

The breeze blew gently against the dark, glow-in-the-dark star covered curtains, causing them to flutter inwards to the illuminated room.

The smell brought in was that of early Summer blooming flowers, and the coffee wafting up from LeBlanc down the way. A truly pleasant combination of aromas and smells that were being enjoyed by the room's single occupant.

The calm sound from outside was overridden by the nearly constant clacking of mechanical keys and mouse clicks. Those were interspersed with the occasional snicker of mild amusement, or hum of annoyance before it resumed.

Although there was the late afternoon beam of light cascading into the cave like room, the bright glow of several different monitors shot like a laser into the frame laden, pale girl's face.

Several different websites, from image boards, to auction sites, down to certain video playing channels were all going in full swing, hazel colored eyes scanning each of them like a hawk.

Finally, after another series of brutal sounding key smashes, along with an overly heavy click on the overly complicated mouse, the twig like girl grinned, stretching out her body like a plank.

"Hehehehe, I did it!" She cheered, her energetic voice morphing into a tired groan as an audible pop from her joints and fingers creaked out, causing the neon haired girl to sigh.

Almost immediately after the pop, Futaba let her body go limp, falling back into her red leather office chair, slowly sinking as if her body was goop.

The ex-shut-in of a girl had been up almost the entirety of the previous evening, morphing into the late afternoon that it had become, bidding on a limited edition Featherman figure.

A twinge of guilt caused her to grimace for no longer than a minute as she realized that she had unintentionally and innocently broke her promise to the man who she considered the love of her life.

With a small breath, Futaba let go of the bad feeling she had felt, realizing that Akira would be happy that she now didn't feel bad about her, now only occasional, late night bidding wars.

Futaba slowly shuffled her legs one by one as her chair swivel around to face her bed. With the way she was positioned, what little neck she actually had scrunched up as she pouted her lips, drawing out her phone.

"Akira..." She softly whined, looking at the clock that seemingly moved like molasses. With each tick, Futaba knew it meant time was getting closer to when her boyfriend would get back from class, but she couldn't help the needy rut she was currently stuck in.

Twirling back around, Futaba got back into her gremlin like hunch, and started pecking away at the keys, not once looking down.

With several tabs closed, and several new ones open, the hectic activity of simply browsing the web tried its best to take Futaba's attention.

Alas however, with each banner ad, thumbnail, and other such thing that popped up, all she could think of was her upcoming date with Akira.

The two of them had planned on taking a day trip to Akihabara the following afternoon, then spend the night watching movies and snacking on less than healthy treats from the Don Quixote from across the street.

Futaba, while slowly building up her own independence had to be honest with herself: she loved that smug boy she called her key item. A lot. Practically to the point of obsession, which brought on the gentle teasing of the other Phantom Thief girls.

Futaba gave of a feline like frown as she thought back to the prodding poke of a question Ann had asked her the previous day:

“So Futaba, you *level up* with Akira yet?” Ann said, her sickly sweet voice of an obviously blonde airhead getting a critical attack on Futaba’s unprepared mind.

“Waaaaaa!?” Futaba gasped, her cherry flavored drink dribbling from her mouth as she sprang into a defensive position, earning a snicker of innocent laughter from Ann, an annoyed shake of the head from Makoto, and a worried look from Haru.

“Hahaha, calm Futaba-Chan, I’m simply teasing~” Ann said, taking a long sip from her boba tea, closing her eyes as she sucked up a particularly stubborn chunk of tapioca.

“Honestly...” Makoto huffed, rolling her eyes at the immature question and returned her attention back to her test entrance exam papers.

“Ann-Chan, you shouldn’t ask such rude questions...” Haru said, her dainty voice laced with concern as she tilted her head, looking from the still clearly shellshocked Futaba, back to the seemingly innocent looking Ann.

“Oh okay, you’re right... I’m sorry Futaba.” Ann said, patting Futaba on the shoulder, or at least, tried to as Futaba recoiled away.

“Y-You haven’t unlocked that scroll yet! You don’t get to know!” Futaba’s cheeks were growing redder and redder. Not because she *had* done anything yet, but because wanted to.

After Ann coxed Futaba into calming down by ordering her an extra thing of ramen and an overly sugar filled energy drink, the girls continued on with their afternoon away from the boys.

Futaba pondered how she reacted, cringing at the animated overreaction she had given off at the simple, and obviously facetious question Ann had asked.

Still, Futaba did worry that she seemed... *Too* clingy and overly stimulated by Akira.

“No! That’s not it!” Futaba shook her head, closing her eyes, realizing how dumb and stupid a simple thought like that was. She loved Akira, and Akira loved her, and there was nothing wrong with being youthfully infatuated with her romantic partner.

In fact, Futaba would prove that she wasn’t ‘obsessed’, and indeed healthy in her admiration and constant thought of Akira.

Clicking the sleep command on her PC, all the screens that had once been the brightest source of light in the room shut down, leaving the light teal blue of her PC cases lights to slowly strobe.

Futaba made her way out of her room, down the hall, and out to the back alleys of the pleasantly calm afternoon Yongenjaya back alleys. Futaba smiled as she felt the afternoon sun shine down on her.

Although the people passing by her made her want to crawl back to her room, he stiffened her back, and kept on marching. She thought briefly about visiting Sojiro, but figured that he would also be proud of her for doing things on her own.

After a short walk, and train ride, she finally arrived in the bustling Shibuya hub. Looking at a picture of Akira she had on her phone, she took a deep breath, and got off the train, doing her best to not let the swarming masses of people overwhelm her.

“T-This would be so much easier if I was a big kaiju...” Futaba huffed to herself, crowds of school girls giggling as they past her, business men chattering on their phones loudly with important press calls.

While her bright red headphones were noise cancelling, the cities voice had a creeping way of being even louder than you might expect.

Still, the moment Futaba walked into the, in comparison, quite DVD trader, Futaba felt a bit more calm and in her element as video games, DVD’s, and manga lined the shelves.

Futaba did some personal shopping, having to remind herself that she was also going to spend the afternoon out with Akira the following afternoon, so she held off on spending too much of the pocket money Sojiro granted her.

When she eventually changed stores, the only thing she had bought was a two-player RPG for Akira’s retro set up. She hummed the Featherman theme as she made her way into the cool convenience store.

Grabbing snacks she knew both Akira and herself would like, Futaba checked out, and started to head home. A nice little shopping trip without Akira... Futaba paused, realizing that Akira was the only thing on her mind the entire outing.

“No, no, noooo! I’ve been defeated!” Futaba whined, stomping her feet a little, throwing her none-bag holding hand down, and pouting, earning her some confused and worried glances.

“I don’t get the XP item bonus...” Futaba muttered, kicking her feet upon fully understanding that she might be a tad overly clingy.

“But! I have not failed my quest! I still have the way back!” Futaba thought, hope filling her face once again.

“All I have to do is not think about Akira on my way back, and maybe that will get me the achievement...” Futaba thought, giving her key item on her phone one final glance, before grimacing as she shut it off.

With her new challenge, Futaba cleared her mind as best as she could, trying to not even think about upcoming movies or games, as all she wanted to do was share them.

This was harder than she thought, as she struggled to keep her mind from wandering off to other subjects. Little did Futaba know, is that while her phone was off, the very person she was trying to lovingly avoid had been messaging her.

“Sojiro, I’m home!” Futaba proudly proclaimed as she opened the jingling door to LeBlanc. Sojiro was used to the minute girl he called a daughter’s antics, smiling gruffly as he wiped down another coffee cup.

"I see." Sojiro chuckled, setting down the glass and putting his hands on his hips like a disapproving mother as he scanned what she had bought.

"You know Futaba, one of these days you're going to give me, or a customer, a heart attack." Sojiro said, half joking, half serious. Joking since he knew he wasn't that old, and a bit more serious with just how older some of his clientele could be.

"Awe you flatter me." Futaba sighed smiling, setting her 'loot' down on the counter, earning her a mild disapproving look that was quickly washed away as Sojiro poured her one of the soda's he kept in the mini-fridge under the island like surface.

"Besides, if I wanted to do that, I would tell you what me and Akira do in our free time, nyehehehe~" Futaba cackled, grinning a toothy smile at the cringing Sojiro as she took a sip of her soda, Sojiro trying his hardest to avoid any thoughts implied by the bespeckled gremlin.

"Speaking of him, you haven't seen him or the cat have you? He hasn't been over to the house today has he?" Sojiro replied, quickly trying to change the subject, knowing full well that the unnatural ginger had little to no filter.

As if he had personally insulted Futaba, she made a grimace, clutched her heart, and let her face slowly fall to the counter top, her breath fogging up the clean counter.

"No, and I just realized I've lost two of my three lives... This is your fault stinky Sojiro!" Futaba's mood changed completely as she grabbed her bags, huffing half-heartedly as she made her way up to the converted attic.

"Lives? Stinky?" Sojiro stuttered, confused like usual at the childish insults that he usually got from the random bursts of strange the girl he cared deeply about gave off, before returning to his closing tasks.

Futaba breathed in the musky, dusty aura that filled the attic Akira tried his best to keep clean. She had spent many nights with the fluffy haired boy up here, cuddled up with him, and it felt her with joy any time she was able to be up here.

Futaba was slowly coming to terms with the fact that it was okay to be the way she was, and that Ann and everyone else was just a big dummy who didn't get it. It's not like they had someone who loved them as much as Akira did her.

Futaba pulled up one of the unused restaurant chairs that sat over by the foot of the heavy cotton futon that laid near the window, and sat it and herself in front of the TV. She put in Star Forneus into the console, not wanting to play the new games without Akira there with her.

The time flew as the hunched over orange haired girl blasted away alien spaceships, Futaba yelling her "goodnights" to Sojiro as he made his way back to the house. Sojiro's exit was notified by the clang of jingling bells. A while later, the bell rang once again, Futaba paying it little, to no mind at all.

It was only once the sound of creaking stairs, the very ones that led up to the converted attic, seeped their way somehow into the red and black noise cancelling prescription headphones, causing Futaba to sigh playfully a little.

"Sojiro, you know I'll be home soon." Futaba huffed, smiling, appreciating her adoptive fathers care, but also grumpy that it seemed like he didn't trust her. Futaba waited a moment, but was surprised by the lack of gruss, but loving reply that she always got.

Futaba paused, knowing that it wasn't Akira, because he would have replied just as quickly as Sojiro did. Slowly, the neon haired girl paused her game and turned around, a look of suspicion and mistrust on her face.

Sadayo Kawakami gave a half-hearted sigh as she walked down the back alley streets, thankful for the subtle cover that the darkness the overpass roads gave her. The sound of the local residents murmuring, blending in with the soft clacking and chugging of the metro.

She gave her ever-so-revealing upper half a small shake, trying her best to make sure as little skin was showing as possible, since even though sex-appeal was part of her job, she still always felt just a bit uneasy when it came to Akira, noticing how he looked at her.

The bright pink pin of the delivery health companies name in big, simple to read Kanji, flashed as lights reflected off of it, the only bright thing to not blend in outside of the teacher-turned-maid's cream colored flesh.

Her black heels clacked against the sidewalk, but thankfully she didn't have to walk far in the uncomfortable costumed shoes to get to her young masters house. Finally after one more block, she made the turn into the main back alley where the cafe LeBlanc resided.

Kawakami unlocked the wooden door to the pleasant smelling, afterhours business with the key Akira had given to her from back when they had started their 'relationship'. The soft ring of the bell greeted Kawakami, as she stepped inside.

Pursing her lips into a puckered out, almost kissy smile, Kawakami let herself get into character as Becky: the kawaii, loving, neko maid. Taking in a breath, Becky preceded to go up the winding steps to her young masters bedroom.

Right before Becky got to the top of the stairs she heard the whiny, almost bratlike voice of a girl, far from the voice of Akira who had texted her, asking Becky to clean his room up that evening. Akira had mentioned that he was going to be trying to help Ryuji study, and that he needed his room clean for the following evening.

"Hello?" Becky said, her wide eyed, doe like face turning back into the tired and snarling lipped face of Kawakami as she took the last few steps up, her arms crossed. That's when she saw the skinny, loosely dressed, and hunched over otaku looking girl.

Futaba's eyes tensed as much as her body when she saw, and caught the scent of the strongly perfumed women, enter into her domain. Like a cat whose territory had been invaded, Futaba took an oddly stiff stance as her hands gripped the chair.

"A-And you are?!" Futaba hissed, not even wasting any moments on taking up the offensive, especially when it came to such a lewdly dressed women in the living space of *her* key item.

"And I could ask you the same thing..." Becky's cutesy voice left and Kawakami's tired, and annoyed voice trailed back in. Akira hadn't told her that he had a little sister, and definitely one not as creepy as the glaring glasses girl in front of her.

"Ugh, he didn't tell me he had a brat sister..." Kawakami's grimace and face of annoyed disgust crossed her lips as they pouted into a snarl.

“S-S-Sister?!?!” It was like a direct attack had hit Futaba’s weakness, her overactive imagination imagined a small soul with her same glasses leaving her mouth as for a moment she faulted.

“H-How dare you! I am his key item!” Futaba snarled, her high pitch voice threatening to break her own glasses with just how much her voice cracked in frustration. Kawakami just rolled her eyes, not even fully understanding what the weirdo of a girl meant.

“Look kid, I’m here to clean up for my *master* okay? So could you scram?” Kawakami had had a long day, and wasn’t willing to take anyone’s shit. Especially since she hadn’t been warned or told how to handle such a rebunctious task.

Futaba’s eyes glazed over, the rational, well thinking part of her brain had checked out of Futaba-thought station the moment she heard that. She slumped for just a second, before allowing her villainous cackle to drift over to Kawakami, causing the older woman to freeze.

“Oh... You think you can steal my key item? That’s cute...” Futaba cursed under her breath.

“There is no way a hag like you! Is going to take away Akira from me!” Futaba shouted, Kawakami’s face getting redder with each passing moment.

“Hag?! What the fuck are you on about?!” Kawakami had officially lost her cool as well, but immediately froze up when she saw Futaba take something out of her pocket.

“W-What is that?” Kawakami stuttered, afraid the psycho of a youth had something like a knife, or anything else that could pose her life danger.

Futaba only grinned as if she was completely mad, a subtle yellow hint flashed in her eyes, as she took out what appeared to be a smartphone. Before Kawakami could sigh a breath of relief however, the entire world around her started to morph into an abstract piece of reds, dark purples, and blacks.

Kawakami shook her head, looking around the now oddly aure’d room. It wasn’t as well lit as it was before, not that you could call the attack well lit in the first place. It had the feeling of a nightmarish dream, one that you had no chance of escaping from.

As the teacher clad in maid uniform looked around, she saw the once chair stationed chair standing, a powerful, and somehow terrifying presence about her.

Futaba felt hunger, anger, and the urge to do horrible, terrible things to the women who threatened her relationship. As she thought about what to do to the maid, her stomach gave off a grumbling threat, demanding sustenance.

“I hunger...” The usually adorable words uttered to Akira when Futaba was hungry now sounded like a demonic grumble of utter hatred. Drool dripped from Futaba’s lips, pooling on the hued floor below her. She ran her tongue over her lips as she eyed Kawakami, who looked as though she was about to run.

And run she did, she had no clue what nightmare or ghostly horror she had stepped into, but she didn’t want anything to do with it as she booked her way to the stairs. Finally, when she made it to the door she grabbed the handle and pulled.

But the door refused to open, the bell now even jingling a bit due to the shake of the door. It didn’t budge in the slightest, and Kawakami finally let her vision adjust and she saw something that caused her to want to cry.

Right outside the door of LeBlanc, instead of the standard back alley that she took to get there, there was now the giant, grinning, hungering face of an oddly alien looking Futaba. It was as if the girl was a God, her eyes beaming yellow like searchlights through the doors windows, her teeth shining and bearing like a creature ready to consume its feast.

Kawakami turned around to see Futaba standing on the opposite end of the room. Her fingers were twitching madly, her foot shaking as if she had too much pent up energy.

"I hunger..." She uttered again, her voice even more soulless, her face lacking the mad smile she had adorned just moments ago.

"L-Leave me alone!" Kawakami screamed, picking up a broom that sat near the closest booth to hear, brandishing it like a weapon.

"That's not possible... You tried to take him from us..." It sounded as a million voices were coming from the slowly encroaching girl. No, she was floating, her bare feet not even touching the tiled floor of the cafe.

"P-Please! I didn't! I just wanted to help him!" Kawakami screeched, however this was partially a lie, as she definitely had interest in the vastly younger man.

"Liar..." Futaba knew, she could sense the truth, the fear, the desperation Kawakami was throwing at her.

"Fuck you!" Kawakami shouted, throwing herself against the door once more, wanting to get away from the monster that was inching ever closer. This time; the door opened.

As if entering space, Kawakami couldn't hear herself scream as she fell, no sound whatsoever came from her mouth as she plummeted towards the open mouth of the giant, latex wearing, bespeckled yandere Goddess, Kawakami landing on the fleshy tongue like a soft catch.

"G-God! Help me!" Kawakami sobbed, but her words were muffled, as if she was drowning. For some reason, the feeling around her headpiece covered head tightened and got wetter and darker.

"W-What is happening?!" But Kawakami could slowly see it, the details of a mouth as her eyes adjusted to the darkness. It was if somehow, her head had been transported to the normal sized Futaba's mouth.

Spit sloshed and splashed Kawakami's open mouth and eyes, the lingering taste and residue of fatty snack foods burning her eyes as she felt her body jolt forward.

"STOP THIS! NOW!" Kawakami tried to choke out, but she felt like she was being consumed by a snake, her arms painfully being clamped to her side as she tried her best to just struggle.

Kawakami felt her breasts and ass be groped, her mind being raped as the words shot into it like needles.

"These will soon be mine~ You don't matter to him, only I do~" The aetherial voice scrapped Kawakami's mind like nails into wood.

"N-No!" Kawakami sobbed, feeling uncut, rough fingernails trace her decently plump posterior, and her motherly chest. Her molestation continue as more and more of her was sucked down into the sickeningly stench filled stomach.

Futaba was quick with the sickening act of gulping down the horrified, and nearly mind broken women, who could only blabber and try to shake her body. Little did Kawakami realize however, was that by doing that, she was shaking her terrified sweat all over Taba-tastebuds.

As if it was a python, the pink beast of a tongue seemed to wrap endlessly around the bruised and tired womens body, constricting her movement, causing some pained chokes to escape her mouth.

The older womens breath was starting to be lost, as her head finally entered into the sauna like stomach of the twig-like teenager. She tried to breath in due to the fresh opening, but was met with a blast of putrid gasses.

A few moments after her body was done enduring the probing, perverted tongue, Kawakami was curled into the sloshing chamber of half digested pocky, noodles, and battery-like energy drinks.

The acids already started to sting, partly because of all the crap that inhabited the girls gut, and also due to supernatural forces attempting to end Kawakami's life. Kawakami weakly punched at the walls of the stomach, but all she was met with was worse slime covering her fists.

"Y-You have to let me out! God damn you, let me out!" Kawakmi screamed, her eyes steaming from the fumes, tears trailing down her face like oils, the bile mixed with her mascara she had been forced to wear for the job.

"Nyehehehe~ Sorry, food belongs in the belly~" Was the only response the shaking, slowly shock induced *cake* got. This couldn't be real, this couldn't be the end. She was just exhausted, her mind was playing tricks on her.

"Game over for you~" Were the last words Kawakami heard, the nightmare that she was going through more than just her mind being burnt out from being overworked. Kawakami heard a muffled phone-like ping, and the pink mist everything around her had had vanished.

The second Kawakami realized that the stomach had gotten a whole lot darker, was the moment the gut tightened on her like a car compactor. The fleshy walls from every side tried their best to slip back into place.

"OH GOD!" Kawakami screamed as the acids surrounding her body splashed up, her legs, arms, and chest caving in on themselves as her uniformed body collapsed inwards, causing her to ball into a wad of still flesh covered meat. At least for the time being.

The mass of air blowing out of Futaba's mouth was loud enough, that it had the healthy possibility of waking up all of the back alley neighborhood. The force of the belch caused Futaba's thin, smooth lips to flutter somewhat comically, as the belch slowly changed to a pleased hacking of sorts.

After a moment of bumping her, now admittedly fuller chest, and trying to belch out an odd air bubble, the culprit of the lack of air flow showed itself: it was the slightly singed, acid covered maid uniform.

The black and white uniform had a greenish yellow tint to it, small patches of the fabric had literally been eaten away, and there were loose, sogging strands of dark wig, brown hair, and some redder bits Futaba simply could not resist a smirk at.



After another few, wet airy belches, Futaba gripped her now muffin top like stomach, the skull and other bones that had been there moments ago sanded away by the clinging cognition the hacker had left in place.

“Aweeee... Too bad I don’t know how to make coffee like Akira does... It would have gone great with you...~” Futaba whined and cooed, shaking her flabby gut and butt, smiling. Futaba bit her lip slightly as she realized that the crotch of her spats-like short-shorts were a darker color than the rest, along with a nice moist scent to it.

“Oooo! Akira is going to LOVE this tomorrow~” Futaba said, giggling at the only remaining source of the girl she had just cruelly snuffed out as if she was truly nothing more than a snack.

Futaba picked up the drenched outfit and held it in front of herself, giving both her and the uniform a twirl, imagining the hardon she would be giving her key item the following days date. The delicious, savoury cake of a woman completely gone from Futaba’s mind.

But the presence of the digested woman wasn’t completely gone however, as for a single second, the pained soul of the devoured teacher flashed on Futaba’s phone screen. Even the tangible Futaba didn’t notice, too busy in her girlish fantasies.

As if to taunt the anguished spirit, the text messages that Akira had sent Futaba earlier showed up for only a moment, before seemingly being erased forever. They were innocent enough, simply telling her that he had a friend coming over to clean, and that’s all she was.

The hearts and kisses were a macabre joke about the reality of the situation, showing that the girl who had so easily ended the existence of someone else, how nothing to fear.

But it did not matter, as an invisible force hung over Futaba’s shoulder. A taller, longer, more terrifying farce of how the short girl looked. Futaba’s second palace was born that day, and any person, man or woman who tried to get in the way of her love would find themselves in it.

Futaba smiled softly to herself as she pulled out her phone, and texted her key item just how much she loved him, all the while her stomach groaned, the limp, soggy dress an erotic reminder that Akira would never put together.