

## Operation Cute & Funny

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# Operation Cute & Funny

by [slumbrrr](#)

## Summary

Asuna and Karin know that Sensei likes his girls extra small.  
So they turn themselves into middle schoolers to seduce him.  
(It works and they get creampie.)

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

## Karin and Asuna

“Am I ugly?”

Karin glanced up from her phone, raising an eyebrow, eyes wide with shock and awe. She hadn't expected Asuna to start a conversation like that.

“Excuse me?” Karin asked.

But Asuna merely sighed, looking downright crestfallen. “I'm ugly, aren't I?”

“I don't think you're ugly at all.” Karin pouted because she could feel a strange conversation was about to transpire. This was Asuna, after all—a fellow student she'd known for far too long. “Why do you think you're ugly?”

“Because!” Asuna wailed. “Sensei doesn't want to talk to me!”

Karin sighed. “Of course... why did I expect anything different?”

“I'm serious!” Asuna snapped back. “Have you noticed that Sensei doesn't talk to us anymore? And he almost never replies to our messages, either! Aaah! What's up with that?”

Karin shrugged and sighed. “Because he's busy? Because he's just one adult, and there are hundreds of students for him to tend to? It's not like we have had anything troubling us lately.”

Asuna gasped, raising her arms triumphantly. The act was so sudden that it surprised Karin, making her flinch.

“That's it!” Asuna exclaimed.

“W-What's it? What are you talking about?” asked Karin.

“If we want Sensei to pay attention to us,” the blonde began, “then we just need to get into some trouble! Then Sensei will *have* to pay attention to us!”

Karin groaned. “Asuna, no. We're not going to make trouble for Sensei to fix. We're not *that* desperate for his affection, are we?”

Karin crossed her arms when she noticed Asuna was close to crying again. While she herself might not have been so desperate for Sensei's affections, it seemed clear that Asuna was experiencing what was commonly referred to as *Sensei Withdrawals*.

*Sensei Withdrawal* affected every student in Kivotos in stages. At stage one, it was common to get weepy and listless whenever Sensei wasn't around. The latter stages often involved drugs and kidnappings, which Karin hoped with every fiber of her being that Asuna wouldn't resort to.

But to ensure that, the scatterbrained blonde required a dose of Sensei to satisfy her craving.

“M-Maybe I should message Sensei about something else?” Asuna asked, whimpering like a puppy. “But what should I tell Sensei about? I don’t know what to do…”

Asuna sniffled, having most certainly entered the *weepy* and *listless* phase of her Sensei Withdrawals. “Uuuu…”

Karin rolled her eyes. “Asuna…”

“UUUUUUU…”

“Please stop making that ridiculous noise…”

“UUUUUUUU!!!”

Asuna continued to be a weepy little bitch for a good few minutes, leaving Karin at a loss for how she might be able to help her fellow squad mate. If this continued, the overall morale of Cleaning & Clearing would sink to rock bottom! Karin tapped her forefinger against her chin thoughtfully, looking around the premises for something she could use to get Asuna’s mind off this troublesome development.

“Why don’t we go to the park?” Karin suggested, gesturing to the one down the road. “Come on. I’ll push you on the swing, and you can forget all about Sensei for a little while, okay?”

Asuna conceded, allowing her squad mate to lead her down to the park in question. The sun was shining, the flowers were in bloom, and Karin was confident that she could distract Asuna long enough for her and the other girls to come up with some kind of Sensei-related master plan.

At least, that was the intention…

Karin stopped in her tracks as soon as she saw him. Sensei of SCHALE, the man of the hour, at all hours of the day. Her jaw dropped as she witnessed the man himself leading Hina into the park that she and Asuna were about to walk into, and he was leading Hina by the hand, to boot!

“H-Handholding?” Karin gawked. “No way…”

Asuna nearly screamed at the sight. She hadn’t held Sensei’s hand in more than a month, and in all that time, she hadn’t so much as washed her palm. Now here was Sensei, taking Hina into the park, holding her hand like it was nothing special!

“That Gehenna girl?” Asuna sniffled. “That’s Hina, from the Prefect Team, isn’t it?”

“It sure is,” said Karin, frowning. She hid behind a partition with Asuna, keeping themselves out of view while they sneaked glances at the duo in the park. Sensei seemed to be talking excitedly with Hina about something, and the filthy Gehenner was swinging her hands in Sensei’s hands back and forth with apparent shamelessness and glee.

“Anyone might think they were dating,” Karin mused.

Asuna sniffled again as her eyes filled with tears. “Uuuuu...”

“Please don’t make that ridiculous noise again,” said Karin, ducking behind the partition as she tried to form a plan of attack. “Why would Sensei come here with Hina of all students? We’re going to have to do some research before we jump in—the old C&C way.”

“Intel-gathering,” said Asuna, nodding slowly. “That makes sense...”

And so the duo departed, leaving Sensei and Hina to their little play date at the park. Over the next few days, Karin and Asuna utilized Millennium School’s intelligence network to spy on Sensei; to gather as much data on the man as possible, and what they found was truly shocking.

Apparently, Sensei enjoyed spending his time with short girls.

*Very* short girls.

In fact, it wasn’t just their stature that raised an eyebrow, but their disposition. Karin and Asuna were left speechless as they considered everyone that Sensei elected to spend time with. Every single one of these girls was, in some way, shape, or form, very young. It made Karin contemplate how she could win over Sensei’s heart.

“I think we might be a bit too big for Sensei now,” said Karin. She hated to imagine that she could be too big for anyone, but the proof was in the metaphorical pudding. Rain or shine, Sensei just couldn’t keep his hands off those little girls.

“What are we supposed to do?” Asuna asked. “It’s not like we can get any smaller, can we?”

“There must be something we can do,” said Karin, tapping her finger against her chin.

“Ding!” Asuna yelled suddenly.

Karin glanced up with surprise. “What is it?”

“Something amazing just happened!” Asuna exclaimed. “I just had an idea!”

*Oh no*, thought Karin. That couldn’t have been a good sign.

“Do you remember that one girl from Shanhaijing?” asked Asuna. “The cute and funny girl?”

“The one with green eyes and dark hair? I think her name was Shun?” Asuna nodded gleefully, like a golden retriever, and Karin half-expected the girl to start drooling outright.

“What about her?”

“Well,” said Asuna, “she became small, didn’t she?” Asuna held up her fingers like she was trying to solve a math problem. “She was Shun... and then she became Shun Small?”

“You think we can do the same?”

“Yes!” Asuna’s excitement was palpable, causing her to tremble with anticipation. “I want to be a little girl! I want Sensei to put his hands all over my little girl body!”

Karin shook her head in disbelief at what she was hearing, but she had to admit, it was a pretty good idea for Asuna. The two tracked down a few of Millennium School’s brightest minds for help with the project, finding a few students who they believed could turn them into delicious little girls.

Millennium’s Engineering Club was perfect for a task like this. Using a blueprint that they had “borrowed” from Saya, the trio went ahead and concocted what they believed was a “little girl potion.”

Kotori started rambling about the side effects. She said something like dizziness, fatigue, muscle weakness, lust, incontinence, and so on, and so forth. Asuna wasn’t hearing any of that nonsense. She swiped the potion and chugged it like she’d chugged nothing before, leaving Kotori absolutely stunned as the bubbly blonde finished her bubbly brew.

Karin face palmed, but she resigned herself to her fate. As the two maids quaffed the mysterious beverage, Hibiki fidgeted nervously and claimed that everything ought to be just fine. That there was no cause for concern.

Naturally, the concern started once both Karin and Asuna exploded in a puff of smoke. The engineering department’s eyes went wide with shock and awe. After all, it wasn’t every day that a student just exploded out of nowhere—even in Kivotos.

Fortunately, when the smoke cleared, it was plain to see that it had worked. Standing in front of the engineering department were two absolutely precious little girls. Karin and Asuna had shrunk to about half their normal heights, and their cheeks were just a little rounder, too.

“Holy moly,” exclaimed Kotori, “it worked!”

“I knew it would,” said Hibiki, grinning bashfully. “I never doubted us for a second.”

“Really?” Utaha frowned. “I doubted us a little. I think we were one molecule away from turning them into cheese.”

“No cheese here!” Asuna pinched her own cheeks with a delighted giggle. “Just squeeze!”

Karin turned around and admired herself in the large mirror just in front of her, smiling widely until she noticed her butt. It hadn’t shrunk at all!

“Why is my butt still so big?” she asked, wincing. “It’s the same size as it was before! Now I look like a middle schooler with a high-schooler’s butt!”

“My boobs are still big, too!” Asuna hefted them up to prove her point, and it was truer than anything else. Despite the reduction in their stature, it was plain to see that Karin and Asuna hadn’t lost their *assets*. Even though they had diminished in size, their “egos” remained as inflated as ever.

Utaha snickered. “Short stack?”

“A short stack of what?” Asuna asked.

“Um, never mind.” Utaha sighed, smiling nervously. “So, um, about payment?”

“Send the bill to Neru!” Asuna exclaimed. “Right now, we have a mission to complete!”

“That’s right,” Karin said, nodding. “Operation Cute & Funny is a go. It’s time to seduce the pants off of Sensei once and for all.”

“That’s great!” Kotori exclaimed.

...

“...wait, what?!”

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That night, Sensei was in need of rest and relaxation.

The man had worked as hard as he always did, tending to his students’ needs when he wasn’t drowning in paperwork and SCHALE related responsibilities.

The extra-judicial nature of the establishment often meant mediating between various schools, clubs, and districts, even when he would rather bury his head in the sand for a moment’s rest.

Still, being as outgoing as he was—whether he wanted it or not—meant some pretty sweet perks were often in store for him.

Case in point, Sensei often had quite a few students who were willing to take pictures for him. *Spicy* pictures, to boot.

Spicy pictures he felt *obligated* to give his attention to. Whenever they came in through his Momo Talk, he would compliment the student before saving the picture to an extra-special folder for an extra-judicial man like him—and late at night, when no one else was around...

If you asked Sensei, he would say it was to help him get a good night’s sleep. But no one ever asked Sensei, because Sensei had the good sense to lock his office door before he *unpacked* himself; pulled his pants down to his ankles and whipped out his Binah.

He moused over to his students’ photo folder, then perused the options available to him.

- ABYDOS
- AIRI
- AKANE
- AKARI
- AKO

...

Not quite. Not *quite*.

There was a certain itch Sensei was feeling as of late. A certain itch he knew he had to scratch. And, oh, did it feel so good to scratch.

- SHUN & KOKONA

He didn't even feel guilty anymore. The young ones were just too good; too tantalizing. And, well, if they were going to send him salacious snapshots anyway...

Sensei slowly stroked his shaft, moaning gently as he ogled the photos in front of him. Little Shun had managed to convince her sister to pose along with her, and the two girls were cuddling naked, splayed out in bed, their eyes half-closed and soft lips parted as though they were welcoming Sensei to join them.

"Fuck," he groaned, picking up the pace with his stroking. The next series of images were just a spicy, with Kokona having laced her arms around Shun to kiss her dear sister on the lips, their bare torsos touching, their tiny pink nipples looking ripe for tweaking and sucking.

"Goddamn it..."

Sensei was depraved, and he knew it well. This wasn't the sort of thing a teacher was supposed to be doing with his students. However, it was a simple truth that a man had needs, and Sensei was a one-of-a-kind man in a city full of gun-toting schoolgirls. It was only natural that he would seek some form of carnal relief, and why not start with the girls who were willing to give themselves to him? Perhaps, in a way, this seemed like the best course of action. A true win/win situation.

The time for guilt would come later. For now, Sensei was keen to stroke himself to completion and then head straight to bed. He just so happened to have a date with Hina just before noon, and he was already licking his lips with growing excitement at the prospect of getting Gehenna's Prefect Team leader all to himself again—this time in a far more intimate setting.

Suddenly, he heard it. A strange noise from behind.

Sensei whipped his head around, and he found nothing. He bit his lip with a sudden flash of nervousness going through his frame. It sure *sounded* like someone had giggled, but perhaps it was his imagination playing tricks on him? He was sure he'd locked the office door, anyway.

The man returned to staring at his computer screen, licking his lips as he ogled little Shun and Kokona's bodies.

Then it happened again. A faint sound from somewhere behind him. Sensei's eyes went wide as he looked around for the source of the noise, again finding nothing and no one around.

Paranoia gave way to a very flaccid cock. Thinking he was just hearing things, and kicking himself for being so worried, Sensei put on his headphones to enjoy one of Shun's private videos. In this one, the little Shanhaijing student was lying on her back and playing with herself, using a crystal haniwa to entice the video's viewer—ostensibly Sensei.

Sensei went back to stroking himself, groaning with pleasure as he watched little Shun do her thing. The flirtatious student licked her lips as she moved her hips up and down, gliding the hard, pink dildo up and down along the length of her dripping, puffy cunny.

“Wow,” said Asuna. “She looks so cute...”

Sensei chuckled. “She does, doesn’t she?”

And that was when Sensei nearly leaped out of his skin.

He did fall out of his office chair, though, so that was surely something. Tumbling away from his apparent invaders, Sensei stood up with his pants around his ankles before striking a karate pose, doing his best to put on a frightening face.

“Who are you?!” he yelled. “Who the heck—?”

Asuna giggled into her hand, her laughter echoing through the air before she playfully twirled her long, blonde hair. “It’s me, Sensei! Don’t you recognize your favorite maid? It’s me, Asuna!”

Sensei blinked, but he still held the karate pose because it made him feel big and strong. “Asuna? What the...?”

“It’s true,” said another voice—soft and feminine. Sensei turned to see that Karin was lying in wait by the light switch, and she turned on the light with a wave of her hand. “What are you doing in the dark, Sensei? Oh, never mind. I think I have a pretty good guess...”

Both Karin and Asuna were left gawking at Sensei’s rock hard cock, which was still pointing out like the man had an assault rifle of his own to flaunt. Sensei covered himself with a worried smile before his expression melted into one of complete concern.

“W-Wait a second! Asuna? Karin? What’s happened to you?” he asked. “Why are you so small? You’re half the size you’re supposed to be!”

Asuna giggled again, jumping up and down to show off the jiggle of her still-massive mammaries. “We took a potion!”

“A potion?” Sensei asked.

“Well,” said Karin, “maybe you want to call it a concoction? Whatever you want to call it,” she said, “Millennium’s engineering department helped us become small.”

“Why the heck did you do that?” Sensei asked worriedly. “When does it wear off?”

Karin blinked slowly. She turned her gaze to Asuna, who simply shrugged her shoulders.

“I dunno!” Asuna announced proudly.

“You don’t know?!” Sensei bit his lip. He wanted to chastise these girls for their negligence, surely, but the truth of the matter was that his cock was hard, and he was more aroused now

than he was all day. His cock remained rigid as rebar, pointing at both girls like it had something to prove. Like he was choosing *them* over everyone else.

Fortunately for Sensei, that was exactly what these twin maids wanted.

“We did this for you, Sensei,” said Asuna. “You keep spending time with little girls, so...”

Karin cleared her throat. “So,” she finished, “we decided to become little girls ourselves. The littlest girls we could be.”

“That way, you’d want to spend all your time with us instead!” Asuna licked her lips daringly, her giggling becoming much softer, much more seductive. “Hey~ Sensei~ that video you were watching... what kind of video is that, huh? Did you make Shunny send that to you?”

Sensei winced. He looked back at the screen and saw that the video was still playing, in fact. Little Shun was pumping the pink dildo in and out of her pussy, fucking herself with the toy while chanting Sensei’s name. The trio couldn’t hear it as well through the headphones that had fallen off Sensei’s head, but the truth was unmistakable. This was an act that was wholly unbecoming of a teacher in Kivotos, and Sensei hung his head in shame.

“I feel like I should apologize,” Sensei started, shutting his eyes, sighing as his shoulders sagged and his spirit seemed at its weakest. “I’ve been so pent up lately that I haven’t had the time to take care of myself, girls. That’s not an excuse, but I hope it can be some kind of explanation.” Sensei rubbed his arm, sniffing, crestfallen. “The last thing I want is for my students to lose their faith in their Sensei. It is my job—my responsibility, in fact—to turn you all into remarkable young ladies. To help you follow your dreams and to lead you forward into a better and brighter tomorrow. I can’t do that effectively if I’m too busy lusting after your bodies, and I’m ashamed of myself for what I’ve done. This Sensei is sorry, and he hopes you can forgive him.”

Sensei opened his eyes, and he saw that Asuna was sucking his dick.

He nearly screamed again, but this time, all that came out was a moan.

“W-What are you doing?” he asked, shuddering from the pleasure that hit him all at once. “Oooh, Asuna, you little—!”

Asuna hummed with delight, her eyes half-closed and heavy with lust as she started fellating her beloved Sensei. She seemed to enjoy sucking cock, because she couldn’t stop moaning or bobbing her head up and down, relishing the man’s taste and the feeling of his dick pulsing against her hot lips and tongue.

Sensei’s knees wobbled like he was going to collapse into a puddle of gelatin, and he put his hand up against the wall beside him to bask in the pleasure he felt here and now. It didn’t take long before Karin joined her best friend at her side, kneeling right next to the blonde to look for a good opening.

Then, after Asuna's moment of breath, Karin took the head of Sensei's cock into her mouth and started sucking him with vim and vigor, groaning as she kept eye contact with the adult whose cock she was sucking, feeling it twitch and pulse against her tongue; enjoying Sensei's musk as it wafted over her; as she welcomed his manly scent and bathed herself in it.

Karin brushed her tongue up and down the length of Sensei's cock, moaning in time with Shun's own groans of pleasure. The video on Sensei's screen kept playing; Shun kept fucking herself with that impressive pink dildo, making sounds of lust and ardor like she was in the room with them. All the while, Sensei couldn't stop moaning with pleasure as he fucked Karin's mouth, pumping his hips back and forth while losing all his sense of morality. Feeling like a *pig*.

But God *damn it*, did feeling like a pig feel oh-so *delicious*.

"That's it, Sensei!" Asuna snickered playfully. "Enjoy our youthful bodies, you lolicon!"

"Q-Quiet, you," Sensei growled, though he softened up considerably once Asuna started massaging his balls with her hot, wet little tongue. She moaned as she did so, as though she found Sensei's taste absolutely heavenly. The man couldn't stop moaning as both little Karin and little Asuna tended to his not-so-little cock and balls.

"Is the door locked?" he asked, blushing beet red from all the stimulation.

"Mm-hmm." Karin hummed and nodded as she sucked on the tip of his cock, moving her head up and down along the length of Sensei's shaft.

"Don't worry, Sensei," Asuna assured. "No one is going to catch you being a filthy degenerate!"

"You'd better watch that mouth of yours," said Sensei. Moans continued to spill out of his mouth as he kept his hand on Karin and Asuna's cute little heads, raking his fingers through the girls' locks of hair as he idly pumped his hips and welcomed their affections. While it was true Sensei was doing something he absolutely should *not* have been doing, it was practically impossible for him to stop. The lust was just too strong.

"Fuck," he groaned. "It feels so good..."

Asuna beamed with pride as she swapped duties with Karin, taking Sensei's cock past her pretty little lips to fellate him with vim and vigor, leaving Karin as the one to massage Sensei's balls with that fiery little tongue of hers. She relished the attention she was getting now; pretty soon she wouldn't even feel jealous of Hina or Shun!

Asuna's eyes went half-closed with bliss. She enjoyed the sensation of Sensei's cock pulsing and throbbing against her mouth and tongue; savored every single twitch within her mouth, knowing full well she was pleasing the man better than anyone else ever could.

Karin felt the very same. She bathed Sensei's balls in her warm saliva, using her tongue for no doubt the filthiest thing she'd ever used it for. Even so, she couldn't help herself. Little

Karin moved as if she was a little girl possessed, practically bathing herself in Sensei's musk as she basked in the aroma that wafted from his crotch.

*It's amazing, Karin thought. I want to do this forever...*

*I feel so lucky!* Asuna smiled with pride as she sucked Sensei's dick. *I wonder just how far we'll take this?!*

Sensei was thinking salacious thoughts as well. Thoughts no teacher should ever have about their students. It was too late to change, though—Sensei would never be the same after tonight, and he would make sure Karin and Asuna wouldn't change, either.

"I'm going to have to punish the two of you," he said carefully, like he was trying to psyche himself up for the task to come. "Sneaking into SCHALE at nighttime like this, while looking as cute and small as you are... ngh, it's practically past your bedtime, isn't it?"

Asuna winked at Sensei, as though she understood exactly where this was going, and she relished the opportunity to be a bad girl as long as she could be *his* bad girl. Even while she sucked his cock, she felt pulses of pleasure echo out from her core, and it didn't take long before Asuna started to finger herself with her hand inside her pleated skirt.

That was all Sensei needed to see before he pulled his cock out of Asuna's mouth and slapped it across her face, surprising the cute and funny blonde enough to make her squeak.

"I didn't give you permission to touch yourself, you know!" said Sensei. "You've been a bad girl for long enough, Asuna! It's time for Sensei to correct you!"

Asuna's smile lit up the room, radiating warmth and joy. The word "Yay!" escaped her lips, accompanied by a wide smile and a sense of triumph.

With Sensei's embrace, her initial sense of triumph swiftly morphed into an intense craving and passion. She still hadn't gotten used to just how small she was, and her center of gravity was thrown off completely as Sensei easily scooped her into his arms and ripped off her kiddie panties with just one harsh tug.

Sensei pushed the tip of his cock against Asuna's hot and wet pussy—spearing his little student straightaway by sliding his shaft inside her sopping wet snatch. Asuna squealed with joy as Sensei pushed his cock into her pussy; the size was overwhelming enough to make her eyes go wide and crossed all at once, and Karin winced like it hurt.

But Asuna wasn't feeling much pain. The pleasure vastly overshadowed everything else. She took the man's thrusts with glee as she was made to dangle from the floor; Sensei held her like she was a ragdoll while he pumped away with reckless abandon, slamming the little blonde beauty up and down on his lap, lifting her up and fucking her like she wasn't a student whatsoever, but a sex toy made to be ravaged by hardworking, stressed teachers.

"G-Goodness..." Karin licked her lips as she watched Sensei fuck her best friend so thoroughly, with Asuna screaming with pleasure and arching her back from the jubilation being screwed into her. Her tongue dangled from her mouth as she jerked forward again and

again, hardly able to withstand Sensei's impassioned pumps. Sensei hadn't even bothered to remove most of Asuna's clothes, having simply ripped her panties off beneath her skirt to give her what she'd been craving all this time—the little slut.

*I definitely want to go next*, thought Karin, who was practically salivating at the prospect of being fucked like this. She watched closely as Asuna took Sensei's thick, throbbing cock, watching her bounce and tremble on the man's meat rod. Sensei growled and groaned with lust as he wailed on Asuna, putting the little blonde in a full nelson, locking his hands behind her neck as he thrust his cock in and out of her dripping wet snatch.

Frankly, it was a minor miracle Asuna hadn't been "broken" yet by Sensei's sheer length and girth. Still, she certainly looked like she was being fucked stupid, going drooling all over herself and screaming with joy as she took Sensei's shaft over and over again.

Until finally, blissfully, Asuna came. She was the first to cream herself on Sensei's mighty dick, arching her back and screaming lustfully as she let herself go, clenching around Sensei's shaft to milk him for everything he could give her.

Karin's breath caught in her throat as Sensei came right after Asuna had, releasing a stern, adult grunt as he let himself go. His balls tensed as he flooded Asuna's tight little cunny full of his hot, gooey, sticky baby batter, and Karin found herself drooling as she watched some of it start to trickle out of the minuscule gap between Sensei's meaty cock and Asuna's snug snatch.

Asuna groaned and cooed from the immense pleasure that coursed through her at this moment, sounding more like an animal than any schoolgirl they'd ever known.

"Take it!" Sensei growled, wrapping his arms around Asuna's head while he packed her full of his sticky white seed. "Take it all, you nasty little slut! Rrgh, take every last drop!"

Asuna babbled as she was stuffed full of Sensei's sperm, and Sensei put her down gently on his workstation once he was finished pounding the little blonde full of his gooey, virile load. The man was like a beast possessed, turning his attention (and his rock hard cock) to Karin all of a sudden, his eyes full of lust for the little chocolate loli.

Karin gulped. She suddenly felt as though she was in immense danger. That, or she sure as hell wasn't going to be able to walk straight come morning.

"Uh oh. Uh... S-Sensei... are you, um, are you okay?"

***PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP!***

Sensei was assuredly *not* okay. He was, instead, relieving his pent-up frustrations on two extremely adorable little girls.

While Asuna remained bent over his workstation and leaking the man's pearly white spunk down toward her ankles, moaning and cooing dizzily as she lay stunned and fucked stupid,

Karin was withstanding her Sensei's back door assault.

There was a couch that Sensei had in his office for his students to relax on, and it was that very same couch Sensei was bouncing Karin on his lap on top of. The middle school-sized student moaned with immense pleasure as Sensei railed her, and she gripped Sensei's shoulders while he had his way with her, fondling her petite body while each and every thrust sent her bouncing upward and then coming back down into a sweet, tender embrace.

Naturally, Karin had never had something this big inside her ass before. She knew Sensei adored her derrière, and she sometimes experimented with anal play during her lonelier nights, but Sensei's shaft was something she was hole-y unprepared for.

"S-Sensei! Ah! Ooh! S-Slow down!" Karin whimpered, burying her face in the man's neck, cherishing the way he touched her; the way he put his hands all over her little body, rocking her world and making her feel like she was anything but a little child. "Y-You're so b-big, Sensei! Ah! I c-can't t-take this pleasure!"

Sensei continued to rub and knead Karin's ass while he plowed her; bounced her on his lap with zeal. The pleasure and ecstasy were unlike anything else, and Sensei groaned with arousal as Karin's anus clenched him snugly, her sphincter working to milk him for all he could give her. And fortunately for Karin, the man had plenty more to give.

He slid his hands up the small of her back, higher along her torso, before settling them onto her shoulders. The way he played with her body made her feel like she was a toy for pleasure; a doll of some kind, and Karin did not know she was going to enjoy it as much as she had.

Every single thrust from Sensei sent her closer and closer to the edge. She reached up and caressed his face like she was caressing a lover; meanwhile Sensei put his hands on Karin's little hips and continued to hammer away at her asshole like he had something to prove, or like he was trying to turn the poor girl inside out with his cock. Karin filled the room with her lustful sounds; her screams of pleasure and her whorish panting, making her feel like she was signing a song for him. A consistent mantra to match the beating of her little heart.

Next, Sensei enjoyed himself by playing with Karin's little mosquito bite-sized nipples, tweaking them as he fucked her and prompting her to scream even louder than she was before. She could feel his cock twitching and throbbing against her anal ring; she'd never known a pleasure like this before, although she was elated she could give herself to Sensei like this. Karin could hardly believe Asuna's plan worked. Sensei was certainly showering them in affection now, and Karin wanted, more than anything, to drown in it. To become his plaything, and to tend to his every whim.

Karin could just barely hear Asuna's dizzied moans over her own whimpering and panting, bouncing harder and faster on Sensei's cock while knowing full well the man was close to another climax. She was close, too. She'd never come from anal before, but there was a first time for everything, and she was thrilled Sensei was the one to give her such firsts.

"G-Gonna cum?" Karin stammered, much to Sensei's pleased howling. "F-Fuck, Sensei!"

“Little girls shouldn’t cuss!” Sensei leaned in and wrapped his lips around one of Karin’s little nipples, flicking his tongue against her creamy bud and suckling on her tiny tit like she could produce chocolate milk. Karin screamed with ardor taking hold of that little body of hers, making her arch her back as she quickly spilled over the edge, her climax coming over her like a swell from the horizon; a wave upon the sand. Her asshole clenched around Sensei’s cock, her muscles constricting and contracting while his cock pulsed inside her snug little back door.

Sensei came shortly after Karin had, grunting with pleasure as he let himself go, his balls tensing and his cock throbbing as he unloaded another torrent of hot and gooey cum, this time pumping Karin’s rectum full of his gooey baby batter. Karin moaned and cooed with immense delight, her body twitching from the euphoria that Sensei had pumped inside of her. The sensation of being packed full like this was to die for, and she knew even before she’d slumped over that she was going to become addicted to this feeling—the feeling of being Sensei’s good little butt slut.

“Sen... sei...”

Karin collapsed in the man’s arms, snuggling against his torso and pressing her face against his hard, feverish body. She breathed in his musk and relished the way it wafted over her like this; a manly scent she couldn’t get enough of. She might have fallen asleep right then and there if Sensei hadn’t pulled his messy, rubbery cock out of her asshole and helped her lie down on the furnishing. Like he was done playing with this particular toy, it was time for Asuna to receive the brunt of his attention all over again.

Except that was what Karin had assumed. In reality, Sensei had merely walked ahead to grab Asuna from the table like she was nothing more than a usable item, and then Sensei came and did the very same with her. That was how Sensei ended up with a middle school-sized girl under each arm, surprising both Karin and Asuna with his lustful show of strength.

Before either of them knew it, Sensei had hauled the both of them into a side room separate from his main office. It certainly looked like a bedroom, but did Sensei well and truly sleep here? Somehow, Karin wasn’t so sure. This seemed more like a den than anything else. A den with a sizable, bouncy, comfy looking bed.

Asuna giggled lustfully, having largely come back to her senses.

“Heehee! Sensei, what are we going to do on the bed?”

Asuna was the first to land on the mattress with an audible *pomf*, and she spread her thighs to show off how aroused she’d gotten. Now that she was back in the game, she could withstand more of Sensei’s pleasurable assault, leaving Karin to be the one to rest in the interim.

Karin joined her best friend on the bed, cuddled right next to her blonde companion.

“I haven’t used this room in a long time,” Sensei admitted. “But now,” he announced with excitement, “I’m going to use it all night long!”

“Can you even go all night?” Asuna asked, teasing in high spirits. She couldn’t resist taking that cock back into her mouth, knowing full well that Karin had just gotten fucked with it; she wanted to taste her best friend like this, mixed with Sensei’s yummy cum. With a hearty moan, Asuna took Sensei’s cock as far down her little throat as she could, until Karin watched, with rapt attention, as Asuna’s neck bulged from the sheer effort she put in trying to throat the man’s dick. Drool trickled down her chin and neck while she struggled to engulf the man’s turgid rod, but she had a hell of a lot of fun even just trying.

“Fuck,” Sensei groaned. “Good girl, Asuna... such a good girl...”

“I thought we were bad girls for making ourselves small?” Karin asked with a smirk.

“Yeah,” said Sensei, “that too! Don’t think I’ll let you off the hook!”

Karin helped her dear friend Asuna with tending to Sensei’s cock, running her hot little tongue against the man’s balls and relishing more of that taste and musk of his. Sensei’s balls were still as heavy as they were before; heavy and full of hot, creamy cum that he would end up showering them in—much like the affection he had for these beloved little girls.

Sensei had one hand on Asuna’s head and another in Karin’s hair as the girls worked to service him orally, moaning and slurping and mewling in tandem with their movements, with Asuna batting her pretty little eyelashes at Sensei while Karin stared into his eyes with her own gorgeous hues, trying to clean the man’s balls with her tongue and saliva. Meanwhile, Asuna was content to swallow the man’s cock, feeling it pulse warmly against her tongue, feeling it twitch and swell and leak pre-cum onto her own tongue, smiling smugly as she knew this would be something she was sure to never, ever forget.

“Fwah!”

Asuna popped her head off Sensei’s cock with a wide smile on her face. Strands of saliva connected her lips to the tip of Sensei’s dick, and she leaned into the man’s careful touch while he stroked her head and cherished her. At long last, the affection she’d been craving all this time! She wouldn’t be getting Sensei Withdrawals anytime soon!

“How do his balls taste?” Asuna asked brazenly, patting Karin on the head and giggling.

“Hah... phew... every part of Sensei tastes so good,” Karin said, her little chest rising and falling as she traded licking Sensei’s balls for huffing his sack, breathing in more of the musk that she couldn’t get enough of.

Asuna completed the task of ensuring Sensei’s cock was nice and clean, then resumed her position lying down, eagerly parting her thighs for the one thing she yearned for above all else.

“Either way,” said Karin, “we’ll be in your care, Sensei... and you’ll be in ours.”

“That’s the spirit!” Sensei smiled as he kneeled in front of Asuna and slapped his cock against her pudgy, creamy thigh. The blonde bit her lip to suppress a moan before reaching

down and grabbing Sensei's cock in that tiny hand of hers, guiding the tip of his shaft right to her drooling, tight-looking pussy.

Lying on her back with her legs spread apart, Asuna reached out and took Karin's hand in her own, giving her dearest companion's palm a firm squeeze while Sensei pushed his fat, throbbing cock back inside her pussy where it belonged. Asuna arched her back straightaway, moaning with pleasure as Sensei worked up a fine back-and-forth rhythm, pumping his cock in and out of Asuna's hot, wet pussy.

It was difficult to overstate just how much pleasure Sensei and Asuna were feeling at this moment. Karin was downright jealous as she squeezed her best friend's hand, watching her get fucked by Sensei and licking her lips with expectation before it was her turn. She couldn't help but admire the way Sensei's body worked like a fine interlocking mechanism; adored the way Sensei held Asuna by the hips while he drove himself into her over and over again.

Their oral attention must have brought Sensei close to climax, because he came sooner this time than he had before. Asuna's laughter melted into a lustful little moan as she wiggled her hips and took most of Sensei's spunk deep inside her tight little snatch, though she gasped with surprise once Sensei pulled out of her and started blasting her little body with seed, splattering his pearly white goo all over the girl's ample bosom, her tummy, and her legs.

"Eep! You painted me!" Asuna let out a delighted little sigh. "You painted me, Sensei!"

"And not just you," Sensei remarked, holding his cock with one hand while he turned Karin over with the other. "Hah... let me get another look at that big butt of yours, Karin!"

Karin smirked and wiggled her bubble butt from side to side for her beloved Sensei. Even before she had shrunken down to such a smaller height, it was clear from their prior interactions that Sensei couldn't get enough of her huge ass.

He didn't take her anally this time, instead giving her the same treatment as Asuna by shoving his thick, sticky cock right into her drooling snatch, and he held her by the wrist as he started pumping his hips in and out repeatedly.

Then it was Asuna's turn to hold Karin's hand, biting her lip as she watched her friend get taken from behind so sternly. Sensei couldn't help himself, and he fondled Karin's ass with glee as he watched his large fingers sink into that magnificent chocolate cake, just as he watched his cock vanish deep inside the little girl's clenching pussy over and over again.

Every time Sensei busted in or on Karin, he would swap to having fun with Asuna, and vice versa. The minutes bled into hours, and with each hour of fun, came ten or fifteen minutes of relaxation before they went at it again. Relentless, like rabbits.

Eventually, evening passed, and morning followed. The sun was shining; the flowers were in bloom, and both Karin and Asuna were left breathless and satisfied. Karin and Asuna had been fucked to unconsciousness, but they had the sweetest of dreams involving their precious Sensei.

And Sensei slept with a smile on his face, fully drained and relieved of all stress, nestled in the sheets and pillows with his two new favorite girls—little Asuna and little Karin.

In fact, Sensei slept so well that he missed his date.

Hina had her very own key to Sensei's office. They'd gotten close enough in the past few months that she could track the man down with relative ease, and so Hina wasn't surprised when she found Sensei in his little pleasure den just beside his office at SCHALE.

What surprised her instead was the fact that Karin and Asuna were in there with him—naked as the day they were born, and looking a hell of a lot younger than they were supposed to!

That was how Hina ended up standing at the threshold of Sensei's den, looking upon the man she admired and adored as he lay naked after a night of heavy passion with underage girls.

And all Hina could do was shake her head and sigh.

“Sensei, you...!”

She would get back at him for this. Perhaps a photo; maybe a bit of blackmail.

And yet, he looked so blissful. So at peace. So unlike how he'd been the past few days.

In the end, Hina let the man rest with his girls.

She supposed it was only fair, for there was only one Sensei.

And Sensei was a one-of-a-kind man.

# Aru and Ibuki

## Chapter Summary

After Aru drinks the “Millennium Potion” that shrinks her to “middle schooler” height, she and Ibuki visit Sensei in order to sate his lust for little girls.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Aru was a little girl now.

It was an exhilarating prospect. She didn't even know how to *feel* about it.

The fact she had *shrunk down* just like those girls from Millennium had.

*Asuna and Karin... those were their names, right?!*

The truth had spread throughout Kivotos, and everyone knew it by now. That Sensei liked his girls to be *fun-sized*. The word *petite* didn't even cover it. Sensei of SCHALE liked his girls downright *tiny*.

It was the new bit of common knowledge, as obvious as breathing or sleeping, and it was all thanks to the busty little blonde brat named Asuna—who once had the physique of a seventeen-year-old student.

How quickly that had changed! She and Karin had managed to shrink themselves down, and it was all thanks to some concoction from Millennium, as Aru understood it.

The result? Asuna and Karin had gone from being Kivotos teenagers to Kivotos *kiddies*, about ten or eleven years old, which seemed to be Sensei's sweet spot; his *age of attraction*.

“Ugh...”

But Aru looked at herself in the mirror now, and she saw a little girl's reflection staring back at her. A girl who couldn't have been older than eleven years old.

“I... I can't believe... it worked...”

Even her voice was a hell of a lot higher than it usually was, which was the second most surprising thing to the self-proclaimed Gehenna outlaw.

The *first* most surprising thing was, of course, her chest. She'd *lost* it, which she felt stupid for not expecting earlier.

“It shrinks my boobs, too...? I wish those damned Millennium students told me earlier!”

She thought back to the circumstances that brought her here. The *special operation* given to her by none other than Hanuma Makoto, president of Gehenna’s Pandemonium Society. It was the most important mission she’d ever received; she hardly ever received the Gehenna’s student council, and much to her surprise (and especially Kayoko’s), Makoto had little interest in entertaining Problem Solver 68’s shenanigans.

No, what she wanted was Problem Solver 68’s acceptance. Their mission, should they have chosen to accept it, was one of espionage and theft. A search and acquire mission, as Makoto put it. Perfect for a band of outlaws, and Aru loved to consider herself as such.

Kayoko quietly advised Aru to not take the job. That anything Makoto wanted was bound to bite them in the ass. Aru, however, assured Kayoko that all should have been fine and dandy for Problem Solver 68. That there was nothing—yes, nothing!—that they couldn’t handle.

Kayoko knew Aru was talking out of her ass. In truth, Aru was sweating bullets. It wasn’t often that Problem Solver 68 caught the attention of the Pandemonium Society. The last thing Aru wanted was to provoke the student council’s ire. Therefore, she knew they had to accept whatever it was Makoto wanted them to do.

And to Aru’s surprise... Makoto wanted nothing more than for Ibuki to *join* them—if only temporarily. A little vacation of sorts, away from the confines of the Pandemonium Society. Ibuki was their youngest member, and so naturally, Aru wanted to know just what the student council president had in mind...

The past few hours were a whirlwind of nonsense, even by Aru’s standards. She could hardly believe that she and the other members of Problem Solver 68 had *gotten away with it*; they’d successfully stolen the mysterious vial straight from Millennium’s clutches, and Aru had downed the “tonic” without a second thought. She was expecting to shrink by just a few inches; to appear not sixteen years old, but fourteen or thirteen.

She was *not* expecting to look... like this.



“You look so small now! So cute and funny! Just like Ibuki,” said the little blonde demon, giggling manically. She was thrilled to be here, truth be told, alongside Aru. It felt like a proper adventure, just like Makoto had told her. Plus, according to Makoto, she could see Sensei very soon—and all she had to do was be a *good girl*.

Ibuki knew she could do it. She was *always* a good girl, wasn't she? Makoto and the others at the Pandemonium Society always said so, and so it must have been true!

“Auntie Aru?” Ibuki asked sweetly.

Aru flinched at the nickname, nearly dying from cuteness overload on the spot. “Y-yes?”

“We’re gonna see Sensei now, right? Now that you’re super small, like Ibuki?” Ibuki blinked up at Aru innocently, her eyes shining like golden, glimmering gemstones.

“Y-yes, we’re going to see Sensei in a minute,” said Aru, smiling bashfully and blushing beet red at the prospect. She did not know what Sensei was going to think about a change like this.

Well... that wasn’t explicitly true, she supposed. Aru knew Sensei was going to appreciate this change, at the absolute least. That ditzy blonde from Millennium said as much. Sensei liked his girls small, like Ibuki! And now...

...like her.

“Makoto said... that we... um!” Ibuki tapped her stubby, childish forefinger against her chin as she thought about it. “She said that... um... you need to take me to Sensei! Yeah! And if you don’t... then she said... you get toast?”

“Toast?” Aru asked, blinking in confusion. “I get toast?”

“Actually, um... Makoto said that, if you don’t take me to Sensei, then you ARE toast! Yes!” Ibuki put her hands on her hips and nodded to herself. She felt *so* incredibly smart.

Aru gulped with worry. She didn’t want to get on the student council president’s bad side. That was the only reason Ibuki was here now, of course. A *gift* for Sensei to enjoy, just as he’d enjoyed Karin and Asuna. Now Aru and Ibuki were to be the next *offerings* for Sensei’s lust; he would ravish them, and it was all for the sake of currying favor with the most important man in all of Kivotos.

Aru sighed, and she pinched the bridge of her nose. Perhaps the most startling thing about shrinking down to her eleven-year-old self was that she needed glasses again. The contact lenses she’d been wearing all this time felt *wrong* somehow, and Aru counted herself lucky that she still had her old prescription lenses.

“You look cute with glasses, Auntie Aru!” said Ibuki, beaming with pride at her Gehenna comrade, watching as Aru put the glasses on her face.

“Ahem... thank you, Ibuki,” Aru said, smiling shyly. Then she held her little hand out for Ibuki to take, finding the little one’s fingers to be even softer than her own. Even now, she could hardly believe that Makoto was just... *offering* another youngster like Ibuki for Sensei to ravage. The girl couldn’t have had a single inkling about what sex was, right? She was too young to even comprehend such matters...

*Oh well, thought Aru. I’m sure it’s fine... maybe the student council president knows what she’s doing!*

“Are you ready?” Aru asked Ibuki.

“Yuh-huh!” said Ibuki, her spade-tipped tail swaying eagerly. “Ibuki is ready! Let’s go!”

\* \* \*

The man known as Sensei was WANTED for being a pervert of the highest caliber.

The jig was up. Everyone knew the truth. He was a gooner, which might as well have been punishable by death.

Even worse, however, was the fact everyone knew the subject of his fantasies. Sensei's *type*. It had become obvious, thanks mostly to Asuna's stories and the Millennium students' meddling, that Sensei liked his girls tiny. Not just small, but childlike.

Straightaway, and in secret, some of the larger girls throughout Kivotos lamented and wept behind closed doors. Kanna, of Valkyrie's Public Security Bureau, locked herself in a room and outright refused to come out. Oono Tsukuyo of the Ninjutsu Research Department performed a jutsu and made herself disappear. Kasuga Tsubaki from Hyakkiyako Academy outright fell into a coma and still hasn't woken up.

Needless to say, a shockwave had spread all throughout Kivotos. The students of the city did everything in their power to stop growing and aging, from absurd home remedies to more scientific endeavors.

Enter Millennium School, which had managed to synthesize a compound that, in Saya's own words, *promoted cell growth in the opposite direction*. It was the new holy grail. Everyone across the land wanted it; sought it out.

That Aru of Gehenna's Problem Solver 68 managed to steal it in the first place was nothing short of a miracle. If anyone beyond Gehenna found out, it would mean war.

But for now, it meant...

"Pleasure," Aru whispered.

"Hm?" Ibuki tilted her head to the side. "What did you say, Auntie Aru?"

"N-nothing!" Aru chuckled nervously, fidgeting just outside Sensei's office door. She'd been allowed to enter SCHALE, of course, given her new condition. She squeezed little Ibuki's hand without meaning to, and Ibuki glanced down at their interlocked palms with a curious expression.

"Your hand is kind of cold and kind of wet," Ibuki noted, quirking an eyebrow. "Makoto says, um, that when that happens, it means she's nervous... so... are you nervous?"

Aru scoffed. "N-nervous? Me? N-never! Your *Auntie Aru* is *never* nervous! I'm just, um... I'm worried about Sensei! Yeah, that's right!" Aru chuckled again, this time trying to muster some more confidence for the little blonde demoness she was supposed to look after. "Sensei's going to have *two cute girls* to look after—me and you! He won't know what hit him!"

Ibuki gasped. “We’re going to hit Sensei? I would never hit Sensei...!”

“No, silly, we’re not going to be hitting Sensei...!” Aru rubbed the back of her neck with her free hand, then glanced at the doorknob just in front of her. Before today, she knew she could peek right through the window and into Sensei’s office. Now that she was as small as Ibuki, however, she came up eye-level with just the doorknob itself.

Without further ado, however, Aru knocked on the door and waited for Sensei to open. She could lie to Ibuki all she wanted about how brave she thought she was, but she sure as hell couldn’t lie to herself. She felt a trembling sensation throughout her body, unsure exactly of what was triggering it.

Then the door to Sensei’s office opened, and that worry of hers intensified almost instantly. As soon as she locked eyes with Sensei, having to tilt her head upward to do so, it came all at once. A new realization.

She was truly *tiny* now. A veritable *child*. Practically eleven years old, just like little Ibuki just beside her. They almost looked related, given their shared stature and their demon-like appearance...

She half-expected Sensei to give an apologetic or even a wry smile at the circumstances. When he heard Aru was the one to take the “shrink potion”, he surely sounded skeptical. But now, however...

Well, Sensei was grinning. *Leering*. It was an expression that Aru had never seen on Sensei’s face before, and she would have lied to herself once more if she said it wasn’t at least a little concerning.

“Aru,” he said calmly, looking her over with a naughty glint in his eye. “It’s good to see you... and it’s especially good to see you looking so small.”

Aru gulped, then raised her hand in greeting. “H-hello, Sensei...”

Then Sensei turned his attention to Ibuki, and he smiled warmly at her. “Hi, Ibuki. It’s so good to see you. How is everyone at the Pand—oh!”

Sensei was surprised when Ibuki burst forward and wrapped her arms around his gut, pulling him into a hearty and cuddly hug. “Sensei, hello!” Ibuki beamed. “Hello, Sensei! It’s so good to see you! I’m so excited to spend time with you and Auntie Aru, Sensei! What do you wanna do first?! Do you wanna color with Ibuki? Do you wanna have some cookies with Ibuki? Ibuki brought you cookies! She made them herself, with Iroha’s help!”

Aru opened her mouth to speak, only to cover her nose in some surprise.

*What the heck is that smell?*

She didn’t even have the time to ask. There was a quiet giggle that came from the inside of Sensei’s office, prompting both Aru and Ibuki to glance beyond Sensei’s taller, manly frame. As if on cue, another childlike student came strolling right out.

Or perhaps it was more apt to say that she was *stumbling* out. The black-haired student's green eyes were hazy with lust, and her tongue poked out from her lips in a charming, amused, flirtatious expression. Droplets of sweat clung to her skin, and her dark outfit, which reminded Aru of Shanhaijing's school uniforms, bore dark, damp patches. Here and there, the outfit was stained with sweat... and maybe something else, too...

The girl's hair was a mess, far more disheveled than perhaps she realized. Drool clung to her chin, and her pale skin was flushed red with heat, or like she was embarrassed. Even now, she was barely able to keep herself upright; she had one hand on the door frame, and she snickered lewdly as her hazy eyes swept from Aru, to Ibuki, and then back up to Sensei.

"Thank you for the... after-school credit," said the girl, licking her lips. Aru glanced down with a muted look of horror on her face, and she saw the girl's thighs were dripping wet. Hell, they were still stained with something transparent and flowing, like she was *leaking* something even now...

The girl's attire was assuredly lewd. *Is she even wearing panties*, thought Aru, *or did Sensei steal them for his little collection?!*

"You're welcome, Shun," Sensei said, reaching out and patting the girl on the head. Was it Aru's imagination, then, or did the girl just *purr*? "You can stop by for special credit anytime... but make sure you do all your tasks today, alright? I have a couple of new students to attend to."

"Sure thing, Da—I mean, Sensei~"

The girl staggered away from the doorway, then, and went down the hall and toward the exit. Aru gulped; even she knew what had transpired here only minutes ago. Ibuki, however, was still clueless about it all. She tilted her head as she watched the student leave, then looked back at Sensei with that same bright, beaming smile.

So seemingly innocent, as always...

"I can't wait anymore, Sensei!" Ibuki said, nuzzling her little face against Sensei's gut. "Let's play, let's play!"

"Alright," said Sensei, chuckling. "Let's go."

He took her by the hand and led her inside, and he sneaked a glance over his shoulder, right at Aru, expecting the girl to follow.

With nothing more to say and nothing more to do, Aru walked worriedly into Sensei's office, the door clicking shut behind her, trapping her inside.

\* \* \*

“Now, Ibuki... we’re all going to play a special little game, okay?”

“Okay, Sensei!”

Ibuki’s eagerness to play with Kivotos’ beloved Sensei was so strong that she was willing to learn *any* kind of game. *All* the games!

Even the strange ones, just like this one seemed to be. Ibuki was a child, but even she didn’t just get on her knees for no reason. This felt silly!

But as long as little Aru was doing it too, perhaps it was fine?

“What is this game called, Sensei?” Ibuki asked.

Sensei chuckled. “I’ll tell you in a second. First, let me show you how the game is played...”

Then Sensei turned his attention to Aru, who was on her knees just beside Ibuki. Sensei sat in his office chair, and his legs were spread to accommodate both girls. Smirking down at a younger version of Aru, Sensei felt a twinge of shame as he realized he was about to defile *another* pair of students—even one as young and seemingly innocent as Ibuki.

But he supposed he’d crossed the line a few times already. There was no going back. The best he could do was enjoy the situation alongside his fellow students; the bright young minds of Kivotos...

And so, without further ado...

“Aru,” said Sensei.

Aru perked up. “Y-yes, Sensei?”

“...be a good girl and unzip my pants, okay?”

“Y-yes, Sensei...!”

Aru gulped. Sensei could see it in her eyes—that she had done nothing quite like this before. He supposed it was just fine; she and Ibuki would learn in due time...

Aru fidgeted as she got Sensei’s zipper down his pants, her eyes bulging with surprise at the sight of the massive tent before her very eyes. It was so large, in fact, that even Ibuki couldn’t help but comment on it.

“Sheesh, Sensei!” Ibuki gasped. “Are you hiding a big gun in your pants?!”

“Something like that,” Sensei replied, smiling a little. “Aru will show you—right, Aru?”

“Y-yes, Sensei,” Aru replied, reaching into the hole in the man’s pants, and immediately finding the largest, most obvious *gun* he was alluding to.

The ruffling of Sensei's pants preceded a quiet groan that slipped from his mouth as Aru pulled his cock out, and she bit her lip to suppress the embarrassed whine that nearly left her. Ibuki's reaction was immediate—she gasped, her hand instinctively flying to cover her mouth, her cheeks flushing with a vibrant red hue.

“Sensei! It's your thing! Your thingy!” she replied. “It's so big... and swollen!”

“That's my gun, Ibuki,” Sensei replied, leaning back in his office chair with a quiet, content sigh. It felt good to be freed from the confines, after all. And soon, he would feel even better at the hands of his two little angels—even if the “angels” were little girls from Gehenna. “My special *adult* gun. Aru will show you how to handle it. Right, Aru...?”

Aru gulped. *Sensei won't stop staring at me, and he expects me to show Ibuki everything...*

“Show me how to handle it,” Ibuki said, her eyes fixed on Aru with the excitement of a child. “Please, Auntie Aru! I wanna see!”

Between Ibuki's excitement and Sensei's arousal, Aru did what she was told. She reached out and grabbed Sensei's thick, girthy cock, biting her lip at the sound of Sensei's pleased moan. It seemed even just touching the man's rod was enough to get him excited; to stir feelings of desire in the adult sitting before them.

Ibuki kneeled wide-eyed and diligent, watching as Aru started stroking Sensei's cock up and down, back and forth, over and over again. Aru herself, though having never done this before, knew enough about what to do that she could adequately please the man sitting in front of her. So commanding was his presence that she felt she had no choice but to obey, though she would never go against Sensei's wishes, regardless. She considered the man her business partner—but of course, that was when she was sixteen years old, not eleven.

“It's so hard, Sensei,” said Aru, stroking the man's shaft with those childish hands of hers. “So hard and so big... d-did we make it like this?”

“Of course,” Sensei groaned. “You and Ibuki are just so cute... I can't help but get hard like this when I see girls like you...”

“Girls like us?” Ibuki asked, tilting her head. “What do you mean, Sensei? You like girls that are tiny?”

“Th-that's right,” said Sensei, groaning and leaning back in his chair, keeping his legs spread so that Aru and Ibuki could get more comfortable between them. “Ah, that's good... that's so good...”

“Ibuki wants to try now!” The blonde little demon got in front of Aru, stopping her from stroking Sensei's cock. “I'm happy to see you, Sensei... I want to try playing with your thingy, too!”

Sensei chuckled, then gestured for her to continue. Ibuki tried to copy what she saw Auntie Aru doing just a few moments earlier, and she grabbed Sensei's cock with both hands to stroke him up and down, over and over again.

“That’s it,” Sensei groaned. “Good girl, Ibuki...”

“Good girl! Yay! You called Ibuki a good girl!” The little blond demoness beamed proudly as she played with the adult’s massive dick, squeezing it and stroking it, like it was a new toy just for her and Aru to share.

Aru bit her lip as she watched, gently advising Ibuki from right beside her. “Don’t squeeze it so hard, Ibuki, or you’ll hurt Sensei. Actually, um... you can try kissing it, too?”

“Kissing it?” Ibuki asked.

“I s-saw it... in an outlaw movie once,” Aru mumbled.

“You’re watching naughty films, Aru?” Sensei chuckled, reaching out and patting her on the head. “You’re a bad little outlaw, aren’t you?”

Aru smiled at that, her anxious mood lightening up a little. “S-sorry, Sensei... you know how bad Problem Solver 68 can be...!”

“You’re a bad influence on Ibuki, aren’t you?”

Aru blushed. “Says you, S-Sensei...!”

Another chuckle—one that turned into a quiet moan as Ibuki picked up the pace with her stroking. The little blonde leaned in and started sniffing Sensei’s cock, then wrinkled her nose curiously at the stench that wafted from between Sensei’s legs. It was a musky aroma she’d never smelled before, sure, but she couldn’t help but want more of it.

“Sensei’s special gun thingy smells weird,” Ibuki remarked. “And it makes my head all fuzzy... but... I kind of like it?” she thought aloud.

“Try kissing the tip,” Sensei advised. “Lick it like it’s an ice cream, you’ll enjoy it...”

Ibuki, always attentive to Sensei’s guidance, continued to do just as she was told. She stuck her tongue out from those little lips of hers and began licking the head of the man’s cock, moaning softly as she did so, eyes half-closed for a reason she couldn’t understand.

Yes... this felt good. This felt *right*. But why? Ibuki wasn’t certain. All she knew was that she enjoyed the way that Sensei moaned and groaned for her, and she really loved the way he patted her on the head; raked his fingers through her hair, inspiring her to keep going. She leaned into the man’s touch as she played with his cock, now sucking on the head of his dick, gliding her tongue this way and that, feeling *instinct* take over.

“W-wow, Ibuki... you’re doing so well already,” Aru told her, brushing some of her hair from her face with her fingers, admiring the way the little girl tended to Sensei’s cock. She couldn’t deny the arousal she was feeling, either. The stench of Sensei’s cock was doing something to her—something she couldn’t rightfully explain. It was making her feel even more aroused than she thought...

“Can I help you, Ibuki?” Aru asked.

However, she received no response. It was like Ibuki was hypnotized, her yellow eyes murky with arousal as she sucked on the head of Sensei's cock, following her instincts and moaning as she stroked the man's dick.

Then she flicked her tongue against Sensei's urethra, catching the pre-cum that dripped from the very tip of his shaft. Ibuki's smile doubled in size. "It's like a melty ice cream cone," she remarked, "but... warmer... and... yummier... why is it so yummy?"

"You really like that, don't you, Ibuki?" Sensei asked, groaning with lust as he put his hand back on the girl's head. "Let Aru help you... I think you can both get me off."

"Get you... off?" Ibuki asked, tilting her head cutely. "Get you off what, Sensei...?"

Aru blushed as she scooted even closer to Sensei's cock, wrapping both hands around the base of the man's shaft. "Suck on the tip, Ibuki," Aru said, unable to believe what she was saying. "Make Sensei and Makoto proud... take as much of it down your throat as you can...!"

Ibuki's grin was different this time. Far more... *predatory* than Aru was expecting. Still, she was a good girl who did what Sensei and Auntie Aru told her, and she started sucking on the head of Sensei's cock, moaning with delight as she tried to fit more and more of the man's shaft down her throat.

Meanwhile, Aru was content to do the stroking for her. She moved both hands up and down the length of Sensei's cock, jerking him off and relishing the sound of his moans and groans as they filled the room. It didn't take long for Sensei to pump his hips up and down gently, not wanting Ibuki to deep throat his dick if she couldn't take it yet.

But all good things came to those who waited, and he knew he could groom her to be a good little cock sleeve for long. Until then, he relished the feeling of her childish mouth wrapped around his cock like this; could feel her work so hard and diligently to please him with that feisty little mouth and tongue of hers. Just the same, Aru's hands felt just as divine; he loved the way Aru stroked him, squeezing just hard enough...

"Fuck..." Sensei tipped his head back with a long and throaty groan. "God, it feels so good... keep going, girls, I'm so close...!"

Ibuki raised an eyebrow in surprise at Sensei's colorful language, but she continued pleasuring him without interruption. She felt his pulsating manhood pressing against the inside of her mouth, throbbing against her tongue, leaking more of that delightful-tasting milk—milk that she found she couldn't get enough of...

Sensei's grunts and groans picked up with volume and tempo—until it was obvious he was about to reach his peak. Aru gasped and warned Ibuki outright. "Drink everything that Sensei has for you, Ibuki!"

"Mmff?" Ibuki hummed curiously with her mouth full of cock, only for her eyes to go wide with surprise at the sudden burst of spunk that filled her cheeks. Aru could see the spark in

Ibuki's eyes all of a sudden, as if the eleven-year-old demon girl *had got it*. Like she *understood* somehow.

Ibuki started swallowing as quickly as she could, wanting to get all of Sensei's sweet-tasting vanilla down her throat and into her tummy. Some of it spilled out of her mouth, running down her chin and staining the collar of her shirt, but mostly, Ibuki was a good girl who swallowed almost every last drop if she tried.

*"Gulp... gulp... gulp...!"*

"Fuck yeah... oh, fuck, Ibuki," Sensei cursed, groaning with arousal. "Don't spill any more—that's right, good girl...!"

Ibuki hummed with delight, for she truly loved being called a good girl. She drank until Sensei finished with his release, and then Ibuki pulled back with another loud gulp, her spade-tipped tail flicking this way and that.

A mixed strand of cum and saliva connected Ibuki's lips and tongue to the tip of Sensei's cock, and the little demoness belched quietly before rubbing her smooth, flat tummy, smiling with glee from the treat she'd been given. "Wow, Sensei!" said Ibuki, "I love that! It's sooooo good! I want some more! And more, and more, and more!"

Aru sighed with relief, and she wiped the sweat from her brow. Makoto would be happy to know that Ibuki was behaving like a proper little succubus, currying further favor for the Pandemonium Society.

The fun and games continued for Sensei and his special little Gehenna girls. The next time that Ibuki giggled, it was because Sensei had picked her up and put her on his workstation, putting her back against the table next to Aru. He'd pulled both girls' pants down to their ankles before getting them off altogether, and he tossed them over his shoulder without a care.

"S-Sensei can see my undies!" Ibuki giggled.

"M-my outlaw underwear!" Aru gasped, covering herself—but it was too late. Sensei had seen Aru's "outlaw underwear" and wondered just what in the world a cartoon bear had to do with outlaws. The underwear was cute, but it had to go.

It was only seconds later that both Aru and Ibuki, two of Sensei's favorite little eleven-year-old demon girls, were stark naked from their pretty little heads down to their petite little feet. He started with Aru, laying his cock over her crotch so she could see just how far it could go. Given how small her new body was, she wasn't surprised to learn that Sensei's cock was easily reaching her womb and beyond.

"S-so big," Aru whimpered, gulping. "B-be gentle, okay, Sensei?"

"If you're a good girl, then maybe," Sensei shot back, smirking. He grabbed a bottle of lubricant from the desk drawer and poured a generous amount over his cock, and Ibuki's fidgeting didn't escape him from the corner of his eye.

“Ibuki wants to go first!” she said, pouting up at her beloved Sensei. “Why can’t I go first, Sensei? Pretty please?”

“You had your drink,” said Sensei, putting his hand on Ibuki’s crotch. “Be a good girl and be patient, Ibuki. Let Aru have some fun, too.”

“Okaaaaay. I’ll do it, Sensei... but please don’t forget about Ibuki,” said the little succubus-in-training.

“I could never forget about you, sweetheart! Here, have this...”

Sensei reached down and pushed his pointer finger against Ibuki’s soaking wet sex, and he slipped it right past those petals of hers. The girl arched her back with a lewd little groan, closing her eyes and welcoming Sensei’s invasion.

Aru had to turn her head to see the naughty look on Ibuki’s childish face right beside her, only to whimper and make a face of her own when Sensei pushed his lube-slick cock against her pussy. With a stern push, Sensei made himself at home, grunting as he lanced eleven-year-old Aru with his thick and meaty cock.

Aru squealed with a mixture of pleasure and pain. She couldn’t believe how it felt to be invaded like this, but it didn’t take long before the pain was all but gone, replaced by a sense of fullness that she never wanted to lose from her beloved Sensei.

“Sensei,” she whimpered, panting and groaning, “touch me... please...”

“No, touch Ibuki!” groaned the little blonde. “Me!”

Sensei chuckled. The youngest ones were always the feistiest, it seemed. Even so, he didn’t mind obliging the girls one bit, and he pumped his hips back and forth so that he could fuck Aru against his desk, groans of lust slipping from his mouth the entire time.

Meanwhile, Sensei pumped his finger in and out of Ibuki’s dripping wet pussy, finding it remarkable that she had become so wet so quickly. He supposed it had something to do with that succubus composition of hers, and he knew she was going to grow up to be quite the little fireball of lust soon. He couldn’t wait to be there to further cultivate such inspiring behavior in a girl as young as she was...

But that was for later. For now, Sensei was content to hump Aru against his desk with vim and vigor, growling like a beast as he lanced her over and over again. He watched his massive cock disappear past Aru’s folds, though her body was so tiny that he could see the outline of his cock just beneath her skin while he pounded into her.

Every inward thrust caused Aru to jerk upward from the sheer force of Sensei’s pounding, and Aru had to hold on to the desk for dear life to prevent from being bucked right off. Meanwhile, Ibuki continued to squirm and moan as she relished the way that Sensei finger-fucked her; she begged for a second finger soon enough, and that was how Ibuki ended up with two of Sensei’s fingers deep inside her pussy, so aroused and so wet that she was leaking all over the man’s fingers as well as his desk.

“You’re both such good girls,” Sensei moaned, unable to stop pumping his hips over and over again. He was already close—he could feel it. There wasn’t a chance in hell he would last long with Aru’s snug little cunny wrapped around his thick and throbbing cock like this. He had to warn her he was at risk of ballooning her little tummy.

“I’m gonna c-cum, Aru,” he groaned, pumping his fingers in and out of Ibuki’s selfish little cunny all the while. “I’m so c-close, I’m going to—!”

“C-cum inside me, Sensei!” Aru cried, huffing and puffing and coming apart at the seams beneath him. She trembled on Sensei’s workstation like a leaf in the wind, right up until she had a spine-tingling, toe-curling orgasm that made her clench even more tightly around the adult’s mighty cock.

It was inevitable that Sensei would reach an immense orgasm of his own, and he slammed his hips into Aru’s one last time as he let himself go, pumping a considerable load of spunk deep inside the girl’s fresh, youthful body. Aru screamed as she and her beloved Sensei came together, and she reached up to wrap her arms around Sensei’s shoulders to hold him close the entire time.

Aru had never felt something this incredible in her entire life. The sensation of having Sensei *cum inside her*; the overwhelming feeling of fullness; of comfort and content. She could feel his essence splattering against her insides, like he was painting her from the inside out. All she could do was shudder as she took it, mewling and joyous and never wanting such an incredibly passionate moment to end.

But all such wondrous things came to an end, and Sensei groaned with lust as he dragged his wet and messy cock from Aru’s soaking wet and well-used snatch. Aru sighed with joy and watched as Sensei stroked the last few spurts of his load onto Ibuki’s face and into her mouth. The little succubus-to-be was filling her role splendidly, she thought. Makoto was going to be so proud.

“Your turn now, Ibuki,” said Sensei. “Are you ready?”

“Yes!” Ibuki made a heart shape with her spade-tipped tail, then used it to spread one of her pussy lips instead. Biting her lip, there was clear lust in her eyes even as Sensei penetrated her with his still-hard dick, and she arched her back with a groan as Sensei once again began pumping his hips in and out against Ibuki’s childlike body.

“Fuck,” Sensei groaned. “Ah, Ibuki, you feel so tight around my cock! So good!”

“S-Sensei!” Ibuki cried, whimpering as she held him close, clutching him as tightly as she could from her position. “Ibuki... hah... loves this! Ibuki, ngh, loves... you! K-keep going, Sensei, don’t stop, please... Ibuki likes this game! Ibuki, mngh, aaah, never ever w-wants to stop playing...!”

Sensei sure as hell didn’t want to stop playing, either. Like when he’d enjoyed Aru’s body, this was a bliss that was simply incomparable, and Sensei was reminded, like with Karin and Asuna, that he couldn’t keep his hands off Kivotos’ youth no matter how hard he tried. The pleasure was simply too paramount; too rapturous...

Sensei put his hands on Ibuki even now, playing with that smooth, lithe, hairless body of hers. He ran his giant hands along the girl's soft, small form, and Ibuki giggled as Sensei enjoyed touching her bare chest and mosquito bite-sized nipples.

"This is... ngh... an adult game... r-right, Sensei?" Ibuki asked, sweating and blushing as she kept her stubby little legs wrapped around Sensei's body. "Makoto... wants your support... for Gehenna...!"

"S-sure, fuck, whatever—!" Sensei groaned. "Ibuki, I'm going to cum...!"

"Do it inside me, Sensei," Ibuki groaned, her voice somehow lower and sultrier than it was before. Her eyes even twinkled with more of that naughty energy, almost like she was feeding off it. "Finish inside me...!"

Sensei kissed Ibuki on the lips as he let himself go, and he filled his own office with the sound of his lustful groans as he unloaded a torrent of jism inside Ibuki's childish body. Little Ibuki came as well, clenching and coming undone beneath her Sensei, her pussy seizing around his mighty adult cock as she whimpered and squealed, holding him as closely as she could.

Aru giggled as she lay beside Ibuki, watching as Sensei practically bred her with that mighty dick of his. Watching the way that Ibuki swung her little feet and tail and clung to their Sensei. Her mood lifted tenfold; she couldn't remember the last time she was this happy or lightheaded.

Sensei pulled away from Ibuki's mouth and admired the strand of saliva that connected their lips together, just as he pulled his cock out from Ibuki and blasted the last few ropes of cum onto Aru's little tits. He had to admit, at least to himself, that he was already getting a little tired.

But as he stood back and watched his handwork—looked at Aru and Ibuki lying next to one another, leaking and splattered with his cum—he couldn't help but wonder just how much more he could put them through.

Or perhaps it was the opposite with these Gehenna students. Perhaps he should have thought about how much more *they* were going to put *him* through.

Aru and Ibuki exchanged knowing glances, and the girls put their hands together to make a great big heart—one they could share with their handsome, loving, *giving* Sensei.

"Come on, Sensei," Aru said lustfully. "Give me all your kisses too..."

"And when you're done," said Ibuki, "give us lots and lots of babies..."

"For Gehenna!" they said together.

For Gehenna, Sensei thought, smiling.

He rubbed the back of his neck with one hand, and he rubbed his cock with the other. Somehow, he knew it was going to be a long, long day...

## Chapter End Notes

[Aru image source can be found here, thanks for reading~](#)

## End Notes

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