

## Paradise Novels 16

### VIPER CTR ~Asuka~

**Author: P. Warrior**

(\*” P” is often a shortened form of “Performer,” commonly used by musicians professional and amateur to denote their hobby/skill.)

**Illustrator: Edage Katsura**

(\*A funny play on words, meaning “split-hair wig.” )

**Translator: Mai Waifu**

## Characters

### **Asuka**

A straight-laced kendo girl with excellent grades and the looks to match. She used to hate boys, but after meeting the team Captain...

### **The Captain**

Starts dating Asuka after winning a match with her by “pure luck” (?). Quite the egomaniac.

### **Miki**

The Captain's cousin. An outspoken free spirit, though perhaps a bit self-centered. She seems to fool around a lot.

-New Character for Novelization-

### **Shiori Sakagami**

A young woman with a refined air and awe-inspiring strength admired by Asuka in her youth.

### **Takeshi/Mou**

Asuka's classmate. Trains relentlessly for the sake of Asuka, who will only date a man stronger than herself.

### **Osamu**

A man who follows Miki around, persistently trying to make her his own.

## Chapter 1 Asuka Age 16 - Summer

“Please stop following me!”

Yuri would look knowingly at Asuka, trying to soothe her.

“Come on now...”

Classmates, Yuri and Asuka walked down a bustling street after school. And every day the boys would call after her - as if they never got the message. Shallow by nature, after seeing Asuka fume with irritation, a smile would creep over their face as they sauntered off.

Yuri would express a bit of gratitude to the rare boy who showed some consideration.

“Ahh... Asuka is seriously not interested in boys you know... You could never be her boyfriend no matter how hard you try.”

“I’ m just not that interested... You know? Men... They always have these funny ideas.”

“Funny ideas... Well, it’ s only a natural urge, so maybe it’ s not their fault?”

“Ahhh... What am I going to do...?”

Though she should be used to it by now, Yuri didn’ t know how to handle Asuka’ s aversion to men.

Asuka had excellent grades, unparalleled beauty, had achieved 3<sup>rd</sup> rank as a kendoka, and was the only daughter of a foreign diplomat. Her very existence set her apart from the group, and many students longed for her affections.

But nonetheless, she had zero interest in men.

“I wish I was in your place, Asuka...”

Perhaps Asuka could hear Yuri muttering, as she increased her pace and hurriedly walked home.

“I absolutely hate boys!”

## Chapter 2 Asuka Age 8 - Summer

### Part 1

It was the summer Asuka turned 8.

A kendo dojo lay at the foot of the long hilly path she took home. She always looked in to watch them train as she returned from elementary school.

You might say she admired a certain girl there.

Shiori Sakagami, age 18.

A young woman with an air of refinement, who despite her delicate appearance possessed a fighting spirit against which no ordinary man could compete. At least, no one in the dojo had won a match against Shiori.

With their masks equipped it was impossible to tell everyone apart, but as Shiori was the only one wearing a white dogi, young Asuka soon came to know who she was.

Asuka never took her eyes off that white dogi. When Shiori removed her mask, her long black hair seemed to dance as it fanned out, her face glistening in a spray of sweat. Asuka wished she was there with her.

No sooner had she thought it, the wheels were in motion.

Before long, Asuka joined the kendo school and six months had already passed.

Asuka may have been the youngest student in the dojo, but she found joy in even the most intense training. Wearing the mask made her feel bold and strong. And seeing Shiori smile sweetly as she removed her mask made Asuka feel even stronger.

## Part 2

Asuka enjoyed walking through the park with Shiori on her way home from the kendo dojo. It was the only time Shiori could be hers and hers alone, which made Asuka brim with joy.

“Shiori...”

“What is it?”

“Why are you so strong?”

Shiori’s face went blank for a moment, but immediately returned to her usual smile as she answered.

“Hmmm... I wonder? Maybe I’m just really competitive...”

“Really?”

Shiori took a seat on a swing, still gently rocking as if someone had just left it, and looked up at the beautiful starry sky as she spoke.

“When I was about your age Asuka, there was a boy I’d spar with. He’d often torment me - act inappropriately because I was a girl, you know.”

Asuka took a seat on the swing beside Shiori. Though it hadn’t been her intention, the act of getting on the swing had set it in motion. Asuka waited for the movement to naturally subside.

“I knew I didn’t want to lose to him, so I practiced harder than anyone else.”

“Yeah...”

“But the others probably despised me for it. They probably thought his behavior was no big deal.”

Asuka lowered her feet, bringing the swing to an immediate stop.

“No, that’s not true! I think you’re great, Shiori!”

“Hahaha... Thanks.”

Shiori’s face shone with a gentle smile rarely seen in the dojo. Asuka was overcome with delight, knowing that the smile was for her.

“If I practice a lot, too, do you think I could become strong like you?”

“I do. Someone like you could become strong, definitely.”

“Really!?”

“Really.”

Delight came over Asuka’s entire face as she vigorously set the swing in motion again. Shiori gazed at her kindly.

### Part 3

“I can go by myself from here.”

Asuka had walked together with Shiori to the hill a few hundred meters from her house. Though she may have meant to do so earlier, Asuka parted ways with Shiori in front of the long sloping path.

“Alright, see you later, Asuka.”

“OK, bye Shiori!”

“Good night.”

“Goo-d ni-ght!”

Shiori smiled at Asuka, who stood fervently waving, before returning the way she came.

Asuka continued to wave until Shiori was no longer in sight.

Filled with the satisfaction that Shiori had become hers and hers alone, Asuka remained there for a while, reveling in the moment.

“Shiori.”

But someone called out to them, pulling her back to reality.

It was a man she’d never seen before.

“Hey little girl, you friends with this lady here?”

Asuka responded smugly.

“Yeah! I sure am!”

Shiori lived in the opposite direction as Asuka. As she always saw Asuka

home before returning herself, and cutting through the park had become part of their regular route.

Suddenly sensing a shadowy figure, and Shiori stopped in her tracks.

“Who’s there?”

She wasn’t so naive as to believe they weren’t watching her every move.

“Just as I’d expect...”

A group of men emerged from behind the jungle gym.

There were three... no, four of them, though she only recognized one.

“So, what do you want? ...Though I don’t think I’m going to like what you have to say.”

Shori gave the men a stern gaze.

With a mask equipped, it was impossible to know her expression as she sparred, but it probably had the same as the vigilance she showed in this moment.

“Oh, I think you will...”

The boy who seemed familiar approached Shiori, speaking in an intentionally low voice as he paced around her.

“You know, the next competition... If we don’t win we lose our rank. You follow?”

Perhaps he’d meant to speak more indirectly, but anyone would have understood what he was getting at.

“What about it?”

“...Don’t you think ladies should act a bit more ladylike? That scary face of yours - not exactly becoming.”

“Give me a break! Don’t you think men should man up - win fair and square?”

Shiori raised her voice, and the man put his hand on her shoulder as if to calm her down.

“Don’t you think you should listen to what I’m telling you?”

“Don’t touch me!”

No sooner had the words come out of her mouth, she flung his hand away.

“Who would give any credence to what you’re trying to say!”

The boy’s abilities were nothing special. Even facing the four of them at once, with a bamboo sword she knew she’d prove worthy opponent. And no doubt they knew that as well.

But as she thought this, she couldn’t hide her alarm upon seeing one of the men grab her young friend by the arm.

“Asuka!”

Asuka sensed something unusual from the tension in Shiori’s voice. But the very next moment, a man had wrapped his hands around her throat, lifting Asuka up by the neck.

Suddenly overcome with panic, Asuka lost all sense of what was happening.

“Shiori!” She managed to scream out.

“Asuka!”

As Shiori turned to run towards Asuka, the man blocked her way. He grabbed at her chest, violently pulling her down.

“AHHH!!”

Shiori’s blouse ripped open as she was thrown to the ground.

He sidled up beside her menacingly.

“I warned you right? Best listen to what I had to say?”

“You... You think this is any way for men to act!?”

Shiori looked at him with disdain. The man grabbed her hair and pinched her cheeks, forcedly facing her towards him.

“You got a lotta lip you know... for a fucking woman.”

No sooner had he said these words, he forced Shiori’s mouth open, plunging his tongue deep inside.

Shiori resisted furiously, but was held down by the others who started removing her uniform.

“NO! STOP!!”

The man had straddled her by now, and pulled at her cheeks.

“Pipe it down, already! We got a kid here!”

Shiori suddenly remembered Asuka, who sobbed in confusion nearby, and stopped resisting.

“Please... Don’ t let her see this...”

The men exchanged glances.

The one who had been holding Asuka put her down behind a bench, and approached Shiori to join the others.

Ignorant of what was about to transpire, all Asuka could do was cry trembling behind the bench.

Several man’ s hands simultaneously groped Shiori’ s body. Her flesh lay bare as they violently removed her relatively unadorned undergarments. Their tongues crawled disgustingly over Shiori’ s pale skin, which was set aglow by the moonlight.

Though the sensation was repulsive, Shiori withstood it.

“Don’ t make any sudden noises anything... Only a fucking bitch would do that.”

Shiori fought hard to remain as quiet as possible. Hounded by tormenters, she was also right in front of Asuka. She bit her lip continually to withstand the humiliation.

The man lowered his pants, filling the space between Shiori’ s legs with something that stood straight up, as if in a fit of rage.

“AH!”

Though Shiori managed to keep her lips tightly pursed until that point, a cry involuntarily leaked out. Large tears poured down her cheeks.

The man paid her no mind, plunging deep inside Shiori.

“Gmph...! AHHHHH!”

Shiori’ s screams echoed through the park.

The sounds startled Asuka, who cowered down, covering both ears.

“AH! ... Uh... OHH...”

The intense pain felt as if Shiori’s body was being torn apart. She squeezed both fists tightly and clenched her teeth, but with his relentless rhythm she could no longer fight back the piercing screams.

“Well fuck me - bitch here is a virgin.”

“No surprises there, always acting the fucking cunt.”

They pelted her with humiliation and insults throughout the assault. Paying no mind to Shiori or her agony, her attacker vigorously thrust his hips in pursuit of his own carnal pleasure.

“AAHH! Ah... umph...”

Asuka couldn’t understand what was being done to Shiori, only that it was something bad, and that all she could do was cover her ears.

She prayed that it would all be over soon.

In her current state, it was all Asuka was capable of doing.

“Hey, Asuka... You OK?...”

Shiori called out sweetly to Asuka, who was still hunched down, shivering.

She turned around to see Shiori’s gently smiling face.

Shiori’s uniform was disheveled, and a trail of red droplets ran down her inner thigh. Though her smile was a bit more strained than usual, it was more than enough to give Asuka peace of mind.

“Shiori...”

As Asuka wrapped her arms around Shiori, she burst out crying as if a dam had broken.

“Shiori... Shiori...”

“I’m sorry about that...It must have been scary for you...”

As Shiori held Asuka, her shoulders started convulsing involuntarily. She too could no longer hold back the tears.

Shiori didn't show herself at the kendo dojo for quite some time.

But she returned after one week.

Shiori may have acted as though nothing happened, but Asuka sensed a tinge of darkness to her smile. She too suffered from a strange sense of guilt, and the time she spent with Shiori began to feel awkward.

At the time, Asuka may not have known what had happened to Shiori, but the hatred she bore for the men who stole Shiori's smile was etched deep in her heart.

From that time forward, Asuka doubled down on her training and gradually became stronger. At the core of that ambition was a revulsion towards men.

### **Chapter 3 Asuka Age 16 - Spring**

#### Part 1

Asuka was admitted into high school. (\*High school education is not compulsory in Japan.) She selected a school that had a comparatively high-level kendo club for the area and joined.

Even so, Asuka's strength was a step above the rest. She may have been a newcomer, but no one in Kendo Club was a match for her.

Long before she had joined, there were so few members in the girls' Kendo Club that they occasionally held joint training sessions with the boys, but nevertheless Asuka's prowess still stood out. Whenever Asuka sparred with one of the boys, she attacked with such ferocity it was as if she were a different person.

And for that very reason, she caught their eye.

"Would you please go out with me...?"

Such as Takeshi Misato; a student who attended the same school as Asuka.

“I...I’ m only interested in someone stronger than me.”

Asuka’ s reply wasn’ t meant to lead him on.

“In that case... I’ ll have to become stronger! Just wait and see!”

“If you are able to win against me one day... I’ ll think about it.”

It was the absolute minimal concession she’ d give. Asuka may have hated guys, but not people in general. She was only attempting to reject him indirectly and spare his feelings.

Day after day, Takeshi trained with great intensity. He had but one desire - to win a match against Asuka.

But contrary to his hopes, the stronger Takeshi became only further strengthened Asuka’ s resolve to never let a man take her down.\*

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## Chapter 4 Asuka Age 17 - Summer

### Part 1

Asuka had become bored.

No one had proved a worthy opponent at her school’ s Kendo Club. Even Takeshi, the Team Capitan, was far too weak for the challenge. Given the current state of affairs, there was no way for her to improve.

All she could do was continue training alone, which gave her the idea of visiting neighboring schools to issue a challenge. Fortunately or otherwise, there wasn’ t much intermingling among the nearby schools, allowing Asuka to entertain the wild ambition of finding some undiscovered champion.

Then came that fated day.

“Guess I’ ll try here.”

She randomly selected a boys’ school from the neighboring town.

“There’ s bound to be someone talented here.”

At the time, Asuka had no way of knowing this decision would dramatically change the course of her fate.

“Your attention please-----!!”

Asuka bellowed as she opened the doors to this well performing kendo dojo.

“What’ s going on?”

Each and every person there stared blankly in confusion.

Asuka brimmed with excitement.

“The strongest man in here - I challenge you to a match!!”

“Uh... you mean me?”

“Masks-----!!”

The single sound of their shinai clashing was crisp and clear, crushing even the modest expectations of spectating club members. And as they heard it, the team captain’ s body flew back in a fury.

The match was over in an instant.

Not even breaking a sweat, Asuka removed her mask in disappointment.

With the team captain still sprawled on the dojo floor, she began lauding her victory.

“Huh! What was that supposed to be? Talk about pathetic... You call yourself the team captain, but that’ s all you’ ve got?”

“Shu.. Shut up! I’ m just tired today!! Who do you think you are anyway, bursting in here when we’ ve all got better things to do!? We’ ve got a little thing called priorities too, you know!!”

“Oh, my! Do I smell an excuse? Not very manly if you ask me. But, oh well - whatever. I’ ll just be taking this if you don’ t mind.”

Asuka reached up to grab the Kendo Club signboard that hung over the entrance of the dojo.

She knew there was no real point in taking it with her, but it would be quite effective in terms of leaving a mark - a testament to her hard training.

“Whoa, hold on there! What do you think you’ re doing!?”

“Losing to a girl, I’ d say you have no right displaying something as dignified as this. I’ ll take it off your hands for you.”

“What did you say?... Stop fooling around! That signboard is the lifeblood of the kendo club! Think we’ ll let some chick who showed up out of nowhere just walk off with it!?”

“Wouldn’ t you say a kendo club so easily defeated by some chick who showed up out of nowhere has no right calling itself a kendo club in the first place?”

“I...”

He was unable to reply. Of course he couldn’ t. Up until that moment, never before had he been beaten so cleanly and quickly, without even a moment to counter.

“Well... What if I were to give you just one more chance? Think you can pull yourself together in a week?”

Judging by the results of their recent match, there was no point in drawing it out, but showing such grace to her opponent was sure to do more damage to him in the end.

She’ d utterly defeat him, and he’ d be fresh out of excuses.

Asuka was just sure of it.

“Alright, fine! Let’ s do it! Rematch in one week!!”

“Understood. But if I win, this signboard is mine.”

“Huh! Talk about old fashioned. In that case, if I win you’ ve got to do whatever I say!”

“Sure, alright... Like you can actually win.”

Asuka made no pretense speaking down to him.

“You better believe I’ m going to win! You’ re going to be sorry you ever messed with me - once I show you just how powerful I really am!!”

“Haha... Yeah, I can hardly wait.”

The team captain and the rest of the kendo club members had their eyes glued to Asuka as she turned around and left.

Their minds resonated in unison with one thought and one thought alone.  
(What are we going to do...?) \*

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7/20

## Part 2

“Well, there you have it...”

The other members surrounded their captain as he stood in disgrace.

“Captain, what are we going to do? There’s no way you can win against a girl that strong, right?”

“Shut up already! What... what else was I supposed to say!? Some girl waltzes in out of nowhere like that - who in their right mind would openly accept the shame of defeat!?”

“But if you lose again, it’ll only be more humiliating...”

“Yeah, I know...”

Not only that, he knew he was quite likely to bring even more disgrace upon himself.

They looked at the captain in despair.

“What’re we going to do? If the Kendo Club gets disbanded...”

“Shut up already! ‘What kind of idiot would think about losing before the match has even started!!’ - didn’t Antonio Inoki\* say that!?” \*Former Japanese pro wrestler, politician, celebrity.

“Sounds pretty convincing... if Inoki said that.”

“Right...”

The Captain had no choice but to put those words into action.

Thinking on it any further wouldn’t do any good. They tended to rely more on brawn than brain anyway.

“Any, at any rate. Now that it’s come to this, all I can do now is practice and try to win!!”

“Whoa... The Captain is all fired up...”

“You hear! Practice starts now!!”

It may have been a forced show of excitement, but he was still feeling pumped.

### Part 3

“Alright!! Let’s do this!!”

Kendo training always starts with a few counts of practice swings.

“One...!”

“Two...!”

“Three...!”

“Phew... 10 more times huh...”

“Hey, Captain - you ready for some tea?”

“Get outta here! We’ve only just started!!”

“What’s come over the Captain? This isn’t like him at all. He’d usually grab any excuse to take a break.”

“He’s gonna continue his practice swings, completely ignoring the guys passing out tea.”

This may have been the one and only time, but the Captain was finally starting to get a bit serious.

Darkness soon fell, and the lights came on at the kendo dojo.

“Hey, Captain! We’re calling it a day!”

Wiping the sweat from his brow, the Captain saw off the others.

“Whoa... The Captain is breaking a sweat!”

They all looked shocked.

“What? What’s wrong with that?”

“Noting wrong, just very unusual.”

“WTF, guys...”

With a bitter smile, the Captain continued his practice swings. And seeing

that changed their opinion of him, if ever so slightly.

“Alright then, see you later.”

“Yeah, get home safe.”

With that, all other lights in the school were off, but the lights in the kendo hall lingered on.\*

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#### Part 4

Before long, the appointed day was upon them. The Team Captain sat kneeling in the dojo, focusing on the task at hand.

“I’ ve done all I can do to prepare...”

He looked unusually valiant.

“I think...”

Though his confidence was zero.

“And, uh.. Right! My opponent is a girl so... If I just intimidate her a bit...”

His mouth twisted into a menacing smile.

“Whoa! The Captain’ s got some trick up his sleeve!”

The club members knew their Captain’ s disposition all too well.

“I’ ve been waiting for you!”

The Captain had been on the watch for Asuka; his voice rung through the hall.

“My, my - aren’ t we in high spirits today.”

“That’ s right, you’ d be wise recognize that I’ m brimming with confidence.”

“Heheh... Are you saying you’ ve improved a bit?”

“Best not underestimate me!”

Yep, nothing but confidence.

It was clear that the basis for his newfound confidence lie in a certain “trick up his sleeve,” as his teammates called it.

“By the way... I have a proposal for today’ s match...”

“What? You think you can ask me to go easy on you all of a sudden?”

“Heh... Quite the contrary! We want this match to be fair and square... So why don’ t we give it a try without armor!!”

The Captain puffed his chest with all his might.

(Saying this would probably scare her into forfeiting the match... She was a girl after all... And wouldn’ t want to scar her pretty face...)

His face beamed with pride, as if he’ d already won the match.

“Sure thing. Let’ s do this!”

“Huh!?”

This wasn’ t anything like what he’ d envisioned. Large beads of sweat ran down his forehead.

“Don’ t ‘huh!?’ me. This was your idea.”

“Uh, no... I mean... It’ s going to hurt...”

“I guess so. It sure will hurt if you get hit. But since this is a fair and square match, that goes without saying right? Or did you think something like that would make me bow out?”

Asuka wasn’ t the type to fall for such tactics.

That is to say, of course she wasn’ t. Asuka already had proof positive - there was no way an opponent his strength could defeat her.

“Uh, no... But...”

(Now I’ ve done it... Gone and dug my own grave...)

“Now that it’ s settled, let’ s get this over with!” 」

“Uh...”

The Captain had just lost the only “trick up his sleeve,” and was about to run out of options.

## Part 5

“START-!!”

A whistle that signaled the start of the bout echoed through the dojo.

The onlooking club members gazed at their Captain with a look that said

something about him today was different - a sense of anticipation that in turn put even more pressure on the Captain himself.

(What... What am I going to do? Even if I fight fairly...)

The Captain was like a mouse driven into a corner. There was no way he could win with strength alone. No one knew that better than him.

His best bet would be to escape with as little damage as possible. That was the only thought running through the Captain's head.

(What's up with this guy? He's nothing but openings. Did he seriously practice?)

Thinking she'd make quick work of him, Asuka dealt the first strike.

"HAAAAA---!!"

"Whoa!!"

Terrified of Asuka's attack, the Captain fell to his knees - but the tip of his sword had opened up the chest portion of her dougi.

"AHHH!!"

For a split second, everyone got a peek of the sarashi wrapped around her chest.

And from that moment, the crowd's gaze suddenly fixed to that one point.

"Oh, oops... Sorry, sorry about that."

"Fighters, to the center!!"

The club member acting as referee feigned composure as he called out.

Asuka straightened her top as she returned to the starting position.

"That - that was dastardly..."

"Hey, it wasn't on purpose!!"

Asuka should have been accustomed to psychological warfare, but the Captain's inadvertent accident had exposed her bare skin to a sea of onlookers, and unexpectedly left her shaken.

Though Asuka didn't consider the fact that she was a girl to be a weakness, this point that wasn't lost on the Captain.

(This chick is seriously shook up... I may be able to win after all...)

He know it was a technique only one as weak as himself would use, for the sole sake of survival.

But as it was the one and only way to keep standing, there was no way he' d let the chance pass him by.

Asuka took in a long deep breath, trying to regain her composure.

She' s not so weak as to let something like this break her resolve. Or so she kept telling herself.

“HAAAAA--!!”

“Take that!”

“AHHHHH-----!!”

Unlike last time, the Captain now purposefully wielded his sword as to catch the cuff of Asuka' s hakama.

“Whoopsie! Seems my hand slipped!”

“Are these... These cheap tricks all you' re capable of!?”

Asuka' s face turned bright red in her protested.

“Fighters, to the center!!”

(Heheh, now she' s really shook up... Her mind is a wreck, so she' s wide open. At this rate, I may even win...)

The Captain looked like a new man, full of energy.

“HA!!”

Asuka charged forward full force. Her shaken mental state, together with the anger conjured by an opponent that would stoop so low, made her think of nothing else than pummeling him - all higher level reasoning was gone.

“Now!!”

And because of that, the Captain found an opening.

“Forearm!!”

“AAHHH!!”

“Forearm hit. One strike!!” Called out the acting referee, with a twinkle in his eye.

“Did you see that!? That' s what I' m truly capable of!”

The onlooking kendo club members had their doubts as to whether or not this was a show of his true strength, but for the time being they were overjoyed at the victory before them.

## Part 6

Asuka fell to her knees in grief - both at the shock of her loss as well as the weakness of her mental resolve.

“Way to go, Captain!!”

“Talk about true strength! Heheheh...!”

Everyone in the kendo club was ecstatic.

“I admit defeat... No matter what cheap trick you resorted to in the end... It was my fault for leaving an opening.”

Asuka cast her eyes downward as she mumbled.

“Quite a way with words you have there...”

“As promised... I’ ll do as you say... What is it you wanted me to do?”

It was an unwilling defeat, but a promise is a promise. Even if her opponent fought dirty, there was no reason to stoop to his level. Asuka held onto this belief.

“Well, let’ s see here...”

“Captain, Captain!”

The Kendo Club members whispered something into their Captain’ s ear.

Asuka looked on in silence.

She may have felt something like the accused awaiting a judge’ s verdict.

Their deliberations seemingly came to an end, and the club members stepped away.

The Captain gazed at Asuka, slightly clearing his throat.

“Alright. Well, first let’ s have you take off your dougi.”

“What!?!...”

She gazed at the Captain with wide eyes.

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#7

“You promised to do whatever I said, right?”

“Bu... But...”

Her heart was racing.

“What’ s the deal!? We were betting our sign board on this match - you saying you won’ t keep up your end of the bargain!?”

Even if it was an unreasonable demand, as someone who always kept true to her word, Asuka felt the incredible burden of maintaining this pride.

“Al-, alright. Fine!”

Asuka grabbed hold of her dougi, and with much hesitation slowly began to disrobe.

Her experience with “boys” was too shallow to understand that her outward display of shame would only heighten their sense of anticipation.

“Is this... is this enough...?”

Though her chest was wrapped in a sarashi, she still covered her breasts with both hands as she spoke with lowered eyes.

“Well...”

“Way to go, Captain!”

The Kendo Club leered wantonly at Asuka’ s bare skin.

And Asuka’ s face, which glowed deep red in shame only peaked their interest all the more.

“Don’ t just stand there, take off the bottom part, too!”

“What!? No way...”

“Don’ t ‘no way’ me! Take it off!”

“No, no you can’ t be...”

“You saying you want me to take them off for you!?”

The Captain menacingly took one step forward.

“No, absolutely not... You wouldn’ t...”

She shook her head, cowering back.

“So hurry up and do it yourself.”

“OK, fine... Alright...”

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10/12 #8

In the back of her mind, Asuka pictured Shiori from long ago. Of course, she was now old enough to know what really happened.

But even so, she felt that once she had made a promise she was bound to keep her word. It was a line of reasoning borne from none other than her own naïve optimism.

She removed her hakama and was now wearing only undergarments. Asuka sat carefully on the floor to conceal as much of her bare body as possible.

“Alright, now we’re talking!”

“Captain! This is fantastic!”

The mortification brought tears to her eyes. She knew that all the boys had their eyes transfixed on her body.

She fought hard not to be overcome by humiliation, but was unable to hold back the swell of tears any longer.

“You, you’ve gone far enough haven’t you... Please... Forgive me... Making me do this... in front of all these people...”

Seeing Asuka on the verge of tears, the Captain began to feel a tinge of guilt.

Before him was no fierce opponent from a rival school, but a lone little girl quivering in fear.

“What’re you goin’ on about?”

“Take it off - take it all off!”

Compared to the club members who mocked and jeered, the Captain was calm and composed.

He may have even felt a sense of shame at the underhanded nature of his deeds.

Gently smiling, the Captain draped Asuka’s dougi over her shoulders.

“Come on... this has gone far enough. I have no intention of torturing you any further.”

“What?”

Asuka wasn’t the only one who looked on astonishment. Everyone in the Kendo Club wore an expression of surprise as they gazed wide eyed at the Captain.

“You were just running your mouth and not thinking... You had no idea it might come down to this...”

“...”

“So go ahead. Get dressed and go home.”

“Really... Do you mean it?”

Asuka asked misty eyed in disbelief.

“Yeah.”

“Whaaat!? Captain, this was our chance...”

“Hey, put a lid on it! Alright then, on your way. Sorry for embarrassing you like that.”

“OK...”

Asuka covered up with her dougi the best she could, quickly leaving the scene. The Kendo Club stared at her hungrily until she was out of sight, like the one that got away.

(Heh, am I a cool guy or what...)

The Captain was beside himself at the thought of his own valor.

## Part 7

Asuka returned to her room half running.

Bursting in out of breath, for the moment she felt at peace.

She became aware of the cicadas humming outside.

Perhaps it was because she'd run back in the blazing mid-summer heat? Her sweat drenched blouse felt chill. Rushing to rinse off in the shower, she then lay face down in bed, the same pale pink color as her sheets.

Pressing her face into the pillow, she went over everything that had just happened.

In Asuka's mind, men were something to be despised.

Nothing but a foul and repulsive existence.

And yet, the tiny bit of kindness shown by the Captain in that moment made Asuka feel something rather big.

She was unable to silence her wildly racing heart.

It was the first time Asuka ever felt awareness of the so-called “other sex.”

Buried in the pillow, her face burned bright red.

Her heart beat faster and faster.

Just thinking about the Captain, she was unable to sit still.

Asuka had to confirm what set her heart astir no matter what, and decided to confront the Captain on his way home.

#### Part 8

A throng of students poured out the front gates, as bell signaling the end of the day echoed.

The Kendo Club had a “meeting” - that is, they’d hang out until sunset in the dojo as usual.

“Well, we finally know the club will live on. What a relief. Now we can just practice as usual and... Well, we never practiced much anyway I guess.”

Everyone in the club was still reeling about the Captain’s victory over Asuka, so their conversations all had a similar tone.

“But seriously, the Captain practiced a whole lot this past week... Of course I was all in, too... What should we do from here? Don’t have anything particular in mind, but people gotta try you know... Or so they say I guess, but wow it sure got dark out there fast... Let’s go home.”

The Captain raised his arms, clapping loudly over his head twice.

That was the signal for everyone to start cleaning up.

The sun had sunken quite low; the Captain hurried home.

“Cutting through this park is faster after all...”

The Captain always passed through the park on his way home.

“Huh? Someone’s looking this way. What’s she doing here...!?”

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11/16 #9

The Captain noticed Asuka gazing at him from the shadow of a tree.

“That chick... I bet she’s here to ask for a rematch... No way I’m gonna let that happen. Because if there is a next time, I’m guaranteed to lose... Best quit while I’m ahead, right!”

Asuka sensed that the Captain had noticed her, and began walking towards him with resolve.

Reflexively, the Captain took a defensive stance.

“Wha...What do you want...?”

She was wearing a light pink blouse.

Drawing her hand towards her mouth she looked away, slightly curving her back. Everything about her behavior was enough to believe the overbearing woman he’d known up until that morning was a completely different person.

Asuka fidgeted restlessly as she spoke.

“I, uh... I... wanted to thank you... for what you did...”

No matter how she tried, her face blushed and eyes grew watery.

This statement caught the Captain completely off guard. Though it was anticlimactic on the one hand, he was unable to mute his surprised reaction.

“What? Uh... Uh... Well... Yeah, don’t mention it...”

“...”

Neither one of them knew what to say next. An awkward moment of silence passed.

“Is... is that the whole reason you were waiting here for me?”

“Um, yes... Some people from the school said you always come this way so...”

“Oh... Um, ok...”

“...”

Their conversation once again ground to a halt.

“Well then, catch you later...”

The Captain couldn’t stand being there any longer, and tried to part ways.

“Um, wait...”

“What? You have something else to say?”

“What?”

Asuka knew if she let this chance slip, they may never meet again.

She felt controlled by that strange sense of urgency.

“You know... before... I was... Since I was in front of everyone...”

“Huh?”

Asuka fidgeted bashfully, mustering all the courage she could just to squeeze out those words.

“Yeah?... So what about it...?”

Presented with this unexpected turn of events, the Captain began to get nervous.

“I, I... I’ ve been doing kendo and whatnot for so long... That I always put on a tough front... In front of guys... Though it may not be very becoming...”

“Wh, No... I wouldn’ t say that... at all...”

He definitely thought her act wasn’ t very becoming last week, but this creature in front of him now was so lovely he had a hard time keeping his hands to himself.

“Really?”

“Uh, yeah... I, I think you’ re cute.”

“Well... in that case... umm...”

“Wh-What?”

Perhaps in an attempt to steady herself, but Asuka took a deep breath and looked the Captain in the eye.

“Are you... dating anyone right now?...”

“Uh?... Uh, no... Not really...”

“So... So... Would you... go out... with me?”

Caught completely off guard at these turn of events, the Captain became nervous as well.

“Huh?... Wh-why?... Why me?...”

“Why? Well... Because I’ ve completely fallen for you of course... Not like I can help it...”

“Are, are you serious?...”

“Is that a no?...”

“What!? N-no... I’ m not saying no... Not to that...”

“Really?”

“R...Really.”

Asuka’ s face suddenly perked up.

“Thank you...”

“I... I uh...”

Very unlike himself, the Captain turned bright red and for no particular reason began scratching his head.

“In that case... Whatever you do... I give myself to you...”

“Huh?... G-give yourself to me...?”

Asuka closed her eyes and puckered her lips.

Maybe it because was hated guys, but for better or worse Asuka had heard all kinds of things from Yuri. She had more knowledge than she’ d ever need about what boys were after.

“...”

“Uh?... Wait... What are you...?”

(So, is she trying to say kiss me or something... I, I guess so...)

(B-but, out of the blue like this... well, guess I’ ll just go with it.)

All sorts of things were running through his head, but it was clear there was only one thing to do.

The Captain looked all around to make sure no one was watching, then moved to plant a kiss on Asuka’ s lips.

(So... So this is what a girl’ s lips are like... so soft... and slightly sweet - or am I just imagining things...)

Asuka was still swooning over her first taste of this sweet pleasure. Unknown until now, she wanted to delve further into this whole new world, and

wrapper her arms around his shoulders.

(Whoa... She's wrapped her arms around me...)

The Captain was still experiencing everything with a delayed reaction. After all, to think he'd be kissing the girl that he'd viewed as a rival up until this morning - no one would have ever imagined it.

(Come to think of it... She said she was giving herself to me... Should I give it a try... I-is it really ok... Alright... I'mma push her down!)

The Captain grabbed Asuka by the waist, and pressing himself into her upper body pushed her down into the grass. They landed with a light thud.

"Oh... Sorry... Did that hurt?"

"No... I'm fine...."

"..."

"....."

Asuka gazed at the Captain with moist eyes.

In the pale blue light of the park's mercury lamps, he could see that she was blushing.

(This is bad... real bad... I've gotta say something...)

As the Captain lost all sense of time in panic, Asuka was the first to speak.

"You know..."

"What?"

"I wouldn't just let anyone do this sort of thing to me..."

"Uh... Yeah... I, I know."

"Come, hold me closer..."

"Uh... O... OK..."

It seemed Asuka had taken the lead.

Slowly unbuttoning her pink blouse, her pure white bra gave off an air of innocence.

"Hey... Would you show me your breasts?"

"Yes... I would..."

The Captain reached to unfasten the hook in the back, but couldn't quite

get it. As he panicked, Asuka guided his hand with hers.

Unfastening the hook and lifting up her bra, her smooth firm breasts were exposed.

“Asuka-chan, they’re beautiful... I couldn’t tell when you were wearing your dougi, but you’re your breasts are quite large... Can... Can I touch them?”

“Yes...”

Asuka bashfully turned her face as she nodded.

Grasping the fullest part of each breast with both hands, he began massaging them in a circular motion.

“They’re so soft...”

“Ah.. Oh! That’s a bit too rough...”

“Oh.. S-sorry...”

He drew his hands back with a start.

But then started stroking them softly.

“Ahh...”

A sweet sound escaped from Asuka’s lips.

“Does that feel good?”

Asuka nodded deeply.

Giving the Captain a sense of reassurance, he started rolling around her nipples.

“Oh!...”

The swell of excitement increased her sensitivity, making her reactions all the more intense. Lovingly caressing her breasts, he removed her skirt to find matching pure white panties fitted tightly to her body. Using his fingers to stroke the mound of flesh that swelled therein, Asuka once again let out a piteous cry.

“N-...”

She softly pushed the Captain’s right hand away, ever so slightly attempting to resist.

“Asuka-chan, show me this, too...”

“No... It’s too embarrassing, please don’t stare long...”

The Captain removed every stitch of Asuka’s clothing, then took off his own clothes.

Asuka shivered slightly, leaning in as to beg for another kiss as she whispered, sounding helpless.

“I... I’m sorry but... As this is my first time.....”

“It’s my first time, too.”

“No... It can’t be... You’re acting so calm...”

“Well... Everything happened so quickly and all... This doesn’t even seem real...”

The Captain was speaking from the heart.

He thought he’d go home and watch TV or something, but somehow or another one thing led to the next, and now Asuka lay naked before him. It was a situation he never could have possibly imagined.

“Well, since it’s your first time and all, we’ve got to make sure you’re nice and wet... I’m going to lick you, so raise up your hips.”

“What... No... that’s... too embarrassing...”

Asuka looked surprised.

“If we don’t get you wet enough, it’s just going to hurt.”

“Uh... I don’t know...”

Spreading Asuka’s legs, the tip of his tongue crept over a soft bud glistening in moisture, surrounded by a soft growth of brush.

“Ahhh... N... No... No you can’t...”

(This how you’re supposed to do it... I’ve seen it on tape and all but... Whoa look how wide she’s spreading...)

Opening up the beautiful pink bud with his fingers, his tongue made a soft sticky sound as he licked deep within.

“No.... Don’t... Don’t make so much noise... It’s embarrassing...”

“Huh? But... You’re getting moist all by yourself now.”

Realizing that her shyness turned him on, she purposefully tried to tone it up.

“I can’ t be...”

After making sure that she was nice and wet, the Captain dropped his pants.

“So... Would you do this for me, too?”

“Huh?...”

He showed Asuka how hard he’ d become.

“.....”

Perhaps it was the first time Asuka had seen that part of a man. For quite some time, she gazed in disbelief. Maybe it wasn’ t what she’ d expected. She looked away.

“Lick me, too.”

“Wh-what are you...”

Asuka recoiled slightly. After all, she thought that doing anything like that would be terribly mortifying.

“Don’ t worry, it’ s something everyone does.”

“Are... Are you sure?”

“Yes, I’ m sure... It’ s something people usually do.”

“Well... In that case...”

Something everyone does. Those words gave her a strange sense of reassurance.

Terribly frightened, Asuka put the Captain’ s member into her mouth.

“Unn... Mphff...”

“Ahh... Yes... Like that, back and forth...”

“Unn... Mphff...”

Asuka moved just like the Captain said.

It was rather difficult to breathe, but seeing how good it made the Captain feel she kept going.

“Yes... That’ s it, Asuka-chan... Use your tongue, too.”

“Unn... Mphff...Unn...nn...”

She had no idea what using her tongue could possibly mean, but did the best she could to try and do as he asked.

“Mphff... Unn...”

“Ahh... That feels so good, Asuka... You’ d... You’ d better stop.”

“Unn... Mphff...”

The way Asuka’ s mouth glistened as she pulled back was strangely erotic.

The Captain lay Asuka on his shirt, which he’ d spread out, then lay on top of her.

“Al... Alright then, I’ m going in.”

“OK...”

“Just try to relax... It may hurt just a bit.....”

The Captain positioned himself, holding Asuka closely to him with both of his arms wrapped around her shoulders, then slowly began to penetrate inwards.

“Unn... Mphff... Ou, Ouch...”

“Are you OK?”

“Yes, I’ m OK... I can take it...”

The sight of her enduring the discomfort was irresistibly sweet.

Which in turn made the Captain even hornier.

“In that case...”

The Captain thrust his hips even further, penetrating Asuka about halfway.

“AH, AHHH... That hurts!”

He felt as if he had hit up against something inside her. But as for whether or not it was “because she was a virgin” he had no idea.

“AH... AHHH... Owww...”

Once the Captain had fully penetrated Asuka, she no longer looked as if she were enduring the pain, but more like she was enveloped in ecstasy.

“You OK?”

“Yes... I can bear it...”

“In that case... I’ ll start moving...”

“AHH... Ah... Ah...”

Asuka involuntarily cried out in tandem with his slow movement.

“Huhh... Huhh... A-Asuka-chan...”

Gouging away at her freshly made wound. If he were to think about it that way, it may have given him pause, but men are slaves to gratification when it's just within reach.

“Unn... Pff...”

Asuka was trying to retain composure as best she could.

“Asuka-chan... Why don't you... Get on top... Try it for yourself...”

Still one with Asuka, the Captain pulled her close and rolled, putting himself on the bottom.

“Ah.. Ahh..”

“What do you think, Asuka-chan?”

“Yes... I want to try it this way...”

He was encouraging Asuka to move more. “What do you think?”

“Ah... It, it still hurts but... I feel something strange...”

“You can just move however you like.”

“Ah... Ahh... Unn... Ah... Ahh...”

Asuka slowly moved her hips up and down.

“Ahh... Asuka-chan... Asuka-chan you feel so warm... inside... I... I can't...”

“Ah... Pff... Un... Ahh..”

“I... I'm gonna cum.”

“Ah... Oh... N... Ohh...”

“A-Asuka-chan...!”

He ejaculated into Asuka in bursts.

They continued to hold each other like that for some time.

A single tear shed from Asuka's eye.

As for whether or not it was from the pain, Asuka herself didn't know.

They promised to meet each other again, and parted ways for the day.  
Asuka took the same way home as always.  
But Asuka was no longer the same as she'd been up until yesterday.  
The pain still lingered as she walked.  
But it felt as if a great burden had been lifted from her mind.

The happenings of the town went on as they always had.

"Hey, come on! Want to go do something fun?"

"Well, sure - but only if you're paying!"

"OK, OK - it's on me. Whatever you want."

The town was superficial, shallow.

Men and women had superficial conversations as they did superficial things.

But even as Asuka watched this play out, she strangely no longer felt the discomfort that had plagued her up until the day before.

## Chapter 5 - Miki

### Part 1

It had been three months since the Captain and Asuka started going out.

Considering how much Asuka had hated men, it was as if she were a completely different person - considering the way she innocently frolicked about, doting on the Captain.

"Hey, hey - let's ride that!"

There was a large amusement park in the middle of the town. And somewhere right in the middle of that was a large Ferris wheel.

"Uhh, not for me thanks. You can ride it though."

"What? No! It's boring to ride all alone. I want you to come with me!"

"Guess I have no choice then..."

Whenever Asuka acted like a spoiled child, the Captain would take it in

stride as if he were her father.

“Wow! This is so cool. Everything looks so tiny from up here!”

The Captain pointed a video camera, which he'd purchased especially for the day, at Asuka as she innocently made merry.

“Are you recording?”

“Sure am. Why don't you try doing something?”

Asuka faced the camera and threw out a V-sign.

“V!!”

This young woman who knew nothing other than kendo tried her best to act mischievous.

“Hey - come on... Don't do something so normal - boring!”

“Why not? I'm just a normal person after all.”

Hearing someone call her normal made Asuka very happy.

Like she'd finally been released from the strenuous life she'd lived thus far.

“But... Is it really fun riding a Ferris wheel like this?”

“Yes.”

“If it were a roller coaster or something I'd understand, but all this does is take you up high.”

“I'm not saying I like heights, you know. It's fun because we're together!”

Asuka leaped forward, wrapping her arms around him.

“Hey, watch it! Just stay where you are! I don't wanna lose my balance!!”

The Ferris wheel car creaked as it shook.

Asuka paid his complaints no mind, grinning mischievously.

Seeing her like that, the Captain smiled in dismay.

(To think he came off as such an arrogant jerk the first time we met...  
But to see him now...)

## Part 2

The sky glowed a brilliant red, and the crowds were growing thin. They could see the Ferris wheel far off in the distance as they walked, but the lighthearted atmosphere of the amusement park was no more.

“That was fun, wasn’ t it!”

Asuka shot a smile at the Captain.

“Guess it was fun going there with you.”

“Didn’ t you say that was your first time going to an amusement park since your father took you as a little kid?”

“Well, it’ s not like I had any reason to go or anything.”

“Let’ s go to a movie next time - what do you say? One playing in Kichijoji.”

“Well, alright but... If it’ s one you chose, I’ m guessing it’ s another love story?”

“You guessed right. So let’ s go next Saturday, OK?”

Just a casual conversation between lovers.

There was nothing that could bring Asuka greater happiness.

Asuka wrapped her arm around the Captain’ s, staring at him sweetly.

“You know what?”

“What?”

“I love you.”

“Why are you saying that all of a sudden!?”

They had this kind of exchange all the time, as Asuka was one to display her affections in a straightforward fashion. Perhaps she could be so naïvely honest as she had no past romantic experience.

“Well, it’ s just... I was thinking about how happy I am... When I did nothing but practice kendo, I never imagined anything like this.”

The Captain gave her arm a tight squeeze.

“I’ m so happy we met...”

“Hey, come on - no need to overdo it.”

“So... Do you love me?”

She peered into his face, as if to confirm whether he loved her or not. The Captain wasn’ t playing along.

“What are you trying to do now? ...That’ s not the sort of thing you go around asking people.”

“But you’ re always trying to evade the question like that...”

Asuka spoke sharply, and tried to act like she were sulking.

“Huh?”

A loud purple sign caught the Captain’ s eye and he abruptly stopped.

**\*REST - ¥6,000 -**

(\*This is a “love hotel” - a place for people to have intimate space when other options are limited to none. Though some outlandishly themed venues do exist, most are like regular hotels with a few added features for privacy and discretion (i.e. an entrance away from the street, completely automated check-in, payment via vacuum tube, etc.) and a bit nicer amenities. There are both hourly and nightly pricing schemes. The “rest” pricing rate is generally for a few hours.)

Asuka turned to see what had caught the Captain’ s eye.

They both blushed slightly upon noticing where they’ d stopped, experiencing an awkward moment.

“Want to... Take a little break?...”

### Part 3

As it was her first time going into a place like that, Asuka stiffened up with apprehension, hurriedly looking left, right, up, and down - all around in a panic.

“What are those googly eyes all about?”

“So this is what they’ re like... it’ s pretty fancy isn’ t it? I thought they’ d look more shady.”

“What d’ ya mean more shady?”

The Captain smiled slightly, sitting on the bed.

“I mean... It’ s nicer than your average business hotel.”

Full of excitement and wonder, her eyes sparkled like a child who had just received a new toy.

Seeing Asuka like that, the Captain felt as if he’ d fallen for her all over again.

“Alright, where to put our stuff... Guess this’ ll do.”

He put his bag on the sideboard and called out to Asuka.

“Asuka, come over here.”

“OK.”

Asuka lay her purse down by the mirror, moving toward the bed.

Removing her hair band, Asuka’ s long hair bounced as it unfurled, fanning out.

She timidly sat next to the Captain on the bed, leaning onto his shoulder.

The Captain pulled her in closer, kissing her softly, then slowly laying her down onto the bed.

Their lips parted for a moment, and this time their tongues emerged first - intertwining together, feeling each other out.

“Hey...”

Asuka whispered, laying beneath the Captain.

“Today... Will be our tenth time, you know, to... do this.”

“That so?”

“Yes, it is. And to commemorate our tenth time, this is our first experience going into a hotel.”

It’ s often said that girls have a thing for anniversaries, but it was actually the Captain who had been carefully keeping track.

While Asuka had come to feel more and more excited about sex, the Captain

on the other hand had more or less returned to reality.

With sober eyes, the Captain looked over to where he' d set the video camera.

An idea flashed through his head. He reached out to switch it on.

(To commemorate our tenth time, of course...)

Completely overcome by his loving caress and thoughts of their "10<sup>th</sup> Anniversary," Asuka didn' t notice at all.

Stroking her thigh, he lifted up the skirt of her dress, finding a pair light blue colored panties that captivated his imagination.

"What? You always had these panties?"

"I bought them recently. You don' t like them...?"

"I do. They' re cute."

Stripping off her dress, he lightly grabbed her breasts, massaging them through her bra. Or so he thought, in no time he was roughly squeezing with abandon.

"Ahh... Ohh....."

Asuka let out a muted cry.

Living in the big city, you have to be conscious of your neighbors, but in a "specialized" place such as this, there' s no need for such concern.

"You can make as much noise as you want here. Places like this are soundproofed."

"OK..."

Taking off her bra, he started rolling his tongue over her beautiful pink nipples.

"Ahh... Ahh... Ohh..."

Asuka' s voice became louder, just as her new panties began to show a good amount of moisture.

He took off her light blue panties, and gazed as if he where peeking into Asuka' s still nearly virgin secret spot, which was hidden in a thin covering of hair.

“Stop it... Stop staring like that.....”

Even though they’ d embraced many times, she still felt some shyness. Perhaps even more so on a day like today, when they were trying something new.

As he traced around the edge of her genitalia with his tongue, Asuka’ s breathing grew heavier and vocalizations louder.

Her voice was soft and sweet, totally unthinkable from the bold and intimidating stance she took in the kendo dojo, as if she were a completely different girl. A highly emotional person, Asuka was immediately ready for penetration.

And perhaps it was because they’ d come to this “specialized” place, the Captain was also feeling a bit more openminded - that is, more adventurous than usual.

“Hey, Asuka... Wanna go raw?”

“Huh? No, no - you’ ve got to put one on... We’ d be in big trouble if I got pregnant.....”

“Well... yeah, guess you’ re right.”

He was pretty excited when he suggested it, but realized she had a point. They hadn’ t paid it much mind the first time, but thinking back on it now they knew it was reckless.

Picking out one of the two items that lay in a small basket beside the bed, he rolled it on himself.

“Well... Asuka.....”

Asuka lifted her hips just slightly to receive him.

“Oh, ah... Ahh...”

The moment of entry is a critical time for ladies.

Asuka felt it ripple through her entire body.

“Ah... Ah... Ahh.....”

Asuka preferred slow movements where she could feel each thrust as opposed to fierce pounding. Despite her lack of experience, this much she knew.

The creaking of the bed carved out a steady rhythm. In the few seconds of

silence between songs that played on the stereo, the creaking rang in their ears.

“Ahh... Ah..... Ahh..”

Slowly moving his lower body, he felt her breasts with both hands.

Asuka seemed to like it when he rolled her nipple in circles with his middle finger.

“Asuka... turn this way.”

The Captain encouraged Asuka to turn around.

“OK..”

She flopped over face down, spreading her legs for the Captain plunge forward.

“Asuka, lift your butt a bit more. I can’ t get it in.”

“OK..”

She raised her hips a bit, so that her butt was sticking straight up.

To be honest, Asuka didn’ t really like this position. Though she could feel him penetrate deeper, it was a more tacit connection and left her feeling a bit lonely.

“Ah... Ah.. Ahh... Ahh...”

The Captain began furiously thrusting his hips.

“Ah... Ahh... Ah...”

As he did, Asuka’ s cries became even louder, and the sound of their flesh colliding echoed through the room.

“Oh... Ahh... Ah...”

“Asuka... Can I... finish?”

As the Captain said that, Asuka held out her right hand, indicating for him to stop.

“Uh... No... Not in this position...”

Asuka flipped her body over and spread her legs wide in invitation.

“This way is better...”

The Captain entered her again, moving in short strokes but with extra hip

work to give the feeling of extra movement.

“Ah... Ah... Ah...”

Perhaps Asuka could feel it. Her eyebrows drew closer forming a crease, and she soon began tossing her head furiously.

“I’ m not going to be able to hold back much longer...”

“Oh... OK... Ahh.. Ah..”

The Captain’ s movements became more furious.

“Ah... Ahh.. Ah...”

Asuka’ s cries, which responded in concert, grew even louder, serving to entice the Captain even more.

“Ah... Ahh... Ah...”

“A-Asuka... I’ m going to cum...”

“Ah, ah... Hold my hands...”

Squeezing both of Asuka’ s hands in his, their bodies pressed tightly together, his hips pumped furiously.

“Asuka... Ahh!”

“Ah!... Ahh!... Ah... Ohh!...”

Asuka’ s body began twitching in ecstasy, as they both continued to gasp for breath erratically.

They heard the music playing in the room clearly for the first time.

“Ahh... Ahh... Ahh...”

They each took in deep breaths, chests heaving. For a while, Asuka relished the comfort of laying beneath the Captain, wrapping her arms around him.

Once they’ d caught their breath, the Captain kissed Asuka softly and pulled out.

They lay about listlessly for some time.

All of a sudden, Asuka jumped up.

“WHAAAT!! The camera is recording!”

Asuka screamed with particular fervor.

She quickly covered the lens so that it couldn't record any more. Frantically trying to turn it off, she looked strangely cute. The Captain laughed.

"You're awful, recording something like that."

Her face turned a bright red, grabbing on to an oversized pillow and holding it close to try and cover her body.

"It's no big deal - just a commemoration. I'm the only one that will ever use it anyway."

"No, it's too humiliating."

"Why you going on about humiliation all of a sudden? I'm the only one that will ever use it. No shame in that."

"What do you mean 'use' it?"

"You really need to ask? To jerk off."

"Wh-what are you talking about?"

Asuka's face turned bright red all over again. No matter how many times she had sex, she still feigned an ignorance about that part of male physiology.

She knew what he meant.

"Come on, it's no big deal. You know I get lonely when you're not around."

"I guess... I guess there's nothing I can do about it... But you absolutely cannot show it to anyone else."

"Of course - like I'd show that to anyone else anyway. Your naked body is my exclusive right."

"I mean it. No one else!"

"I promise already."

Looking at the clock, more time had elapsed than they thought.

"We'll have to leave pretty soon... Or we'll be going over. Hurry up and get dressed."

"Right."

## Part 4

It was already quite dark outside.

As they left the hotel, they looked quickly around in all directions, to avoid accidentally running into someone they knew. Hastily making their exit, they walked at a slightly brisk pace.

On the way home, they continued discussing the conundrum from before.

“I mean it, you can’t show anyone. Not anyone.”

“I heard you already, I don’t want to show them anyway. You saying you can’t trust me?”

“You know that’s not what this is about.”

The Captain lived in an inexpensive apartment. It’s not like his parents had abandoned him, but to foster his sense of independence they sent him an allowance and had him live alone.

“Don’t you worry.”

As the Captain climbed up the creaking stair, he tried to change the subject.

“All things aside... Are you tired?”

“Yes, the rest we took made me even more tired than before.”

“Haha... I guess so. Wanna come in for a bit?”

Just as he unlocked the door and went to go in, an unbelievable spectacle lay before his eyes.

“!?”

“Oh, hey. Welcome back.”

For a moment, Asuka couldn’t understand at all what she was seeing.

A girl stood there half naked as if she’d just taken a shower, and walked right up to the guy standing next to her like it was nothing.

“Mi-Miki... What are you doing here?”

Timewise, perhaps only one or two seconds had elapsed, but in that interval

so many different things ran through Asuka's head - like a movie on fast forward.

Calmly discerning what this scene was all about did not cross her mind. On the other hand, perhaps she'd already drawn a foregone conclusion, and therefore refused to see things for what they were.

Tears poured from her eyes.

Her body moved before she could say any words.

She slapped the Captain's right cheek with all her might, and ran off shaking with her fists clenched.

"He-Hey, wait! You've got it all wrong!"

## Part 5

The ticking of the clock carved out each second as the air hung heavy around them.

Closing up the short zipper on her jeans, the young woman sat on the bed.

"So there you have it... She's my cousin, Miki."

"N-nice to meet you, I'm Asuka."

Asuka's face turned a deep crimson as she slightly bowed her head in respect.

Miki, on the other hand, payed no mind to the fact that this was their first formal introduction and refused to put on any front.

"Heya! Thanks for looking after this guy."

"By this guy you mean me?"

"What else could I mean?"

Asuka stroked the Captain's poor cheek, which she had hit with all her might.

"Sorry about that..."

"Nah, it's alright but..."

"I understand where you're coming from, seeing something like that out of the blue!"

It seemed as though Miki thought it wasn't her fault in the least.

“If I’ d known you were bringing your girlfriend over, I’ d have made myself more presentable.”

“Maybe so, but what made you show up all of a sudden?”

“Hey, now - ever since you got this place you said I could stay whenever I wanted. You even gave me a copy of the key to come and go as I please.”

“No, I don’ t mind that, but...”

She has a copy of his key.

Asuka felt just a bit of jealousy towards that.

“I never thought you’ d have such a cute girlfriend and all... Hey, Asuka-chan?”

“Yes?”

Asuka looked at Miki inquisitively.

“You slept with this guy already?”

“What!?”

Asuka immediately turned the deepest red she’ d ever been, looking downward as if she were trying to shrink out of existence.

“Shut... shut up! What the hell are you saying!”

The Captain’ s face reddened as well, seeming bashful in front of Miki.

“Come on, it just seemed like something I should probably ask.”

“Why, why would you...”

Asuka, who never in her wildest dreams imagined that a person she’ d just met would ask a question like that, fidgeted nervously unsure of what she should say.

“Ah-ha... I know, I know. You’ ve done more than a few times already.”

The Captain looked alarmed.

“Wh-what makes you say that?”

Asuka flew into a panic.

Miki slowly crossed her legs, giving them both a sidelong glare.

“Cause if you weren’ t you’ d just say no, right? You were trying to fool me by not denying it.”

“...”

Asuka couldn't get any words to come out. It was true. Exactly as Miki had said.

It was her first time ever to have an exchange like this.

“Right, right - and since you both came to the apartment, that means you were about to do it again. Well don't worry, I'll go off somewhere OK.”

“You, you idiot - what the hell are you saying. It's fine, we already...”

The Captain was only trying to hide his embarrassment, but his words had the reverse effect.

“Already? What, you saying you just did it?”

“Ah...”

With a bright red face, Asuka turned away.

“Idiot...”

## Part 6

The path followed along a stream, and was surrounded with lush greenery. They talked about that fated moment when his cousin had unexpectedly appeared.

“Sorry about that, making you hang out with her all of a sudden...”

The Captain looked troubled.

“It's nothing... Though I was a bit surprised.”

“I was the one who was surprised. You hit me out of nowhere.”

“Sorry about that.”

Asuka hung her head slightly, grimacing.

“Well - guess I'd expect nothing less. Opening the door and suddenly seeing something like that.”

“I'm glad it was just a misunderstanding.”

“Do I look like the kind of guy to do something like that? You don't trust me at all.”

“It’ s not that I don’ t trust you... But you never told me anything about your cousin either, did you?”

“You have a point... But I never imagined anything like that would happen you know. And it’ s not like I should go listing each and every one of my relatives either.”

“Well, you have a point but... How should I put this... I think there are still many things that we don’ t know... about each other.”

Asuka looked just the slightest bit forlorn.

“Hey... Don’ t tell me... you’ re angry?”

“No, I’ m not angry. Why?”

“Well... It’ s just, Miki went on and on saying a bunch of stupid stuff and all.”

The Captain was already accustomed to the way Miki talked, so it didn’ t bother him, and he wondered if a girl like Asuka was used to tough talk as well.

“Haha... I guess it was something of culture shock.”

“She’ s a weirdo.”

“Really? Maybe I’ m the weirdo. All I’ ve ever known is kendo... I’ m not even into clothes or fashion really... And I’ m not sexy like Miki-chan...”

Perhaps falling victim to Miki’ s bad influence, Asuka’ s line of self-depreciation was out of character. The Captain hugged Asuka, pulling her in close so that her head buried in his chest.

“What are you talking about? That’ s not like you.”

“I guess you’ re right... Sorry...”

The moon shone brightly upon them as they continued walking, shoulder to shoulder.

“Why don’ t you try doing something?”

“V!!”

“Hey - come on... Don’ t do something so normal - boring!”

Miki was something of a busybody. And noticing the video camera her cousin had carried around while taking his girlfriend out on a date, there was no way she’ d just let it sit there.

“Ohh... An amusement park date... How quaint...”

But even so, there’ s nothing as boring as a video taken through someone else’ s perspective. It may bring pleasure to those who film it, but even showing this video it to others is pretty much a gamble.

Some might find it highly offensive.

But Miki watched it without the slightest complaint (and had no right to complain in the first place) eventually deciding for one reason or another to skim the whole thing in fast forward.

After a momentary passage of blank tape, she saw a dark, crooked image.

“Oh?”

She continued to stare in disbelief.

“WHAAAT!! The camera is record...”

Miki let out a wicked laugh.

The walls of the apartment were a clean, pure white.

The Captain saw her off to her door.

“I’ ll be off then.”

“...Hey...”

Asuka gazed with upturned eyes as she spoke.

“Yeah? What is it?”

“Do you... love me?”

“Seriously, not this again?”

“But... you didn’ t answer when I asked you before...”

She pouted at him sullenly.

“Hmm... Are you sure?”

“Come on...”

“What’s it matter anyway?”

“Why does it matter...?”

Asuka looked at the Captain in disbelief. The appearance of Miki may have given her more to feel uncertain about.

The atmosphere had grown tense.

(Maybe I’d best say those words out loud...)

Or so the Captain thought.

“Well, I... I... love you.”

“Really?”

“Sure...”

The words sounded a bit self-serving, but even so Asuka’s face brightened right up.

Asuka was a simple, honest girl. Thus, it was the most basic of things that made her happy or angry.

“I’ll be off then. Goodnight.”

Seeing Asuka’s smiling face put him more at ease.

“Good night. Don’t forget, I’m going over to your place again tomorrow...”

“Right...”

He turned back once to see Asuka still waving before bounding down the stairs.

It was an unusually starry night for the Tokyo skies.

“...’ Do you love me?’ ... Huh...”

He muttered to himself, returning on the path they’d just taken. The Captain was strangely taken by Asuka’s words.

“Well, I guess so... I don’t know... When she came to challenge us... I really hated her, but... But there’s a cute side to her, too...”

The Captain looked up at the night sky, remembering the first time he met

Asuka.

The sudden kendo challenge.

And now the sudden confession.

Something had happened to put him in his current situation, but nothing he could explain logically.

“Well... I guess it’s because she asked me to go out with her... I didn’t care any which way but... She’s the one that fell for me after all... Well, whatever.”

The murmur of the stream, which he hadn’t noticed when he was together with Asuka, sounded strangely lonesome.

“I’m back - “

Returning to his room, which he usually wouldn’t announce, he found Miki playing some upbeat music.

“Welcome back!”

Miki stepped out to greet him, wearing a thin tank top and rather plain panties.

“Geez, Miki... Why are you dressed like that again...”

He tried looking pissed off, but without creating any unpleasantness.

“You turned on?”

Miki questioned with a carefree smile.

“By you, as if.”

“Oh, really - I’m looking pretty sexy if you ask me...”

Intentionally ignoring Miki, who seemed to stare provocatively at her own breasts, the Captain sat at the table.

“Well then... More importantly, why are you here? Not a single phone call and I’d already made other plans.”

“Hey, come on. It’s no big deal. I don’t really care if your place is a mess. Being a guy living all alone, I bet there are lots of things that tend to ‘pile up.’ ”

“L-like what!?”

His face turned red as he yelled back, unnecessarily raising his voice. Though she may be his cousin, there were still certain things he wouldn't want a girl to know.

“Like your laundry or something...”

“Well, you may have me there...”

“I washed it all, you know. If I'm going to be staying with you, I thought it was the least I could do.”

“Oh, uh... right, thanks.”

Momentarily relieved, the Captain was impressed Miki could be considerate enough to do such a thing.

“And I took out the mountain of used tissues in your garbage. Heheh...”

Miki seemed to smile knowingly.

“Watch it you...”

It were as if Miki were at once angel and demon. Everything she was doing disturbed the Captain (if that's what she wants, she's not going to get what she's after...), but at the same time he already felt half-resigned in a way.

Miki got an early start, and had talked of nothing but *that* kind of thing since elementary school.

Like back when he was in fifth grade.

When it was just the two of them alone, she gave him his first kiss.

It may have been a quick kiss, but even so it felt as if they'd done something incredible at the time.

“Check it out - they've gotten pretty large.”

Miki rolled up her shirt without a second thought to show off her newly budding breasts.

Just a child, the excitement caused a bulge in his shorts. Miki called out for him to “show her, show her” excitedly.

And after that, they kissed and felt each other up repeatedly.

While they were kissing once in junior high, Miki was massaging his hard-on through his pants, when all of a sudden a gush of hot liquid spurted out.

It was his first ejaculation.

Being of a perverse nature, Miki asked to see it, but the Captain felt embarrassed for one reason or another.

From that time forward, even if they were alone, he felt strangely uncomfortable. Though there was still that final line they'd yet to cross, Miki was like an older sister to him.

"So? Why are you here this time?"

"Well..."

"Yeah."

He leaned forward slightly, in anticipation of what she had to say.

"I just came over to hang out for a while. Some guy I slept with once keeps asking me out and won't back down... You hear a lot about stalkers nowadays, right? I came over to be in hiding."

Miki talked about sex as if it were everyone's business.

There are those that say girls mature more quickly than boys, and she was a real life example.

"You really... get around..."

The Captain grimaced.

"Don't worry, I use contraception."

"That's not the point..."

He stood there holding his head, expressing to Miki that she was a "lost cause."

"None of them said they wanted to do it raw, unlike someone we might know."

She said it all too casually. It took the Captain a few seconds to process, and realize she was talking about him.

"What...?"

"I see... So you like to do it missionary position, do you..."

She spoke with intentional cruelty, purposefully averting her gaze away from

the Captain.

“Y-you didn’ t! Don’ t tell me you watched that!?”

“Huh, what? What’ s all the fuss about I wonder.”

Miki seemed to hurriedly turn his questions around, but as the Captain didn’ t want to broach the subject either, it just added to the confusion.

“You.. you just went through my things without asking..”

“Pardon me? You have some recollection of recording something you wouldn’ t want anyone else to see? What a sick-o.”

Miki laughed with a transparently knowing eye.

“You, you’ re a fucking bitch...”

It would be trouble if anyone else were to know. But especially regarding this kind of thing, Miki would be hard pressed to keep a lid on it. He had to do something. Asuka was the “first girl he’ d ever slept with.”

“Don’ t you ever tell Asuka! I can’ t believe you...”

“In exchange, you’ ll let me stay here for a while.”

“Fine, it’ s a deal...”

The Captain sighed in resignation.

“When you want to bang Asuka, I’ ll go out somewhere.”

“Don’ t you bother yourself with all that...”

“But if you keep going out to do it like that, it starts adding up. You know, you could add me into the mix. You wanna have a threesome?”

For a split second, the Captain accidentally pictured such a scene, but as soon as he had a strange embarrassment seemed to permeate his body, and he cursed himself for even considering it. Miki was the type who, once she had a crazy idea, there was no stopping her.

The Captain changed the subject as quickly as possible.

“Nevermind, let’ s just be quiet and go to sleep... Oh, but you don’ t have a bed.”

It was his apartment, and he only had his own bed. He’ d failed to notice something so obvious until this very moment.

“It’ s fine. We can sleep in the same bed.”

Miki said it so nonchalantly. To her, sleeping together in the same bed with someone was probably no big deal at all.

“Even if I did say yes...”

“So, you wanna... do it?”

“No!”

That evening, they both slept in the same bed.

Miki rolled in her sleep, so that her soft breasts were pressed into his back.

Her body had matured significantly since the last time he’ d “become acquainted” with it; it was more “womanly” than before. Cursing his own body for reacting without his permission, he thought of Asuka as he fell asleep.

## Part 8

The next morning.

He woke up to the sound of rustling in the kitchen.

Opening his eyes, he found Miki hunched forward with her butt facing him as she rummaged through the fridge.

“What are you doing?”

“Oh, good morning.”

Checking the expiration date, Miki opened the milk and took a sip.

“Man... I didn’ t sleep well at all...”

He rubbed his puffy eyes as he got up.

“There was no need for you to hold back. All you have to do is say the word, and I’ d do it for you.”

“Don’ t be fucking stupid! What I meant was the bed is too small!”

“Like I was saying, if we just sleep on top of each other...”

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Miki flopped her huge breasts on top of the Captain; he felt their crushing weight.

“Cut it out...”

“You’ ve got a hard on...”

It was her way of saying he could finger her if he wanted.

“Come on - this is just morning wood!”

Or so he said. It was more or less half Miki’ s doing.

“Hey, hey! Are you busy today?”

Miki spoke as if she were a child begging for something.

“Of course I’ m busy. I gotta go to school.”

“’ Cause I’ m not doing anything. Let’ s go out somewhere!”

“Did you hear a thing I said? I gotta go to school!! And Asuka’ s meeting me here.”

“Come on - just for one day. Let’ s go do something fun.”

“I said NO!!”

He made it clear, he was not going to be her partner in crime.

Half ignoring him, Miki began getting dressed.

“Jeez... Guess you’ ve left me with little choice... I’ ll just hang out by myself and... watch videos or something I guess...”

“Edgu!...”

“Maybe I should memorize all the lines and act it out for you?”

“Listen up you... Don’ t you try and threaten me...”

“So you’ ve finally come around and will go hang out with me?”

“...I don’ t think so... And like I said, Asuka is on her way...”

He took off the school uniform he’ d just put on, and chose some clothes you wouldn’ t expect to see at school.

“Before we do anything, I’ m hungry so let’ s go grab a bite.”

Said Miki as she hurriedly dressed and got ready.

“We’ re going right now...?”

“Come on, there’ s nothing to eat here.”

“Well, you have a point there...”

“Hurry up already.”

“OK, fine...”

“And after that we’ ll do something fun!!”

In resignation, the Captain left his apartment with Miki, who had been in high spirits since the crack of dawn.

(Ahh... Asuka, I’ m so sorry.)

Silently apologizing to Asuka, he followed Miki out the door.

The Captain and Miki went to Kichijoji.

(Man... I’ m doing exactly what Miki wanted now... This is pathetic...)

But even as he thought that, he didn’ t hold much resentment.

Though she was his cousin, from an outsider’ s perspective she was pretty cute. That’ s probably why she was hit on all the time, and had become rather slutty - but one thing’ s for sure, there’ s no shame in going out on the town with a pretty girl.

(Well, whatever... Guess it’ s my job to keep her company... Sorry fellas.)

Once he’ d accepted his fate, he tried to make the best of it.

“So, where are we going?”

“Let’ s see... Didn’ t you say you were hungry?”

“Yeah, I’ m hungry.”

“Wanna eat something?”

“Yeah.”

Looking at his watch, it was just past 8am.

“Wonder if the Sun is open at this hour.”

Regardless of whether or not she was his cousin, taking her out for fast food seemed wrong, so they went into a café on Sun Road shopping street.

Meanwhile, at the Captain’ s apartment, you could hear the sound of someone

quickly jaunting up the steps.

DING-DONG

“.....”

Today, the immediate sound of footsteps approaching the door was conspicuously absent.

“Huh?.....”

Asuka tried peeking into the apartment through one of the windows, but it didn't seem like anyone was home.

“.....”

Thinking that he'd gone out somewhere together with Miki, a look of concern fell over Asuka's face.

They finished their light breakfast, and left the café to find the street outside bustling with activity.

“Alright, then... What should we do from here...”

“Hey, hey! Aren't we going out somewhere?”

“Well... Guess we still have plenty of time... If it's all about killing time... Want to go watch a movie or something?”

“OK, sure!”

Miki replied lightheartedly. The two of them headed towards the theater.

Miki wrapped her arm in his as if it were second nature, rubbing her breasts up against his elbow. Though the feeling agitated the Captain slightly, he calmly put it aside.

“What should we watch...”

(What was that called... I can't remember the title, but it was a love story. Gotta steer clear of that one... Though it's hard to picture this chick going for a romance...)

“Oh, we have got watch this one!”

Miki pointed to a theater where students were lining up.

“Huh? That a cartoon or something? We're not kids you know.”

“Whatta you sayin’ ? All the magazines are raving about it.”

“Uh... they are?”

Miki gave him a slightly contemptuous stare.

“Come on... You don’ t even know that? You have no idea what’ s going on in the world. It’ s time to see a popular film.”

“A-rite, a-rite, I got it. Let’ s see it already.”

And with that, the Captain went into the theater with Miki.

Asuka went off to school, but even so, she couldn’ t stop thinking about the Captain and Miki.

He was definitely with Miki. Thinking about that made her feel both jealous and estranged, as if her heart were split in two.

“Asuka?”

“.....”

“Hello!? Asuka!”

Yuri yelled out to Asuka.

“...!? Huh? W-what?”

Asuka turned to Yuri in a panic.

“What’ s got you spaced out?”

“What?... N-no. It’ s nothing.”

“It can’ t be nothing. You’ re totally lost in thought. What’ s wrong?”

“No, no... Really, it’ s nothing.”

“Well, if you say so... Next up is PE. We’ ve got to hurry or we won’ t have time to change.”

“R...Right. Let’ s go.”

Yuri coaxed Asuka out of the classroom.

The Captian and Miki left the movie theater.

“Man... what was that all about.”

“Yeah, right... It’ s like the story ended right in the middle or

something.”

“OK, so now where are we headed?”

“I want to go shopping. So you’ re coming with me.”

“Alright, fine.”

The two of them headed towards the mall.

Flashy clothes filled the showcases. They all had the skimpy look of European high fashion.

“Wow, just my style!”

“You couldn’ t wear this on the street, could you...?”

Seeing Miki and her companion standing there, a sales associate approached invitingly.

Thinking these clothes wouldn’ t suit Miki at all, he hoped she’ d leave them alone, but replied with a smile out of social convention. Miki took the opportunity to move to another shop.

“Oh - just look at these clothes! Hey, hey - buy me these!”

“You stupid? What makes you think I’ ll buy you anything? Buy them yourself.”

“Jeez, what a cheap-o... Come on, just this one...”

The surrounding staff members suddenly gave them a stern look.

Hastily covering Miki’ s mouth, he forcefully pulled her away from the sales floor, where their show wouldn’ t be on display.

“What’ s your problem!... Don’ t say stuff that can be misunderstood like that out in public!”

“Misunderstood... What do you mean?”

Miki knew what he was talking about, but feigned ignorance. No doubt about it, she was getting off on tormenting him.

“You know what I mean! Don’ t say anything like that again!”

“O-K-.”

Miki replied in a sing-song voice. All the Captain could do was hold his

head in frustration.

### **DING-DONG**

A chime sounded, signaling it was time for lunch.

“Asuka, what are you having for lunch?”

“.....Oh... Nothing I guess. I’ m not hungry anyway.”

Concerned, Yuri peered into Asuka’ s face.

“What’ s wrong?... You’ re acting awful strange today. Are you feeling sick?”

“No... I’ m fine. Seriously, it’ s nothing.”

“Really? Asuka, you always become reticent when something is bothering you.”

“I said I’ m fine, don’ t worry.”

“Let’ s eat together - I’ ll go pick something up for you. You won’ t have any energy if you don’ t eat.”

Watching Yuri disappear as she headed out to the lunch counter, Asuka once again stared blankly out the window, lost in thought.

### Part 9

The Captain accompanied Miki as she continued shopping.

(I’ d never go anywhere like this if it were just me...)

An array of colorful underwear were all lined up on display. It was the kind of shop that was usually on the periphery of his consciousness, but not something he was totally disinterested in.

“What? You following me into the lingerie shop? Perv.”

Miki gave the Captain a side-long glare.

“Hu-huh? No way, idiot. I’ ll wait for you here so make it quick.”

Miki had once again thrown him a curve ball. He actually had intended to go in with her.

“Hmm... Well... I’ m not sure if these are the right size. I’ ll have to try them on, so give me a hand.”

“Huh? Ah.. O-OK.”

“As if. Perv.”

Miki refused so flatly. The Captain regretted agreeing to keep her company for the day.

(Man, what a bitch...)

“Nevermind. Some pervy looking person watching, so I’ ll put it off for another day.”

Miki gave the Captain a sidelong glare, smiling mischievously.

“I’ m seriously going to kill this girl...”

Miki continued shopping, making the Captain carry all of her bags.

So just how much time had elapsed anyway? After she’ d tired of window shopping, the two of them went into a café.

“Phew...”

Wiping his face with the \*cold wet towel he received, he felt strangely refreshed. (\*Wet towels or napkins, both reusable and disposable types, are standard fare at any café, restaurant, or pub. They’ re generally handed out or on the table as you’ re seated. It’ s considered poor manners to use it for anything other than your hands, but old men are notorious for their bad manners.)

“You’ re like an old man.”

Miki spoke angrily.

“Shut up - it feels good.”

They ordered a mixed juice and an iced coffee, then leaned back in their chairs.

“Phew... I’ m tired.”

“Why you talking like you’ re some geezer. You’ re younger than I am.”

Though he was physically tired to some extent, he was mentally exhausted.

“Because being around you takes a lot out of a person.”

“Really?”

“Yes, really. To any bystander, it’d look like we were dating.”

“... That bother you?”

For a brief moment, a forlorn look washed over Miki’s face.

Her unexpected reaction left the Captain blatantly confused.

“Huh?... N-not like I’m saying anything’s wrong with that per say...”

“Then what’s it matter?”

Their drinks arrived. The Captain poured in a tiny bit of milk into his iced coffee, then stirred it in.

“...You know what I’m saying...”

“What’s it matter what strangers think? Whatever we’ve got going on between us, other people don’t have the right to say anything.”

“Yes, well... That may be so but...”

The Captain puzzled over what Miki meant by those words.

(Wh...What’s up with the chick... Saying a loaded phrase like that... Is she actually in love with me or something? That might explain why she showed up uninvited all of a sudden, intentionally saying provocative things...)

His heart began to race.

Miki paid absolutely no mind to his discomfort as she drank her mixed juice.

Whenever she noticed the Captain gazing at her, she’d cutely tilt her head as if to say, “what?” The girl possessed by some demon up until moments ago seemed like a completely different person.

(Huh... Guess I am pretty hot stuff.)

Before he knew it, it was written all over his face.

But it’s not really his fault for thinking Miki was interested in him.

“What are you smirking about?”

“Huh? Oh, uh - nothing.”

After Miki pointed out his lapse he regained composure.

Though the Captain thought he had reluctantly hung out with Miki that day,

from that moment he began to notice that he found joy in her company.

When they left the café, it was already dusk.

Their burden had significantly increased since Miki's shopping trip, and both their arms were loaded down with bags.

"AHH.. You're tired, too, aren't you. Wanna go back?"

"I guess so. There's nowhere else to go anyway."

They reached the Captain's apartment just as the sun set.

"Huh?"

As they approached the apartment from the street, he could see Asuka leaning against his door forlorn.

(No way... Has she been waiting here this whole time...?)

He jogged the rest of the way to his apartment.

"Hey - Asuka!"

A look of relief washed over Asuka's face.

She took two or three steps forward to meet the Captain as he ran toward her.

"What's the matter?"

"What's the matter... You've been gone all day so... I was worried..."

"Worried you say... I'm not a kid you know..."

The Captain grimaced.

"But..."

Wearing a stern face touched with a bit of jealousy, Asuka stole glances at Miki as she appeared, trailing behind. Sensing what was about to happen, the Captain unlocked his door.

"Never mind. Just come in."

"I'm just going to put down all this stuff."

"OK."

He gathered all of the things Miki had purchased, putting them beside the bed. Looking over at Asuka, she continued glancing about silently, intentionally averting his gaze.

(...Asuka... doesn't seem very happy. Maybe she's mad that I went off this morning without saying anything?)

Miki organized her things, dancing as she cleaned up.

Pulling out a glass table and putting it in the middle of the room, the Captain sat facing Asuka.

"Where did you go? I was worried."

She was rather pissed.

"Uh... Uh, sorry. She was begging me and all, so I went out shopping with Miki. It's nothing for you to get all bent out of..."

"I made you go with me? Is that what you were thinking when you tried to follow me all the way into a lingerie shop?"

Miki had finished tidying up. She sat down giving the Captain a sidelong glare.

Asuka looked at Miki nervously. The words lingerie shop had roused groundless suspicion about the nature of their relationship.

"I'm telling you, you've got it all wrong. Saying it that way, you're going to give off the wrong impression. It's not like that, Asuka. Miki's just running her mouth."

"You were even going to follow me into the changing room, you perv."

"Th-that's nonsense! No I wasn't. Don't pay any attention to her Asuka."

Asuka stared at them and their lively exchange.

"So you didn't go to school?"

"N...No, you know..."

"I mean, you weren't here this morning when I showed up..."

"I, uhh... I'm sorry. I'll be sure to go tomorrow so..."

A strange malaise swept over the room.

The Captain felt the urge to escape without a moment's delay.

"Come on, it's already getting late, so I'll see you off."

"Alright..."

The path followed along a stream, and was surrounded with lush greenery.

Asuka maintained her silence as they walked.

"What's the matter with you?... What are you mad about?"

"...Nothing..."

"Nothing... I can tell you're in a bad mood. It's written all over you."

"....."

The conversation kept stalling out.

Unusually, they could hear the murmur of the stream.

"...Come on... What's the big deal, skipping one day of school?"

"That's not the problem."

"Then what is it?"

Asuka looked hurt by terse manner in which he spoke.

"...Well, I mean..."

"Yeah?"

"...It's like you didn't consider my feelings at all. You spent the entire day and night together with Miki..."

"N...no, now you know that wasn't my intent."

For the most part, the Captain felt that whatever happened that day was completely out of his control. As Miki had basically blackmailed him into going out with her.

Of course, he wasn't deserving of any praise for what he did either.

"You know, you were sitting right next to her the entire time earlier..."

"Seriously, you're all worked up even about that?"

"But, you know..."

When someone calls themselves your boyfriend, but then acts friendly with another girl right in front of you, it's bound to cause feelings of jealousy

and neglect. Whether the impact is great or small, everyone has those feelings to an extent.

“She’s family after all, so I hope you’ll at least let that slide.”

“But... She’s your cousin, right?”

“Yeah.”

The Captain was unable to understand what Asuka was trying to say. Perhaps it was due to the paradoxical meanings of the word “but.”

“It’s not like you can’t marry your cousin.”

“Seriously... Don’t you think you’re taking this a bit too far?”

“But, you know...”

Never in his wildest dreams had he ever imagined she’d think something like that. They weren’t even old enough to understand the full weight and reality of the word “marriage.”

“I’m telling you there’s nothing to worry about... I’ve never even thought of anything like that with her.”

“...Are you sure?”

“Yeah, I’m sure. ...Are you saying you can’t trust me?”

“...No... it’s not that, it’s just....”

In truth, it’s not as if he’d never considered it.

He’d thought of Miki as a “woman” many times. And it wasn’t as if he hadn’t been in any situations that violated the “only my cousin” clause either. He had in the past.

Asuka might be sensitive enough to pick up on those kinds of vibes.

Having arrived at this junction, the Captain realized the cause for Asuka’s jealousy. And he recognized that asking Asuka if she trusted him only belied the reality that he didn’t trust himself.

But he also hadn’t determined for himself how he truly felt about Asuka or Miki.

The silence continued, but there was no tension between them. It felt as if a fog had lifted from their heads.

They arrived in front of Asuka's place.

"Well, see you later."

He said the same parting words he always had.

"You're going to school tomorrow, right?"

"Yeah."

"..."

Asuka continued to stare at him.

"What's wrong?"

"Oh, nothing... I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said that..."

"Oh? Uhh, don't worry about it. Well, goodnight."

"Goodnight."

Without either one of them particularly initiating, they exchanged a brief kiss and parted ways.

Walking Asuka home and then returning back had become something of a ritual.

"...Huh..."

Perhaps it was the exhaustion from walking around all day, or maybe mental exhaustion, but he sighed over and over again.

"But... If Asuka is really that jealous of Miki could it mean..."

The Captain didn't know what to do, as up until now Asuka had never shown such emotion, at least when it was just him and Asuka together.

"Well, girls will be girls I guess but... I ain't done nothin' yet to be jealous of... Guess that's just the fate of a stud like me... Hahaha..."

Being pursued by not one but two girls, he mistakenly overvalued his own worth.

And with that he continued along his usual route, unconsciously returning with a slightly quickened pace.

"Hey, I'm back -"

"Huh? That was quick."

Miki peaked her head out of the bathroom, hair dripping wet.

“You showering?”

“Well, I thought it was going to take a lot more time...”

Craning her neck into the room, Miki checked the clock.

The light peach color of her breasts was half visible.

“It’s only been 30 minutes or so...”

Just when he thought Miki might be giving him a contemptuous look, she out and said it.

“Don’t tell me... You were going at it solo?”

“Shut up!!!”

Asuka took a long hot shower. She wanted to wash away all thought of Miki from her mind.

Changing into her favorite pajamas, she flopped into bed.

Then she recalled what the Captain had said.

“...Yeah, he’s right... Between cousins... there’s no way something like that would happen... I’ve got to stop thinking up crazy stuff...”

Asuka said goodnight to the photo of the Captain she kept on her bedside table, then turned out the lights.

## Part 10

The room was pitch black.

Miki was wearing luxurious looking purple colored lingerie. She began slowly removing it one piece at a time, as if to tantalize whoever might be watching.

“Umph...”

“W-what the hell are you doing!?”

The swell of her large firm breasts lay bare.

Exuding a mature beauty you’d never anticipate from someone in their teens, she approached the Captain.

“You haven’ t done it... with Asuka, have you? Do it with me.”

“Do-don’ t be stupid! Get your clothes on - put ‘em on!!”

Despite all of the panic and commotion, his eyes never left Miki’ s body.

“What are you saying? And what’ s this here?”

Moving her dainty fingertips over the Captain’ s crotch, she rubbed gently up and down over something that had grown quite hard.

“Uh...Th, that’ s out of my control, okay. I mean, I can’ t bang Asuka because you’ re here...”

“That’ s what I’ m saying... I’ ll do you in her place.”

Miki whispered breathily into his ear.

“No... Wait...”

“With a young man and woman together like this, it’ d be more unusual for nothing to happen.”

“B...But you, you’ re my cousin...”

“It’ s fine, don’ t worry. Today’ s a safe day.”

“That’ s not my point...”

Miki stroked his hard on as she beckoned.

“This guy here doesn’ t seem to mind...?”

Miki buried her head between his legs, inserting the hot rod into her mouth.

“Mnn... Umph... Umph... Mnn...”

Bobbing her head in large strokes, she vocalized every time her mouth became so full that it hit the back of her throat.

“Uhh...”

Unable to hold back, the Captain let out a groan.

Miki wrapped her tongue around as if she were slurping it down, adding even more intensity.

“Mnn... Umph... Mnn...”

The excess of saliva created a lewd sound, making it all the more enticing.

“Hey, don’ t use so much tongue... I’ m gonna cum too fast.....”

“Umph...”

Shooting him a mischievous gaze, she inserted it between her massive breasts, pressing them together with both hands to create friction.

“What do you think? Bet Asuka’s never done this for you?”

“You, you’re good. Guess it does pay off to sleep around...”

“Does that feel good? You want it stronger?”

“No... No... Don’t do it any harder. I’m about to cum as it is.”

“Hehe... Go ahead, cum if you want. You’re young so I bet you’ve got a lot in there, right?”

“Guess you could say that...”

“Hey... Now I’m getting in the mood... Do it to me, too...”

Miki took off her panties and spread her legs before the Captain.

From deep inside a thick overgrowth, a particular pungent odor stung his nostrils. And as if he was led by that scent, he buried his face in the growth, with tongue crawling forward.

“...Ah... yes... there... deeper... lick deeper...”

He stretched out the tip of his tongue, trying to reach as deep as he could. The deeper he got, the more juice seemed to flow out, creating a sticky sound that seemed to beg for something more.

“Wow, it’s amazing how wet you are...”

“Well... I’ve not done anything special... Besides, getting kinky with your cousin is kinda thrilling, I feel more excitable than usual...”

“Right... Whatever happens here is a secret, just between us.”

“Right...”

Unusual for Miki, she nodded honestly in agreement.

“Did you say today was a safe day?”

“Yeah, you can cum inside of me no problem.”

“You serious?”

The Captain’s eyes glittered.

“Yeah... Give it to me...”

Miki sprawled onto the bed, taking a pose with both legs spread wide to

receive him.

It was so hard he thought it looked larger than usual as he thrust into Miki, plunging deep inside.

“Mnn... Ahh... So... big...”

Miki let out a shrill sound.

“Ah... Miki...”

Miki’s insides enveloped the Captain in warmth.

“You’re... really... amazing...”

As the Captain started moving back and forth, Miki’s large breasts shook in circles. The visual stimulation served to entice his pleasure even more.

“Ah... Ah... Ahh...”

Miki wrapped her legs around the Captain, to make him feel even deeper inside her.

“Ahh... Ah... Ahhh...”

Miki’s voice grew louder.

“I... I... I’m going to cum...”

“Ohh... Miki... me, too... I’m gonna cum inside you...”

“Ah... Yes... Give it to me... deep inside...”

Miki yelled with abandon, regardless of the neighbors.

The Captain’s movements quickened, and Miki’s voice grew even more fierce.

“Ah, ahh.. Ah... I, I’m cumming... Ah... AHH!”

Miki arched her back in the moment of ecstasy, just as the Captain burst inside her in several spurts.

“!!”

Asuka woke up with a start.

“.....”

She was covered in sweat.

Her breathing was erratic, and her heart raced.

Looking around she recognized that she was in her room, and confirming for herself that this was in fact reality, buried her head into the pillow and

let out a deep sigh.

“Thank goodness... It was just a dream...”

Though she could hardly believe she had a dream like that, it didn't seem like a dream at all.

Asuka quickly reached down to feel herself.

“Gross... I'm all wet...”

The dream about the Captain and Miki having sex had turned her on.

She'd never thought she was that kind of girl.

“Having a dream like that... Does it mean I'm not satisfied...?”

Asuka got out of bed to rinse off in the shower.

“Phew...”

The Captain peacefully fell asleep in his own bed.

## Chapter 6 Takeshi

### Part 1

“Uhh...”

Underwear disheveled, she lay naked on the mattress embracing a pillow. Perhaps she knew it was sexy, or was waiting for prince charming to wake her; her intentions were paper thin.

Miki was difficult to rouse, but the Captain tried to wake her as he changed into his school uniform.

“Hey, it's time for you to get up and get dressed already. Asuka's going to be here any minute.”

“O-K-”

If Asuka was to see Miki like this, there was no telling how insanely jealous she was going to act.

It had him worried.

**DING-DONG**

“Oh, that's gotta be Asuka.”

As he opened the door, Asuka greeted him with a carefree smile.

“Good morning!”

“Morning. Wait here a moment. I’ ll be ready in just a sec.”

“OK.”

He made half an effort to close the door as he turned to get ready.

(Seems like she’ s in a good mood today...)

That was a weight off his mind.

(Good, good. If there was no improvement from yesterday I didn’ t know what I was going to do... but seems like she’ s back to normal.)

“Right then, I’ m off.”

“K-...”

The Captain covered Miki, who was still in a half-sleep stupor, with a blanket as he left.

It was an oppressively refreshing morning.

The skies were clear and full of sunshine.

Asuka and the Captain stood side by side as they continued down the tree lined path, walking to school.

“Sorry, I think I arrived a bit early.”

“Oh, no problem. I’ d just woken up, so your timing was perfect. And besides, it’ s best to leave while Miki is still half asleep anyway.”

“Why is that?”

“’ Cause there’ s no telling what she’ s going to say next.”

“Like what?”

“Oh, nothing special.”

“Are you keeping secrets again?”

Asuka made a slightly sullen face. She wasn’ t actually cross, but pouting a bit like that was a way of showing her affection.

“It’ s not like that at all. Just no need to say it.”

“Come on... Now I’ m curious... I even had a dream about it last night.”

“Dream? What kind of dream?”

“Huh? Oh, nothing special...”

Asuka realized she’ d messed up. Even recalling the dream she’ d had the night before was embarrassing enough to set her face aflame, there was no way she’ d be able to talk about it out loud.

“Come on, now you’ re the one keeping secrets.”

“It’ s not like that at all...”

She feigned laughter in an attempt to struggle through.

If they had a shared trust between them, there’ d be no need to press further.

In his conversation with Asuka, the Captain felt relief in that trust.

The two of them always walked together to the Captain’ s school gate. It was a short walk, but a time they enjoyed.

Just as that time was about to come to an end, Asuka noticed someone’ s shadow.

“Oh...”

Asuka stopped in her tracks.

“Hmm?... What’ s wrong?”

The Captain looked where Asuka was staring, and saw a guy wearing full kendo armor, standing in front of the school gate.

“Who’ re you?”

“Captain... What are you doing here...?”

There was a bit of confusion when Asuka called the guy Captain, but it let him know exactly who this was.

This guy called “Captain” turned to face Asuka, occasionally looking to the side to give the Captain dirty looks.

“Asuka-san, is this the guy? The one who won against you?”

“Yes, he is... What about it?”

“...He doesn’ t look like a worthy opponent at all...”

He didn’ t particularly appreciate being called “the guy” by this person he didn’ t know and had never seen before, but more than that he was struck

by how the person had already sized him up.

“Asuka, who is this guy?”

“The Kendo Club Team Captain at my school.”

“Sorry for the delayed introduction. I’ m Takeshi Saburo, Team Captain of the Kendo Club... like you, I guess.”

He added a smirk to the end of his sentence, as if to say, “Not like you in the least.”

The Captain was never particularly interested in “strength,” so while he’ d not payed it much mind, he knew it was meant to be an insult.

“Is that right... And what are you doing here?”

Takeshi felt uncomfortable that the Captain addressed Asuka without using an honorific, but continued talking.

“I heard there was a guy here who won against Asuka-san... But now seeing you in person, I find it hard to believe...”

“What did you say!?”

Make no mistake, the Captain had no room to argue. You could ask 100 people and they’ d all probably come to the same conclusion.

In truth, to say that he had “won” was quite a stretch from what actually transpired that match.

“I said you don’ t look like a guy who could win against Asuka in the least. Especially as I myself have never won a match against her.”

“He serious?”

“Yes.”

Asuka nodded slightly, as if to indicate it was no big deal.

“Were you... really that strong?”

The Captain was once again trying to get a grasp of how strong Asuka was, as well as the odd nature of this situation.

“I won’ t be satisfied... Until I have seen what you’ re capable of with my own eyes.”

“What the hell you sayin’ - this has nothing to do with you!!”

“I cannot let it stand! If I’ m unable to confirm that you’ re stronger, I refuse to recognize your relationship with Asuka!!”

Takeshi looked at Asuka, as if to get her approval.

“...Isn’ t that right, Asuka-san.”

“What? What are you talking about?”

Sill unable to grasp exactly what was going on, the Captain looked back and forth between Asuka and Takeshi.

“...I won’ t make you prove yourself today; I’ ll return here in one week. On that day will be our match! And if I am the winner, Asuka-san... If I do will you...”

Asuka hung her head.

Takeshi glanced at the Captain one last time before heading off for his own school.

“What the hell is up with that guy....?”

Standing beside the school gate, the Captain asked Asuka to explain.

“What’ s going on... What’ s this all about?”

“Umm, well... You see... Some time ago he said he wanted to go out with me but... I... said I wasn’ t interested in any guy that wasn’ t stronger than I was, as a way to refuse...”

“I see... So that’ s why he’ s unable to stomach the thought of me going out with you.”

Now he understood what was going on. He could understand the way Takeshi felt exactly. And why he couldn’ t just accept it laying down either, challenging the Captain to a match out of nowhere on the premise that they’ d have to break up if he lost, and other preposterous notions.

The Captain had a thought.

“...He said he was coming back here in a week...”

Asuka looked worried.

“That guy strong?”

“Yes.”

“I see... So he’s strong... Well... He does look pretty strong... If I win or not...”

The lack of confidence in the Captain’s words did nothing but stir Asuka’s anxiety.

“.....”

“Asuka...”

“What?”

“If I were to lose... What would you do?”

“... What would I do?”

“Since that guy is stronger, would that mean that you’d love him?”

“No, not at all! No... definitely not...”

Tears welled in Asuka’s eyes as she disavowed his claims. The Captain knew for himself that Asuka wasn’t that type of girl.

“I see... Well, of course you wouldn’t...”

Asuka loved him, after all.

In that one thing, the Captain had unwavering trust.

“But... It would mean that I lied to Takeshi... That you’re not the stronger guy...”

In other words, the Captain had to defeat Takeshi no matter what.

“Let’s give it all we’ve got - I’m going to help you train.”

“Training, huh... I guess so... Alright, let’s do this.”

The Captain showed some motivation. Seeing that brought a smile back to Asuka’s face.

“Alright then, I’ll be back after school.”

Asuka had a bit of pep in her step as she ran to her own school.

“That’s right... I’m the one that Asuka loves... There’s nothing to worry about at all...”

After class, the two of them went to the dojo to practice.

It had been quite some time since the Captain had faced Asuka as an opponent, but there was no longer the tension of a match.

“Ha!”

Asuka’s voice echoed through the dojo.

“MASKS----!”

“BODY!!”

“FOREARMS!”

Asuka seemed to wield her sword with delight. The Captain couldn’t get a swing in edgewise.

In addition to the initial difference in their abilities, it was painfully obvious that he’d been slacking off.

Sensing that the Captain lacked motivation, Asuka seemed to take off her mask in contempt.

“What’s the matter? You don’t really seem into it at all...”

“Uh, no... It’s just, aren’t we taking this a bit too seriously? It’s still the first day and all...”

“Still the first day...?”

“It’ll work out one way or another...”

“.....”

He was always like that.

“It’ll work out one way or another” was his way of getting through things, but it definitely wasn’t an optimistic stance.

Most people who knew him understood that to be part of his personality.

But to Asuka - though she knew it was just in her imagination - the appearance of Miki had caused some concern.

She wanted him to love her and her alone. And to make it worse...

The Captain’s usual indecisive nature made Asuka feel more isolated than ever.

A swell of emotion caused her body shake and tears to flow from her eyes.

“Hey... Hey, what are you crying about?”

“It... doesn’ t matter. Whatever happens to me... you just don’ t care.”

“Wh... What are you talking about...?”

As Asuka sobbed heavily, wiping away her tears with gauntlets still equipped.

“I mean... Couldn’ t you put in a little more effort for my sake... Ever since Miki showed up, it’ s as if I don’ t exist at all anymore...”

“Don’ t be stupid! What are you saying?!”

“But...”

“...How many times do I have to say it, Miki is my cousin...”

“...I know...”

In theory, she was aware of this.

But her feelings wouldn’ t give way.

Asuka wasn’ t psychologically mature enough to see someone she loved being friendly with another girl and not let it bother her.

“You’ re so important to me, it’ s as if you exist in a completely different dimension than Miki... So don’ t say stuff like that...”

“OK...”

He thought she was important - those words from the Captain’ s mouth were just what she needed to hear.

“...Sorry about that... I kind of lost my patience...”

“Lost your patience?... Why?”

“Because you were ignoring my feelings...”

“...I see... So I was... Sorry.”

“...Hey...”

Asuka gazed at the Captain with misty eyes.

She then slowly closed her eyes, slightly lifting her chin to ask for a kiss.

The Captain grabbed her by the shoulders, pulling her close as he lay his lips on hers.

Asuka wrapped her arms around the Captain, extending her back a bit to better feel the warmth of his body.

Asuka probably thought that anyone standing around to see them would get

out of there, as they continued to passionate kiss.

She felt her tongue plunge deeper into his mouth than ever before. The Captain's hands were gently massaging Asuka's hips and thighs through her hakama. It was as if they had no more time to lose, they wanted each other.

Their lips were locked for a long time, but when they finally parted Asuka's flushed skin and erratic breathing were an erotic invitation.

"...You know I... may not be fully satisfied..."

"...That so..."

Asuka nodded heavily as she snuggled in towards the Captain.

Looking around, the Captain guided Asuka to a PE storeroom.

## Part 2

The storeroom was dimly lit and slightly dusty.

Asuka sat down on a mat that was spread out for some reason and began looking around.

"We're going to do it here?"

"You don't like it?"

"I do..."

Asuka shook her head.

He lay her down on the mat and began slowly removing her dougi. Unraveling the sarashi wound tightly around her chest, he set her youthful breasts free.

"The echo in here is pretty loud, so try to keep it down OK."

"OK..."

Using the palm of his hand to cup around her breasts as he massaged, Asuka let out a restrained cry.

"Mnnn..... Ah..."

Asuka closed her eyes to reach greater heights of ecstasy, seeming to focus more acutely on her senses.

He caressed Asuka as if sampling her entire body with his fingers and tongue.

The Captain began removing his own dougi, when all of a sudden he remembered something important.

“Oh... right... I don’ t have any rubbers on me today...”

A deep silence fell upon them.

Asuka probably wouldn’ t like it without a condom. Thinking that, the Captain stopped dead in his tracks.

“...It’ s OK, even without one...”

“Huh? Are you serious?”

He was shocked at Asuka’ s unexpected reply.

“Yes... but make sure not to finish inside me, OK.”

“Alright. You got it. I’ ll make sure I’ m out.”

What started as a letdown was now an even more enticing prospect. The Captain began to meticulously caress Asuka all over her body.

“Hey... Let me do something for you...”

“Huh?”

Asuka rose up, burying her face between the Captain’ s legs.

She then filled her mouth with his member as if she were gobbling it up.

“Mnn... Mnn...”

“What’ s with you today? You’ re a lot more aggressive than usual...”

Something had definitely changed inside of Asuka.

As Miki had now appeared to serve as Asuka’ s “rival,” her feelings for the Captain grew even stronger - and not excluding somewhat obsessive compulsions, like thinking that the Captain no longer had any feelings for her.

To love and be loved.

Nothing but this pure intent served as her motivation.

“Mnn... Mnn... Mnn.....”

Asuka continued sucking as she put up her hair.

Though she wasn’ t well practiced, it was obvious she was trying as hard as she could.

Seeing such an expression made the Captain love her all over again.

“Asuka... I’ m ready. Face your butt towards me.”

“OK.”

Asuka straddled him, with her lower body towards his face.

In the 69 position, Asuka once again took the Captain’ s member into her mouth and began eagerly bobbing her head.

The Captain inserted his fingers inside Asuka, playfully checking how warm and wet she was.

“Mn... Mnn... Unn... Mnn...”

When the Captain inserted his middle finger, Asuka’ s cries of passion came from deep inside her throat. A hot sticky liquid swelled forth, almost in response, covering the Captain’ s fingers.

“Asuka, you’ re getting really wet. You ready for me?”

“Mnn... Yes...”

“Alright, lie down there.”

The Captain laid her down on the mat and spread her legs.

“I’ m going in, Asuka.”

“OK...”

Fitting his hot hard member to the gushing petals of her flower, he penetrated slowly.

“Ah... Ahhh...”

As if to welcome the Captain inside, Asuka passionately clamped around him.

Savoring the deliberate gradual sensation, amazed at how different it felt, the Captain plunged deep inside.

“Ah... Ahh...”

Asuka seemed to feel it more than usual as well. Though her voice was stifled her expression was intense.

That expression stirred the Captain’ s passions even more.

“Ah... Mnn... Ah...”

“Asuka, why don’ t you try it on top.”

The Captain grabbed on to Asuka's upper body, moving her up and down.

"Ah... Ahh... Mnn..."

Asuka's voice grew even louder than before.

"Oh no, Asuka... Your voice is getting too loud."

"But..."

What would they do if they were caught... the thrill of such a thought probably turned them both on all the more. With their bodies pressed tightly together, Asuka moved her hips the way the Captain wanted.

"Ah.. Haa... Ah.. Haa..."

The Captain grasped at Asuka's breasts, which bounced right before his eyes.

He wondered to himself if Asuka's breasts hadn't grown a bit larger over the last three months.

"Ah... Mnn... Ahh..."

Still penetrating her, the Captain forced Asuka onto all fours as he rubbed her breasts from behind.

"Ahh... Ah... Ah..."

Moving in pace to a set rhythm, he occasionally rolled her nipples with his fingers. Asuka's breaths grew short and quick.

"Ah.. No... Ahh..."

That was the signal that Asuka's pleasure gage was about to peak. The Captain laid Asuka face up on the mat, entering her again.

Asuka wrapped both her arms around his shoulders, pressing their flesh together.

"Asuka... I' m gonna cum..."

The movement of his hips, which carved out the rhythm, gradually quickened.

"Mnn... Ah... Ah..."

As Asuka's voice grew louder and louder, she soon forgot about where they were and who might hear.

"Ah... Ah, AHHHH..."

Asuka raised her hips and the tips of her fingers extended outward.

“Uh...”

Feeling the surge about to come on, the Captain fought off the urge to stay inside Asuka, eventually breaking through and pulling out.

The hot liquid poured over Asuka’s belly in two or three blasts. Asuka’s stomach heaved as she gasped for breath, and after the transfer he collapsed onto the mat.

They remained there, holding each other naked until it was dark outside.

The next morning.

The Captain blew off Miki’s solicitations and went to school.

“You’re going to school today, too?”

“Today, too? What are you... Isn’t going to school what I’d usually do?”

“Jeez, you’re such a bore.”

Seeing Miki was getting bitter, he tried to placate her as he changed into his school uniform.

“You can play around by yourself.”

“You mean get lonely and play around with myself...”

“Stop saying that. You’re going to give people the wrong idea.”

For an instant, he imagined her doing just that - after which the Captain had to struggle to keep his little bad boy from raising that head.

**DING-DONG**

“Well, that’s probably Asuka. I’m off.”

“See ya.”

The Captain and Asuka had vigorously practiced every day that week.

However, the Captain’s improvement still remained to be seen.

Even so, despite the Captain’s face - which almost never looked stressed - it only furthered Asuka’s concern.

The day of the match was finally upon them.

“...Hey, did you say it was today? Your bout?”

“Yeah.”

Miki put on her jacket like she was going to go with the Captain.

“I’ ve gotta see this.”

“You’ ll be my cheerleader?”

“I want to see who your opponent is.”

Seeing that Miki had more interest in his opponent than him, he showed a bit of displeasure.

“Get out of here - if you’ re going, it’ s to cheer me on.”

“Who says I have to be on your side!? You have a girlfriend for that.”

“Oh, so that’ s what’ s got you worked up?”

The Captain half understood what Miki was trying to imply, and as for the other half, he completely rejected it.

“Oh right, right. I’ ve gotta take this.”

Miki put her Walkman into her jacket pocket, inserting an earphone into each ear.

“What are you bringing that for? Aren’ t you going to watch the match?”

“Yeah, but I don’ t understand anything about kendo.”

The shock of seeing Miki say that with a straight face made him lose his train of thought.

“What are you standing around for? We’ ll be late if we don’ t hurry.”

Miki pulled on his sleeve, whereupon he noticed that he was still half dressed.

## **DING-DONG**

Asuka arrived to go with him.

“Alright! Let’ s go!!”

All psyched up, the Captain headed out.

The day of the match was finally here. Waiting in the dojo, tension between the Captain and Kendo Club members was thick.

Standing beside Asuka, who looked worried, the Captain felt unusually nervous but prepared.

(That guy... He seems really strong... Wonder if I can't resort to some trick like when I did this with Asuka... But what would I do...)

Even in these final moments, the Captain was trying to cook up something.

Asuka looked uneasy. Just knowing the true strength of both Takeshi and the Captain make her worry all the more.

"Do your best..."

"Don't you worry."

The Captain acted cool and carefree as usual.

"Well, whatever happens is going to happen..."

Miki seemed to have no interest in the match itself, and sat in a corner of the dojo listening to her Walkman.

The only optimistic one among them was the Captain.

(Well... Even if I lose, Asuka will still love me... So it doesn't really matter either way...)

All of a sudden, Takeshi was standing in the dojo entrance.

"I see you've done well not to run away..."

"Of course, not like I need to run away."

Laying bare his displeasure at the cutdown, he pulled Asuka who was by his side close to him, in an attempt to shake Takeshi's mental resolve.

"I've been asking around, and it seems you used some underhanded tactics when you beat Asuka-san. You feel satisfied knowing that you forced her to be yours using foul play?"

"No one forced anyone!"

Though he refused the notion that he forced her to be with him, the Captain

couldn't deny that he'd used some underhanded tactics.

"Today, I'm going to peel back that mask for you... Let's start the match!!"

"Yeah, if you're ready. Bring it on!!"

The Captain suited up in his armor and approached Takeshi.

It was then that he first noticed Takeshi had not one but two bamboo swords.

"What, I've never heard of any two sword style!! That's not fair!"

"What's unfair about it? If it's in accordance with the rules, I don't want to hear anything about unfairness from you!!"

He was right of course.

Using only that which was allowed by the rules, there shouldn't be any objection.

Indifferent to the flustered Captain, a whistle blew signaling the start of the match.

**\*Whistle\***

"Masks-----!!"

Takeshi stepped forward suddenly.

"Whoa!!"

He was able to narrowly dodge, but lost his balance and fell to his knees.

"What's the matter? That all you got!?"

"Fighters, to the center!"

The Captain vexed over how to go about it. Fighting an irregular opponent for the first time, he had no idea what stance he should take.

But even if he had a normal attack pattern, it was no guarantee the Captain would win.

**\*Whistle\***

"Masks!"

Takeshi stepped forward as soon as the whistle signaling a restart sounded.

(This is the same tactic he used last time!)

He fended off Takeshi's attack with his own bamboo sword. Despite Takeshi's several attempts to go for his mask, he successfully countered.

"You can do it, Captain!"

Seeing their Captain putting up a good fight, the Kendo Club members had great expectations. Even so, Asuka continued to look worried.

(Imma turn this around!)

Or so the Captain thought.

In the next moment, Takeshi's right hand which was poised for a wave attack went off in another direction, and the left sword struck.

"Body!!"

"What!?"

The wave attack was what did him in. The Captain focused all his energy on countering, while the other sword mercilessly stuck.

"Bo...body hit, one **strike!!**"

The dojo echoed with sounds of the Kendo Club members disappointment.

Asuka covered her face with both hands.

The Captain fell to a seated position in utter despair.

"Did you see that!? Nothing less than you'd expect from a man of this level!!"

Filled with the pride of victory, Takeshi strutted over to Asuka.

"Well! Asuka-san!! Now you know who's actually stronger. There's no need to stay with that guy any longer. So, will you be coming along with me?"

"B...but..."

"Come along, Asuka-san. This way..."

"Ah..."

Takeshi pulled Asuka by the hand. But as he dragged her along, she looked back at the Captain.

The Captain looked on at the spectacle, saying nothing.

"You're the kind of guy who can't win without resorting to underhanded tactics after all... A guy like that was never meant for Asuka."

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“What did you say!?”

“Are you in any position to object? No matter how you look at it, you didn’ t fight fairly when facing Asuka!!”

Faced with this truth, the Captain couldn’ t object.

But at the same time, he wasn’ t the type to let a statement like that go unchecked.

“Don’ t... Don’ t get the wrong idea. It’ s not like I asked her out or anything...”

In that instant, Asuka’ s heart froze.

“I... couldn’ t have cared less about it all... really... I just just hooked up with her because Asuka said that she liked me... But whatever, I don’ t really care...”

He put on the toughest front he could.

It was Asuka that loved him. So he insisted, erecting a shield to protect his own sense of pride. At the time, the Captain had no idea just how badly those words had hurt Asuka.

To prevent him from saying more, Takeshi prompted Asuka to leave.

“You’ re a despicable guy through and through... Come on, Asuka-san. Let’ s get out of here.”

Asuka couldn’ t utter a single word.

But with shoulders slumped forward, it was evident to everyone that she was struggling to fight back her tears.

“A...”

The Captain grew flustered.

Asuka was the one who loved *him* after all. So she was going to stay there with him for sure.

Or so he thought...

Asuka shattered those dreams as she allowed Takeshi escort her out of the dojo.

“Captain...”

The other Kendo Club members gathered around their Captain, who stood there in a daze.

“I can’t believe it...”

“Knowing you, you probably said what you did in refusal of your defeat... But poor Asuka...”

“Shut... Shut up!! You all just stay out of it!!”

He shouted much louder than necessary to mask his own upset.

“But...”

“I said shut up!! It’s over now so pack up and go home!!”

Turned off by his threatening attitude, the Kendo Club members left the dojo. Left all alone, the Captain sat on the dojo floor.

“...It was her... She said she liked me... Guess it was nothing more than words... Like I care... as if...”

He was still putting on a front even in his own mind.

The sad expression Asuka had shown him earlier was burned into his eyes; couldn’t look away.

Remembering the smiling face she’d shown him up until the day before, tears welled in his eyes.

But even unable to shed tears in earnest, he continued insisting to himself that he was in the right.

“Jeez, come on.”

Miki, who had been sitting in a corner of the dojo, stood up and walked over to the Captain.

“If only you’d just been honest... Your stubbornness got the best of you...”

“...Shut... shut up... Just leave me alone!”

He made no attempt to look Miki in the eyes.

Knowing that his true feelings were that transparent terrified him.

“You like Asuka-chan, right? Don’ t you?”

The Captain made no reply.

“If you don’ t chase after her now, you’ ll probably never get her back.”

“Fine, whatever...”

“I don’ t think you really mean that...”

The Captain continued to put on airs; Miki looked on in half defeat.

“What...?”

Miki reacted to something.

“Oh, my...”

“What... what is it...?”

Miki’ s loaded reaction had piqued the Captain’ s interest.

“I planted a bug on Asuka earlier.”

“What?”

You could just never tell what this chick was up to. Or so the Captain thought to himself.

Though the idea intrigued him, she would literally do anything.

“You wanna hear? Things just got interesting.”

“What do you mean... interesting?”

The Captain took the earphone Miki passed to him and held it up to his ear.

He heard a familiar voice on the other side.

“Ahh... Ahh... Ohh...”

There was no mistaking it, it was Asuka’ s voice.

A sweet breathy voice that no one aside from him should ever hear.

“Asuka!!”

He felt all the blood rush from his head.

There was no time for him to think, before he could weigh out anything his body began to react.

He flew out of the dojo exactly the way he was, running after Asuka.

“Ahh... He’ s all worked up now...”

Miki picked up the earphone her cousin had cast aside, putting it back into

her own ear as she continued to listen.

(Hey, Asuka... Wanna go raw?)

(Huh? No, no - you' ve got to put one on...)

“He didn’ t even realize he was the one who recorded this...”

The Captain ran out of the school with bare feet.

“Dammit... Where did they go...!? That bastard... If he lays one hand on Asuka I’ ll never forgive him...”

Takeshi and Asuka were at the park beside the school.

“Asuka-san... I’ m sure you haven’ t had time to sort out your feelings just yet but... Without a doubt... I think it’ s definitely better for you this way.”

Asuka had managed not to cry up until this point, but Takeshi only felt guilt.

“...You may hate me now... but... I... I’ ve thought of nothing but your best interest this entire time...”

Akusa listened to what Takeshi had to say, hanging her head the entire time.

Miki emerged from the now empty kendo dojo with a sense of accomplishment.

“...Seriously... All because he couldn’ t be straightforward about it... Good thing I was able to anticipate that and came prepared with this tape.”

She’ d made a tape recording of the video depicting Asuka and the Captain in the act.

It was something Miki did because she knew the Captain better than he knew himself.

“He’ s always so stubborn...”

Miki had anticipated that the Captain would almost definitely play the tough guy and end up hurting Asuka.

So from the very beginning, she’ d made an audio recording of that fated video with the intention of deceiving him.

With the feeling that she’ d done something of a good deed, Miki headed home

- but found a man standing in front of her, blocking the way.

Miki's expression showed immediate displeasure.

"Hey... I've been looking for you."

He had long hair and piercings. Baggy pants. He definitely didn't seem the intellectual type.

"You don't take no for an answer, do you..."

Miki looked thoroughly pissed.

"Look how sincere I am - just give it up and be my girl already."

"Absolutely not!! I just had sex with you for fun! Blame it on the alcohol! Because seriously, no one would sleep with you sober!! Don't feel entitled just because I slept with you one time! I hate guys like you who won't take no for an answer!"

Miki went on and on, as if this time he'd really listen.

If I say this to him, maybe he'll really stay away - is what she seemed to think.

An uncomfortable moment of silence passed between them.

"...Oh, right - I get it... After I went through all the trouble of asking you nicely... You feel like you can just act spoiled like that..."

Osamu looked like he was about to explode.

"Who's acting spoiled again?"

As he continued to press his ridiculous reasoning as to why they should be together, Miki intended to ignore Osamu and be on her way. But soon found herself surrounded as a group of men who suddenly appeared out of the woodwork.

"....."

One took a knife from his pocket, moving it closer and closer to Miki's cheek.

"Like I said... I have ways to convince you by force."

She heard Osamu's voice behind her.

"...So that's what you plan on doing..."

Miki conveyed her contempt towards Osamu with her glare alone.

It brought a slight smile to his face.

#### Part 4

The Captain frantically searched for Asuka.

“Dammit... Where did they go...”

Asuka was being embraced by that guy.

Just the thought of it made his heart feel torn to pieces; he was unable to contain himself.

Not much time had elapsed. They couldn't have gotten far yet. Just as he thought that, he approached a place Asuka seemed likely to go.

“Ah-ha... found them!!”

Seeing Takeshi exit out of the rear park entrance got him all flared up.

“Hey! What have you done to Asuka!?”

“Oh, it's you... Well, I suppose that's none of your business now is it...”

Takeshi looked at the Captain with disappointment in his eyes.

“Like hell it's none of my business!! What did you do to Asuka!?”

A look of deep puzzlement fell over Takeshi's face. Of course it did. Being asked what he did all of a sudden, when he had no memory of doing anything at all.

“Seriously, what are you talking about? Asuka-san and I have just parted ways.”

“You touched Asuka, didn't you!?”

“Don't be ridiculous... I'm not you... And in any case, I don't see how that's any of your concern. You no longer have any qualification to date Asuka-san!!”

After saying that, there was no way the Captain could refute. But he wasn't ready to throw in the towel just yet.

“...Let's do this one more time... I challenge you to a rematch!”

“A rather self-serving request...”

“...I know it’s self-serving... so please! Just give me one more chance...”

Takeshi acted as if he were thinking over the Captain’s request.

“...Well... continuing to drag it out like this would be even more pathetic. If you lose our next match as well, you must give up all claim to Asuka once and for all. I assume you’ll accept!?”

After a moment of hesitation, the Captain nodded in assent.

“F...Fine...”

“We should have our rematch soon... Let’s meet tomorrow, at the same dojo.”

“...Fine...”

The Captain and Takeshi glared at each other for some time.

“Can I just confirm one thing?”

“What is it?”

“You really haven’t laid a hand on Asuka have you?”

“Of course not. Asuka-san is not such an easy woman.”

‘As if anyone would be so stupid,’ Takeshi’s expression seemed to say.

“I see...”

The Captain felt relieved. Realizing that the voice he heard was nothing but one of Miki’s tricks, he became flustered and thought himself a fool.

And at the same time, he was angry at himself for not trusting in Asuka.

Takeshi understood Asuka much more than he did.

“Well then, until tomorrow - at our rematch!”

Turning on his heels, Takeshi left. For quite a while, the Captain just stood there, watching him walk away.

“If Asuka has gone home... then that means...”

After regaining a bit more composure, the Captain decided to change his clothes and head for Asuka’s house.

There was a park near the school.

As night fell, the people also grew scarce, and even the students tended to stay away.

The men held both of Miki's arms behind her, sticking the sharp point of a knife at her back.

"Now come on."

They gave a quick shove to Miki's back, pushing her into the park.

"Huh?"

Passing in front of the park at that very moment, Takeshi felt like may have seen that young woman standing behind the band of ruffians before.

"Isn't that the girl from...?"

The Captain headed for Asuka's place.

She'd definitely made it home by now. He was sure of it.

He arrived at the apartment building, painted with pure white walls. He ran up the stairs and stood in front of her door.

"Haah... haah... haah..."

As he'd run there at top speed, he was out of breath.

Waiting for his breath to calm, he examined the state of the room.

The lights were off.

"...Maybe she's not here?"

He tried ringing the doorbell.

**DING-DONG**

"....."

There was no response.

"Huh? ...I wonder if she hasn't made it home yet?"

He tried ringing again.

**DING-DONG**

"....."

".....Guess she's not home after all..."

Though he' d more or less given up, there was nowhere else he needed to be, so he gave the buzzer one last push.

**DING-DONG**

“.....”

“What should I do... Wait for her to return?”

At that very moment, he heard the clinking of someone unbolting the lock. The door opened slowly, and Asuka peeked her head out only slightly.

“Asuka...”

The Captain was relieved to see Asuka once again.

It looked as if Asuka had been in her room crying the entire time. Her eyes were red and swollen.

Whether she didn' t want to show her crying face, or didn' t want to see the Captain again was unclear, but she made no attempt to meet his gaze.

“A...Asuka...”

He understood that the words he said had probably hurt Asuka deeply. Seeing Asuka with her red puffy face before him only intensified his sense of guilt; his chest pained.

“You... You know I...”

“.....”

Asuka rested her forehead on the door, not even faking to look in the Captain' s direction.

“...I' m sorry... About earlier.”

Unable to endure it any longer, he looked downward, apologizing to Asuka.

Perhaps those words echoed in Asuka' s head like some kind of refrain. Her eyes welled with tears.

“...No, I' m sorry... I' ve... been getting in your way all this time...”

“No... No, you' re wrong... I mean...”

He insistently denied what she said. But he also knew that the flimsy excuse he' d made earlier only made him sound like a hypocrite.

“...I just got carried away with my own feelings... But I was really only

bothering you...”

“No, no... Don’ t worry about it... I mean... I didn’ t say those things because I meant them...”

A long silence fell upon them.

Eventually, Asuka began to sob heavily.

“...You know I... I challenged that guy to a rematch... So, so don’ t worry. This time I’ ll definitely win... so...”

He thought his words would calm Asuka, so he tried to speak with determination and even showed a slight smile.

But Asuka continued to look downward as her tears gushed forth.

“...Sorry...”

Tears poured from Asuka’ s eyes.

“I... just can’ t believe you any more...”

“!!...”

It felt as if an incredible shock struck him from inside his own head.

For a moment, his mind went blank and his body stiff.

Asuka’ s door slammed shut.

At a loss for what to do, he stared at it blankly.

He could hear Asuka sobbing heavily beyond the door.

“...Of course you can’ t... In that case...”

All strength left his body.

His head hang low as he stood there in a daze.

“Everything I said was self-serving... I didn’ t think about how Asuka would feel at all... This is all my fault...”

Memories together with Asuka played again and again in the Captain’ s mind.

Asuka’ s smile.

Her angry face.

Her sad looking face.

He treasured them all.

“Not knowing... not knowing that it would eventually all come down to this...”

I' m such an idiot..."

Large tears shed from the Captain' s eyes.

Not realizing how important Asuka was to him until this very moment, he felt like a pathetic fool.

(I don' t want it to end like this... I' ll try one more time...)

The Captain spoke to Asuka through the door.

"Asuka... Please listen to me... I don' t think there' s anything I could say to convince you right now but... I... I truly love you Asuka..."

Standing beyond the door, Asuka heard his every word.

"I don' t want to lose you like this..."

His head shot straight up as he shouted at Asuka.

"I' m going to win... I' ll win!!... So please... Just give me one more chance!"

After saying those words, he left Asuka' s door.

Asuka could hear the force of his footsteps as he walked away.

There were two men who, no matter how you looked at it, seemed to be keeping guard as they stood in front of the public restroom.

A knife was inserted into Miki' s tank-top bra, which fitted tightly to her body, clearly defining the shape of her breasts. As it tore they burst free, laying bare.

Miki remained silent and she continued looking to the side, averting the men' s gaze. Osamu placed one of Miki' s earphones into his ear and hit play.

"...I was wondering what you were listening to - sounds like some kind of porno tape."

"Hey! Stop! Don' t listen to that!!"

It was Asuka and the Captain' s tape. She' d only recorded it to play for the Captain after all, no one else was to hear it. Miki did everything she could to try and stop him.

"I' m not really interested in listening to this kind of thing you know..."

The video we' re about to make is going to be far more interesting..."

"...What...What are planning to do?"

"Oh, you know. You know what we' re going to do to you, right?"

As disgusting smile crept over Osamu' s face, the man that had been restraining Miki from behind thrust his hands forward, violently forcing them into her jeans.

"AHH!"

The sudden attack caused her to scream.

"No... Stop!"

The man forced his hands into Miki' s floral print panties, which somewhat mismatched her character, pushing through her pubic hair as he started to massage her genitals.

"No! Stop... Stop it..."

Betraying the discomfort she felt, the violent groping stimulated Miki, producing a warm wet fluid.

Osamu gazed coldly at Miki through the video camera viewfinder, making sure he captured every moment of her shame.

"...If you don' t wanna be my girl... I' m gonna spread this tape all over the underground."

The Captain returned to the dojo.

"Huh?... Miki' s not here... Guess she headed home without me... Come on now, I can' t be worrying about her now... I' ve got to win tomorrow no matter what..."

The Captain changed back into his dogi and began to focus until his mind and body were one.

(I' ve got to remember that guy' s attack pattern...)

The Captain recalled Takeshi' s movements.

He played it again and again in his mind, like some kind of image training.

"If I can focus during the match... I' m sure I can win!"

The shirt, jean shorts, and small round panties that had all been torn off were scattered artlessly about the floor around her.

“Noo... ahh... Ah...”

Inside the public restroom at the park, Miki’s raspy voice echoed coldly.

“No... ooo... Ah...”

Duct tape was wound around both wrists, binding them behind her back, awkwardly jutting her hips outward. From time to time, she’d become aware of the video camera and attempt to look away, but with the fierce pounding of the men’s hips, that awareness worked against her, and she became unable to restrain her voice.

“AH!... A... AH...”

“Picture-wise this isn’t very titillating at all... We need to see the point of penetration nice and clear.”

Whether it felt different to him because he was viewing it through a camera lens, or whether that kind of thing really didn’t matter between the guys was unclear, but there was an odd coldness to Osamu’s gaze as he watched another man have sex with the woman he was courting.

“OK - let’s go.”

And with that carefree reply, he hoisted up Miki’s body with a groan.

“Ahh...”

He was now holding Miki from behind, exposing the part where they joined before the camera viewfinder as he pierced her even more deeply.

“Look, I want you to show me the point of entry nice and clear - got it?”

“AHH, YEAH...”

The man yelled loudly at her to increase her sense of shame, thrusting his hips even more furiously than before.

“Ah... Haa... Ahh...”

The camera lens captured every detail of Miki’s expression.

“Ahh... Ah...”

“Alright, next!”

With that command, they passed her to the next one, and the next one.

They grabbed both of her ankles, spreading her legs into a V shape, furiously stabbing away.

“Ah... Ah, No... No, no...”

“AHH... I think I’ m about to cum... We good?”

The man was asking permission from camera man and director Osamu.

“Don’ t bust inside there, or we’ ll have something else to deal with. Be sure to pull out, **let’ s everyone have a round with her.**”

“In that case...”

The man moved his hips even faster.

“Ah... Ahh... Ahh...”

As Miki let out short quick cries, the man suddenly grabbed her head, dumping out a milky white fluid directly into her face.

“Umph!...”

Miki closed her eyes and mouth as tightly as she could. Several times the heat tinged fluid washed over her face, dripping off her cheeks as it spread.

“Haaa... Haaa... Haa...”

She thought she’ d finally be free, but the camera was still rolling.

“Alright whoever’ s next, you’ re up.”

## Part 5

The Captain was at the dojo, fully engrossed in his training.

(I’ ll do it... I’ ll defeat him and win Asuka back!!)

Never before in his life had he practiced in such earnest.

Even the other club members looked on in awe from outside the dojo, seeing him practice the same forms over and over again with such dedication.

“Umph... Umphm... Umph...”

Miki was in a half-sitting posture as her head was held firmly in place. A man forced himself in and out of her mouth.

“Come on - you gotta use more tongue. Don’ t tell me you’ re so stupid you ain’ t got this skill?”

“Umph... Phm... Umphm...”

“Ohh... I’ m gonna cum...”

Violently shaking Miki’ s head front and back, he began thrusting his own hips front and back in tandem.

“Phm... Umphm...”

Just as Miki let out a painful sounding cry, his motion came to a dead halt. Her mouth filled with his lust as it poured out in pulsating bursts from deep within.

As he pulled out from her mouth, a vast amount of semen dripped off in threads.

“Cough... cough...”

Miki was coughing and looked weary. Osamu’ s voice rung out relentlessly.

“Alright, who’ s next?”

They were at a public restroom in a park.

There stood two men, who seemed to be keeping guard.

Takeshi attempted to walk in without taking notice of them.

“Oh, hey... Sorry, man. This one’ s currently in use. Could you find another?”

The men who stood guard kept their hands in their pants as they spoke to Takeshi in a rather contemptuous tone.

“I see... That’ s rather unfortunate...”

Without looking either man in the eye, Takeshi drew his bamboo sword.

They continued raping Miki.

“Ah... A... Ah...”

She was placed on top of a man who lay on his back, forcing her hips up and

down.

“Ahh... Ah... A...”

The men waiting their turn stood impatiently with their pants dropped.

“I was kinda wanting do her from behind...”

After Osamu thought about it for a bit.

“Alright, yeah. Let’s get some images of that, too.”

At Osamu’s direction, the man who was on the bottom lifted up Miki’s body.

Another spread her butt cheeks wide as if splitting them in half.

“No, NOO! What are you doing!?”

“You’re gonna get it from the front and back at the same time.”

A man with his pants dropped got on his knees behind Miki, taking position. He collected some of the juices that had run down her inner thigh, spreading it in and around the hole in the back, lightly inserting his middle finger.

“Eehh!”

It was the first time Miki cried out at one of their provocations.

“Huh? You sayin’ it’s your first time for this? What kinda slut are you?”

“No, NO! Stop! You’re sick!!”

Miki’s voice echoed in the bathroom.

“Pipe it down! You’re making things difficult.”

He gave Miki’s butt a punch, then immediately readied his member for entry, pushing forward.

“NOO!! I’m begging you, please stop!”

Paying no mind to Miki’s screaming cries, the man juttied out his hips. The hole spread open, making a squeaky fleshy sound.

“Eehh!? Ou! OUCH!!”

The hard, hot rod felt as if it were tearing her innards to shreds. An intense discomfort overcame Miki.

“Ahh... Uh... Mph... Noo...”

With holes in both front and back being violated, she felt them rubbing

together inside.

“No, nooo... It hurts... Stop moving..”

The camera recorded every moment of the humiliating scene from directly behind her.

“Alright - excellent frame.”

**THUD!!**

All of a sudden, the camera fell to the floor.

“Hey... What the hell you doin’ ?”

Osamu was stunned. In that surprise was the shock of realizing that there should have been lookouts outside.

The two standing guard lay unconscious, with a lump on their heads.

“You despicable low lives...”

Takeshi looked at the men with a gaze of utmost contempt.

“Who the hell you think you are? This ain’ t none a your business.”

When Osamu gave the signal, the men who had been assaulting Miki drew pocket knives and made to attack Takeshi.

Dodging his knife, Takeshi gave the first man hit on the temple with his bamboo sword. He disposed of a second and then a third in the same way.

Osamu moved around behind Takeshi, picked up one of the knives, creeping up slowly.

“Look out! Behind you!”

Turning around at Miki’ s warning, he saw Osamu lunging into attack.

Takeshi dodged a split second too late and the knife grazed his right hand, but the karate chop he dealt Osamu was enough to make him give up. Osamu ran.

“You bastard - I’ ll remember this...”

“Never show your disgusting face before me again!!”

Takeshi looked away from Miki as much as possible, unwinding the duct tape that bound her hands.

“...Are you alright?”

“...I wouldn't exactly say I'm alright...”

“I, I see... Well, of course...”

Takeshi waited for Miki to get dressed, then they walked away together.

To hide her torn bra, Miki walked with her arms crossed in front of her body, looking downward.

“I'll see you home.”

“...If I return home looking like this, it'll raise some unwanted questions...”

“...I suppose you're right...”

Takeshi was at a loss as for what to do.

Not really the type to show his emotions outwardly, it may not have been evident to any bystander, but internally he was quite shaken.

“...I want to take a bath...”

Miki muttered.

“Sorry?”

“My body feels all sticky and disgusting...”

The remnants of the men's lust, shot out all over her body, were a painful reminder of what transpired.

She wanted to wash it all off and forget what had happened as soon as possible.

“...I see... But... even if you wanted to take a bath...”

### **Stay - Starting at ¥7000 -**

Whether the timing was good or bad, an audacious billboard came into Takeshi's view.

### Part 6

Miki rinsed off in the shower, behind foggy glass.

Thinking it improper to look in that direction, Takeshi did his best to avert his eyes.

Inevitably, his actions were restricted. This was aided by the sense of guilt he felt walking into a place like this wearing his school uniform, and the rigid tension that followed.

“Ahh - I feel refreshed.”

Miki sat on the bed, nothing but a bath towel wrapped around her body. Thinking he mustn't look, Takeshi turned away.

For quite a while, neither of them could say anything.

“...Shall... Shall I see you home?”

Takeshi spoke with utmost restraint.

After waiting for his words to settle, Miki muttered in response.

“In this kind of situation... You wouldn't want to do it?”

“Do... Do what exactly...?”

At the very least, Takeshi wanted to ensure she knew that this was not his intent.

“So you're saying, a woman forced into that kind of thing is too dirty for you to embrace...?”

Miki smiled, making fun of herself.

“No... No, that's not what I meant...”

“It's fine. Go home if you want to go home... I'll pick up the hotel bill.”

“.....”

Seeing Miki raise her hand to her chin as if she were bored, Takeshi felt remorseful.

“...That's not my intention whatsoever, but I'm unsure what to say in this type of situation... My apologies.”

A heavy air continued to hang about them.

No matter how loose a girl she seemed, there's no way she could feel at peace with what had just happened to her.

Realizing that there were no sensible words he could offer her at a time like this, he felt bitter towards himself.

“...You’ re not going home?”

Looking over toward Takeshi, Miki realized that blood was dripping from his right hand.

“Oh... You’ ve hurt your hand...”

“Oh, this happened earlier...”

It was the wound from when the knife grazed his hand. Miki gently pet the skin around his wound.

“...I’ m sorry... You got this because of me...”

“...No, it’ s because I left an opening... And if you hadn’ t told me about it, something far worse may have happened.”

Miki gave Takeshi a slight smile. Takeshi endeavored to smile back at her in kind, unravelling some of the tension that stood between them.

They continued to gaze upon one another for some time.

It seemed as if everything that had just transpired was long ago, and a newfound warmth enveloped them.

Miki slowly approached Takeshi, laying her lips on his.

Takeshi received the kiss naturally.

Miki then stood up and pushed Takeshi onto the bed.

“Can you make me forget?...”

“I... Question if I’ m able...”

“Are you nervous?”

“...Well... It would be my first time doing this...”

“You mean doing it in a place like this? Or to do *it*?”

“...A first time for both...”

“Well then, I’ ll be extra gentle with you...”

Miki smiled sweetly and began kissing Takeshi once again.

This time, she kissed him slowly and deliberately, deeply tangling her tongue

in his.

She unbuttoned Takeshi's shirt one button at a time as she gently rubbed the hot hard lump in his pants.

"Ah..."

Without really intending to, Takeshi let out a childlike cry.

"Don't worry, you're going to be just fine. Just leave it all to your big sister. I'm going to take care of you."

'Leave it all to your big sister' - surely she meant that in jest.

With Takeshi half undressed, Miki ran her tongue from his clavicle down his muscular chest. It was his first time for such an experience, and it made him ticklish in delight.

Miki's bath towel fell aside, revealing her large breasts.

Takeshi stared at her pale flesh.

"What are you starting at... perv."

"Uh... Sorry."

"Don't be sorry. There are times when it's better to be a perv than not."

Miki removed Takeshi's clothes.

"Wow, you're huge."

Cried out Miki as she saw Takeshi's towering member.

Takeshi had never gone around comparing his with anyone else's and had no idea if this was said in truth or flattery.

Miki began massaging his member, guiding his hand to her breasts.

"Hey... Touch me, too."

Just as instructed, he hesitantly touched Miki's breasts.

"Ah....."

Miki let out a cry as if she was into it. Takeshi had no idea if it was in earnest, or if it was all an act.

"Here, too... OK."

With moist eyes, Miki brought Takeshi's hand to her lower body. He rubbed her body from her lower stomach to her thigh, then penetrated into her bushy

overgrowth with his fingers.

“Ah...”

Miki cried out even louder than before, suddenly arching her back.

Takeshi gently rubbed the area where the men had done violence to her, as if taking pity.

“Mnn... Ah...”

Miki was warm and wet, he could tell by the moisture that lingered on his fingers.

“I know you said this was your first time... But you’ re quite talented...”

“Uh?... I-if you say so...”

It made Takeshi rather happy – many times happier than defeating an opponent at a kendo tournament.

“Now I’ m going to do it for you.”

As she said this, Miki buried her head into the mattress, running her tongue all over Takeshi’ s lower body.

“Uhh...”

Taking Takeshi’ s rock hard member into her mouth, her head bobbed up and down in a slow, nuanced way.

In the face of this previously unknown pleasure, Takeshi had let out a dull cry.

“Does that feel good?”

“It... It does.”

Takeshi’ s face was flushed as he nodded.

“Alright... Now I want you to give it to me here.”

Miki stood up, posing with her palms as if to beg him to ‘push it in.’ Takeshi’ s anticipation heightened, faced with this yet unknown world.

Miki grabbed one of the condoms that lay beside the bed, unrolling it onto Takeshi with practiced hands.

Takeshi felt a bit of unease at his first time wearing one.

Miki got on her knees, straddling Takeshi as if to lay atop him, then slowly

lowered her hips.

“Uh...”

“Ah...”

They both let out cries of pleasure.

Once he was completely inside, Miki relaxed the full weight of her body onto his.

“Yeah?...”

“Ye... yes.....”

Even though their exchange was hardly a conversation, with that alone they seemed to have a mutual understanding.

Miki slowly raised and lowered her hips.

“Mnn... Ah...”

Miki wanted him to feel like she was the dominant one.

Takeshi devoted his full attention to the part of him enveloped in Miki’s warmth.

“Hey... Touch my breasts...”

Miki was pleading. Takeshi, who was on the bottom, massaged her suppled breasts with both hands, just as she had instructed.

Directing his gaze downward, he could distinctly see his member going in and out of Miki.

“Ah... A... Ahh...”

Miki’s cries grew even louder.

Her eyes looked strained at a glance, belying the sweet voice that sang out.

Seeing Miki act so boldly, Takeshi thought she was unbelievably cute.

“Hey... Why don’t you get on top...”

Miki stepped away from Takeshi as she said this. As his member pulled out, it glistened with love juices. Miki lay on the bed, spreading both legs to welcome Takeshi inside.

“Give it to me...”

Takeshi took a careful look at what lay between the legs spread before him.

It was his first time to see this part of a woman, and he couldn't help but feel a bit bewildered.

“Stop... Don't stare at me like that... perv.”

“Oh... I'm, I'm sorry.”

Takeshi's face flushed once again. As all of this was completely new to him, he was nothing but bewildered.

Lightly holding his member with his thumb and forefinger, he guided it towards Miki's vagina.

“Is, is this the right place?”

Takeshi moved it up and down, confirming the point of entry as he penetrated.

“Oh... Yes...”

All of it slipped straight inside Miki, as if it were being sucked in.

Miki closed her eyes, drunk with ecstasy.

Takeshi lay on top of Miki, thrusting his hips back and forth.

“Ah... Ahh... Ah...”

Miki let out a cry in tandem with Takeshi's movements.

Takeshi continued moving his hips with abandon. Miki wrapped both her arms around Takeshi's shoulders, holding him in place.

“Ah... Ahh... Ah... Oh...”

Little by little, Miki's voice grew louder and louder.

As Miki's lewd cries reached Takeshi's ears, his excitement grew.

“Ahh... Ah... Ah... I'm... I'm going to cum...”

Miki's words rang with anguish. Takeshi felt so elated he might explode.

He moved in and out of Miki with even more fervor.

“Ah... Ah... AHHHHH!...”

“Uh...”

At the exact moment Takeshi's movements stopped, Miki felt his hot hard tip burst inside her body.

Takeshi and Miki lay naked in bed, snuggling.

“Did that feel good?”

“It... it did.”

Miki smiled sweetly at Takeshi as he blushed.

“Hey... Mind if I ask you something?”

“Sure, what?”

“You... really finished didn’ t you?”

Miki pouted mischievously.

“Ah... Well... I...”

Takeshi blushed once again at the words he spoke.

The smile immediately returned to Miki’ s face.

“Just kidding. You were really good, you know.”

Takeshi had no idea if she meant those words or not, but decided he would trust in her smile.

“Let’ s go to sleep. You have another match tomorrow, right?”

“Right, I do.”

Miki gave Takeshi a soft kiss goodnight before turning off the bedside light.

As day broke, he heard a sparrow cry out.

The Captain gazed at the morning sun.

It was as if he were asking himself a question.

“Morning.”

Miki spoke to Takeshi as she rubbed her recently opened eyes.

“Good morning.”

Takeshi was hardly able to sleep after all of the excitement. He’ d been looking at Miki’ s sleeping face the entire time.

“Stop... Don’ t pay so much attention to my face right after I wake up.”

Miki covered her face with a comforter as she said this.

“Oh... I’ m, I’ m sorry.”

‘I guess that’ s just how it is,’ Takeshi thought to himself.

After she showered, Miki returned to where Takeshi sat, turned her back to him and then removed her bath towel.

Takeshi's heart raced with anticipation, but without taking much notice Miki proceeded to put on her panties.

Miki's skin glistened in the morning light with a beauty completely unlike that from the night before.

Takeshi pretended not to stare at her as he spoke.

"You know, I... I... May be falling in love with you..."

He blushed a bit as he spoke.

Perhaps it was the type of sincerity befitting him, expressing such emotion for a woman he'd just spent the night with.

Miki frowned for a moment, but the smile immediately returned to her face.

"...Nope. No you're not. We've only slept together this once, so don't get carried away, OK!"

She faced Takeshi, waving her pointer finger to and fro as she winked.

At this, it was Takeshi that frowned.

But then the both of them began giggling.

It was Takeshi's first time to meet a girl like Miki.

Even though he accepted what Miki said about him being wrong, he wasn't mistaken about what made her so attractive.

Leaving the hotel, they parted ways somewhere they wouldn't be seen.

"Well then... Be careful."

Takeshi thought he might see her home, but quickly changed his mind.

He'd heard that she'd been staying at the Captain's place.

He figured that if he were to go with Miki, it would definitely raise suspicions in the Captain's mind.

And he didn't want to throw his opponent's emotions into chaos, as they would face each other today.

"OK - see ya' later."

Miki held her breasts with one hand while waving the other.

Takeshi waved back, reluctant to part ways, but the way she said 'see ya' later' somehow made him happy.

## Part 7

"This could be bad... I wonder if he's mad..."

Miki just realized she'd made no effort to contact the Captain.

She thought about waiting to return until after he'd left for school, but it was equally unthinkable to wander around looking like she did, so she decided to head back without delay.

She opened the door just as the Captain was leaving.

"Oh... 'Morning."

She tried to sound friendly, putting on a fake smile.

"...What's this chick thinking staying out all night... I have a big match today, it's time to go!!"

"Oh, uh - right... I'll be right behind you. Just gotta change clothes."

"Not like now's the time to argue... Be sure you make it in time."

And with that, the Captain was on his way.

On the one hand, she was relieved that he didn't feel overly concerned about her absence, but at the same time felt a bit neglected. It was a complicated emotion.

After changing her clothes, Miki threw away the bra that had been torn to prevent its discovery, then headed to the dojo.

When she arrived, Takeshi and the Captain were already standing face to face.

Takeshi glanced over at Miki, but reacted as if he didn't know her.

"...This is our final match. If I win, you won't ever get near Asuka again, is that clear!"

"I accept..."

If he didn' t win this match, he' d have to give up all hope of ever being with Asuka again.

It was that critical a situation.

But the Captain had thrown himself whole-heartedly into his special training yesterday and had confidence in himself.

Perhaps that was the reason why, but somehow or another, Takeshi strangely didn' t seem as menacing as he did the day before.

“Alright... Let' s do this!”

He yelled loudly to psych himself up.

The Captain faced toward Takeshi.

“Everything' s fine... I' m sure to win! Today I have nothing to fear from him.”

**\*Whistle\***

A whistle sounded, signaling the start of the match.

“...Just focus... As long as I focus...”

“Ha!”

Takeshi struck from up high, just as he had the day before.

The Captain dodged it with ease.

(I can do this... If I just keep it up.....)

The Captain was now able to read Takeshi' s moves. And he hadn' t overlooked how Takeshi had left his right hand wide open.

(...His guard is lax on the right!...)

Countering Takeshi' s strike that came from up high, he quickly moved to rotate his grip.

“Now! Forearm!!”

The Captains swift swordsmanship landed him a hit on Takeshi' s forearm.

The bamboo sword that Takeshi had held in his right hand rolled on the floor.

“Forearm hit - one **strike!**”

Everyone in the Kendo Club was ecstatic.

“You did it!!”

“Way to go Captain!”

But this was a glory different than the time that he’ d beaten Asuka. You might say they were all deeply moved.

Takeshi removed his mask and took a long, deep breath.

“...I’ ve lost... I no longer have the right to tell you to stay away from Asuka...”

Takeshi was now able to congratulate the Captain on his victory without harboring any ill feelings.

The Captain removed his mask as well, and went to shake Takeshi’ s hand.

“...Thank you... Thank you for giving me this chance... Perhaps now I can say that this victory is truly mine...”

Standing near the Captain’ s side, Miki noticed someone standing in the dojo entrance.

“...Asuka-chan.”

The Captain followed Miki’ s gaze to where she looked.

Asuka was leaning against the dojo entrance, staring right at him.

Though her eyes were teary, she sent a fortuitous smile his way.

“Asuka!”

The Captain ran towards Asuka.

And Asuka ran to meet him.

Asuka flew into the Captain’ s arms. He hugged her tightly to his body.

“Asuka... I’ m sorry... I’ ll never make you sad again...”

“...That’ s a promise I can believe in, right...”

Miki approached Takeshi, who welcomed her with a smile.

“Did you let him win on purpose?”

“No, I’ d never do that. He won using his true strength.”

“It that right... It’ s not because your back was overworked or anything?”

“.....”

All Takeshi could do was smile bitterly.

“I was thinking... You’ re a pretty great guy and all... So maybe I will go out with you.”

“...Really... I’ m pleased to hear it.”

Everyone stood around Asuka and the Captain as they embraced, looking on warmly.

“Hey, hey - this one, this one!”

Asuka frolicked about in front of a movie theater.

The Captain went into the theater with her.

“I’ ve been wanting to see this movie with you.”

To put it plainly, the Captain’ s words made Asuka very happy.

They ate ice cream together, went to the arcade together...

Just doing things like a regular boyfriend and girlfriend made Asuka incredibly happy.

She squeezed the Captain’ s arm tight as she smiled with pure joy.

“Wouldn’ t you do that thing you do for me?”

“What are you saying - you’ re not a child.”

Takeshi rather missed when Miki used to act more mature.

“I’ m never going to leave you again.”

The Captain could finally speak from the heart.

Because he wanted to see Asuka’ s smile.

<THE END>

### **Afterword**

Well, I’ m really sorry. Though hadn’ t intended to write anything long I’ ve gone and done it. They said they wanted to know more about the original

stuff... But that ain' t what I said I wanted to write about (lol).

So there you have it, this novel here was about Asuka. There may be some of you out there thinking Asuka' s demeanor has significantly changed from the V10 or CTR days... but I wanted to cover part of that mental shift she undergoes from the days of her childhood, or at least give it a try... I hadn' t quite fleshed it all out yet. As for why, it' s because I didn' t have the time (lol). It had been several years since I' d done something like this, but I did it all over two days without any sleep. It made me terribly ill... Guess I' m not as young as I used to be (lol). I wanted to give more depth, particularly to Shiori, but I don' t think I succeeded. My apologies. I' d like to try again in the future, if given the opportunity...

It' s been crazy busy recently, so I don' t really have the spare time to dedicate to a side project. Next year' s release schedule is packed full. There' s F40, M1, F50, GTB, M3, and RSR going on now... And unrelated to that, 6 other series (though they won' t be VIPER releases)... So in other words, I hope everyone will please look forward to what' s to come.

But, no matter how much I want to make this short and sweet, the most difficult part was depicting things without any images. Though there are certain things that can only be expressed in text, it was quite difficult for someone who' s not a writer. In some cases, a single illustration from Katsura conveys a lot more than something I went great lengths to write. If you take a look at some of the illustrations in this book, I think you' ll understand. You might say the depictive power of a single image is something quite great indeed. But I guess that means there are some people out there who only looked at the pictures (lol).

And so, for the scenes where Asuka is 8 years old with Shori and so forth, Katsura created new illustrations just for this book. I hope we put them in our next original artwork publication. Asuka is super cute at 8 years old. With the 30cm ruler sticking out of her elementary-school backpack and whatnot.

Katsura would explain stuff like, “No, they don’ t have music class today - it’ s not a flute!” Even though it looked that way in the first place (lol).

So there you have it, CTR - the game is on sale now. It sold so many more copies that I ever imagined, that I screamed with delight when the first manufacturing run was unable to keep up. Thank you very much to everyone who purchased a copy. The lines at Akihabara retailers were quite long I hear. You probably had to wait in line a long time... sorry about that. Thinking about how we do nothing but make you wait, I hope you’ ll forgive us.

However, no one thought the FD edition would sell as many copies as it did. With 40 disks, installation is quite a feat (lol). The box is stupid huge, too.

Also, I was really surprised to learn how much of a following Miki had. She’ s the polar opposite of Asuka character-wise, so I didn’ t expect her reception to be all that great. Even Katsura himself says that Miki’ s face is easier to draw. I didn’ t think it was necessary for the game, but he’ s sketched out Miki and Takeshi’ s sex scene for this novelization, so be sure to take a closer look.

Now that I’ ve written out this novel version for Asuka, guess the next time around will have to be for her (lol). There’ s no telling just when that will be, or where it’ s going to be published. Though quite a few places have asked me to do it. If possible, maybe I’ d like to leave it to someone else to do... But then who would do the illustrations... Since Awaji Sugawara is busy with F40 and GTB... In a gesture of friendship, maybe I could ask Kimura to draw them for me (lol). Maybe if \*Ga○Ga○Ga○ ever reached a stopping point. It probably won’ t (lol). Well, something’ s got to come of it in the meantime.

P. Warrior

\*P. Warrior appears to be haphazardly concealing the name of some title - perhaps one Kimura is working on. I don' t know what he' s referencing.

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