasm tore through her senses, ripping along her veins and exploding in electric shocks that ran along every centimeter of her skin.

She clutched Steve tightly, her legs wrapping around his waist to bring him deeper. "M-More, please more."

He gave it to her, thrusting hard and fast into her body. Her tightness eased around his hardness, giving way as he drove from

her entrance into the furthest limits of her sex. His cock head rammed against her cervix with a flash of pain and pleasure.

Her face screwed up in discomfort, but she continued to thrust into his pounding hips. He was dominating her cunt, pounding into her and making her his. And she loved every sensation of the deep ridges of his cock scraping against her insides, the feeling of being stretched open, and even the empty sensation as he withdrew.

And then Andy's cock pressed against her ass. It was hard and slick. With every thrust of Steve's cock and the shaking of her body, she felt the blond's shaft ramming against her sphincter.

Harumi choked out a cry, trying to beg him to stop, but Andy planted one hand over her mouth and held tight. He grunted as he ground his dick against her sphincter, pressing hard.

Flashes of pain mixed in with the ecstasy of Steve's cock pounding her pussy. She screamed but Andy's mouth muffled her cries. Her body spasmed, both in orgasm and agony.

Andy's cock penetrated her tight ring. The pain brought sparks flashing across her vision. And then he was thrusting inside her, driving into her rectum with the same brutal speed that Steve drove into her pussy.

Harumi was lost in a world of pain and pleasure. She craved the sensations, but she didn't know what was what anymore. It was just too much and she surrendered to it, sobbing and crying as she was violated and loved at the same time.

Andy came first, a few hard thrusts into her ass before a wet heat filled her. His grip tightened over her mouth, his fingernails digging into her cheek as he grunted with pleasure.

Harumi sobbed into his hand, clutching Steve as the thick cock continued to plunge into her. The pain was too much, the pleasure was even worse. She couldn't do anything besides thrust into his cock until the sensation grew too much for her and she orgasmed with a white-hot intensity.

When she regained her senses, Steve was carrying her out of the shower and helping her to her feet. "It's okay, little girl, it's okay."

Harumi leaned against him and let out a long shuddering breath. Her asshole screamed in agony, but the afterglow of her first orgasm from a man was just as intense. She could barely stand and simply leaned into Steve's arms and panted.

Teruo clapped his hands. "That was beautiful."

Peeking through her shower-soaked hair, she saw that all the cameras were filming her. The only Japanese without a camera were Teruo and one of the women. The female was stroking her pussy as she watched, but otherwise doing nothing else.

"Now that you got warmed up," Teruo said as he walked up, "Do you think you're ready for the show?"

She wanted to shake her head and run away. She wasn't expecting to be anally raped. But, then she looked into Steve's warm smile and the words wouldn't come. Even though the fear filled her to the brim, she nodded before she spoke. "Please no more in my ass. It hurts."

"Oh, that wasn't on the plan," Teruo said as Andy chuckled.

Harumi tried to push down the feeling that Teruo was lying.

Kikuchi Harumi



Harumi sobbed as she sat in her living room and watched the tape. She knew she shouldn't, but she wasn't expecting to remember every sensation as it was displayed on the screen.

It was the second of the locker room scenes. She was bent over the bench with Steve's cock driving into her mouth with loud, wet slurps. Every time he rammed forward, her throat seized up with the memory of it choking her. On the screen, she appeared to be smile and moan at every point, but she knew it was only the kayfabe that kept the smile on her face. Inside, she was screaming and trying to keep her strained smile wrapped around the cock.

In sympathy, her throat seized up as she watched the television. Every thrust of the black cock brought a shudder through her body. She wanted to gag from the memories just as much as she wanted to look away.

The camera panned back to Andy. The blond was holding her hips with both hands as he raped her ass again. The thick, angry red cock pistoned into her asshole, stretching it painfully apart as his entire length disappeared into her tiny hole. He was brutal and fast.

Her body responded to the images on the screen, her asshole tightening in fear and her pussy growing slick. She hated that she enjoyed it, more so that her body grew slick even knowing that she had been forced into the video. They raped her ass and fucked her roughly and, somehow, she found her pussy growing slick just watching it.

When she left the studio, she hated Teruo and Andy but not Steve. Steve was the only one nice to her, he was kind and gentle. He

was also the one who stopped the fourth and final scene before it got too much for her.

But now, as she watched the two Americans pounding her tiny body between their hard-muscled forms, she couldn't help but feel anger for both of them. They had violated her, stolen her virginity and plastered it on the screen.

Her true hatred was for the one man not on the screen, Teruo. He said it was going to be a little video with gentle sex. It was gentle, at first, but she never wanted him to do what he did. He had her raped on the screen and she was too weak to stop it.

Through the tears, she picked up the VHS box. The check for eleven million yen slipped out, but she ignored it. Flipping it over, she stared at one of the publicity pictures of her idol career. The background were images of her being fucked, raped, and violated. The pixelation couldn't hide the memories.

"Fallen Idol." The title left a bad taste in her mouth and a burning humiliation that would never go away.

With a sob, she dropped the box and buried her face in her hands. She had made a mistake again, another mistake of many. And there was no way that she could ever face the world again.

Her muffled cries of faked pleasure filtered through her sorrow. She peeked through her fingers to see Andy fucking her face. He had a grip so tight that his knuckles were white and she had scabs underneath her hair. His cock was powerful as it tore into her throat. She remembered his balls slapping against her chin as thick streamers of drool and cum poured out of her lips.

Harumi remembered the orgasms and the pain. She remembered the sharp waves of pleasure of having a cock inside her pussy, but also the fear of suffocation when they fucked her throat, and the pain of her ass. By the time the recording was done, the pain had subsided but she still remembered being ripped open.

"N-Never again," she sobbed. "I will never do this again."

Teruo bowed deeply, his hands in his pocket. He straightened and left her apartment, closing the door behind him.

She wanted to call him back, to make him take the money, but it was the only thing good to come out of the horrible video. She picked it up and set it aside. She would be careful from now on, no more mistakes, no more splurging, and no more videos. Ever.

Ozaki Norikazu

10

Ozaki moved with practiced grace as he wiped the dust from the cabinets. A mask covered his mouth and he wore a bright blue outfit of a moving company. Three other coworkers were working on disassembling the furniture while one of the ladies was carefully packing dishes away.

They all worked in silence. No one talked while working, not with his boss watching from the doorway.

No one talked to him after work either. Ever since he was arrested for assaulting a man two years ago, there was a stigma hanging over him. No one talked about it, but he knew that they were aware of it. It was hard not to be when someone would post a picture of it on his locker when he was least expecting it.

He finished one shelf and moved to the next. He switched dusting rags as soon as it became too dirty. One of the younger girls picked it up as soon as he set it aside and gave him a fresh one. He finished the last few swipes of the shelves before getting up and moving to the next one.

Leaning over, he began to pull out the video tapes from the shelves and dusted each one before stacking it neatly. The man they were moving, a black American, had six shelves of videos in his apartment. Most of them were porn and Ozaki noticed that almost all of the porn had a black man in them. He guessed they were the same person, but that would mean that the American had been in hundreds of videos.

He also had a huge cock, easily three times Ozaki's own length.

But, looking at the customer's possessions was against the rules of the moving company. Ozaki set aside a stack of tapes and grabbed the next one. He flipped it over and started to dust it.

And then when he saw Kikuchi Harumi's face on the front, he froze. It was her, the lost idol. She disappeared years ago and left him with a broken heart. But, there she was. In his hands. In a porn video with the same black man in the rest of them.

The tape shook in his grip as he stared at her perfect face and body. He could see flashes of her naked breasts in the background and his cock responded instantly with a hardness that he had never felt before.

The crack of a dish broke his reverie. He jumped and looked around guilty. The lady packing the dishes was staring at a single shattered plate on the ground. She was on the edge of tears and the manager was storming over her.

In a flash, Ozaki unzipped his jumper and jammed the tape into his shorts. He zipped it up before anyone noticed that he had stolen something. Guiltily, he looked around him but everyone was watching the drama unfolding near the broken plate. The thrill of his crime rushed through him and he stood up.

When no one stopped him, he circled around the others rushing to pick up the broken pieces. As soon as he reached the door, he ducked out while preparing an excuse to run to the bathroom. His plan was to head back to the company van and shove the tape under his bento box.

He would be back before anyone realized he was gone.

Ozaki Norikazu

11

Ozaki's hands were sweaty as he peeled away the layers of his lunch and tossed them aside. The elevator thumped the last few floors, but he didn't care. He brushed off a few grains of rice and stared at his prize.

"Fallen Idol." There was no question it was Kikuchi Harumi. He would remember her smile, her nose, and even her young body. He knew every single one of her stats, memorized every fact and tidbit of knowledge. But, there was nothing that prepared to see the parts of her body hidden by her costume. She was more beautiful than he could even imagine and he only hoped he could see more.

The elevator groaned open. He left the wrappings and paper on the floor and stepped out. Blindly, he walked down the hall to his apartment. He held out his key but missed the lock. It scraped along the wood until he forced himself to look away from the VHS tape enough to get the key in the hole.

He barely remembered to shut the door behind him as he rushed over to his couch. Yanking a movie tape out of the player, he jammed Fallen Idol inside and frantically thumbed the play button.

The television hissed to life and the player made a clunking noise. And then streaks appeared on the screen.

Ozaki backed away from the TV and stripped his clothes off. His cock was already hard and dripping wet. Pre-cum ran down the bottom edge of his shaft and soaked his balls and underwear. The fabric peeled off with a slurp as he sat down heavily and tossed it aside.

On screen, a wall of Japanese flashed across the screen. He ignored it.

He sat back and wrapped his hand around his cock. Even though she wasn't on screen, he still pumped his shaft slowly with anticipation. He was hard, harder than he had been in a long time. The lubrication soaked through his fingers and he pumped harder, squeezing down to avoid his rapidly approaching orgasm.

And then she was on the screen. Ozaki froze as Harumi pranced into the screen wearing a cheerleader outfit. He had seen some of them on the TV, but he never found the outfit as alluring as when she wore it. Her trim legs, firm with just a hint of muscle, flexed with every movement as she sang an a cappella version of one of her hits, or at least a variant of it.

He stared at her, his hand squeezing on his cock but not moving. Every movement had the same flair and skill as the times she was on stage, but the performance was more intimate and immediate. No camera had ever focused on her as long.

She gave a twirl that exposed the line of her panties. Instead of a flash like he had ever seen, the camera focused in on her pussy and revealed the line of her sex. The fabric, pulled tight against her body, left little to the imagination. Her tightly-pressed folds straining against her panties.

His cock pulsed in his hand and he had to squeeze down tightly to avoid orgasming right then and there.

Harumi finished her song and two men came in. One was a large, muscular white American. The other was the black man in all the videos he just helped pack. Ozaki let out a groan as he realized that the stranger had fucked Harumi.

In his grip, his cock began to wilt with the despair. Both men were huge compared to Ozaki and they towered over her. As he watched, she smiled and pressed her palms against their muscular chests and rocked her hips.

When the two men began to strip Harumi, his cock surged back to full length. His breath came in a shuddering gasp as they revealed her nubile body. At the first sight of her breasts, the perfect mounds tipped in tiny nipples, a spurt of seed burst out of his shaft before he could prevent it.

With a groan, he forced his hands away from his hardness and planted his soaked palms against his couch. He whimpered as he watched them peel away each piece of clothing.

Harumi was as perfect as he imagined. Not a single flaw in her body, from her neck and shoulders down to the perfect cleft of her pussy. To his surprise, the video was uncensored, a private copy. There was nothing to hide her swollen folds as the black man dragged his fingers along her slit, holding her open to expose the pink opening of her sex.

By the time they had her bent over a bench and fucking her from both ends, Ozaki was thrusting into the air, unconsciously mimicking the powerful thrusts as both men slammed into her.

She was smiling around the black man's cock. Every time he pulled out, she kissed the tip. When he drove forward, her mouth was forced wide open and her throat swelled with his length. The wet sounds filled Ozaki's apartment, along with the gasping coos of pleasure and the grunts of both men.

Ozaki found himself watching the huge cocks sliding into her. Both men were easily twice his size, shaft and balls included. It was almost obscene how they impaled her tiny body, forcing it open. It also tore his heart out to see how she smiled with every thrust, the little way her body shoved back against their cocks. He could never match the two porn stars that she obviously loved.

The despair didn't stop his cock from finally bursting. He gasped with surprise as the long shoots of cum crossed the room to splatter against his television. One of them, a large glob, landed right on her pussy, as if he was there.

And then the camera angle changed and there was cum and drool everywhere. It glistened on her thighs and perfect breasts. It pooled in the small of her back and sheeted down her throat.

She sat on the bench with a smile on her lips and giggled. Her eyes blinked through the cum as she nodded to some muffled question.

Ozaki shuddered as the last of his cum poured out of his cock. He stared at the most beautiful woman in the world and his heart broken in two. She had fallen, just like the title of the tape. There was no question, she had been destroyed and she was now scraping the bottom.

He watched as Harumi smiled to the black man who held out his hand. She took it, standing up as more cum dripped off her perfect nipples. The screen faded to black and the next scene started.

With a damp hand, Ozaki stopped the tape. He couldn't take more of the heartbreak and despair. At least not until his cock recovered.

Shuddering, he stood up and staggered to the kitchen. In his mind, he kept thinking about the two men who fucked her. He wished he was one of them, it didn't matter which one. He wanted to be strong and powerful and maybe he would get a chance at Harumi, or a girl like her.

With a sigh, he decided it was time to take fitness a bit more seriously. And then, maybe he would get an idol of his own.

Kikuchi Harumi

12

Harumi sat nervously in the chair but she didn't let it show on her face. Compared to the other things she had done with her life, trying to get a job as a secretary was simple. She kept the nervousness from her face and body language and smiled sweetly when it was right and acted demure otherwise.

She learned a lot about the job market in the last five months. She had one boss who tried to put his hand on her ass and another—a woman at that—who spent most of her time trying to look down her shirt. She left both jobs quickly, happy that she still had money from the video but despairing that she couldn't find stability yet.

Across from her, the hiring director made a show of looking at her CV but his eyes kept flashing toward her. She knew he was checking her out. Maybe he knew her from an idol, but she doubted it. The world seemed to have forgotten her quickly after she stepped out of the public view.

It took all of her skills to avoid from blushing, though she gave him a couple smiles through the bangs in her hair.

He cleared his throat and returned to her CV. The papers rustled for a few seconds. "Why did you leave your last job?"

Because her boss spoke into her small breasts. "It was an English company and they shut down the office." She spoke carefully and respectfully. It was the truth, but the announcement came only days after she had decided to quit on her own.

"And Petrodyne Industries? You were there only two months."

She left because her boss managed to get his hand into her skirt. He missed slipping into her underwear, but the threat of a lawsuit

got her two months severance and the letter of recommendation sitting in the papers the director was holding.

He glanced at her again, trying to be stealthy as he trailed his gaze along her body. She felt a little thrill of being admired, though it seemed to end with sex.

Harumi had dressed for the part. It was just the right mix of seductive and innocent. Her straight skirt ran from her waist to her knees. It left her trim shins and ankles exposed but also emphasized her narrow waist and tight ass. Her blouse was demure but she picked one that looked against her snowy skin.

She knew that her behavior and outfit was the reason her bosses tried to grope her, but it was the only thing she knew. She had no skills beyond a pretty face and body. She knew how to move herself, the exactly sway of her hips needed to attract someone's attention and how to pitch her voice to entice lust.

Harumi couldn't help it. As much as she hated being the target of her boss' sexual advances, she also felt a thrill that they wanted her. It wasn't the scream of hordes of fans, but it was something.

She pressed her thighs together and bowed her head.

The director cleared his throat. "Beyond your tragic lack of job experience—" his eyes flickered along her body.

Harumi arched her back slightly, pushing her breasts up. She knew it was the wrong way to get a job, but she could see his reluctance crumbling. With a soft smile, she gave him her best innocent look and smiled hopefully.

He froze, his mouth opening slowly.

She pushed her blonde hair out of her face. Her true color was beginning to come through in her roots, a warm brown color. She parted her lips, knowing that his eyes would be drawn to it.

"I-I.." He coughed. "I think we have a position for you."

Her smile broaden. "Thank you." She bowed her head respectfully.

With her eyes cast down, she allowed herself a tiny smile. Maybe she finally found stability. More importantly, maybe she didn't have to spend the last of the video money.

Ozaki Norikazu

13

Ozaki stepped out of the heated gym and into a blast of winter wind. It howled around him, peppering his face with snowflakes that melted almost instantly from his heated skin. The prickle of drying sweat and the burn of muscles added to the sensory cacophony of winter and exercises.

He tucked his hands into his pockets and started down the sidewalk. Every step brought his focus on his body and he couldn't help but smile. He was stronger and more defined, with a body of a porn star and the smile that drew everyone's attention. After six months of steadily working out, he now drew the attention of women on the street.

Reaching the corner, he paused for a moment and waited for the light to change. He peered up at the sky at the gray clouds that hung over the city. There were shades of gray and purple that flashed with the various signs further downtown, but above him, it was nothing but swirling darkness. A wave of pain spread out from the side of his head but faded quickly. He was getting more headaches lately, but he attributed to his time working out while boxing.

The wind stopped blowing around him and the heat of his workout seeped from inside his jacket. More sweat prickled against his brow and he felt sweaty despite the cold. He tugged on his zipper and pulled it down to let the icy wind rush inside his coat and around the sweat-soaked shirt. His thin shirt, almost a mesh, was no barrier to the wind but the icy touch felt good against his sweat-soaked body.

When the light changed, he strolled across it. He still had twenty minutes before his train. He let the edges of his coat flutter in the wind.

A woman in the crowd walking toward him caught his attention. She had long black hair and wore a heavy coat, a hat with cat ears, and heavy gloves. He had seen her a number of times at the gym, usually in a black leotard that showed off her tight ass while she used the treadmill.

His smile grew broader as she started to pass and he gave a little bow.

Thirty seconds later, she came running after him. "Excuse me."
Surprised, Ozaki turned to her.

"I," she smiled sheepishly and looked around. Clearing her throat, she tried again. "I've seen you in the gym, right?"

He nodded.

She was cute, probably a few years older than him but still in college. Her button nose had a hint of blush on it that matched her cheeks. She cleared her throat again. "W-Would you like to... when I..." She blushed even hotter before she looked away.

Ozaki looked over her. He could easily picture what she wore underneath her coat: tight-fitting workout clothes that showed off her slender waist and lovely legs. She had an ass he wanted to grab every time he was pumping weights only a few meters away.

She continued to stammer for a moment.

He listened, his mind spinning. She obviously wanted to ask him out, but it would take hours before they got to anything. He knew what he wanted, he wanted to strip her down and fuck her like a whore. A brief image of Harumi flashed across his mind, with her bent over the bench, but then it was gone with the overwhelming desire for the sexy woman before him.

Ozaki stopped her with a smile. "Do you want to just go back to my place and fuck?"

She stopped in mid-word and stared at him. Her mouth opened and streamers of fogged breath rolled out from her lips.

He imagined her mouth wrapped around his cock and his manhood twitched with a response.

Her breath stopped for a long moment. And then she closed her mouth with a shut.

Ozaki wondered if she was going to slap him or walk away.

“O-Okay,” she whispered and glanced away.

Surprised at her consent, he made a double take. Then, he smiled and held out his hand. “Come on.”

The half hour train ride to Ozaki’s apartment was both the most alluring and uncomfortable one in his life. The college girl, Fumiko according to her whispered introduction, sat next to him with her hands folded in her lap. She didn’t look at him except from the corner of her eyes when she obviously thought he wasn’t looking.

At first, Ozaki wondered if she was going to run away or regret having sex with him. But, then he realized he didn’t care. He didn’t even want to know her name, though she insisted, and he had no interest in her future or her attention. He wanted one thing. To fuck her. To ride her until he came and then walk away.

The memories of the black porn star’s wall, filled with videos of the thousand women he fucked, rose up in his mind. It was a score, a goal.

With the thoughts of the videos in his mind, he led her up to his apartment. Unlocking the door, he pulled her in and pinned her against the wall.

Fumiko gasped with surprise, but the gasp ended when he kissed her passionately. Her body shuddered under her touch and then she was holding his shoulders. Her hips rose up against his own, the rustle of her coat loud in the short hallway leading into his apartment.

She was hesitant, but Ozaki was not. He pressed his palms against her breasts and enjoying the hard bumps of her nipples through the heavy fabric. Still kissing her, he peeled open her coat and brought his hands along the hot silkiness of her workout outfit. After months of admiring her, her body felt as good as he thought it would.

Fumiko moaned and relaxed. Her breath came hot against his face.

He pulled the top of her leotard down off her shoulders and from her breasts. The two, hard-tipped nipples, bumped against his knuckles. He palmed her mounds, enjoying the feel of her soft skin underneath his fingers.

Her body trembled and she moaned loudly.

Ozaki broke the kiss. “On your knees,” he whispered.

Fumiko's eyes widened and she hesitated, but Ozaki dug his fingers into her breasts and pushed her down. After a heartbeat, she sank down.

His breath came faster as he watched her palm his hardness through his pants and then unzipped him. The release of pressure felt good, but it was nothing compared to her hot breath against his hard cock. Pre-cum already coated the tip of his shaft and he watched it glistening only centimeters from her lips.

"Take it," he ordered.

She opened her mouth and he pushed his cock past her lips. She was hot and slick, with the wash of her breath tickling the thick hairs at his base.

He let out his own breath in a shuddering sigh before driving forward to seat his entire length inside her. The back of her head thumped against the wall. He grabbed it to keep her still but to also prevent her from waking the neighbors. With short pumps, he drove into her mouth until her saliva and his pre-cum lubricated his strokes.

Ozaki moaned and thrust faster, driving hard against her face as he held her in place. He imagined various porn videos and mimicked them, pounding her face with brutal strokes.

Her hands ground against his thighs, a subtle request to back off, but he didn't.

He felt his balls clenching with desire. The wet slurps of his shaft mixed with her moans and gasps. The scene, coupled with his memories, added to his pleasure and he pounded her face. His hard stomach crushed her nose with every stroke and his balls slapped her chin. It only added to the intensity.

With a gasp, his orgasm reached a crest. He shoved his cock deep into her mouth until the heat thumped against the back of her throat and let it explode. Hot jets of cum splattered into her throat.

When she coughed, the spasm pushed him over the edge and he came again. His cum painted the back of her throat, adding to her discomfort and intensifying his lusts. He shuddered and held it there, enjoying her choking around his aching shaft.

The last of his orgasm fled him and he pulled out.

Fumiko coughed, flecks of cum splattering on her lips.

Looking down at her, Ozaki felt a rush of power. She had let him fuck her face without more than a token resistance and then swallowed. No relationships, no dancing around dating. Just fucking.

He stepped back. “Come on,” he said and headed toward his bedroom.

Minutes later, he had her pinned down on the bed with her ankles on his shoulders and his cock driving deep into her cunt. Even sore from his blow-job, the rush of power pushed back the discomfort and let him enjoy the pleasure. She was nothing but a hole to him, a cunt to fill and a body to pound. Every thrust drove his length into her sex until his balls slapped against her sweaty skin and his head bumped against her cervix.

Fumiko cried out with every thrust. Her fingers clung to his muscular arms, holding on for dear life as she gasped. He felt her orgasm on his cock, like a slut good for nothing more than fucking.

He drove into her with no regard for her discomfort. He wanted to feel her pussy wrapped around his cock and the feel of her soaked hole clenching his shaft. He groaned and drove into her, his world focusing down into a single heated pleasure.

Ozaki came again but never stopped. Months of working out gave him the strength to keep fucking her, driving into her until she screamed out in both pleasure and pain and fear. He thrust hard into her cum-soaked hole, splattering it everywhere as he vented his pleasure.

It wasn't until he came for the fourth time that he pulled out and slumped to the side. His body burned with his effort and he panted for air.

Next to him, Fumiko gasped as she slumped there. Cum poured out of her dark-lined slit and soaked into his sheets. He watched the rise and fall of her hard-tipped nipples and her glistening body.

When he thought about the wall of videos, any shred of compassion or feelings for her faded. He sighed and rolled over, trying to figure out how fast he could get rid of her.

t'Sade

Kikuchi Harumi

14

Harumi yawned as she entered the break area. Her work suit, a button-down affair of black fabric and a custom cut around the waist, clung to her body with every movement. Her bra, put on at the last minute still smelled of the restaurant from the night before. She wished she didn't sleep in, but after going to bed at three in the morning, she found it hard to wake up early enough to get everything done before rushing out the door.

Her hand shook as she shoved a mug underneath a coffee maker and pressed the serve button. She pulled back as the liquid brown poured into the bottom of the cup.

“Well, you look like you had a late night.” It was Mana, one of the analysts from the opposite end of the floor.

Harumi smiled and nodded. “It was a good date.”

Mana slipped up to her and peered at her face.

Harumi tried to look away, but Mana moved to keep looking at her.

Then, Mana stood up and sighed. “Went to bed alone again? Harumi, you're too picky.”

With a blush, Harumi looked away. “How do you do that?”

“What, know that you spent the night alone?”

After hesitating, Harumi nodded.

“Because you don't smell like you had nasty animal sex with—”

“Mana!”

Mana smirked, a lock of her dark hair hanging over her mouth. She held out a hand and said, “Well? Am I wrong?”

“No....”

“No!?” Mana’s voice rose in a high pitch. Harumi shook her head and then Mana blushed. Leaning forward, the younger girl whispered to Harumi. “Well, why not? He was perfect.”

“He just wasn’t the one.”

“Harumi, you act like a queen with how... what’s wrong?”

Harumi realized that she had paled. She gulped and shook her head. Forcing a smile on her face, she beamed brilliantly at Mana. “Nothing.”

Mana shook her head and headed for the refrigerator to get one of her ever-present cans of tea. “You need to get a real boyfriend then, one that even a princess like you can’t turn down.”

“And who is your boyfriend of the week?”

Mana’s hips rocked for a moment before she stood up. She sighed and leaned against the refrigerator. “Oh, god, he’s sexy as hell. Strong, muscular, and American.”

Harumi pulled a face. “I don’t like Americans.”

“Doesn’t matter. If you saw the bulge in his pants, then—”

“Mana!”

Her friend grinned and stepped away. “Don’t worry, you can’t have him. But, you should meet him.”

Harumi nodded. “I suppose. Tonight?”

“The Golden Goose?”

With a grin, Harumi nodded cheerful. “I can’t wait to meet him.” She picked up her coffee cup.

“You are going to love Steve, he’s got the most beautiful south Japanese accents... for an American, that is.” Mana waved as she walked out of the break area.

Harumi froze at the name. Her mouth opened in shock as she stared at the door. She could feel the mug slip from her fingers, but she was helpless under the sudden onslaught of memories that crashed into her.

It had been two years since she made the video. Two years of shame and humiliation, but also relief that she would never go back. She never saw anyone else from that fateful day and she never planned on watching the tape again.

Why did he have to come back?

Ozaki Norikazu

15

Ozaki slumped against the chair and watched as the green-haired beauty rode his cock like a cowgirl. She was fit and beautiful, with large breasts and short hair. She had a piercing on her right nipple and every thrust would cause it to sparkle in the light from across the street.

She gripped his shoulders as she drove down. The soft skin of her thighs slapped against his hips and his cock drove deep into her wet cunt. The pleasure was intense, with the slick friction adding to the cute moans that rose from her throat. He loved the play of her body against his own: the softness to his hard muscles, her curves that she worked with flex, the way her pussy felt wrapped around his shaft.

He didn't know her name and he had no interest in finding out. As beautiful as she was—and a talented fuck at that—there was nothing different between her and a dozen other women who rode him in the exact same chair. College, professionals, and mothers. They were all sexy in their right and all of them felt good fucking, but there was nothing left beyond that.

In the last few years, he didn't remember when he lost interest in the woman behind the fucking, but there was nothing left for him. Just the rise of cum in his balls and the strain of their bodies as he came inside. Most of the time, there was only one, but on a good day, he had more.

All of it was to keep his mind away from the swelling in his brain. Too much boxing or a cruel trick of genetics, but he could almost feel the candle of his life burning. And fucking was the only thing that drove away the despair that filled him. Fucking and fighting.

Ozaki glanced over to the girl's sister. She was on the bed, masturbating in a puddle of cum. Her sex, swollen and pink, spread around her fingers as she stroked her clitoris and fingered her hole. She was focused on her sister, her head bobbing in time with the woman fucking Ozaki.

He turned his attention back to the slut riding his shaft. He was coming close and he wanted to finish quickly. Grabbing her hip, he guided her to thrust harder and faster, driving her hot body down on his shaft. His balls were tight against his body, ready to explode into her cunt.

His hand gripped tight and he jammed her down as his shaft exploded inside her. As his cum pumped into her body, flooding her insides, he was already thinking about the cute teenager who hung outside of the club on Thursdays. She was going to be next.

There were too many women and he was going to fuck them all before he died.

Kikuchi Harumi

16

Harumi stood nervously outside of the Golden Goose. It was done up as a 50s-style American diner but with fantasy RPG elements. The menus were all given in gold pieces, which had an exchange rate of a hundred yen to a gold. The waitresses were dressed as tavern wenches, mages, and thieves.

Despite the corny outfits and decorations, the food was remarkably good for a theme restaurant. The fantastic names only added to the absurdity. Both Harumi and Mana came every few weeks and Harumi loved and hated that she was unknown there but still greeted as a friend every time she walked in the door. In a previous life, back before the tape when she was a waitress, she would have loved to work at the Goose.

She sighed but didn't move from her spot right inside an alley across the street. She couldn't bear the thought of walking into the restaurant and finding out it was the same Steve. Resting her hand on concrete wall for balance, she worried her lip and stared at the store.

For the third time that night, she tried to come up with a plausible excuse to bow out of dinner, but every time she started to send a text, she gave up. Each one sounded progressively mean or pathetic. She sighed and flipped open her phone to try again.

She was about to hit the Send button when a prickle ran down her spine. She looked up just as Mana and Steve walked in front of the alley.

The world slowed down as she caught sight of him. It was the same man that fucked her so many years ago and the memories slammed into her. He continued to maintain his physique and his

muscles were clearly visible underneath his button-down shirt. The fabric was tight to his body, straining over his pectorals and shoulders.

The sight of him ignited a flame inside her, a wet heat that exploded from her pussy and ran along her skin. She clamped her thighs together and gripped the wall tighter as she stared at him. He had raped her in video, but the sight of him reminded her that he was also kind and gentle. She could picture every inch of his body, from the feel of his hips against her thighs to the way his hands gripped her breasts. The contrast of their skin colors, white on dark brown, was intense and the heat inside her pulsed faster.

Memories flooded through her, of being pinned on his huge cock with the other guy behind her. She couldn't remember the blond, but she could remember what it felt like to be driven into with hard, deep strokes that pushed her limits and wracked her body with countless orgasms. There were two of them filling her at one point, but the agony of the scene had faded with the years but the pleasure remained.

Just as they walked past, Mana peeked into the alley. Her eyes widened but then she was hidden by the corner.

Harumi gasped again and stumbled back. She had to hide anywhere.

“Harumi!”

With a quiet whimper, Harumi held her ground as Mana backpedalled and rushed into the alley to give her a hug. “Harumi! What are you doing in here?”

Caught, Harumi stammered for a moment. “I-I dropped something.” When Mana pulled back to start looking, Harumi held up her phone. “T-This! I dropped this!”

She caught sight of the message she was about to press. With a gasp, she snapped the phone shut to avoid sending an obviously false message. Her blush burned on her cheeks.

Mana beamed a smile and hugged her tightly.

Harumi let out her breath. She wrapped her arms around Mana and held her tight. Her eyes drifted past the entrance of the valley where Steve stood there.

Despite her attempts to hide it, Harumi tensed at Steve's easy smile. She remembered it well. Her body grew hotter as she took

him in. She couldn't help but remember the sight of his naked body pressed against her own. Struggling to control herself, she looked away and held Mana tighter.

After a few seconds, Mana pulled back with a frown. "Are you okay?"

Harumi nodded and peeked at Steve. "Y-Yes."

Mana turned and smiled broadly. "Oh, Steve!"

Steve bowed deeply. "It is a pleasure to meet you, Kikuchi Harumi."

His voice sent another pulse of pleasure from her pussy. She quickly grew wet and she could feel her juices running down her inner thigh. She pressed her legs together and struggled with a response.

Steve raised an eyebrow as he looked her.

A flash of heat ran through her. She remembered him smiling just before he delved his head between her thighs. Her pussy clenched at the memory and her clitoris began to tingle.

"Good to see you again." Harumi froze as the last word passed her lips. She gasped and clasped her hand to her mouth.

Steve straightened, his mouth opening with the shock on his face.

Behind her, Mana gasped. "You know him!?" She rushed around to face Harumi, blocking Harumi's view of Steve.

Harumi blushed hotly. She straightened and sputtered for a moment.

Steve chuckled. "We've met but only for a day."

Both Harumi and Mana looked at him.

Mana stepped forward. "You know her?"

Steve nodded. "Yes."

"Why didn't you say anything?"

He shrugged. "Harumi is a popular name."

"Kikuchi Harumi isn't."

Steve shrugged again. "Sorry, I didn't think about it."

Harumi spoke up sharply. "It was a long time ago!"

Mana whimpered and spun back on Harumi. Her lower lip was curled into a pout. "Harumi!"

Giving her best innocent expression, Harumi held out her hands. "I didn't know which Steve you were talking about."

Over Mana's shoulder, Steve winked and smiled.

Harumi's heart thumped painfully against her ribs and her pussy clenched. She felt her juices running down her thighs. Tiny flutters of pleasure were distracting her words and making her hard to think. She gulped and focused on Mana. "I-I'm sorry."

Mana stared at her for a long moment, her eyes probing. And then, without warning, the smile came back. "Come on, let's have dinner."

Harumi felt a strange flutter when Mana smiled at her. Her friend was thinking something and Harumi wondered what Mana had in mind.

Kikuchi Harumi

17

“You like Steve, don’t you?”

Harumi almost lost her coffee mug in the sink. She gasped and forced herself to stare at the running water.

Mana leaned against the counter and leaned forward to peer at Harumi’s face. “Steve? My boyfriend? You knew him more than just a friend, right?”

A blush burned on Harumi’s cheeks. She struggled to keep focused, rubbing the same spot on her coffee mug. It didn’t matter if it was clean or not, she couldn’t look up.

“I won’t be upset. You were something together?”

Harumi’s pussy clenched with the memory. Struggling with the tears, she gave a short nod.

Mana’s face fell for a moment. “He still has feelings for you, you know.”

Harumi’s heart quickened. “H-He does?”

“Yes,” Mana said with a sudden smile. She pulled back. “I bet you do too, don’t you?”

Harumi thought about the way Steve held her as he fucked her hard. The deep thrusts that drove his cock deep into her belly. Her pussy fluttered with the memories and the heat spread out along her body. Her knuckles grew white around the handle of the cup.

Mana gave a knowing nod and dug into her pocket. She pulled out her keys and a piece of paper. “Steve is... was treating me to a weekend at Tsurunoyu Onsen, one of the ryokan.”

In response, Harumi looked up in surprise and her mug slipped from her hand. It clattered loudly at the base of the sink. She remembered going to Tsurunoyu Onsen for one of the photo shoots.

There was a month-long waiting list for reservations. "I-It's that serious?"

Mana sighed and shook her head. "Yes, but not for me. I want you to go." She handed the paper to Harumi. "You should."

"I-I can't!"

Mana wrapped Harumi's fingers around the paper. "I saw how you look at him. And he kept asking questions about you." A tear ran down her cheeks. "You still love each other, I know it."

"Mana, I can't."

"No!"

Harumi jumped at the Mana's outburst.

Mana wiped the tear from her face. "No, I mean, in all the years I've known you, you haven't ever been interested in anyone. No boyfriends, no girlfriends, no one. You've just been so focused on your work and... flinched from everyone. But, this is the first... first time that you've ever had someone. And if you like him and he... he," more tears were running down Mana's cheeks, "likes you, then I want you to have him."

Harumi felt the tears rolling down her face. "I-I—"

"Yes, you can," whispered Mana.

"But, he's yours...."

"No," Mana said with a smile, "I just wanted to see if he had a big cock. He's pretty, but he isn't Japanese. But, I just want to have a good time. But you..." Mana smiled, "you and him are something more than just a few good nights. He loves you, Kikuchi Harumi."

Harumi wiped the tears. "Are you sure?"

Mana hesitated, but then gave an empathetic nod.

With a smile, Harumi pulled Mana into a hug. "Thank you."

Mana hugged her back. "But, it's going to be a long drive."

"Drive?" Harumi frowned. "Not the train?"

Mana grinned. "There is more, but I said I'd bring my car."

"I-I don't have a car."

Mana held up her keys. "You know how to drive?"

"Yes, but—"

As a response, Mana set her keys into Harumi's hands. "Enjoy. And then tell me if he has a nice dick."

“He does,” whispered Harumi as she stared down at the keys. Realizing what she said, she looked up to apologize but Mana was already gone.

t'Sade

Ozaki Norikazu

18

The white baseball bat smashed into Nagumo's face. The impact started as a wet thud but then the muted crack of bones shattering filled the air. From Ozaki's vantage point, he saw Nagumo's cheek bulge out to the point of obscuring his eye before the flesh burst open and blood exploded from around the bat.

Ozaki froze at the sight of his friend being smashed. His hand shook, the aborted attempt to stop Sudo from hitting his friend frozen at the point of impact. The word "Stop!" hung in the air, but it was too late.

Sudo's baseball bat continued to swing through and Nagumo's slender form was plucked off the ground and thrown back. It left an silvery arc through the air as Sudo stepped into the blow.

Stunned, Ozaki couldn't turn to watch his friend hit the ground, but every crunch against the wharf fired a bolt through his body. He flinched at the scrape of flesh on concrete. He could picture Nagumo flipping over and hitting the ground again and again.

When Nagumo's body finally stopped moving, Ozaki almost threw up.

Sudo pulled back with a snarl on his face. He turned to Ozaki and started to say something, but a wet groan interrupted him.

Ozaki watched as Sudo turned to look past him. The gang member's eyes widened with shock.

A heartbeat later, he heard Nagumo staggering to his feet. Ozaki couldn't turn around, his feet were rooted into the ground. He tried to think about his actions, how he would stop Sudo from striking again, but the man in the white trench coat made no effort to approach Nagumo.

Nagumo groaned again, a wet sound that should have come from a corpse not a human. His feet shuffled against the concrete. It was uneven and unsteady. If Ozaki was in the ring, he would be waiting for the referee to pull him aside. But, they weren't in a boxing ring and there was no one to stop Nagumo.

No one moved as Nagumo shuffled. It took Ozaki a moment to realize that he was moving away from Sudo and himself. But, the looks on the other's faces were turning into grins of glee. The look of the gathered Satan's Angels brought a wave of worry.

When the girl with the video recorder brought it up and the recording light turned on, the spell was broken. Ozaki inhaled and the coppery stench of Nagumo's blood flooded his lungs. He reflexively coughed and licked his lips. When he tasted blood, he coughed and gagged.

A gasp rippled through the gang members. There were still looks of shock and surprise, but it was quickly turning into a sickening wave of anticipation.

Ozaki's breath rattled in his lungs as he turned around. His shoes scuffed on the concrete. Each step felt like moving through syrup; he wasn't sure if he wanted to look or not.

He forced himself at the last moment, spinning on his heel. He held his breath, unsure of what he was going to see.

Ozaki stopped just as Nagumo's feet disappeared over the railing of the bridge. A smear of blood on the metal was the only indication that his friend had been there.

Behind Ozaki, some of the gang members started to cheer but then everyone grew silent.

Out of sight, Nagumo's body hit something with a wet splat.

Ozaki winced at the noise. His held breath burned in his lungs as he walked over to the side. His mind was dull from shock, but he had to look.

Sudo swore loudly. "Shit! Let's get out of here!" There was a scrape of shoes on the concrete as everyone else ran for their cars.

Ozaki's hands shook as he grabbed the railing. He almost threw up as he leaned over the railing and peered down.

Nagumo had fallen onto a steel girder. The metal spike had punched through his back right below the ribs. Already, a dark stain spread out from his shirt around the metal. Nagumo's body twitched

as he tried to pull his head up, but then he slumped back and stopped moving.

The gang's cars roared to life and there was a screech of tires as they pulled away.

Ozaki couldn't move from his spot. His hands felt like they were welded to the railing as he stared down.

In a matter of seconds, Nagumo was dead.

Ozaki struggled to wrap his mind around it. He stared down at his friend's corpse. He always thought he was the one who was going to die first, with the doctors saying he only had months to live.

Nagumo was the healthy one. A pervert, true, but he was going to outlive everyone once he found a girl willing to accept him.

Unable to form words and unwilling to truly admit that Nagumo was dead, Ozaki looked over his shoulder toward the others.

There was no one. Even Akemi, the unconscious gang leader, had been picked up. The only thing left was Ozaki's motorcycle.

He turned back and stared down at Nagumo's body. He prayed that his friend would somehow wake up and recover, but nothing happened except that the stain continued to soak through Nagumo's shirt.

Bile rose in Ozaki's throat. He peeled his hands off the railing and stepped back. "No. No, he can't be... he can't be..." Sweat prickled his brow and he shook violently.

Turning around, he raced for his motorcycle.

t'Sade

Kikuchi Harumi

19

Harumi panted as she crawled into Mana's car. Her brown, pleated skirt brushed against her mid-thigh and caught on the seat. She looked down to see a flash of her yellow thong before the skirt settled into place. It was one of the last remnants of her idol career as was her yellow sweater top. Two years had added just a little to her weight and her thong strained over her freshly shaved pubic mound. She could see the line of her vulva and even the little bump of her clitoris.

She moaned softly and tried not to think about Steve. For the last few hours, she couldn't tear her memory away from his cock. The entire time she was showering, shaving, and putting on makeup, she was dredging her thoughts to remember how he felt as he drove inside her.

Her body ached for his touch and his cock. The only way she could get through the drive was to masturbate frantically against her bed before packing up. Her pussy was still swollen from her orgasm, with the lips bulging against the fabric and threatening to slip out of the thin fabric.

She worried her bottom lip before pressing her thighs together. Her body tingled from anticipation.

Settling into the car, she belted herself in and shut the door. It's been a while since she drove, but she remembered most of the lessons.

Harumi took a deep breath before starting up the car.

t'Sade

Ozaki Norikazu

20

Ozaki's motorcycle roared as he raced down the street. The RPM needle was buried into the red, but he didn't relent his pressure on the gas. He jammed his boot down on the pedal and wished he could drive faster to escape the images burned into his thoughts.

The sight of Nagumo impaled on the spike kept playing in his mind. The sight of the metal spike out of his friend's chest or the sight of blood spreading out from the wound.

It wasn't suppose to happen that way.

Nagumo wasn't the one who was going to die. When Akemi said that everything was about to change, he didn't think it would be that. Anything but that.

He tightened his grip and ground his foot into the pedal. The engine was already screaming in agony and the useless gesture did nothing to rip the thoughts from his head.

Ozaki's jaw hurt from where he clamped it shut. If he opened his mouth, he would taste Nagumo's blood on his lips, but he couldn't find the willpower to wipe it away.

The only thing Ozaki could do was run.

Another image bubbled up through his horror. It was Akemi, the gang leader, telling him that he would be cured. It was a startling change from the horror of Nagumo's death, but it wasn't any less intense.

She said he would be cured, but couldn't tell him how.

He tried to focus on his memory, but it crumbled as Nagumo's death flashed across his mind again. He tried to hold on to the surreal event instead of standing at the railing, but the brutality and suddenness of Nagumo's death knocked away all thoughts.

Ozaki's body shuddered as heat exploded from his stomach and throat. It burned down his spine, but the sensation didn't stop at his intestines. With a rush, it clawed out into the rest of his body.

Deep underneath his skin, he could feel his bones twisting and stretching. Muted crack noises echoed in his ears. They were disturbingly similar to the sound Nagumo's face when the bat struck him.

The burning sensation focused on his elbow. Despite his speed, Ozaki looked down at his elbow just as the heat became a knife-hot slash of agony.

The bone of his forearm suddenly stretched back into a ridged spike. The skin at his elbow burst open, splattering blood that was instantly yanked back from his speeding bike.

"Wh-What the...!?"

The heat gathered along his other arm. Ozaki turned just as more spikes tore out of his body. They spread out in all directions.

Even as he started to scream out, he felt more points of heat gathering in his bones. Seconds later, the bones twisted and shot out. He felt it coming from his ribs, back, and chest.

The wind around him whistled from the tips of the spikes. He careened his head around, trying to see all the spikes sticking out of his body.

He felt the bike slipping out from underneath him. He grabbed the handlebars tightly, but the bike was already lost. He tilted to the side and his knee slammed into the asphalt.

Instead of feeling his leg being shattered, the road ripped away his pants but didn't score his flesh. He saw a flash of hardened green carapace, but then he lost completely control of his bike.

He looked up in time to see that he was sliding toward a white car. The headlights were blinding and its brakes were screeching.

Ozaki knew enough that he was dead. His bike was almost going two hundred kilometers per hour. With only biking leathers to protect him, he knew there was only one thing left.

At the last moment, he closed his eyes and waited for the end.

Kikuchi Harumi

21

Harumi screamed when she saw the motorcycle jump the lanes and come straight for her. Barely familiar with Mana's car, she frantically slammed down on the pedals with both feet. The engine roared and she was pitched forward at the same time. The seat belt caught her on the collar and prevented her from slamming her forehead into the steering wheel.

She saw a flash of spikes and green before the bike crashed into the grill. The impact threw her back into the seat and stars exploded across her vision. She gasped for air as she blindly fumbled with the pedals, trying to bring the vehicle to a halt before she hit anyone else.

Her cries echoed inside the car. She clutched the steering wheel as she blinked away the stars. Everything hurt, most of all was the terror of telling Mana that she had totaled the car.

When the stars finally cleared, the car had come to a smooth halt in front of a computer store. The front window had shattered but there were still shards of safety glass still pouring down. There were computer monitors scattered across the desk except for one that popped from where something had snapped off the top of it.

Her sobs painfully loud, Harumi pawed at the seat belt until she could release it. Then she jumped out of the car. She ran in front of it, to either see if someone was caught or see the extent of the damage from the collision.

The bike, a pale green, rested underneath the center of the car. Most of the grill, radiator, and hunks of the engine had been ripped out of the car but the hood remained somehow intact. One wheel spun lazily as smoke poured out from one of the two engines.

A light exploded from near the harbor. She gasped and looked up as scintillating waves of blue and purple light exploded out. A blast of wind coursed along the street; she could see it plucking up papers and rattling sighs as it raced for her.

With a scream, she crouched down as it blasted past. It smelled of ozone and blood. She almost threw up but opening her mouth brought more of the foul taste into her mouth. She gagged before planting both hands over her mouth and nose.

Through the tears streaming from her eyes, she peered underneath the car. She was terrified to find a body, she could already picture a bloody corpse. To her relief, there was no one.

Standing up, she staggered to the broken window. "A-Are you all right? Are you all right?"

No one answered.

She reached the window opening and peered inside. There was a man inside, prone in a pool of blood. His body smoked and the ozone scent of blood was strong inside the room.

Harumi turned around sharply and fought the bile rising in her throat. Her fantasy night with Steve had been completely destroyed. Images of prison movies flashed in her mind as she dug for her cellphone. "What should I do?"

She dialed 119 and brought the phone to her ear. She tried not to think about the man behind her. He had jumped the lanes. It was his fault, not hers, but she was terrified that the world would finally remember her as the J-Pop idol again to humiliate her instead of a simple woman trying to live her life.

Harumi whimpered as she waited for it to ring. "It wasn't my fault. It couldn't have been my fault."

Finally, the phone for emergency services began to ring. She clutched the phone tightly. "Answer..." she gasped, "Hurry up and answer!"

It rang again and again.

She was about to hang up and dial again when a breeze tickled the back of her neck. It tugged on her long brown hair. She froze and looked up toward the valley where a wind was still blowing into her face.

A scraping noise, like porcelain rubbing against each other, rose up behind her. More of it came and she heard it move from one side to the other.

There was something behind her.

Harumi almost lost control her bladder. She clutched the phone until her knuckles cracked. In her ears, the phone continued to ring out but no one answered.

Another scraping noise sounded behind her. There were more of them, like something waving back and forth.

Unwittingly, she turned to look back. She didn't want to move but she couldn't run away. Something drew her to turn around.

Just as she started to, there was a flash of something hard and green. It grabbed her hand with the cellphone and twisted her hard around. She felt sharp claws dig into her wrist and she almost went limp from the horror, but then the claws pierced her wrist and pulled her up.

Harumi stared up at the creature. It was easily three times her height, with a green carapace. It had an angular face with a knife-like ridge for a nose and chain. At first, she thought it was large ears but then she saw two orange eyes at the end of them.

Her heart almost exploded inside her chest as she stared at the muscular ridges of the creature. It pulled her up and she was helpless to resist. It lifted her until her back and shoulders strained in agony.

It tilted its head like some creature and then opened its mouth. Sharp teeth, each one like knives, glittered with its drool before it roared.

She screamed as the creature's head shot forward, its teeth poised to rip out her throat.

t'Sade

Ozaki Norikazu

22

He staggered to move and get off the floor. He lifted his body, but it only came as a shuddering gasp that left him feeling weak and helpless. It was also the same position that he last saw Nagumo, right as the young man died.

He could hear a woman sobbing nearby. She would have had a pleasant voice, if she wasn't crying while obviously dialing on a cellphone.

Ozaki groaned as he clawed at the ground. With every movement, the sparkling heat inside him blossomed until there were sharp points spreading out from his joints. He felt his skin rip as spikes appeared. He resisted at first, fighting the agony, but then he realized that it was pushing back the pain of his crushed ribs and broken bones.

The burning heat twisted his body. He felt his body swelling inside the thin shell of his skin which rapidly grew harder with every passing second. Pain passed into a dull ache as he slammed his claws into the wooden floor of some store and pulled himself up.

He felt huge, swollen, powerful. It was like nothing he had ever encountered before. The computer tables around him were tiny, barely knee high, and he looked around in surprise. Everything was tiny and he was too close to the ceiling.

His eyes felt too far apart as he looked down, then did a double take when he saw a pair of clawed feet. The legs and feet were covered in a green carapace and there were foot-long claws sticking out of each one.

Ozaki flexed his right foot and the claw responded. A surge of power rolled through his body and he shuddered. He felt muscles in

his back play and a spiked tail sailed across his vision before silently snapping like a whip and sliding back out of view. He could feel it moving with every twitch of his back and spine.

Breathing hard, he brought up his hands and marveled at the clawed paws that he now had. They were steady, huge, and powerful. He could feel the strength in his new form.

He looked up at the woman standing outside of the story. She wore a pleated skirt that had ridden up her ass to reveal tight globes of her buttocks and thigh-highs of white stockings. A yellow thong nestled in the crack of her ass, highlighting a nearly perfect view of a woman.

“Answer... Hurry up and answer!” she said in a cry. Her back was to him.

Ozaki took a step forward. His tail swirled in front of him, barely under his control. It coiled between him and her and relaxed. His tail, much of his body actually, appeared to be made of segmented carapace. There were thick pieces on his thighs and individual segments to his tail. The tip of the slithering limb was a long spike about a foot long and as smooth as glass. But then it quickly became segmented hooks that looked like a combination of barbed wire and some torture device.

As he watched, the woman's shoulders began to shake. Her head, topped with a long flowing brow, tilted toward him as she raised her cellphone.

His eyes shifted to her car. It was still running with his bike underneath the grill. Both were totaled.

The sight of his ruined bike filled him with rage. With a speed that he could only imagine in the boxing ring, he surged forward and grabbed her hand and cellphone. He twisted her around to face him and yanked up until she was staring straight at him.

Tears ran down from her blue eyes, rolling against her cheeks. Her position, hands above her head, forced her breasts to rise up and hard nipples to tip through the yellow fabric of her top.

He looked down her body, enjoying the sight of her quivering body, hard nipples, and dangling legs. But, she had ruined his bike and the bitch had to die.

With a snarl, Ozaki surged forward to tear out her throat.

She screamed, a high-pitched noise.

And then memories came crashing into him, of him masturbating on his bed so many years ago as a beautiful woman danced on the screen in front of him. Of the cries she made while he watched the VHS tape for years until it finally snapped under the stress. Her voice was as painfully familiar as an unrequited love that was lost under the onslaught of tumors, boxing, and life.

He froze, only centimeters from her throat. He could feel the pulse of her heart, a rapid beat like a song. Drawing back, he pulled her face to his.

She was sobbing, crying out at the top of her lungs. Tears ran down from her blue eyes, but he ignored them. With his tail, he cupped her chin and forced her to look to one side and the other.

The woman looked just like Kikuchi Harumi, the Fallen Idol. Even the cute nose that he used to sigh over.

Other memories came rushing up, of the hatred he felt for her betrayal. She had gotten into porn and then disappeared, leaving his heart an empty, ragged hole. He snarled and snapped at her.

She cried out again and tried to look away, but he used his tail to keep her staring at him.

He didn't think it was possible. She had been missing for years. There were no more videos, no more appearances. The world had forgotten her. To his horror, he realized he had forgotten her also until this moment.

She looked exactly like Harumi. She sounded like her.

But, Ozaki wasn't sure. He lifted her completely off the ground and peered at her breasts and thighs. They were just as familiar, but he wasn't going to leave anything to chance. He had seen her naked in his videos. He knew every inch of her body. If she wasn't Harumi, then the fucking bitch was going to have a very short, painful life.

Using his other hand, he reached up and dug his claws into the collar of her sweater.

She screamed out and kicked him. Her high heels slammed into his thigh, but he didn't feel the impact.

With his demonic strength, Ozaki tore the front of her sweater. The fabric parted easily from his strength and her firm, breasts jumped into her view. He continued down, using the backs of his claws to avoid slicing into her belly. He stopped right at her skirt,

but used his claw to hook her yellow thong. He yanked up and it was sliced from her pussy.

She screamed out and tried to free her hands, but he increased his grip until her bones creaked. Her scream became a high-pitched wail.

Ozaki looked down at her trembling body. It was nearly perfect, even after two years. She had Harumi's taut belly and swell of her breasts. Her thong was even Harumi's trademark yellow and he remembered masturbating to the sight of them. But now, they were two dangling shreds of clothes and her pussy was only centimeters from his claws. Her nether lips were already swollen with anticipation.

He took a deep breath and caught the scent of her pussy in the air. It was mixed in with her fear, but the sweetness was like ambrosia. Years of fucking nameless women were blasted away with the possibility that he was about to get her. He was about to have Harumi.

His cock grew instantly with his thoughts. He wasn't surprised to see it was segmented, with deep ridges and a spiked tip. But, it was also sensitive. He could feel the breeze on it and every pulse of his cock as he stared down it. It knew what he wanted, but he wanted to be absolutely sure.

Kikuchi Harumi

23

Harumi let out a scream when he yanked his claws down her front. In one second, she was dressed and, a second later, she had been ripped bare from throat to hips in a single stroke. Her scream ended in a wail as she realized that the last two remnants of her idol career, the two final shreds of bright yellow that now hung on her shoulders and hips, were forever ruined.

While she was thankful that he didn't go for her throat, the creature's new intentions were far worse. She could see his cock already standing on end. It was larger and thicker than anything she had seen before, a swollen length of insect-like segments easily as long as what she remembered Steve had.

But, it wasn't a thing of beauty. It looked painful and hard. And it was aimed for her nearly naked legs. Despite her best efforts, she couldn't keep her thighs together while dangling and she was aware of every moment that her sex was exposed, the scent of her built-up excitement for Steve now drifting around her and adding to the scents that assailed her senses.

Her eyes widened as she stared at the cock. She pressed her thighs together, her entire body trembling to keep her knees together. She knew it was uselessly to shield herself; the demon obviously could rip her in half if it wanted to, but she had to do something.

Suddenly, the tail snaked out and wrapped around her waist. The segments scraped against her skin as it burrowed underneath the ruins of her clothes and peeled them off. The fabric of her top fluttered to the ground, leaving her bare except for her thigh-highs and skirt.

She panted for breath as the tail grew tighter around her, wrapping twice around her. The grip on her wrist relaxed suddenly and she lost hold of her cellphone. With a cry, she felt it slide down her arm, bounce off the tail, and then clatter to the ground.

The creature stepped on it, pulverizing it with a crunch of plastic and metal.

Harumi whimpered as she stared into the inhuman eyes. She knew he was going to rape her—there was no question about that—but the roughness that he was holding her and the sharp claws told her that it would be brutal and violent.

Fear clutched her heart, slamming it against her ribs with short, cruel punches. She clenched her hands and twisted her hips to keep her thighs together. Tears ran down her cheeks as she tried to twist her way out of his grip.

In the back of her mind, she wished that she never said “yes” to Mana’s offer of Steve. Though, the regret instantly turned into more when she realized it would be Mana in her place if she said no. Shuddering, she realized she could never wish it on her best friend.

Her thoughts were interrupted when the creature released her wrists. Gravity gripped her and she was flipped over, the tail slid down her side, scraping against her sides. She stopped when the segmented tail slammed into her hips. The sudden stop bring her swinging back and forth, her arms dangling underneath her. Her weight bore down on the tail around her hips.

Her feet kicked out helplessly but then the two clawed hands grabbed her thighs and pried them apart. Her efforts to keep her legs together were helpless as he easily spread her to the limits of her hips. She felt the muscles of her inner thighs screaming out in agony before she forced herself to relax.

The feel of his breath, hot and humid, against her pussy sent a shiver of fear coursing down her spine. The heat from her anticipation of a night with Steve had left her moist and slick. When he exhaled, the air tickled against her damp folds and left sparks of pleasure that warred with the terror building inside her.

His tail uncoiled around her and she felt the weight increasing on her thighs. The creature’s claws dug into her flesh. She tried to close her thighs again, but he kept them spread obscenely apart.

The creature's hot breath stopped and then there was something hard and smooth pressed up against her slit.

She froze at the sensation. She was already slick from her fantasies and the hard object easily slid into her. The first few strokes were ginger but then it jammed deep into her pussy.

Harumi's body spasmed as she was ripped open. The thick length easily punched deep into her pussy, stretching her out to her limits and thudding against her innermost gate. The base of whatever was impaling her was easily twice as thick and it crushed her clitoris.

With a start, she realized it was the creature's tail. The tip of it was inside her.

It pulled out of her, a slow and wet movement. She shuddered with the empty feeling but it didn't last long.

The demon drove his tail back into her, filling her to her limits.

Despite the horror of being raped, she couldn't help but feel a spark of pleasure. It was larger than Steve or even what she remembered of Steve's cock. But, it was also hard and thrusting deep inside her. She let out a soft whimper as it began to drive into her, nailing her with short thrusts that slammed into her cervix at the end of every stroke.

Pain and pleasure battled inside her. Her insides spasmed around his cock and she let out a gasping moan.

The tail loosened around her and she dropped a few centimeters. The edges of the segmented tail dug into her hips and she writhed in discomfort. Every time she twisted her hips, the tail drove deep into her pussy. She wanted to sob and moan at the same time.

The tail and claws dug into her body, her weight bearing the sharp edges into her skin. She cried out and tried to find something to relieve the pressure. Seeing Mana's car, she tried to reach it, but her hands wouldn't make it. She swung back and her shoulders thumped against the demon's thighs.

Her hands brushed against the thick segments of the demon's feet. She swung forward and then back again. The second time, she grabbed for the demon's legs, but her fingers slipped off. On the third, she finally caught the thick ridges at the top of the demon's thighs. Her grip forced her back into a painful arch, but she managed to relieve the pressure on her thighs and hips.

The demon's tail began to drive deeper and faster into her body, plunging into her with wet thrusts. She could have imagined it, but it felt like the demon was fucking her faster when she gripped his thighs.

She looked up, her spine straining, but stopped when her face pressed up against the large segmented cock right above her head. She gasped and ducked her head back, blushing hotly when she realized how close she was to the very thing that was going to be raping her.

The tail continued to fuck her with hard strokes. Her pussy clenched around it and she felt her juices dribbling out of her. It ran down her clenched asshole and also her stomach. The hot liquid traced her belly.

Harumi's eyes rolled up in her head as she felt a sudden wave of pleasure course through her. She clutched tighter on the demon's thighs and closed her eyes tightly.

She was being raped.

But, she was also starting to enjoy it.

Ozaki Norikazu

24

After so many times of watching her videos, Ozaki knew that it was Harumi in his grip. He knew the curve of her ass, even when strained and parted between his claws. He had masturbated countless times to seeing her pussy impaled and, now that he had his tail buried into the sexiest hole he had ever seen, he knew it was the same. Her ass, her cunt, her tits.

At the thought of her breasts, he looked down. She had grabbed on to his thighs, knuckles white as she held on to the edges of his carapace. The curve of her back left her trembling with effort, but he couldn't see the luscious tits that he wanted to grab for years.

Ozaki lifted his gaze back to her cunt. Every time his tail pulled out of her hole, her lips clung to it as if she wanted him back. He could feel her trembles and the way her pussy squeezed down on his tail when he was buried back into her.

He continued to pump into her for a long moment, marveling at the feel of her body.

Ozaki spread her legs further apart and listened to her cry out. Her grip on his thighs tightened. He brought his nose to her cunt and took a deep breath. The sweet smell of her pussy and the wet slurping noises were enough to brought a surge of hardness to his cock.

She was his.

He didn't know what had happened to him. He had been twisted into a demonic creature. He didn't know if it would be permanent or if it would kill him. But, as he looked down at the shaking woman in his grip, he realized it didn't matter. He had been given the one thing he wanted.

And he intended to use her.

Decision made, he released one of her thighs. Her leg slumped the side but the tail impaled her cunt held her in place. She shivered as he reached down and grabbed her long hair. Wrapping his claws in it, he pulled her head up and away from his body until his swollen cock was aimed at her mouth.

“No,” she gasped, “please no.”

He enjoyed the sight of her poised in front of his cock. He had seen it before in her video. The whore was on a bench and had her mouth opened for a huge cock. The porn star, a black man, had jammed it in deep and she moaned loudly as she took his entire length.

Ozaki's cock twitched at the thought. He shoved forward, but she didn't open her mouth like the video. With a growl, he yanked on her hair and shoved forward again. The segmented length of his cock scraped along the side of her cheek. He pulled his hips back again and lined up his shaft.

She whimpered and clamped her mouth shut.

He looked down at his personal slut and grinned. A long streamer of drool ran down the side of his mouth.

Getting a better grip in her hair and wrapping his tail tight around her hips, he yanked the tip out of her cunt. It gaped open and her pink folds glistened with her juices.

She let out a soft gasp through her clenched teeth.

Coiling his tail higher, he lined up the tip and drove it down. It slammed into her cunt with a wet slurp. The tightness clamped down, but he forced past it.

Her mouth opened as she let out a gasp and he drove forward. His cock scraped against her teeth as he impaled her mouth. The first segment disappeared and her lips clamped down past the wide part of the segment. It looked like she was swallowing a cock but one larger than she ever had.

Ozaki decided to teach his new whore a lesson. Gripping her tightly, he punched his cock into her mouth, forcing it open. The hot pressure of her mouth was just as sweet as her cunt. He thrust into her again, driving another segment past her lips before pulling it out.

She gasped around his cock. Her moan reminded Ozaki that she was his. Forever.

He released her hair and felt her weight settle on his cock. As he withdrew, he kept his length far enough into her throat that she couldn't pull free. When only two segments of his cock were in her mouth, he shoved forward. His hips thrust his shaft deep into her mouth and up against the back of her throat. She made a gagging noise which only encouraged him to shove forward until another segment forced past her lips.

His personal whore's lips tightened around the base of the segment, holding it deep in her mouth as she gagged on it.

Ozaki grinned and grabbed her thigh again. Holding her legs obscenely apart, he started to fuck both ends of his personal fuck slave.

t'Sade

Kikuchi Harumi

25

Harumi gagged on the cock as it drove into her throat. Her lips scraped along each of the segments, stretching as the demon reached the wider part and then clamping down behind each one. As the demon yanked out, he bruised her lips by forcing them apart. It was almost a relief when her mouth closed down along the segments as they grew thinner, but it just meant there was another bulge about to force her mouth open wide.

The demon drove forward again, impaling her throat. The tip, swollen and hard, blocked her breath and her gasps silenced instantly around the vibrating shaft.

At the same time, his tail drove into her pussy. There was a flash of pleasure as it stretched her open, straining her inner walls, before ending with a burst of discomfort when the tip punched against her cervix.

Her moan, shameful and humiliating, was thankfully silent. A heat radiated from her sex, sharp waves that came from every thrust and pull. She twisted on it, lost between cock and tail as they impaled her with deep thrusts.

The aching anticipation of a night with Steve had already primed her for pleasure and she felt it with every thrust. The creature was huge and fast, using her with a casual brutality that drove her into a sea of helplessness.

The strokes grew faster and faster. His grip on her thighs tightened to hold her in place. With every thrust of his hips, she was shoved up onto his tail which then drove her down back on his shaft. When the cock impaled her throat, the need for air brought tears to her eyes.

She knew what was coming, but that didn't stop both the horror and anticipation. His cock started to swell inside her, the taste of demonic cum already coating the inside her throat. It was hot and taste of ozone. It burned as he drove it deep her to her esophagus and she was helpless to do anything but inhale the scent of it.

Suddenly, there was a hot blast of liquid inside her pussy. It spewed out in all directions as the tail yanked out. She cringed, waiting for him to impale her aching pussy again, but nothing drove forward to fill the emptiness.

His cock, on the other hand, continued to swell. The wet tip was lodged deep in her throat when it pushed against the confines of her tight throat. It cut off all air from her lungs and her body reflexively spasmed trying to get rid of the intruder.

She only had a millisecond of warning before a thick blast of cum exploded form his shaft. Remembering choking on cocks during her shoot, she forced herself to swallow as the thick, burning cum shot deep into her belly.

Harumi gagged on his orgasm, but her impaled throat only clamped tighter around the cock. She could do nothing as he came inside her, filling her stomach and throat with orgasm.

She froze as an orgasm tore through her. It was humiliating and she prayed that it wasn't pleasure, but there was no question of the sharp burning that ran through her nerves, setting each one on fire as her pussy clamped down with the strongest wave of ecstasy she had ever felt.

The cock pulled back and the flood burst out around the tiny gasps, exploding from her mouth in a thick sheet of cum.

Lost in her orgasm, she was helplessly caught when he reached down and pulled her mouth off his cock. The large claws easily yanked the swollen segments from her lips and more cum burst out of her mouth and splattered wetly to the ground.

She choked on the cum as he flipped her back over. The tail easily maneuvered her so her outstretched legs were splayed open before him.

Harumi looked down at the cock that had just raped her mouth. It was still hard and swollen, with cum and her saliva tracing each of the segments.

With a whimper, she managed to choke out a “please don’t,” but the demon brought her close. She tensed for her rape, waiting to be ripped open, but to her surprise, the demon brought her pussy to his mouth.

His long, thick tongue reached out and lapped along her pussy. It dredged through the thick globs of cum as it traced along the delicate folds of her pussy.

Unwittingly, she let out a soft gasp of pleasure. She had forgotten what it felt like to have a tongue against her pussy and the unexpected pleasure crumbled some of her defenses. She shivered as another tiny spark of pleasure exploded along her clitoris. The creature seemed to notice and he slathered his tongue along her aching bump until she was writhing in a growing orgasm.

When the dripping tail pressed against her mouth, she opened her mouth and accepted it. It tasted of the demon’s cum and her own excitement, the rich taste of pussy that flooded her mouth.

It didn’t drive into her as much as gently fucked her mouth.

She moaned around it, her mind still trying to move from the brutal fucking to the sudden gentleness and pleasure. A rapidly growing orgasm was building inside her and she prayed that the demon would let her reach it before... whatever happened next.

t'Sade

Ozaki Norikazu

26

She tasted sweet, thought Ozaki. She also tasted of his cum and he reviled in the knowledge that he had marked his personal cum slut with his seed. It would stain her for the rest of her life.

He slathered his tongue over her pussy and drove the tip deep into the gaping hole, worming his way deep to taste more of her juices.

Her pussy clamped along his length. Just like his little bitch, his little slave. His idol. Her hips rose to his mouth, begging for him and he loved it.

She was his personal whore by whatever gods gave him his form. And he was going to fuck the hell out of her in thanks. He gripped her tightly and thrust his tail into her wilting mouth, swirling around as she worshiped him.

He stared at her body as she writhed on his tongue and tail. The thrusts of her hips were a worship to her true master. The flex of her throat as she gulped as his cock was a silent prayer. He watched as she lapped at the side of it and he rewarded her with a deep, swirling thrust inside her sex.

Ozaki almost came at the muffled moan that came out of her throat.

He lapped harder and deeper until he felt her spasm once again around his tongue. The sweet flood of her juices rolled down his throat and he gulped deeply to enjoy everything she gave him.

Withdrawing his tail, he felt something shift in his body. A point of burning heat formed at the tip and he lifted his gaze from her rounded breasts to see a tiny mouth appear at the end. It opened wide to reveal tiny teeth.

Harumi slumped back with a moan, her thighs clamping around his head as much as he was holding her open. He could feel the squeeze and relax of her body as she brought her hips back up to his tongue. Her slit was dripping with clear juices.

He could hear her panting with the afterglow of her orgasm.

But Ozaki wasn't done. There was something else he wanted to feel for so many years.

His tail, responding with his thoughts, reached down and caught one nipple in the tiny mouth.

Harumi jerked and her eyes opened wide. She stared at it as the little mouth tugged on her nipple.

A shudder ran along his tail and the teeth bit down on her hard nipple.

The pleasure faded almost instantly into fear. "No...!"

Ozaki growled and uncoiled his tail, tossing her to the hood of the car.

She landed heavily. Her hands slapped on the side as she pushed herself into a sitting position. Tears still in her eyes, she shook her head. "Please, no! Please let me go!"

Ozaki froze for a heartbeat. She couldn't leave. She was his bitch and she knew there was no escape. An anger bubbled inside her and memories flooded over her as she begged for the two porn star's cocks. They were good enough for her but he wasn't?

He flexed his hips and his tail snaked forward. It swirled before her outstretched legs before driving for her cunt. His cunt.

Kikuchi Harumi

27

Her nipple burning from the bite, Harumi managed to tear herself away from the pleasure that threatened to dominate her thoughts. The sting of landing on the car still radiated from her ass as she looked at the massive creature and the tail that snaked toward her sex.

She couldn't clamp her thighs together fast enough, so she reached down and grabbed the slick tail. With all her might, she squeezed her fingers to hold it back from penetrating her.

"No! Please stop it!" she tried as she strained against the powerful muscles of the tail. It felt like she was wrestling with a snake, one that only had one intended destination.

The tail twisted in her grip, moving unnaturally as it forced its way past her fingers. It was slick with her juices and cum and her grip slipped to the next segment. She felt it tickling her pussy and cried out, trying to keep it from writhing closer.

The demon snarled and another twist of the tail forced another segment past her fingers. The tip caught her pussy and smashed against her clitoris.

She cried out at the sharp pain.

He took advantage of her agony to drive another segment past her fingers. The tip of the tail shoved down and into her pussy, tearing into it.

Harumi sobbed as she was violated again, the demon's pleasure changing in a flash as he forced more of his tail into her pussy. She tried to keep him from driving deep; her hands gripped the wiggling length with all her might. But, all she did was slow down her penetration.

And then she saw his claws flash in front of her. The powerful grip caught her shoulders and yanked her arms away from the tail.

It drove deep into her, slamming against her cervix and twisting hard. She gasped as she felt a coil slap against the outside of her pussy, crushing her nether lips and clitoris for a moment before freezing.

He shoved her back against the windshield but didn't hold her down.

Harumi panted for breath, stunned and thankful that the tail had stopped moving. She was splayed out on a car hood, filled to her limits by a demonic tail, but he wasn't raping her.

She didn't know what to do, she didn't know what she could do. She was helpless to the creature, a plaything.

Her body shuddered and her muscles tightened around the tail, squeezing down on it. She wanted to shove it out, but she knew that her inner muscles would never be able to push him out, but she still tried.

He leaned forward, looming over her.

She gasped and tensed, waiting for the end.

But the demon surprised her by taking his long tongue and licking her from belly button to her collar.

Shocked, she let out a moan as the tongue caressed her aching nipple. She reached up for it to push it away, but then the tongue caught her other hard nipple and she let out a shameful moan. Her fingers wrapped around the slick tongue, but she didn't push it away as much as hold it like a lover.

Between her legs, the tail began to slid in and out again. It was slow, almost gentle movement and she bucked up to it.

Another orgasm rose inside her as the demon licked and slurped over her breasts. With every lap, the tail twisted inside her, pumping in and out with slow, deep strokes. It pulled out completely before sliding back in.

It didn't take long before she was moaning again, fighting the orgasm that rose up.

Ozaki Norikazu

28

It was better than he could ever imagine. Her breasts were perfect as she lifted them to his tongue. He slathered around each one, exploring the rounded mounds and enjoying the scrape of hard nipples against his tongue.

She was moaning, begging for her master like a proper little whore. He owned her, body and soul, and no force in the world would ever take her away.

But, she also rebuked him. She said no. She had others, she wanted them. He saw it on the tape endless times, the look of bliss and rapture as they shoved their thick cocks into her.

Now he had the huge cock and he was going to teach her that there was only one in the world for her. He was going to break her until only one man could ever satisfy her.

He continued to lick her as he used his tail to open her up. He twisted and pulled out, penetrated her until her perfect pussy was gaping open for a real man's cock. A real demon's cock.

Her hips rose to meet his tail. She wanted him, she just didn't know it. Her inner walls clamped down, adding to the friction and pleasure as he drove deep into her. He could smell another orgasm coming and he decided to give her one more orgasm before he taught her a lesson she would never forget.

Wrapping his tongue around her breast, he lapped at the tip while driving into her pussy. He opened her up in time with the moans of her body.

Unaware of his intentions, she gripped his tail and lifted her body from the car hood up to him, begging for him to take it. He enjoyed the feel of her tight body and soft breasts. He almost came when she

lifted her hips and spread her thighs willingly, the cum-stained thigh-highs already marked with his seed.

He focused on every part of her body and brought her pleasure until she cried out with an orgasm.

Harumi slumped back as the orgasm wracked her body. He watched her breasts thrust up into his tongue and her fingers grip him tightly. Her moan echoed off the walls and her pussy clamped down before flooding with juices.

He felt it dribbling down his tail. With a grin, he gave her perfect breast one last slurp and stood away from her. His tail pulled out in a slurp, leaving a smear of her cum on the hood.

Staring down at her, he concentrated on his cock. The heat boiled around and he willed it to form along the base and length. It obeyed, the heat becoming points of sharp pain.

And then his cock grew. It swelled in bulges, first doubling in size before growing every more. With every swell, her eyes grew wider and the moan turned into a whimpering gasp.

Her body became to shake violently as he stretched his cock up. It was easily a meter long and thicker than her thigh. The ridges of the segments flared out and the head swelled until it the size of a softball but hard as rock.

“No!”

He grabbed her thighs and pinned her down.

She tried to twist out, but he didn't care anymore.

His fuck hole had taken large cocks before. She did it was a smile. For years, he saw that first moment of penetration and he was going to make sure she felt it again. She would learn that his cock was the largest and the only one to own her cunt again.

He pressed the massive head of his shaft to her pussy and watched as her lips stretched around it in a kiss. He pushed forward, but the head refused to slide into the tiny hole of her sex. Even his efforts to open her weren't enough to take in his length.

Ozaki took a deep, snarling breath.

And then he shoved forward.

Kikuchi Harumi

29

The last of Harumi's afterglow was destroyed as she stared at the massive cock growing in front of her. It was nothing like she had ever seen before, but humans couldn't get so big. It was larger than even a horse. It stretched from the demon's crotch like some sort of angry beast, swelling and bulging with every second.

Fear gripped her heart and pinned her to the car hood as she stared at the massive cock. She wanted to roll off the hood and run away screaming, but she couldn't. The only part of her body was the terrified squeezing of her thighs and pussy, all in hopes that it would somehow keep it out of her.

Tears ran down her cheeks. She shook her head, trying to deny it. It was one thing when it was just a tail or tongue fucking her, but not anything so big. It would kill her.

The demon grabbed her thighs and spread her obscenely open. She felt muscles starting to tear when he pinned her knees against the hood. A wail rose up in her throat, tearing from her lips as he positioned his inhuman cock at the entrance of her body.

The first touch of the demon's cock was the hard, rounded tip. It felt like a huge ball being shoved against her sex. It crushed her labia and clitoris, but the pressure continued to steady increase until she felt her nether lips spreading open and the tip bumped against the tiny hole of her pussy.

She tried to squirm away, but he grabbed her thighs with both hands and shoved down. A flash of pain exploded from her hips when he nearly dislocated her hips.

The demon growled and loomed over her, dwarfing her body as he pushed forward. Her thighs strained against his grip but there was no way to escape.

The pressure at her entrance increased rapidly, but there was no where she could go. Her body was pinned to the hood by the demon's grip and tail. The cock crushed her body as the demon forced it into her entrance.

The wail in her throat rose to a high-pitched scream as she felt the cock slip further into her. Her entrance was forced open. She felt the ring stretching around the head and her insides being crushed against her pubic bone.

Harumi arched her back, trying to escape, but there was no relief. The pain increased until it was white-hot agony that burned along her abused opening.

He continued to lean into her, the shocks of the car creaking from the weight. His cock, hard and unyielding, inched further into her.

She tried to push it away or to force it but the hardness continued to tear into her, forcing her wider and wider apart until she thought her hips would shatter.

More of the rounded head forced itself into her. Her body strained to keep him but she couldn't take much more. The head wasn't even inside her and her insides were already being crushed against her bones. The ring of her pussy entrance became a searing flame of agony.

And then a wet ripping sensation and an explosion of pain. It clawed through her body and set every nerve on fire as the cock shoved further into her pussy.

She tried to scream out at the top of her lungs, but no noise came out of her frozen throat. The agony clutched her lungs and squeezed down, forcing her focus into the one thing she wished she could escape, her vagina being ripped to accommodate the inhuman shaft.

The demon snarled and lurched forward. His cock barreled deeper into her body. Her inner walls, trembling as they strained at their limits, continued to tear open with the immense girth no human could take.

Her mouth worked words but no sound came out. She tried to move but her body was pinned to the hood. The creature didn't hold

her wrists, but she couldn't pull her palms away from the glass as he continued to tear into her.

He kept forcing it deeper into her. The stench of blood flooded her senses and she felt hot liquid dribbling down her thighs and splashing on the hood. Moments ago, it was her excitement and orgasm. Now, there was only one thing that could come from so much pain, blood.

Her labia stretched into a thin ring around the cock. It continued to grow thicker. The wet tearing sensation filled her senses; she felt it in her bones as much as through her skin and ears. There was too much of it, each one followed by a burning agony as he tore into her.

Just as her mind was beginning to fragment under the agony, she reached the thickest part of the cock head and her tortured pussy clamped down around the curve. It was almost a relief to slid further down. Even the wet ripping noise quieted down but the pain didn't.

Sobbing, she prayed it would end but she could picture the cock too well. Just as she reached the thinnest part, it began to swell again as the demon drove of himself into her.

Harumi prayed that he would pull back but he kept pushing into her, his entire body straining to pin her to the hood as he forced more of his cock into her spasming body.

With the second segment came more pain as his shaft ripped her further open. She felt her vaginal walls tearing under the onslaught and a flood of hot liquid flooding her sex. The stench of it mixed in with her lost pleasure, adding a surrealism as her mind struggled with the rapid changing sensations.

His cock head reached her cervix, but it did by ripping her open. She felt the hard gate of her womb rip out of place and then his cock buried a foot into her. Her stomach bulged from his cock, almost two-thirds of a meter was lodged into her body and she could feel every centimeter of burning agony.

The demon finally stopped, his cock pulsating deep inside her.

She sobbed, her entire body shaking. There was more pinning her to the car now. The claws were nothing compared to the hot pole that had ripped her open and was now impaling her womb. She

could feel it at her diagram, a massive hardness that refused to go away.

“P-Please,” she gurgled, “please stop.”

Her words stopped the demon for a moment. He pulled back, slowly dragging his cock out of her tortured sex. She felt every inch and ridge as the last segment swelled the entrance, bringing a spurt of blood as he drew it out.

She winced and steeled herself.

The girth increased and she wailed out as it slid out of her. And then the sudden relief as her entrance clamp back down along the segment.

He reached the thinnest point of his cock.

She took a deep breath and prepared for the next segment.

It never came.

The demon drove forward with a surge of strength. The segment that just slipped out of her tore into her again, ripping her pussy and sending the tip of the cock slamming against her diaphragm.

The air in her lung burst out of her throat in a moan.

He yanked it out, pulling two segments of his cock out of her bruised opening. A snarl crossed his slips and she realized she made a terrible mistake.

The demon drove forward again, pounding his cock into her. Each segment and ridge tore into her. She felt it with every nerve of her ruined sex as he scraped the hard length against them. Her labia was torn open, shredded by his brutal strokes. Her insides were pulverized as he drove into her again and again.

She couldn't cry out, she couldn't scream. When he withdrew, the sucking sensation of her insides pull air into her lungs. With his brutal strokes forward, he forced it out of her. The vibrations against her ruined throat became a gurgling moan.

Harumi's sanity cracked underneath the onslaught of agony. Memories of her life came flashing by, each one forced into her mind by the hard strokes of the demonic creature.

She remembered the first time Steve entered her. The sweetness and tenderness that she wished she could relive one last time. She remembered the feeling of being filled from both ends, by cock and later demon.

Or when her ass and pussy were impaled. Part of her wanted those days back, when it was only humans fucking every hole in her body. It was pleasure with a bit of pain, not agony with just a hint of ecstasy.

And then she was back on stage, dancing for her fans. But in the rapidly shattering part of her mind, there was only three people in the audience: Steve, the strange boy on television who got arrested for trying to save her honor, and the demon raping her.

The images in her head cracked and peeled away under the onslaught of agony. She was driven back into reality by the realization she had become nothing but a bleeding hole to fuck, a place to bury his inhuman cock. There was nothing she could do, nothing she could say, that would stop the cock that tore into her.

Blood poured down her thighs and buttocks. With every thrust, it squelched out of her body and sheeted down her skin. It felt like she was an orange or a fruit, being pounded into a pulp and her juices, bloody, were being forced out of her with every shuddering pound that scraped her along the hood of the car.

t'Sade

Ozaki Norikazu

30

Fear tore Ozaki's thought of the rage-induced hatred he felt for her. He could see her body shuddering. Her pussy, once a tight glove around his shaft, had become nothing but shredded flesh and coils of orgasms. He could see the pain filling her, the way it glazed her eyes.

His idol was dying.

He started to pull out but a flood of blood stopped him. A small bit of sanity left told him that she was going to die as soon as he pulled out. He could feel her pulsating organs around his cock, the intensity of heat and liquid pushing him right to the edge of orgasm, but it was too late for her.

Ozaki shoved forward, watching as one thick ridge of his cock forced its way into her ruined hole. A spurt of blood squirted out around it, splattering both of their thighs with her juices.

He stopped and then pulled back. He could feel the soft, wet suction of her body clinging to his cock. The sight of her nether lips clinging to his shaft and the scent of her bloody and pussy caused his cause to throb with his desire. He pulled out until her entrance clamped down on the narrow part of his shaft and then jammed forward, just to watch the blood spurt out again. It was hot and seductive, a combination of a ruined pussy and gore pushing him to do it again and again.

Ozaki's world faded away until there was nothing but his bitch and his cock. He yanked half his cock out just to drive it back in. The blast of blood and her gurgled cries pushed him to do it again, just to feel every clenching ripple of her muscles and the coils of her insides.

He shoved into her again, losing himself in the sensations. Her moans vibrated wetly through her body, caressing his length with the sweetest of touches.

The demon inside him needed to break it. He gripped her thighs, crushing them against the hood, and pounded faster. His attention never left the sight of her pussy or his cock. Every thrust splattered blood everywhere before his cock head impacted against her ribs.

She was his and it was her cunt that he wanted.

Ozaki drove harder and faster, caring less about the fantasy before him and more on seeing her body destroyed.

She was his bitch. She was his fuck toy. She was simply his.

His cock was a blur as he tore into her, pounding harder and faster until his breath came in a roar. With every thrust, sheets of crimson coated the hood of the car and dripped down the grill. It puddled at his feet and the sight of it only drove him to rip into her faster and harder.

Snaking his tail up, he wormed it between his legs and then underneath his thrusting cock. Using the hot jets of gore as his guide, he found her tightly clenched asshole and drove into it.

She tried to stop him, a gurgled wail rising up as she ground her muscles down. It only caressed his length with her ruined body and added to the intensity as he tore into her ass and began to fuck it with hard but short strokes.

Kikuchi Harumi

31

The demon's cock punched into Harumi's diaphragm and ripped a scream from her throat. The agony of her insides tearing around it flashed across her mind and the entire world went white.

She prayed that it would end, but her senses came quickly with her body shaking. He was fucking her. Each powerful thrust drove her up against the windshield and down again. There was nothing she could do but flail. He owned her body, he was raping her to death and she was helpless.

Harumi opened her mouth to scream, but no words came out. Tears ran down her cheeks as she struggled to find something—anything—to push back the agony of being torn open.

And then she felt his tail in her ass. At first, there was nothing as pain as he ripped open her sphincter. Like her vagina, the tight ring of muscles strained against the intruder. But, it only thrust a foot into her body before pulling out. There was no segments tearing at her opening, just the smooth slid of the tail driving in and out.

It was almost peaceful except for the meter-long cock tearing through her like a saw.

She sobbed and bore her attention down on the tail in her ass. It was hard to think through the pain, but the contrast of sensations was almost pleasurable. She could almost like it, if things were different.

Closing her eyes, she struggled to push back the agony and focus on the pleasure. It almost worked. She could almost imagine that she wasn't being raped to death on her best friend's car. That there wasn't a cock slamming into her lungs with every stroke. That the

ridges from the segmented demonic cock weren't ripping her apart and that blood wasn't pouring out of her with every stroke.

The demon pounded into her, fucking her hard. Every stroke dragged her half a meter up and down the car hood.

She was helpless to do anything but let him dominate her, to rape her. She was filled to the brim, beyond her limits, and she knew there was no way that she could ever survive.

There wasn't a chance.

The agony pushed into her mind but she clutched to pleasure of her ass being impaled. She pretended it was Steve that was fucking her, his perfect cock impaling her ass and driving her to an orgasm. She imagined she was wearing her idol outfit for him, bright yellow on her body as he touched her perfect body and loved her the way she always wanted someone.

The thrusts were growing faster and harder. She could feel the cock swelling side her, ripping her further apart. It crushed her insides against her hip bones from the inside and kept on growing. The pressure grew, but so did the hardness of the tail that impaled her ass.

Harumi's eyes rolled up in her head as she threw everything into one desperate fantasy. Images flashed by, solidifying into a scene that came from little shreds of her imagination. It was Steve fucking her pussy, pounding her hard with his dark cock. And it was the strange man she never met on the television. He was fucking her ass, not with the cruelty of the other porn star, but as a fan and a lover. He would touch and hold her, he wouldn't ever hurt her. Both of them wavered in and out of her mind, fading out with the crumbling remains of her sanity and coming back into focus as she struggled to grip what remained of her life.

She managed to lose herself just long enough for a single spark of pleasure, white hot in a world of agony, to burst open. It tore along her ruined nerves and soaked into the senses.

For the briefest moments, she was back on the stage, singing one of her songs.

When the demonic cock slammed into her diaphragm and ripped the air out of her lungs, she managed to form the first words to the song. She forgot the name of the song but she would never forget the words.

He yanked out, ripping out parts of her body and adding to the sheets of blood that coated her skin, and then drove back in.

The impact forced another few words from her lips.

Her eyes snapped open and the rest of her fantasies crumbled as she stared into the inhuman eyes of her rapist and killer. She knew there was no salvation now, she was already lost.

The next thrust of the cock came and she sang out a few words. Blood flecked her lips and she could taste it in the back of her throat. But, she used the inhuman cock ramming into her lungs to sing.

Because it was the only thing she could do.

And if her only audience was a demon raping her to death, she would sing to it.

t'Sade

Ozaki Norikazu

32

Stunned, Ozaki wasn't sure he heard right when the song rose up over the squelch of his fucking and the growl in his chest. He stared at her, his hips still fucking, and watched her lips working.

It was the song. The song that he remembered hearing so many years ago, sitting on his bed while masturbating. He loved her, he remembered that, but it felt like a different life as he looked down at the fallen idol.

When he drove into her, burying his entire length into her pussy, she sang out a few words. He yanked out and thrust again, just to hear the next words.

Memories came crashing down and he lost himself in them, accelerating until her entire body was shaking violently from his thrust. The song continued, punctuated with wet gasps and gurgles, but he didn't care. It was his song and she was going to finish it.

His claws pierced the flesh of her thighs, gripping her tight. Blood poured down his thighs, splattering loudly. He could see his cock tearing into her and forcing more of her viscera out.

The sight only drove him to punch into her faster, to lose himself in the song that would never again pass her lips. He became a blur as he raped her, fucking hard and fast to reach the end of the song.

His orgasm rose up inside him, a searing hot sensation not unlike the transformation. His tail wrapped around her waist and crushed her breasts. He gripped her tighter. He fucked her harder and faster, burying his entire length into her heedless of the damage.

The words became a muddled sound of singing, gurgling, and choking. Blood poured out from the corners of her mouth. She stared at him, eyes glazing over but her lips still moving.

He snarled leaned into her. He was cumming and he could feel every muscle in his body tensing to enjoy the orgasm that would end it all. All that mattered was his orgasm now and the final word as it slipped past her lips.

Kikuchi Harumi

33

The last word ended, driving out of her body by the cock that shredded her from the insides. There were claws in her thighs and the segmented tail around her chest crushed into her ribs, snapping at least one of them.

She couldn't breathe anymore. The only way air filled her lungs was the suck of the withdrawing cock and the inhuman thrust that drove the meter-long shaft back into her body.

As much as she wished, she couldn't stop staring into the monster's eyes. He experience her last performance. The last show of the fallen idol. Tears ran down her cheeks as she stared into him, unable to vocalize the words to beg him to end her agony.

Somehow, the demon seemed to know her thoughts. His cock became a rod of agony and pain as he thrust into her. She felt the pressure increasing in his grip and it sparkled along her hips and spine.

The tail crushed down on her, wrapping around her tightly until her breasts were thrust into the air and her nipples sparkled with sweat and blood.

The agony in her hips increased.

And then there was a pop as one hip dislocated. A moment later, more ribs snapped as the tail tightened down on her. A heartbeat later, her other hip popped out of the joint and agony slammed up into her. It was as hot and intense as her orgasm and she spasmed around it, squeezing down with the last of her strength.

The wet tearing filled her world as the demon pulled her apart. More blood exploded as the delicate flesh between her pussy and

thigh ripped open, splattering the already soaked car with more blood.

And then she felt her spine snapping, each vertebra popping out of place until only the thick cord of her spinal nerves were in place.

Her world became the purest white, be it pain or pleasure.

One by one, her legs were torn from her body as the cock drove deep into her. She felt it swell with his orgasm and her hip bones snapped from the girth. Splattered of ozone-soaked cum burst out of her throat just as the tail yanked out, tearing the shattered remains of her spine clean from her body.

The tail rolled up, crushing her breasts before it tightened around her neck. One segment dug into her cheekbone but there was nothing she could do as it tightened with the demon's orgasm and she felt her neck being torn from her head.

The world spun violently and she could see flashes of light and cum as it splattered against her skin.

And then her head landed heavily on the ground.

With the last of her thoughts, she watched as the demon's cum painted the bloody asphalt.

Ozaki Norikazu

34

Ozaki slumped against the side of the alley as his body shook violently. He was shrinking, the demonic features fading as his body cooled and his sanity returned.

Sadness and regret tore at him as did the memories of Harumi, the most perfect idol, dying on his cock. He sobbed as he dropped to the ground, merely human once again. He could taste Nagumo's and Harumi's blood on his mouth. The phantom sensations of her clenching pussy around his shaft continued, tickling his balls and a tail he no longer had.

There was power rushing through his veins. Akemi's words came back. He would be cured of his tumor and he knew now how it would happen. He had the strength, the power, and everything.

But he had lost Harumi.

And with it, part of his humanity.

t'Sade

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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