

Foreplay

Erected in the center of town near Tokioka Academy, the firm, solid Tower of Purity was unveiled from its sheets on a humid Friday night. The press gathered to witness formal statements from Sophia Nishikinomiya, standing at the base of its shaft. A proud, dignified expression remained on her face.

"This structure serves as the perfect observation point to spot lewd acts before they start, and coordinate Peacemaker signals to stop potential deviants in their tracks." She put a hand to the shoulder of her smiling daughter, Anna, pulling her in for a photo op. "But more than that, it's a monument to the perversion-free future we're forging for our children. In the shadow of this structure, the righteous will know that they're safe. And the unsanitary, shameless degenerates who try to convert them will tremble under our unwavering vigilance. If you have nothing to hide, there is nothing to fear."

The politician waved a hand, and ordered the building to be revealed from its wraps. Applause sounded...

-quickly turning to cries of horror and confusion as they saw the building itself. From top to bottom, the glass windows were plastered in obscenity. Illustrations of buxom women with sloppy tentacles. Men embracing each other on all body parts. A sheet fluttered off into Anna's delicate hands - prompting her to gaze in curious fascination at the bizarre image, depicting an anthropomorphic dragon atop a car.

"Cut the feed! Burn it all!" Her mother clutched all the stray porn pics she could, ripping them to shreds. "Who's responsible for this - this filth!?"

Two silhouettes rose above the building top. Searchlights focused on them: a lean woman wearing nothing but a fluttering ghost-like sheet from the neck down, and pure white panties over her face, black hair flowing in the wind like a cape. A step to her right, a brunet stood with a similar underwear-mask, a green cowl around his neck, garter-belts joining black undies and stockings, bare chest exposed.

Across the air, melodic laughter sounded. The ghostly figure flung her arm out, exposing the sideboob beneath.

"Oh-HOHOHOHO! The masses are once again blessed by Blue Snow's evening dew!" Barely covered at all, the masked madwoman, Blue Snow, dished out fresh copies of pornography to the audience below. "Our erotic freedom group, SOX, has a message to commemorate this structure's grand opening: *There once was a man from Nantucket...*"

Between handfuls of illustrations, her associate looked down the side of the tower, and shrieked. "There's no time, Blue Snow, quick, just chuck it!"

"What's chafin' you?" She turned around, the makeshift disguise barely hiding her smirk. "Aroused by heights?"

He pointed below. "Look, we have company!"

Anna was no longer at the podium; but climbing up the face of the multiple-storey building, ripping the obscene posters to shreds between her perfect nails as she propelled herself up at breakneck speeds. Her albino bob cut flowed with her movement; blue eyes glowing with dedication; open jaws emitting steam into the damp night air; long skirt revealing her white panties to the public below. "I found you, SOX! Once I strip those undergarments from your heads... Tanukichi Okuma will *finally* see how **just** and **moral** I am!" The nervous male SOX member tried to dump pamphlets on her - but she kept climbing, strong upper body strength rupturing windowpanes.

Panic spread across Blue Snow's yellow eyes, lashes standing on end. "Pull out!" She commanded. Dirty mags flung behind her as a diversion, she jumped off into the shadows, a twinkle into the surrounding skyscrapers.

Her sidekick received a centerfold right in the face, swatting it aside, before following her - right out of Anna's powerful grasp.

The silver-haired student council president panted on the rooftop, sweating, a grin trembling on her soft lips. Her mother below arranged a cleanup crew for the papers, a search squad for the perpetrators, and a helicopter pickup for her child. Looking at the stars, she clasped her palms. "Every time... I get just a little closer to catching them... And a little closer to Mr. Okuma...!"

Morning. All rose early.

The student council - along with the prefects - oversaw volunteers undressing the Tower of Purity. Thanks to their efforts, the windows were very nearly clear from any images of scissoring, paizuri, or Star Fox characters.

Tanukichi Okuma stared up at the structure, rubbing his brown hair. "Still can't believe they did all that..."

Anna patted his shoulder, making his blood go cold. "Not to worry! My dearest mother has assured us that the building will be open for business before the end of the weekend."

Raiki Gouriki groaned, crossing his huge muscles. His sideburns flared up. "What good is that when those lousy ero-terrorists are still at large?"

Ayame Kajou, with a sour expression, adjusted her glasses. "*Very* large. We're not getting anywhere."

Oboro Tsukimigusa, the head prefect, stepped away from the site of the incident. "They won't be an issue anymore."

Tanukichi turned his head at this announcement. "What?"

Tsukimigusa used a Peacemaker bracelet to display a holographic image of small droplets on the rooftop. "The materials used in The Tower's construction retain sweat and prints very clearly. Blue Snow's bare feet have left *copious* amounts of both. In terms of forensic analysis, these traces are just as effective as fingerprints. The identity of SOX's ringleader is in our grasp."

Ayame looked close at the damp splotches, her upper lip stiff. "...Make sure you're grasping firmly. Hard cases like this can get real slippery when wet."

Anna nodded. "Ayame's right, we can't relax yet! But still, thank you all for your dedication and loyalty. A righteous world where we can live together in harmony is coming soon. I can feel it." Though she addressed them as a group, she kept staring directly at Okuma's worried face. "Now, we should all take nice, long showers to wipe ourselves clean of this naughtiness."

As the meeting ended, both Ayame and Tanukichi stuck behind. With the others out of earshot, Kajou clenched her glasses, undid her braids, grit her teeth, and wailed out.

"FuuuuuuUUUUUCK!" She dropped and rolled back and forth on the ground while wailing, as if her uniform were on fire. "Shit-Piss-Balls-Fuck-Ass-Dick-Anal-Tits-Clit-**Shit!** Those cocksucking nipplefuckers! We're dead! They're gonna rub us out! Stick forks in all my orifices and embalm me with jizz, we're FUCKED!"

The boy beside her sighed, rubbing his forehead. "Ahh, yes. The very image of patient and thoughtful leadership you'd expect from SOX."

Leaning out behind the building, her wide magenta hair slick and firm, one of the covert SOX operatives - Kosuri Onigashira - snickered. "She'd usually drop a C-Bomb or two. Kosuri thinks our glorious leader is getting soft."

"Getting soft?" Ayame sprung up, dusting herself off. "I'll have you know I, *Blue Snow*, am rock-solid 24-7!"

Tanukichi groaned. "You should get that checked."

"You want to *check me out*?" Her gold eyes widened in feigned surprise.

He waved her away with a single hand. "*Reeeeaally* not the time for that!"

Kosuri shivered in place. "Yeah. With these biometrics, and this creepy level of surveillance, they're gonna fry us soon enough. So scary!"

Ayame nodded. "It blows. My own bodily fluids rebelling against me... most times *that* happens, I'm wearing a pad. They're so underhanded - and *I'm* supposed to be the one with her hands in *under-areas!*"

From the other side of the building, the shortest member of SOX - Otome Saotome - chewed on a pencil's tip, shaking her head at the burnt and shredded papers scattered amid the stone tiles. "I can't believe they're defacing my masterpieces like this! Has this world no more respect for fine art?"

Ayame shook her head. "No respect for anything fun. It started with the NoFap movement overseas. One by one, sites like Tumblr and Pornhub fell. Now, we can't even scream '*I wanna big globby creampie*' at the top of our lungs without people looking at us weird. It's literally George Orwell's 1969!"

Tanukichi said, "You mean *1984*."

She fired back: "It was printed in 1949. Get your facts straight. The point is, the morality squad is hunting us down like a modern John MacAfee!"

He squinted. "A modern *Joe McCarthy*, you mean?"

"No, like we're viruses in a computer system! This is a heinous infringement on our tights!"

"An infringement our *rights*."

"Yeah, you said it!"

"Only because you *baited* me!"

"What can I say? I'm a master baiter."

Drawing back, cringing, Okuma couldn't help but keep looking at stray pieces of tentacle hentai that escaped the cleaners' efforts. "Maybe we should rethink our approach. We keep tossing these pictures at people, but they're not all... *biologically accurate*. There's a lot that this stuff can't teach."

"Like?" Ayame leaned over the paper, brushing her finger over the illustrated suction cups.

"Like, I don't know... Proper birth control methods?"

"Hmm, actually..." She put her hand to her chin, taking a pause. "That's using your noodle, Tanukichi. And I mean your upper one, not that saucy spaghetti and meatballs in your boxers." He instinctively covered his groin as she paced about. "It *sounds* dull at first, but by showing contraception in the right light, SOX could make it *ooze* with fun."

Kosuri lifted a hand: "Objection. We can't get access to many rubbers or pills with all the import restrictions!"

Otome worked at her sketchbook, eyeing Tanukichi. "And we've only got one set of tubes we can snip. How do we demonstrate anything that way?"

Ayame looked over both girls, herself, and the sole boy on the team. "I hate to say it, but you two are right. SOX has big balls, figuratively, but only two honest-to-god love spuds! The government's blueballed your plans, Tanukichi!" She clenched her fist in anguish. "And there's still no morning-after pill for the prints I left last night! I'm sorry..."

She leaned over, looking distraught. He started to reach out. "Hey, it's okay - I don't mind the jokes about my nads *that* much..."

"Not that. I'm sorry I had to drag you all into this... Only for our efforts to be so flaccid." She swallowed. "We've brought shame upon our fallen comrades who've sacrificed themselves to the cause of dirty jokes... And... and I don't know how to make it up."

Ayame appeared to wilt in the imposing black shadow of the Tower of Purity. A shadow that stretched

further still - a bizarre, cold blot that made the entire skyline unfamiliar and dizzying.

Teasing

Her defeated expression stuck with Tanukichi through the day. It kept him in a daze, barely able to coordinate his steps through his Saturday classes. Every creak or dropped pencil took him off guard.

That grave look in Ayame's eyes, her frown... He'd known her for a while, and this was serious. What could he even say to cheer her up? All the times that she'd bravely inspired him to be his real self; taken a bullet for him; broken his tension with a terrible pun... and he couldn't even pay her back when she really needed it. It stung.

If he asked her how she feeling, she'd say "with two fingers, sometimes three." If he said to look for the positives, she'd ask "even with pregnancy tests?" If he told her to get a grip, she'd explain "gripping too hard reduces its sensitivity." Every half-assed reassurance or encouragement he tried got twisted into a tasteless double-entendre, so quickly he could barely keep pace. And each of those painful, groan-inducing gags only barely brushed off a far deeper pain inside her, growing to a boiling point. That shameless over-the-top confidence she projected got on his nerves, but now he wished he could summon even a little bit of that courage.

"Mr. Okuma."

And Anna. Not long ago, Anna made both Ayame and him feel welcome when everyone else shunned them. She would've known exactly how to help. Now, she fought them... and obsessed over his body. With the stringent anti-obscenity laws, she already had a clueless, destructive way of expressing love. It made her a dangerous force that could plow right through him. He never fully rejected her, out of hope that she could be taught a healthier way to show her affections; and out of terror at how she might express hatred. If she found out their secret lives, exactly how often and how deeply both of them had betrayed Anna's trust and friendship... that hatred could mean lethal, irreparable danger to herself and others.

"Mr. Tanukichi Okuma. Please adjust your gaze downwards."

Pulled from his painful daydreams, he looked down. Below his desk, a girl with a lab coat, baggy eyes, and wet seaweed-like hair flopped dully. Hyouka Fuwa, science club member.

"Greetings, Mr. Okuma. I trust you are well today." Her voice was a gloomy deadpan, with no intonation or stress. "Forgive me for appearing on such short notice, but I desire your formal opinion on body-melding."

Her gaze was cold enough to make him shiver. Not this again - she'd been hounding him for this knowledge since he transferred in, knowing full well that he could get in trouble for saying anything. "If... if it has to do with any men's *cucumbers* or women's *tacos*... I'm a little preoccupied." He averted his glance, checking if anyone was watching.

She shook her head. "Not exactly, though your nutritional fixation is relevant. It has to do with my

captive mantises. Their behavior, following *the act*... In a most loving and pure gesture, the female ate the cranium or limbs of the male in 33% of the test cases I conducted. This can additionally be observed with black widows and various other spiders. I believe that the human reproductive rituals function the same." A single blink. "Please confirm or deny."

"Th-that's - **no!**" He screamed loud enough for the next room over to hear. "That's totally off!"

"*And yet.*" Hyouka crept up to eye level with him. "I have overheard euphemisms such as one person *giving head* to another. It would follow that providing your skull to a mate as food is an act of romance."

"I swear, I don't know any girls... I don't know *many* girls who'd want to eat me!"

"Obviously, Mr. Okuma." She fiddled in her labcoat pocket. "Unlike in mantids or arachnids, you are, by however thin a margin, larger than most females. Eating your head would prove cumbersome. Thus, I provide you with this size-altering ray I constructed." She flipped a strange, rod-shaped device to his slippery fingers. "For the sake of science, please select a partner, and grow her. I will observe her bonding with you and eating your head, and provide you with my notes afterwards."

"Wait." Tanukichi stared at her expressionless face; at the bizarre tool in his hand; and at his palm while it covered his forehead in disbelief. "Waaaait. An actual size changing device... You're telling me - you built a whole freaking sci-fi growth ray... So you could find out *how babies are made?*" He exhaled in exasperation.

"Believe me, Mr. Okuma. No one is more disappointed in the censorship of research materials than myself." She stepped aside. "Now go. Grow. Make love."

This was going way too fast. The Tower of Purity making it harder to hide; the threat of biometrics; that weird discussion about condoms... And NOW he had a mad scientist's untested weapon to deal with. One that he couldn't even try to hide in his pant pockets. Should he just toss it out? What if someone found it, and used it for their own purposes?

Movement at the door. The head prefect, Oboro, peered in, instantly targeting the device with laser precision. "That item in your hand, Okuma. The dimensions resemble a sex toy. I shall confiscate it."

In surprise, he pointed the size ray at the tall figure in the doorway. Tanukichi almost fired it by accident; but a mental image held him back. If this thing actually worked...

A busy overpass bustled with the latest vehicles... Until Oboro stepped over it, crushing major regions of the city below. Traffic crashed into the groin. The disciplinarian's dark eyes loomed above. "This road's curves are shaped like Fallopian tubes. You have seven minutes to evacuate before I destroy it." The crushing pressure made the supporting columns crumble, while both hands prepared to chop the roads apart.

In a panic, he turned back to the seaweed-haired scientist - who was seemingly unfazed. She was responsible for this. Maybe he should just grow her, and wash his hands of it all? How bad could that be? He thought...

Fuwa plucked a blushing girl from below; and deposited her on the roof of a building, beside a

similarly-terrified boy. Her somber eyes remained glued to them, ignoring all the onlookers below. "Copulate for me. Display every detail." She prodded them closer with a finger each, forcing their bodies together, and began stripping them.

No, not happening.

"I'll, uh, I'll dispose of it myself!" He rushed past Oboro's left shoulder, and ran for help, directionless. Looking out the window, he spotted Kosuri, his fellow SOX member, in the bushes, peeping on boys. She fired a wink to him. Maybe he could shoot it off at her? He pictured it.

Perched upon the highest building, Kosuri stretched her legs out, enjoying the sensation of people scrambling underneath. Her smug grin shone over everything. "Now the REAL revolution begins! As your new owner, The Great Kosuri Onigashira demands that all of you who laughed at her before... give my feetsies a tongue bath." She removed her blue-striped stockings, the damp footwear blocking stretches of highway, and wiggled her bare toes in the open air. "Lick lick."

No!

Tanukichi tried to hide it away. He opened his locker, pushing the device in - and found Otome stuffed inside already, sketching away. It practically bounced off her. "Don't disturb me while I'm artistically inspired! I've been getting amazing reference from here!"

Tanukichi imagined it misfiring inside the locker...

Otome's brushstrokes, from a pen held with her jaws, ripped a path of unbridled devastation through the city below. Emergency vehicles were immediately covered in ink, or blown away by the painter's desperate panting. "Must draw smut! Must draw smut! Tokioka, the city - all of it is my canvas!" From above, helicopters displayed her sketch: yaoi of Okuma and Gouriki in a tender moment, the former thrusting into the latter.

Nope. He swung back - only to find Gouriki stepping through the halls. "Hey, Okuma. What's that in your mitts?"

If he blasted the ray then...

Gouriki's powerful, hairy hand ripped through the side of a building. His stern, blushing face peered in, titanic yet handsome eyes peering over all of the terrified citizens. "Is Okuma there? I made you lunch, just because, y'know..." He slammed a hulking bento box in the hole he made, many floors caving in beneath its weight.

Behind Gouriki, Anna wandered gracefully. "Ah! I was looking for you, Mr. Okuma! I hoped to share some food with you!"

He imagined Anna growing...

NO NO HELL NO PLEASE NO GOD NO

Overcome with horror, Tanukichi sprinted away, into the nearest open door. An empty classroom, with fluorescent lights shut off. The red afternoon sky peeked through shut curtains. His shaking body curled

in a fetal position, whimpering behind a teacher's desk.

Between the table legs, he felt Anna's shoes enter with seismic taps on the floor. Tanukichi clutched the size ray like his life depended on it, palms sweating. She was sniffing. Swooning. "I know you went through here. Why... why do you reject my *love*?" She shut the door with a heavy **SLAM** that made him jump, his head striking the underside of the table.

Hah... Ditched her... Halfway paralyzed, he tried to rise back up, but fear kept him limp. His quivering hands gripped the long size-changing rod, which felt heavier than ever. No idea what to do with it, except hide it close to his body. He'd be able to get out safely... gradually... after some more slow breaths... no need to rush it...

A creak from the closet, muffled by his breaths.

Ayame, having finished hiding erotic leaflets inside for students to find, stepped out. She peered over Tanukichi, his body hunched over and rattling beneath the desk.

"Hey, Tanukichi! Found a new spot to whack off in?"

"BWAH!"

PEW-Pew-pew-peeeeewfff...

Tanukichi spun. His grip slipped. The tool at his waist discharged directly at her face, its contents vigorously ejaculating out and covering her. She gagged, and fell to the ground.

"Ayame! Oh shiiii-" Tanukichi covered his mouth, lowered his tone, and knelt to his fallen classmate.

She was moaning. White teeth grit. Her glasses were knocked clean off, shattered. "Was that... some kinda... **ngm**... experimental high-tech death ray...in your pocket..." Both straining hands clawed at the floor tiles. "...Or were you just... happy to see me...? **cough**..."

With his pulse in overdrive, he dropped the size ray. This was the LAST time he was ever talking to Hyouka Fuwa. "Ayame, seriously! Does it hurt?"

"Ahh~!" When the two grabbed hands, she instantly cringed, muscles spasming. Small tearing spread along her uniform's shoulders. Her palms were pale and clammy, but her cheeks flushed.

"Yeah, it hurts... it hurts real good. It's like my body is a bra hook snapping open!"

PING. By her tie, her second button popped off - the undershirt exposed, her full bosom hanging and shaking.

"Like... like I'm a shaft that's been chafing and itching, finally peeking outta its pants!"

PING-PING-PING. Tanukichi tried to reach for her, but button after button fired off her uniform, like a spray of machine gun fire. As the device's effects continued, she heaved herself up to her knees. Ayame's hands seemed to naturally gravitate across her curves, fascinated.

"Like a soapland masseuse is rubbing kinks out of my legs - my thighs - my chest - my neck... Here, and *here*, and *aaahn*, over **theere**!"

Tanukichi finally held her again, as she regained her footing – right as another jolting spurt made her sink to all fours once more, dragging him down with her. That arm strength! Not even Anna could pin him down like that! With every beat of her heart, a dam broke inside her. Brittle chairs knocked back against her skirt, their supporting wood and plastic snapping. Every centimeter of her thrust out in a steady, pounding rhythm, shaking supplies on the shelves. Not only was Ayame's body growing, her smile was growing: an uncontrollable grin with her eyes practically rolling into the back of her skull.

"Fuck me, this is *liberating*!"

Her hairs broke out from their braids, sweat shimmering as individual strands flung out. As her form kept incrementally scaling, the clothing soon caught up with the growth rate of the rest of her body, bursting out steadily. No more rips in her clothing; only in the walls and ceilings.

Getting claustrophobic in the rapidly-decreasing free space, Tanukichi rushed for the door - and, once he made it out, immediately closed it behind him. In the halls, he leaned against it. "Ayame - this is all my fault! Hyouka gave me this doohickey, and now... If someone from the Decency Squad sees you like this--!"

The walls bulged, intensely enough to push him back on his ass. A series of crackling noises emerged from within the shut classroom, followed by muffled moans.

"I say, let 'em come inside. We've been slipping out by the foreskin of our teeth for too long. Mmmh, maybe it's Hyouka's weird device talking, but... I feel like I could take on twenty men!" By the heavy **bump** within, Tanukichi could tell something heavy collapsed. "...from any opening!"

CrrrruuuUUMBL--! Something else in there was clearly breaking. The desks? That closet? Her glasses? No thin walls could hide the snapping and crackling. Students from both sides of the hall peered in, eyes wide, murmuring. No way he could slip out from this, unless...

Tanukichi quickly flung his arms out, put on his best Student Council face, and yelled, "Get away! This room is, uh, there's a gas leak!"

Another shake from behind the barrier stirred him. "...And an earthquake!"

Smoke and dust from crushed objects began steaming out from the growing cracks in the wall, incredibly warm and muggy from Ayame's increasing bodily heat. "...Also a fire!"

Gigantic sweatdrops trickled out beneath the door, the salty mixture pouring around his feet. "And a wet floor! As a member of the student council, I'm ordering an evacuation!"

The crowds got the message and turned away, hesitantly; while Tanukichi blocked off entrance to that section of the halls with loose chairs. By the time he reached back to the door to check on Ayame, it had fully burst right from its hinges, warped by the outline of her knee. Inside, her white panties and torn skirt underside blocked off the view of anything else. Even the floor beneath his own shoes was unstable, whole tiles falling loose with even the slightest wiggle or tap. The lights flickered as her scalp burst into their wiring, ceilings around the school warping around the shaking and stretching from

within the one room.

He was caught between a gasp and a scream, making a noise somewhat like a squeak toy. "I messed up! This is the worst! Screw the observation tower - ANYONE will be able to see you breaking decency rules like this!"

"Screw the tower?... SCREW the tower!? *Ngghh*!" The walls of the room finally gave way against Ayame - not just from her passively expanding presence, but knocked actively by her slender arms as she twisted herself around to face Tanukichi. She was on her stomach - upper curves carving C-Cup holes in the ground, lower curves carving holes into the skies. An unbelievably cheeky smirk crossed her immense lips. "Tanukichi, that's an AWESOME idea! I LOVE your dirty mind! Let's screw the tower!" Between growing pains, she gave him a sweaty thumbs-up - or maybe that was an obscene fig gesture, he couldn't tell with the crumbling, rumbling rubble blocking her hand.

Put on the spot, he stepped back to make room for the growing figure. "Idea? I - I swear, this is just a big accident!"

"You had a *big accident* in your pants?" Ayame's voice alone had a commanding boom that rippled through him.

"Not now! I didn't have a plan here!"

Ayame weakly stretched out a finger to poke his teensy torso. It felt soft and malleable against him. "In my opinion, your body acted on instinct. And your instincts are wonderful! It's more important to listen to them, and make the plan up as you go!"

Her other hand reached back - undoing what remained of her clothes. She removed her underpants, struggling to move them down her waistline. "Help me with this clamwrapper - while we still have some cover!"

Jumping in, doing his best to muscle past the fleshy thighs squeezing him against the wall, Tanukichi tugged. "Do you really need them off NOW?"

"No, I need them *on*!" With the undergarments fully removed, Ayame put them on her face - concealing her identity, slipping once more into the persona of Blue Snow. Her feet soon broke through the window glass, out into the world. Ditching her brown shoes, grabbing something pink from the ripping breast pocket, she tore away at the remaining shreds of undershirt. Patches of smooth flesh bulged out bit by bit, glowing in dimmed lights. The now-gigantic girl pulled off the flowing white curtains, loosely trying their ends, and wrapped the sheets around her. "I'll need this for one last evening of passion. If SOX is going out, we're going out with a bang. Oh yeah, we're gonna bang!" Her destructive hip thrusts shattered every bit of flooring that delineated the ground and second floors.

Her form was now visible even a good distance outside the school, drawing in crowds - not the least of which included the other two SOX members. Kosuri feigned terror and helped clear the area. She shed crocodile tears, shrieking to anyone who would hear her: "Please, please help Kosuri get away!" Under her breath, she added, "*I've bought you some time... so put on a good show, Ayame!*"

Otome, meanwhile was already making sketch after sketch depicting the scene of a massive buttocks peeking out of the prestigious academy. Her pencils captured every bit of terror on surrounding faces,

every falling tree, every jolt of movement from the legs and white curtains sticking and swaying out of the building. "Oh myyyy, macrophilia! That's REAL niche! And among people with repressed urges, domination fetishes like that reign supreme! NONE of the weird size fics we dug up could prepare me for these ANGLES! This casual POWER! These close-up DETAILS!" She giggled as debris fell around her easels. "If it was Anna, though, that'd be even better~"

Even as Tanukichi helped Ayame get into her "costume", scurrying around tightening corners to rip off remaining sleeves, he groaned. "This is crazy, you know? Think beyond six seconds into the future. At this size, already, you're not going to be able to eat, have a place to sleep, or go to class like a normal person..."

Ayame laughed. "Who cares about normal? Finding stuff to eat, a place to sleep, spank bank material big enough to see... That's all secondary! You should pay attention to your partner's needs first. And right before us, there's a city of dicks and pussies that need to be let free! Especially now that you've given me a powerful message to send them!"

"Let free? Message? What message...!?"

With every crack in the remaining walls, chatter from the crowds broke into Tanukichi's ears, and the smell of uprooted grass and city smog invaded his nose. He hid away from the dimming sunlight, away from the stares, behind the barrier of his leader's body. There, tucked in the shrinking space, he could glimpse exactly what she'd pulled out of her pocket earlier.

A condom. A translucent pink condom.

It wobbled loosely in her forefinger and thumb, still tightly bound in a package, growing from his initial blast of the size ray. In fact, it was much, MUCH larger than him.

He grimaced. "On days like this, I regret knowing a terrorist."

Now fully exposed from the school walls, standing tall in a mix of assorted rubble and a gaping aperture spanning a whole wall, her scale outmatched the structure's height - and continued. The gigantic panty-masked face looked to him over her shoulder. "What's that?! Can't hear you with that tiny voice... You *regret blowing a pair o' tits*?"

With no idea where this all would lead, he rushed to put on his own disguise, ready to join her. "Even when they're this loud - your jokes still REALLY suck!"

"Not gonna turn that line into a dirty joke - you made it too easy!"

Pleasing

The panties over her face rose higher than building tops, visible even from crowded apartments with the worst views. Easily swallowing the 100, 200, and 300-meter mark, with room for the main course, the head was soon the subject of nationwide broadcasts. Even as many stations cut the feeds (except for Onigashira's underground broadcasts), it took only a glance upwards for the very image of perversion to reflect in hundreds of virgin eyes. Clean public parks, dull multi-storey offices, rivers with quaint

fishermen: places that hadn't seen the faintest hint of Absolute Territory in years were now witness to paradigm-shifting sights of spotless flesh. And it grew only more powerful with each bassy, rhythmic step, sending people tumbling as flesh penetrated the concrete roads. Soon, if they looked up, they would see not the head; but rather the smooth bottom of the erotic terrorist, quickly outgrowing the curtains she wrapped around herself.

Pound... Pound...

The immediate government response was to block roads and rearrange billboards so as to prevent the smallest peek of Blue Snow from going by. This actually helped her journey, a guilt-free stride where she didn't have to look out for pedestrians. Only abandoned cars, quickly crushed to bits or stepped over altogether, lay in the way of her gigantic pace. The white sheets used to cover the Tower of Purity; that was her next goal. Decency squad members rushing around it were soon sent to the winds as she took hold of it, wringing it out, and connecting it to the curtains; making a more complete garb.

On her shoulder, almost slipping, Tanukichi squealed. "You're, uh, stepping on a lot..."

"SOX isn't afraid to step on a few social mores!" As she kept on the move, he slid down the fluttering disguise, riding the wind.

Only a few faces below were close enough to directly witness the slap of damp feet before them, separated from crushing force only by a sidewalk, and perhaps a thin rumbling wall. Tanukichi passed many shocked faces who didn't even see him slipping by; chattering among themselves, taking cover, furiously mourning a lost vehicle, or wordlessly transfixed on the display before them.

Military began surrounding, readying fire. But they soon stopped, on Sophia Nishikinomiya's orders: "Stand by!"

"But the city is in danger!"

"Precisely, we're in a crisis situation. If you shoot now, it'll rip her clothes; and everyone will see her breasts!" The stateswoman pounded on her Peacemaker bracelet. "Protect what remains of our dignity at all costs! And ensure my daughter sees none of this - keep her in Tokioka Academy's walls!"

Undeterred by the incoming presence, many guards stood vigilant at the Tower of Purity... until a shadowy specter of a man in garters passed by. Tanukichi, masked, waved his arms. "Over here, you, uh, fucks...!"

"After him!" Immediately, they were busy chasing the SOX follower into the alleys, away from the building...

...As the leader, high above, straddled it. Ayame crossed her arms. The structure, which was to be the third-largest in the country, was now practically handheld to her.

Knowing all eyes were on her, and hoping that Tanukichi had lured everyone a safe distance away, she began her announcement, a hand to her heaving chest. "Some people call me a terrorist. I consider myself a sex ed teacher. Tokioka... ready for another lesson?"

A scream almost immediately crossed the bustling streets. Even from her high-up position, in what had

just become the night sky, she could feel the tension surging through them.

"Oh-HOHOHOHO! Relax! You're all safe. Or rather... You're about to be. I'm going to teach you safety!"

With one tug into her cloak, groping around her chest, she pulled out the condom. Immediately, gunfire from below aimed at it; managing only to rip the packaging. Soldiers fled as it fluttered to the ground, like a great veil.

Holding the rubber monolith to the skies, she announced: "For the sake of everyone watching, I, Blue Snow, declare myself, as well as the Tower of Purity... Over eighteen, willing, and not drunk! That's the first safety measure."

Confusion spread among much of the people watching. A single breath, tainted with the stagnant smell of sweaty flesh, was held in anticipation. In the thin spaces between where anyone would check, lit by dim lights within apartments, people stared in fascination at her every movement. The Tower of Purity had been plotted so that it could be seen equally well from the outskirts, or the heart of city; meaning all types were witness to this single girl outmatching it in height.

Kosuri watched with bated breath; doing her best to sabotage any means of communication or coordination for the Decency Squad.

Otome's scribbling commemorated the moment.

Hyouka's binoculars gazed at her from a distance, taking notes.

It was time.

Over gunfire and evacuation orders, Ayame's powerful voice boomed. "Anything you've heard about pulling out right before? Measuring time in a menstruation? Shaking or twisting around to get the sperm out?" She flung her fist up and down. "Douchin"? Going in weird positions?" She almost lowered herself on the Tower - getting a bit of satisfaction seeing the scrambling from military men around it. "Not being able to get pregnant is it's your first go? It's all false! Won't do you much good. Them semen demons are nasty, clingy buggers, and they'll keep fighting 'till the end!" The nearly-naked titan pointed to the gunners and tanks surrounding, who didn't stop firing at the absorbent rubber; as if to demonstrate the tenacity of sperm. "So you gotta use some *REAL* heavy ammunition if you don't wanna make babies!"

She paced in slow circles, shaking the ground, and ripped a thin electricity pole out of the ground, slowly lifting it to her nether regions. "There's *IUDs*, or intrauterine devices. Vagina-owners can keep it in there long-term, and it's reversible. There are rings that do the same thing, too!"

Meanwhile, Tanukichi kept running. He had rushed down the rail of a bullet train line, built for easy access to the tower. But on either end, authorities were closing in...

...Until massive hands blocked their path, closing into fists. It was like walls of shifting, peachy flesh; shaking him as they wrung out the sturdy material, illuminated by sparks flying. Ayame's eager palms had descended to rails, the sweaty palms covering them completely. A single bit of pressure was enough to crumple the sturdy structure. The following cacophony of *snapsnapsnap* covered all the

authorities' confused murmurs.

She winked. "For those with testicles, you can get a vasectomy. It twists tubes inside, and blocks any sperm from escaping, or so I've been told. Careful, though, that one's pretty well permanent!"

"And painful..." Tanukichi whimpered, rushing out from the opening she'd given him.

Slowly, her circling pace got closer to the building. "For shorter-term stuff, you can apply patches..." Ayame bent down to tear a huge, square swatch of stone tiles from the earth, and pressed them to her underarm. "Or, you can get MPA injections, or even implants..." A thin metal pole for broadcasting Peacemaker signals got ripped out - and jokingly jabbed in her forearm's exposed skin, which didn't even give way slightly.

The military forces, following her pace, had placed a massive, round landmine in her path. They cleared the area as she stepped towards it; and may have triggered it, were it not for a quick yell from Tanukichi. Leaning over, showing her backside to the city, the gargantuan figure simply plucked it up in her fingers. "There's also the morning-after pill, in case you couldn't get something on in *the moment!*" She lifted the panty mask just enough to reveal her mouth; and swallowed the trap whole. A tiny jolt emerged from within her; only fueling her further as she leaned in on her main target.

The rubber expanded over the Tower of Purity, spreading wide. "...But even then, you can get exposed to some grody shit! You're preventing babies, but you're not preventing scabies! Or herpes, crabbies, syphilis, chlamydia, or gonorrhea - you're *gonna-rhea-lly* regret that!" She gave a moment for the collective groaning to end. "Sharing ain't caring with STDs, so your best defense is to get tested... and to use old reliable, the condom! Now, these come in many varieties, intended for many parts, so pick carefully..."

And despite the gunfire, the condom's stretchy, absorbent material kept pushing down, swallowing the tall, firm Tower from the top.

By now, Tanukichi had looped around back to the school; where a strange sight caught his attention. Amid the rubble, seemingly untouched by the dirt and unaffected by the dirtiness around, a single silhouette leaned on both knees. Though he didn't get close enough, rushing between authorities, he knew exactly who it was.

"Anna..."

Climax

Anna Nishikonomiya kept leaning over, looking though what used to be a classroom; and was now just crumbling bricks. In the ethereal glow of nighttime buildings, she almost resembled an angel. A powerful angel who flung back overturned chairs, kicking away rubble. "I *KNOW* he was in here before. Mr. Okuma, I can feel his presence... Even when things are dangerously lewd, I feel fine knowing he's been around..."

Beneath a doujin that fluttered off, she spotted something. A rod sticking out. The size and shape perfectly matched - and the scent was unmistakable. This was that tool that Okuma had been carrying before - so close to himself!

Anna instantly lunged for it. In the privacy of the night, she felt it over; and caressed it between her cleavage. "Ohh, Mr. Okuma! This was another gift you were waiting to wrap for me, right? That's why you were trying to hide it from me! I'm sorry, but I love this one so much, I won't let go of it."

She breathed in, touching her chest subconsciously.

**Click*.*

PEW-Pew-pew-peeeeewwfffghtt...

Instantly, tingling sensations spread across her body... Followed by knee-clenching, gut-bursting agony... and bliss. Unadulterated bliss, a sweet embrace over every side of her. It felt like her skin was rippling, bones singing out a song of love, every muscle sequentially tensing and relaxing. Anna fell like a brick; and her imprint in the soil grew.

And grew.

And grew.

She bit her lip, eyes watering. "M... Mister... *Okuma*... This is... The *best present*... A girl could ask for!" Instantly, before even checking for onlookers, the student council president shredded her uniform clean off. She could practically remove it in a single flex, the grey and blue shredding like confetti around her rising body. Only a lacy bra, panties, and her ever-present choker and bracelets remained.

That, and the size device; which whined, crackled, and eventually fully disappeared between the gargantuan breasts that spurted further out each second. "Hah... Even when I've broken his gift... I can still *feel* it..." She caressed herself, enjoying the glow of lights and cool air across her scorching body. "...Like a hundred little Mr. Okumas climbing all over me! Here, and *there*, and down **theere**..."

And still, Anna's silver locks continued to rise into the night sky.

Some of those who remained near the school to protect Anna, soldiers who'd been trying to set up traps for other SOX members, even residents in nearby buildings; they saw her seated, hunched over. A size that could soon rival Blue Snow. The massive, powerful apparition hunched over, suckling on her finger in apparent tension. She suddenly shrieked out, flinging herself back; chest to the sky. As what remained of the school's East and West wings flew up in crumpled chunks from her hulking motions, it almost looked as if she grew wings for a second; the milky white of her skin covered in mist from her bodily heat, and the stones framed in glowing yellow lights amid ruins. As she fell over, those ruins quickly scattered; her powerful arms, meaty thighs, and long calves spread up and down. City blocks fell, replaced with an earthy snow angel that could be seen from orbit. Anna paid no mind to any vehicle, building, or plant in the way of her arms; all that was real in that moment was the sensation of growth tingling through her... and the distant memory of Mr. Okuma's manly smile.

"It feels weird... But since it's a gift from Mr. Okuma, I accept it. *I accept it wholeheartedly!* It's embarrassing to have everyone staring..." She blushed, rocking back and forth, sending tremors across the land every time her butt cheeks or breasts landed down. "But when I focus on *him*, then nothing else matters! I will become as *big* as he wants me to be... I will sing our love from the highest building!"

As her head tilted back, she noticed a familiar figure. Putting something big and rubbery over the Tower of Purity - which her and her mother had championed so hard for. Blue Snow. She had the faintest idea there was some commotion earlier; but now, Anna knew. Her body knew, burning to the very core with passion.

"I need him... I need to *thank* him... Mr. Okuma *must* have given me this power... so that I can better fight... against lewdness. I need to do the right thing for him! If I stop her now... Mr. Okuma will love me even more..."

She clawed up, her clean fingernails ripping through thick building walls.

Rushing in from an observation point, Oboro stood in her path. The long-haired figure remained firm in the wake of shattering masses of highway cascading off heaving curves above. "Miss Anna, you were instructed to not leave these premises. You will be in danger-"

PUNT

Without a moment to react, Anna kicked her own classmate away. The strength in one foot was enough to leave a window with the outline of the prefect smashed in, and the interior room in a mess. "Oh, my leg just moved on its own, Tsukimigusa!" Her hands were on her cheeks. "Don't worry – thanks to this gift, I can look out for myself... And the rest of the people!"

Surrounding dignity squad members tried to stop her, jumping in to replace her; but she swatted them away as if they were nothing. Bodies were flung and landed with wet splats against walls, many writhing in pain. Their screams to stop, or hold back, were ignored. "Anyone who stands between me... and my *love*... Is evil!" Anna first crawled forward, then marched; not even her head able to fit through the narrow streets. She didn't wait for anyone to move, leading to many tanks crushed to wafers, and helicopters crashing into her curves. Nothing could stop her.

Even Tanukichi, still in his disguise, couldn't get her attention. He was backed into a corner by chasing authorities; surrounding him with stun guns. He whimpered, praying for it to be over soon...

*Boom. Boom. **BOOM.***

From above, long legs cut through the sides of the closing skyscrapers like nothing. They left wide holes with dribbling wetness and aroma in their wake. Anna's bare feet just barely missed him; the heavily-armored men buried into the soft ground beneath her stomping soles. Every bit of their defenses had been cracked open like eggshells. Nothing could stop her - a force that turned everything to dust, undeterred, as it stepped towards the center of the city - and the colossus with her hands around its centerpiece.

"A-Ayame... Anna...!?" Tanukichi, feeling smaller than ever in the presence of them both, rushed into The Tower itself – against the fleeing crowds. Alone inside, he gazed at what happened through the windows, unable to control it, the base of the structure shaking...

"...Fair Tokioka, your dicks, your pussies, they're all amazing!" Blue Snow finally, after much foreplay and struggling, fit the condom over the Tower. "Don't let anything get them sick...! *Hyuhrk-*"

Anna's arms held her waist from behind. Her approach had been slow, silent; but the wrestling grab was effective, smashing the slender body directly against the ground. The **SLAM** destroyed massive commercial districts beneath the cloaked chest and belly, white sheets going sooty. Legs locked in place, Ayame could do nothing but squirm and swear; trying to move her arms back. "Anna?! Ow! M-motherfucker!"

"I will *NOT* have insinuations about my dearest mother, you nasty, *nasty* woman!" Anna spun her in circles, dragging a path of agony below. All of the area surrounding the Tower of Dignity was ground to shreds, caked beneath the fleshy orbs unwillingly grinding upon them. Many of the people trying to flee ended up embedded in cleavage. Soon, Ayame rose from the earth; even with her increased weight, Anna had no problems lifting her, and flinging her into the distance.

"*WwaaaAAAUGH!* COOOOOCKS-!" The erotic terrorist that once had Tokioka looking up to her was now flying right over it. She landed face-first into the dock, fishing boats blown back by her breaths. Struggling back up, she stretched out, striking her best fighting pose - hips out, leaning her thighs. "Okay, if you want a fight, SOX is always ready!"

SPLOOSH. Having dashed across the distance between them in no time, Anna's hand instantly landed on Blue Snow's panty-mask. Her enormous arm strength dunked the opponent's head right into the river. The other hand slid into the waters, gently cupping boats in, and splashed them at the blubbering face. "Dirty mouths like yours need to be washed out! Drink up!" Ships became wreckage as they messily splattered into her cheeks and lips.

"*B-bleh!* Tastes like *ass!*" Ayame coughed up, only barely managing to escape the physical torture. She rushed blindly, scurrying through shattered structures. This was worse than Anna had been acting before; was something about the size ray altering her mentality... Or was that just her emotional state after being kept away from Tanukichi that long?

The gargantuan student council president stomped towards her, trampling everything and everyone in her path. "You've been hiding away in the shadows for long enough..."

Boom.

"Like a pesky, dirty bug... A *dung beetle* who lives off others' *droppings*..."

Boom.

"I'm so, *SO* lucky! You made yourself too big to hide..."

BOOM.

"And now there's nowhere to run..."

BOOOOOM.

"...From *justice!*"

The dark-haired titan lifted a hand, trying desperately to hold back the oncoming beatdown. "A-Anna... T-time out!"

Anna smiled delicately, grabbing it. "Exactly... you need a *time out*!" She swung Ayame over on her raised knee, forcing out a "GUH!" as her stomach made impact. Her fingers gingerly peeled back the white cloak surrounding the rebel's anal region. Teasingly dancing it up, she exposed the bulbous, bare peach to the people below, almost as if making sure everyone could have a good look...

THWACK.

"OW! MY CABOOSE!"

Anna slapped it. A red, raw mark remained on the plump surface when she pulled her hand back... Before she gave it another *SMACK*.

"FUCK!"

"The more you swear... The more you get spanked, you naughty thing!"

The spanker maintained almost meditative serenity, her gigantic bare legs completely still over the skyscrapers... While every *SPANK* became a louder, wetter noise, to the point that the reverberations of the jiggling ass echoed through the streets. Ayame's desperate cries, too, grew louder; which only seemed to make Anna hit harder.

"I'm... *ow*, I'm sorry, already! Sh, shit, that burns... N-nooo!"

Ayame's yellow irises shrunk down, her fear not hidden by the panty-mask. In a single deft movement, Anna had uprooted an office building, and wielded it in one arm, like a paddle. "You're *obviously* only sorry you got caught. If you're still using foul language... You need *harsher* measures!" People who'd stuck inside for shelter swayed left and right as the maidenly hand manipulated it, watching the pink, sore mass zoom closer.

It came crashing down. Hundreds of rooms directly onto Ayame's fresh, aching cheeks; with such force that they collapsed into each other, cubicles smashed flatter than paper. Repeated blows left office chairs and wall rubble smushed deep into the anal flesh. People unable to evacuate trickled down the cheeks like water. The hits continued to wail across the night sky, to horrified onlookers.

Hyouka etched down notes from a building top. "Is this really part of docking... body-melding... copulation? Bizarre."

Kosuri had genuine tears, from the relative safety of a small apartment spared of the damage. "No! Ayame can't suffer like this - she's not a sub! We've gotta do something, Otome!"

"I *am*!" Otome was sketching image after image of the scene before them, papers showing the Student Council President triumphantly grappling and punishing the SOX leader. "Kick her *ass*, Anna!"

With one powerful blow, Ayame fell. She panted, dizzied by pain, the world spinning. Once more, she wilted in the Tower of Purity's ominous shadow, on her knees. Anna grabbed her hair, and began peeling the panty-mask off.

"Now, to expose you the city. I'll show Mr. Okuma..." She licked her lips. "...The *disgusting*, foolish

girl behind this shameful disguise..."

Years ago, things were like this. Ayame was on the ground, dizzy, with nobody else to help her, in a world where she didn't fit. Nobody believed her when she said her father was innocent. Anna was the one person to reach a hand to her and help her up. Stabilize her. Put her hair in that beautiful braid. Make her realize what mattered. Start her on her new life. Now, that same innocent girl was reaching down to destroy it all.

Ayame only managed to speak between shallow breaths. "Anna... Whatever happens... I... I really am... grateful... Please believe me..." She couldn't look straight; letting her eyes roll to the earth, seeing a small, blurry shape moving out of the Tower's door...

"Wait!"

Lifting up the wall of pink rubber, Tanukichi crawled out of the Tower of Purity. Completely nude. No disguise, no pants, nothing. His entire body, somewhat slender arms, toned chest, it all dripped with sweat.

Anna dropped everything to stare down at him (her fellow giantess writhing in pain yet still masked). "Mr. Okuma! I'm so glad you can see me... *enjoying* my gift... and using it to apprehend the woman who's been corrupting *our* city!" Her soft lips leaned in, puckering. "Ah, your clothing... It's all gone... Even those cute boxers!"

Tanukichi shivered in the warmth of her tremendous breath, centimeters away. "Yes! I-in fact, Anna, I left my clothes in the building..." He pointed to the condom-dressed structure behind him.

"Wha-?!"

".. After running around and getting all sweaty..."

"Bw- M... Mr... *Oku*..."

"...And releasing my... my *love nectar*, for you... all over the floors!"

"Th-the... *That's*..."

Her grip trembled. "No, that *can't* be. It..." With her shapely nose approaching the structure, sniffing up hurricanes, she shut her eyes. "That's... that's *EXACTLY* the masculine musk of Mr. Okuma, right there...! No... can't *ignore*... The mission... Purity... *Chastity*...!"

Anna panted, her worried look turning to a deranged, lustful grimace. She caressed herself, top to bottom, quaking. Heat from her exertion evaporated into steam. Slowly, she turned red. Hearts formed in her eyes.

"AAAAAAHHHHH!"

Her joyous bellows shook the city. Her hip thrusts shook the entire prefecture. The entirety of her body slammed down with all her force on the Tower of Purity, using it as a dildo. Over 300 meters of floors pushed deep into her blossoming petals. All the energy she used chasing Ayame, all the tension and

frustration she built up, poured out and over into this one hard, steely monument.

The centerpiece of plans for decency, anti-degeneracy, and public morality, now ripped out of its foundations, used as a focus for public masturbation.

From every surrounding area, people crawled from the woodworks. No longer tormented by the danger of breasts, buttocks, or feet falling from the heavens, they quickly got in circles, crowding around this display. Some filming amateur footage, taking pictures with whatever they could, or sketching the display of gushing orgasm after orgasm. Realization dawned over them: none of their scurrying, voyeuristic motions would unglue her legs from the structure. She weakly murmured, in the flashing lights of the crowd: "S...so... confusing... no... this is... *humiliating*, but... it's making me... why is it making me feel... this way?"

Anna pounded it again, and again, and again, the world only barely registering around her.

Ayame, dusting herself off, and re-adjusting her panty-mask, looked down to Tanukichi – and saluted him with a jacking-off motion. "Nice dickstraction!"

"Please *never* call it that again." He grimaced. "I just had to give something to the cause."

Rubbing her sore buttocks, wincing slightly, Ayame stood in shaky triumph. She looked over the confused onlookers, and held a hand out in guidance. "Remember! The only completely guaranteed, totally effective form of contraception is abstinence... just like how you never get cavities if you avoid all sugar. Don't toss your toothbrushes and floss in the trash, and then decide to deepthroat a popsicle! Even if you think you're the purest person on earth, or the loneliest virgin, it can still happen to you. Charging forward without thinking is wrong..." She gave a signal to Tanukichi below – or maybe that was another fig gesture, he couldn't tell with the building rubble crumbling on every end. "Always have a backup plan!"

Shedding the cloak, she put it like a blanket over Anna's tired body; giving her silver hair a small headpat, eliciting a contented moan. The felled opponent was breathing slow and deep, yet her thighs kept clenching, and her vaginal muscles tensed and released in a pulsing, sleepy rhythm. Even in rest, too fatigued to respond to most stimuli, she continued to mindlessly fuck the Tower of Purity.

Tanukichi grabbed onto her ankle, holding in his screams, as they escaped from the searchlights, away from the decency squad, into the mountains.

"You don't know who I am. You don't know where I am." Before vanishing into the night, the last they saw of Blue Snow was a raised middle finger. "And you'll never see me cumming."

Afterglow

It was tough staying underground for that long. But thankfully, the hills had a lot of protection from Onigashira's family. Nobody would discover Ayame until the effects wore off.

In the distance, past construction crews and demolished material, the soaked pink condom and its wrapper still littered the city, a reminder of what had happened. Looking over the buildings being reconstructed, Gouriki clenched his meaty fist. "Darn it, I can't believe those degenerates got away at that size... Oboro, any findings from the forensic analysis?"

Tsukimigusa gave a solemn head shake. "We couldn't make it in time. The uniform pieces are too thoroughly shredded and buried to be of any use. And even if there was a trace that survived the... *flash flood, and earthquake, as all officials are requesting we refer to it...* Mrs. Sophia Nishikinomiya personally ordered every part of that structure demolished. And incinerated. Her exact words were, '*It sent the wrong message to the people and invoked emotions we couldn't anticipate.*' This actually took priority to any and all reconstruction efforts."

Ayame Kajou adjusted her braids. "I trust her judgement. After all, it's her efforts that helped save me, and all the others who were lost in that rampage..." She tapped her replacement skirt. "...Or who lost their clothes."

Tanukichi Okuma rubbed the back of his head. "But I'm pretty sure Blue Snow is going to be more *careful* where she *steps* next time. SOX... their '*dirty jokes*' are starting to suck."

"And when they start sucking," Ayame added, "they don't stop until the end." She gave herself a subtle fist pump.

When the council scattered once more, Kosuri stepped out from behind the girders. "Well well. Even if it's still hard to get our hands on *the goods*, the seed's been planted. That taught 'em a thing or two."

Otome crept in, sketching another picture of Anna at building sizes. "It taught *everyone* a lot. Not only did they learn about protecting themselves... The demand for giantess art flows once more! Somewhere out there, all the size fetish artists of old must be looking over us!"

"Those artists better not be jacking off to us..." Tanukichi muttered.

"What's important is that we can all feel ourselves again. In both senses." Trying to ignore the painful memories represented in the sketches, Ayame nudged him. "Speaking of. Tell me the truth. Who did you choke the chicken to there? Anna? Me? Maybe Gouriki?" Her eyes narrowed. "I would *love* to know how you can beat your meat in the face of death. Or did the danger *turn you on*?"

He shivered in place. "It... It really doesn't matter, but..." He shook his head.

Kosuri poked at him. "Boys can get pretty possessive. Don't you feel weird that the whole city is gawking at your love, while she's all exposed and embarrassed? Or maybe... you're into NTR?"

"I... don't feel cheated or anything." Tanukichi managed. "Ayame, she's... not the kind of person who you can keep a chain on. We're a country of tight spaces. Small rooms. Quiet words. The girl I love... she refuses to be squeezed in. Her natural state is a flood of wetness, an inferno of bodily heat, a whirlwind from the Lust Circle of Hell. I will gladly watch her pull everyone into her chaos. She deserves to scream about cocks to the heavens until the planet echoes. If our world is too small for contain her, well... it just means we'll need to build our world bigger."

Ayame stared at him for a moment; before giggling. "Tanukichi, don't try to make me a hero. This was

a team effort! Your quick thinking, Fuwa's weird science, Kosuri's distractions, Otome's records... even Anna helped in her own way. I might yell dirty jokes the loudest, but you're the one who plants half the ideas in my brain! Where's the fun in lame gags if you're the only one doing it?"

She removed her glasses, leaning in close to him. "Without you guys, I would just be shouting shit into the void for my own sake. Tanukichi, you're the one who takes my selfish ideas, and make them into a movement! You're my best form of protection!"

Tanukichi sighed. "Well, hopefully the day comes when we won't need a movement... And you can be the biggest pervert your heart desires."

Otome looked up. "Heheh, but you're forgetting... Ayame's not the only person with trouble being quiet and fitting in tight spaces."

BOOM. BOOOM.

Twin, circular shadows shifted above, covering the four comparatively-tiny SOX Members and making them shiver. A massive hand with a silvery, ornate bracelet slammed behind them. Anna's massive face smiled in the sky.

"Mr. Okumaaaa~" The sides of nearby buildings rattled and fell to the sound of her voice. "I'm so *very* sorry I broke your gift, and made everyone so embarrassed! I've heard from Fuwa that the effects will wear off pretty soon..." She smiled, and grabbed him; giving nobody else any room for reaction or comment. "So let's take advantage of the time before that happens! So cute at this size~!"

"A-ANNA!" He practically choked as she cuddled the little boy into her cheek.

From a safe spot behind bushes, Hyouka kept taking notes. "All according to plan."

AUTHOR'S NOTES

This should not be taken as real advice, I am not a doctor, and neither is Ayame Kajou. Putting a condom on government buildings does not protect you from STDs, unwanted pregnancy, or privacy violations. If you feel dissatisfied, reach out to a friend, rather than engaging in public masturbation or exhibitionism on your own.

This basically spiraled out of a rejected series of sex jokes I jotted down after bingeing Shimoneta. Ayame's dialogue is really different for me because I'm not used to swearing. But the overlap of passionate political speeches with sex jokes (like Maguro Teikoku's World-Peace-Chan), Haruhi-Suzumiya-manic-pixie vibes, and glasses all speak to my heart and soul.

I really preferred Ayame over Anna during my first viewing of the series, I sort of thought that the jokes around Love Nectar got repetitive. But I binge watched it again, and came to really see Anna as a tragic figure who's constantly defeated by her own naivete, and who genuinely wants to make a better world for her friend Ayame and her crush Okuma. Writing her stuff came a lot easier, and while she was originally intended to have a smaller role, she sorta naturally crept her way into the story, as a ticking time bomb of misplaced affection, and the main rival.

And Okuma himself, well, he's a fairly generic dude as you'd expect from a series like this. But whenever I wrote a joke with Ayame that didn't hit or wanted to balance out her behaviour, he was always there. If Ayame is a mouthpiece for my most idealistic views about sex, Okuma is a mouthpiece for my doubts, restraints, and better judgement. I wanted to make sure he wasn't just a POV character, but had an active role thinking about issues and solving them.

The other "main characters" each got a quick scene, mostly as a "consolation prize" to their fans; since I could only find a little bit of size content with each of them. (Shoutout to AlloyRabbit's picture with Otome, that was a direct inspiration for her scene, along with a manga whose author I don't remember drawing a yaoi fan scribbling across the planet.) Also self-censored like a thousand indulgent fourth wall breaks, before mostly giving them to Otome.

Overall, this is a drive where Ayame/Okuma/Anna wrestle with the steering wheel over a road to nowhere, and the others are in the back seat. It's fun to see them play off each other: while Ayame initially seems to be driven by nothing but sex, she's pretty darn intelligent; while Anna seems to be the most proper and responsible one with the most resources, her primary driver is sex; and Tanukichi is a reasonable dude with reasonable motives, but can end up grossing even those girls out when pushed in a corner.

In fact, this story kinda ended up pretty dialogue-heavy, huh... Fans could probably tell that this is based more on the dub than the sub - I'm bad at English sex jokes, but worse at making Japanese sex jokes and trying to translate them.

The Tower of Purity was named after New York's short-lived Statue of Purity, otherwise known as "Virtue" or "The Defeat of Slander". Something that stood opposed to the Statue of Liberty, judging a really rowdy area, and quickly came crumbling down. The size was a bit ambiguous, but I was inspired by the image of Tomoko Kuroki having sex with the Tokyo SkyTree.

Ayame's first and last lines to the tiny people are, of course, quoting The Mandarin from Iron Man 3.

Anna's growth sequence was meant to evoke both the giant Rei in End of Evangelion, with its disturbing mix of pseudo-Christian and sexual imagery; and La Blue Girl Returns, where some monstergirls spurt colourful moth wings when orgasming.

This story was specifically made to be really angry, public, and dirty, as opposed to the sweet and sappy shrink stuff I wrote earlier. But it's still trying to be comic, and overall celebratory (maybe a bit emboldening or sexy). Funny enough, the next thing I have in the pipe is turning out to be less comedic, shrink-based, and more pessimistic towards size fetishists specifically and perverts as a whole.

POTENTIAL PREVIEW

Near future, Japan. Stringent laws about morality, decency, and sexuality control the populace and censor all forms of expression.

When the erotic terrorist organization, SOX, gets hold of a growth ray, social mores and structures will all collapse as the city is witness to their uniquely lewd teachings. The people may rediscover their love

of weird, bawdy humor and odd fetishes... Or all traces of lewdness could be stomped out forever!

A fanfiction based off Shimoneta: A Boring World Where The Concept of Dirty Jokes Doesn't Exist; starring the hapless Okuma Tanukichi, the visionary Kajou Ayame, and the upright Anna Nishikinomiya, with all of their secrets at risk!