Futa Note Chapter 5

Carmen frowned as she brushed her hair. It was longer than it should be since her haircut a few weeks ago, brushing against her shoulders, and darker too, as if it were still damp from last night’s bath. She shrugged it off, concluding that puberty was to blame, and finished readying herself for the day. A part of her looked forward to returning to school for more than just resuming her education. Dakota would be there. Her first friend since high school began.

The honour student glanced down at her desk. It was a mess, with a mix of hers and Melody’s possessions and work scattered about in piles. They kept to their sides, that being their only attempt at organisation. Just below the surface, in one of the few intact drawers, rested the Futa Note. Melody knew not to pry, despite her persistent curiosity, yet Carmen feared the day that the book was discovered. How could she even explain something like that?

Carmen shook the thoughts off and turned her attention to her sister’s bed. Little had changed over the Christmas holiday. Melody’s side of the room sported some of the few festivities their family had left, wreaths of tinsel and plastic snowmen brightened the otherwise dank area. A ‘new’ teddy bear laid atop the thin covers. It was missing one eye and had several patches of haphazard stitches to keep its lumpy stuffing inside. Despite that, Melody was overjoyed when she got the present.

Carmen smiled in recollection. Near enough all her earnings went toward future tuition fees, while the rest assisted her mother in keeping their dilapidated roof and putting half decent food on the table. There was barely enough to celebrate such occasions as Christmas or Melody’s birthday. But it was worthwhile just to see her little sister’s face light up, which, in turn, brightened their mother’s.

“Shouldn’t you hurry up? You’ll be late… unless you want to have some fun?” Ryuka teased, almost seeming to condense into existence behind Carmen, and pressed her ludicrous breasts into her back. The sex god giggled at the obvious shudder of resistance that passed through the human.

“Stop that,” Carmen muttered, though she had to strain to say the words. This creature had become both an object of her lust and a severe nuisance to her. Ryuka’s body was something no human would ever match, no matter how many insane surgeries they had, particularly her cock. If not for that egregious aspect, Carmen wondered if she could even resist the Seikogami’s constant flirting, or if she’d even want to. Ryuka was, in a sense, the epitome of every perverted myth in human history.

“Ugh,” Ryuka groaned and rolled onto her back, hovering in mid-air, while her breasts jiggled with the momentum, “You never wanna have fun.”

“I do,” Carmen defended herself, working to fasten her bra, “But after I can afford to. If we’re still together after I’m rich and powerful, we can have all the fun you want.”

“Oh?” Ryuka peeped, tilting her head to peer down at the human, “And when will that be?”

“Anywhere from a year to never,” Carmen snickered, then grunted as she strained to hook her bra, “Great. Must’ve shrunk.” She sighed and tossed it aside, then tried another one, but to the same results.

“That’s just cruel,” Ryuka pouted.

“That’s life,” Carmen retorted, growing frustrated that her meagre selection of brasseries all seemed to have shrunk, “You’re kidding me?” She groaned and let the last one fall in defeat. Going braless wouldn’t be that noticeable under her sweater, especially with her small bust and nipples. Ryuka chuckled softly at her dilemma.

Dakota stood by the school gates with her hands clasped together for warmth and comfort. She hadn’t seen Carmen since the holidays began, though that had done nothing to dilate the feelings she had towards her. If anything, the separation made them stronger. The young half-German was hard pressed to recall a day in the past month that she hadn’t masturbated. A tight smile teased her lips at the memories, as did a flush of warmth in her cock.

She was used to it now. After the initial shock and sudden awakening to the fact that she was gay, Dakota found she liked having her dick. It was a whole new world of sensations for her to experience. Her jeans grew tight when her member swelled slightly. She quickly tensed and turned her thoughts away from her masturbation marathon. Though it had felt amazing when she jerked off and fingered herself at the same time. Dakota realised she was in an uphill battle and started toward the restroom.

“Guten tag, mein dyke!” A voice called that otherwise sounded friendly and teasing. It was cold to Dakota, however, enough that even the wind seemed to soften at its appearance. She looked around and saw Mary, accompanied by her apostles as usual, walking in her direction with a faux smile plastered to her face.

“Waiting for your girlfriend, eh, Dyke-kota?” Mary mocked, giggling at what she must’ve thought was clever word play. The others all laughed, though only Gretchen seemed to understand the sheer genius of her words.

“She’s not my girlfriend,” Dakota answered, but immediately realised her mistake.

“Aw, did you two break up? Maybe she realised that a two-faced bitch like you,” Mary poked her long-nailed finger into Dakota’s shoulder, pushing her point home, “Will always be a fucking cunt.”

“Shut up!” Dakota shouted and pushed her away. For a moment, elation coursed through her veins. She had wanted to do that for years, usually with a slap or punch, but this would suffice. Then she caught the baleful glares aimed at her, along with a pitiful glance from Zoey.

“You know something, *Dakota*?” Mary said her name like a cobra would spit venom, “I think you could use a makeover.”

Dakota made no attempt at bravado. She sprinted away, the small army hot on her tracks. It was futile, though, as Zoey quickly overtook and blocked her path. Mary came up behind her and laid a hand on her shoulder, though it felt like death’s clutches with the malice that oozed from her skin. There was nothing she could do. Fighting back might work for a brief time, but that would only escalate things. Dakota hung her head and resigned herself to her fate.

“Well, girls?” Mary ran a nail along her former ally’s neck, “Let’s make sure everyone understands Dakota. We wouldn’t want a man hitting on the little lesbo, now would we?”

Carmen walked briskly down the sidewalk. Her breaths came in misty clouds that dissipated as she strode into them, as if parted by her presence. She would pretend that she was a queen and the fog were her subjects as a child. It always made her dad smile, especially when she tried to look regal. Now, she was just another person as last night’s snowfall crunched underfoot.

She stepped up the pace after glancing at her cracked watch. It wouldn’t do to be tardy on the first day back. Carmen weaved through the early morning commuters gracefully, drawing on the experience of doing so since she was in middle-school, and maintained her impatient tempo. The cold air nipped at her skin and the breeze tugged on her hood, trying to steal her defences. It eventually faltered and left her alone.

A vibration in her breast pocket made her pause for a moment. She pulled out her sorely outdated phone and saw a message from Dakota; *‘meet me in the bathrooms, please?’* Carmen replied and hastened her pace. Dakota didn’t just make requests like that, usually just stating what she wanted to do, then adding a question mark a moment later. Something was probably wrong.

Less than a month. That’s how long she had known Dakota, but the girl had grown on Carmen in that time. She was nervously excitable, always uncertain of what she should do, but persistently acted like she was overjoyed by it. And Carmen enjoyed that aspect of her. It was different to Melody, a breath of fresh air so to speak. Not to mention that Dakota was a hopeless flirt.

It was flattering and annoying in equal measures. Carmen would be a liar if she said that she didn’t enjoy the compliments, but they got in the way when she was trying to focus. At random, Dakota would either creep up behind her or send her a text, often praising Carmen in some way. She was almost as bad as Ryuka. She would have been, if not for the sex goddess’s inherent advantages.

Though Carmen had to wonder if Dakota’s infatuation with her was due to the Futa Note. It had said that the owner becomes the desire of those transformed by it, but Dakota seemed fine with their platonic relationship, aside from the persistent flirtation. Carmen frowned to herself, unable to quell the sense that this new friendship was brought on solely by the notebook. If that was the case, then she had practically taken Dakota against her will.

“That’s a pretty intense face you’ve got there,” Ryuka noted, leaning around Carmen to peer at her thoughtful expression, “Don’t tell me you’re still trying to figure out the Futa Note?”

“Everything has an explanation,” Carmen stated, barely glancing at the Seikogami, as she stepped onto the school campus. She had learned it was better to try and placate the goddess, otherwise she would complain and whine like a small dog. Only it was worse, because Ryuka’s version of whining was to tease Carmen with her outrageous curves. Studying became impossible at those stages, for disregarding the Seikogami could only do so much for so long. The student blushed slightly at the memory of how she would masturbate after those occasions.

“Dakota?” Carmen called when she marched into the girl’s bathroom. There was no sense in worrying about why she and Dakota were friends now. The past couldn’t be changed. If it could then Carmen had a clear idea of what she would do.

“I-in here,” Dakota answered meekly, tapping on the furthest stall door, then opened it slightly.

“What’s wrong?” Carmen inquired as she entered. A glimpse of Dakota answered her question immediately, and gave rise to another, “What the hell happened?”

Dakota’s shirt was torn, made to expose her shoulders and belly, on both of which crude letters and drawings marred her skin. They depicted her new sexuality in the worst way possible, with arrows pointing to her breasts and crotch, asking for girls to use them as they wished. Her hair was a mess and her makeup resembled a toddler’s handiwork. She still had her skirt on, but it was ripped in half, almost exposing her cock-stuffed panties, while her leggings had massive holes in them.

“Mary,” Dakota stated, smiling wanly up at Carmen, “I pushed her and…”

“That fucking bitch,” Carmen growled, “Hold on, I’ll be right back.” She went and grabbed a handful of paper towels and wetted them, then returned to clean off the filthy words. A line even said, ‘suck my tits and I’ll pay you’. In almost any other situation, Carmen would struggle not to stare at Dakota. Especially her cleavage. Unlike Ryuka, Dakota’s breasts were the perfect size to be cupped.

“Thanks,” Dakota said, unable to think of anything more.

“No problem,” Carmen assured her, cleaning away the last obscenity, “They didn’t see your, um…” Dakota shook her head, “Well, that’s a bit of relief, at least.”

“Yeah,” Dakota nodded with a terse grin, “I’ll have to go home and change, though.”

“How far away do you live?” Carmen inquired, both curious and worried about how long Dakota would have to walk around like that.

“I normally get a ride from my mom, but she’s at work. So is Dad.”

“My place isn’t that far. A couple of minutes by bus.” Carmen offered without thought.

“I-I couldn’t,” Dakota laughed, trying to brush it aside, “Well, I could, but wouldn’t it be a bit awkward for you?”

“No more awkward than the time you showed me your dick,” Carmen pointed out.

“Guess so,” Dakota assented with an appreciative smile.

“Come on,” Carmen said, lifting the futanari to her feet, “I’m sure I’ll have something that can fit you.”

“Won’t you be late for class?” Dakota fretted, knowing very well that Carmen didn’t want anything to mar her perfect record.

“Shit,” Carmen cursed, then glanced at her watch. There was only two minutes until class started.

“You know,” Ryuka’s voice appeared in Carmen’s ear, deeply seductive, more so than normal, “If you used the Futa Note, you could probably give yourself the means to get there and back in no time. Its full powers are a mystery, after all.” She was right, though the notebook was at home. Carmen shifted her weight slightly and swore her bag felt heavier than it should have. She glanced at the Seikogami, who merely smiled in return.

“Dakota,” Carmen began, sliding her bag down, “Close your eyes, please?”

“Okay… but why?” Dakota asked, despite already shutting her eyes.

“Uh, just because…” Carmen unzipped her bag and peered inside, instantly spying the notebook. She could rewrite Dakota’s entry and make her incredibly fast. Or was the Futa Note incapable of that? Could it just materialise clothing? Its abilities are a complete enigma. All she knew was that it could turn someone into a futanari, but that didn’t require bending the laws of reality, just biology. To do what was needed here would require supernatural logic.

“I’m a Seikogami. A goddess of sex and lust,” Ryuka reminded her, as if peering into Carmen’s thoughts through eye contact alone, “The laws of your world mean nothing to me, nor to the book.”

Carmen glanced at Dakota then back to the notebook. If she used it, then she’d be giving Ryuka exactly what she wanted. Even if it wasn’t a massive change or even one that would be permanent, Carmen knew that the Seikogami wanted her to simply use it. The more she did, the more accustomed she’d become to it. And using that level of power would certainly be addictive. Yet, if she didn’t, then she’d have to either mar her school record or abandon Dakota to go outside alone. Neither scenario sat well with her.

The only other solution was to trade clothes with Dakota. Their bodies were similar enough that it might work, however that posed a risk for Carmen’s record. Stealing someone’s clothes wouldn’t work either. Anything that would endanger Carmen’s future was out of the question, and putting Dakota in a situation where the school could discover her secret suffered the same problem. Mary wouldn’t leave her alone if it was revealed.

“Here.”

Carmen turned at the hushed voice, then saw a hand push a pile of clothes toward her. She crouched and tried to get a look at the person, but only saw a set of trainers as they left. The honour student frowned at the pile and picked them up, then looked to Dakota. They’d likely fit her.

“Uh, you can open your eyes now,” Carmen said.

“Okay. What was that about?” Dakota asked, shooting a disappointed look at Carmen.

“N-nothing. Someone left these,” Carmen said and presented the clothes, drawing the attention away from her unusual request.

“Who?” Dakota asked, lifting the top for inspection. It was a gym shirt, but one that would fit her.

“No idea,” Carmen shrugged, relieved that the attention was off her, “Will it fit?”

“Let’s find out,” Dakota said and stood up, then pulled off the remains of her top. Her torso was almost wholly bared now, only her bra remained to cover her breasts. She was proud of her body, exercising frequently to maintain it, but not enough to lose any softness. Carmen turned away to give her privacy. A mischievous grin spread across Dakota’s face as she stealthily unhooked her bra and rustled the shirt, making it sound like she had gotten dressed, “How do I look?” She folded her arms under her breasts to make them stand out further.

Carmen circled around to face her. A fierce blush burned her cheeks as her eyes took in the view before her. Some of the water from the paper towels lingered on Dakota’s skin, casting a sheen on her tanned skin. There were no tan-lines on her front, though her nipples remained a dusty pink colour. Her breasts curved out from her chest in a nigh-perfect teardrop shape. A confident smirk bolstered the view.

“You like?” Dakota beamed, feeling a rush of warmth flow down through her body, settling into her crotch. Her words seemed to break the hypnotic hold her breasts held. Carmen turned back around.

“Yeah,” she affirmed, just loud enough for Dakota to hear. The tanned teenager smiled to herself and dressed properly.

“Okay, done.”

“You sure?” Carmen questioned cautiously. It took a lot for her to look away last time, to prevent herself from ogling at Dakota’s tempting figure. She rotated her head and glanced toward the other occupant, then fully turned to face her. The shirt was tight and somehow accentuated Dakota’s curves, while her replacement skirt now concealed most of her upper thigh. Her jacket hadn’t been damaged, merely discarded.

“Think it’ll do?” Dakota pulled on her coat and adjusted her shirt, trying to loosen it slightly.

“Yeah,” Carmen nodded, “We should go. Class is gonna start soon.” The bell rang as if on cue.

“I hate that sound,” Ryuka grumbled, earning a distasteful eye from Carmen.

Classes resumed like they hadn’t stopped for a second. Very few paid attention in favour of discussing their holidays, where they went, what they got for Christmas, or just trying to avoid working at all. Carmen noted down everything she thought was important, though her mind was distracted. Ryuka snored obnoxiously loud beside her, but that wasn’t the issue.

Carmen fixed her gaze out from the window. The sun was blotted out by grey clouds, dimming the daylight, while small gusts of wind whispered through the sparse trees spread across the campus grounds, their naked branches rustling together. It was a sight she had seen dozens of times before. While it changed with the seasons, the same view was almost always there. She enjoyed the scenery, though, no matter how bright or dull it was. It was consistent.

Yet Carmen’s thoughts lingered with the Futa Note rather than the world outside. What could it do? That was the one question that she wanted answered more than anything, however Ryuka seemed as unaware of its capabilities as Carmen. Or was she trying to lure her into using it? Carmen tightened her jaw and tapped her pen. There were too many unknowns, far more than she would ever like.

However, to unveil those unknowns would require using it. She knew Ryuka wanted that, but for what? Carmen lowered her eyes to her bag, spotting the black front of the Futa Note within it. Her thoughts flitted back to when she first used it, reminding her about the prospects of what the book could do. She refocused her gaze on the teacher at the front.

Life isn’t supposed to be easy, Carmen told herself. Taking the simplest route would inevitably lead to suffering, if several villain origin stories were to be believed, and she wasn’t a cheater. That’s what the Futa Note would turn her into, she determined. Having something that could control others was just the ultimate version of a cheat sheet.

Melody would hate her if she became someone who’d use something like that. As would their mom. Dad, too, Carmen thought and adhered her attention to her notes. It would take a lot to make her willpower crack, more than simple temptation. She glanced at Dakota, who sat on the opposite side of the room and was one of the few actively taking notes. Carmen smiled softly to herself, glad that Dakota was willing to study now. The Futa Note had done some good, but it was best not to tempt fate.

“At this rate, I’ll jinx it,” Carmen laughed quietly to herself. She, then, briefly pondered the idea of whether her thoughts could influence the outcomes of the world around her. Her internal musings quieted, however, when the lesson ended. There wasn’t a point in contemplating what she couldn’t hope to control, Carmen decided.

“How do you do it?” Dakota grumbled on the way to their next class. Students filed around them, falling back into the motions of school life as if Christmas hadn’t happened. Their chatter and footsteps echoed off the walls, drowning out one another’s conversations.

“Study?”

“Yeah,” Dakota sighed, exasperated, “It’s so boring.”

“Maybe think of it as a game?” Carmen postulated, “Everything you write goes toward a level up.”

“I guess,” Dakota murmured, adjusting her bag. She hadn’t carried this much weight on her shoulders in a while, especially not from a bunch of books, “But it’d be a pretty shitty game.”

“Definitely,” Carmen laughed, appreciating the humour after a lesson spent deliberating what might become of her if she gave in and used the Futa Note again. Her laughter ended abruptly when someone stepped into her path. She turned away from Dakota to see Mary. She was backed by Gretchen, Ashley and Zoey. Rachel stood off to the side, behind Zoey.

“What do you want?” Carmen snapped, glaring suspiciously at the lead girl. Mary hadn’t changed in the slightest. Her breasts were as ludicrously round and perky as ever, matched only by her ass. Their falseness accentuated her inscrutable, puffy-lipped smirk. If Carmen’s mother saw this girl, she would be appalled at what someone so young could get away with.

“Why the hostility? I’m just saying hello to an old friend,” Mary said, smiling flippantly, “How’re you doing, Dakota?” She leaned forward, pushing her breasts closer, trying to make it clear how much bigger she was than both the girls before her.

Dakota opened her mouth to respond, but remained silent when Carmen brushed her shoulder. The simple touch was soothing, calming her temper enough to keep her from screaming at Mary. Despite the clear rage still on her face, the fake blonde girl still brandished her dauntless smile. It was an untouchable expression, one that wouldn’t bow to anyone.

“Oh? So, our Dakota is a submissive dyke now?” Mary derided, sneering at the tanned teen.

“Or maybe it’s the other way around?” Gretchen chimed in, “She might be topping Miss Honour Student.”

“Ha! That’d be hilarious!” Mary chortled, echoed half-heartedly by the three who remained quiet.

Carmen shot her eyes to Dakota and began to walk around the other side. A disgruntled growl preceded a loud stomp. Mary, once again, blocked the path. The foot traffic from the other end had stopped completely, either taking a detour or waiting for when it might be safe to pass.

“You don’t fucking ignore me,” Mary snarled lowly, face twisting into an ugly mask of anger that only Carmen and Dakota could see, “Especially not some stupid bitch daughter of a whore.”

“What did you say?” Carmen demanded, hands falling at her sides and clenching into tight, white-knuckled fists.

Mary’s anger mutated into a sadistic leer of victory, “That you’re a stupid bitch? Or the fact that your mom’s a whore?” Carmen’s body visibly tensed, while Mary’s smirk widened, “Though, now that I think about it, a whore would make more money. Is she with a bad pimp? No, your daddy’s dead, right?”

“Shut the fuck up!” Carmen shouted, every word shaking with rage, and lashed out at Mary. She grabbed her by the collar and pulled, pushing their faces as close as possible. It was impossible, however, due to Mary’s firm implants.

“Go ahead, slut,” Mary beamed, “Make a scene. Gretchen’s mom will just kick you out. Wouldn’t want that, would you?”

“Carmen,” Dakota laid her hand on Carmen’s shoulder, repeating what she had done moments prior. The honour student lowered her head and relaxed her grip, then walked rapidly down the hall, away from the five girls. She ignored everyone in her path, pushing them aside if they didn’t step back.

“What about class?” Dakota called after her.

“Fuck class,” Carmen growled under her breath. One missed lesson wouldn’t ruin her future, presuming she maintained her grade point average, then it would be fine. Besides, she thought and hefted her bag higher onto her shoulder, there’s something more important right now. She exited the building and turned a corner, out of view, then fell low. The honour student reached into her bag and pulled out the Futa Note.

Her family was the most important thing in her life. They were the only reason she kept studying as hard as she could, otherwise… she didn’t know what she would be like if she didn’t have them to keep her steady. Melody’s future was all that mattered – it was her absolute priority. And Mary had endangered that future by nearly forcing her into expulsion.

Carmen flipped open the notebook and readied her pen. If she did this to Mary, would she reform just as Dakota had? It didn’t matter if she did. The bitch thought she was perfect, the top of the food chain. Someone mere mortals couldn’t match. What would she do when she started growing a cock? Carmen almost laughed, imagining the panic and horror Mary would experience. The point of her pen tapped against the page.

“Carmen?” Dakota’s voice made Carmen freeze.

“What’re you doing here? Class started you know,” Carmen notified her, shutting the book and stuffing it into her bag. She didn’t look up, afraid of what her face might show. The rage hadn’t wholly subsided, though it was dampened by her friend’s presence.

“I never thought you’d get pissed off like that,” Dakota noted, settling down beside her.

“I am human,” Carmen stated, looking aside.

“I know, but still…” Dakota sighed and leaned her head back, shuddering softly. They sat there, neither looking at the other, but at the scenery around them. Silence broke only in the face of the winter breeze, which brushed against the pair, before it, too, fell quiet and paved the way for Dakota, “Wanna make out?”

“What?” Carmen started, head darting to face her. The gently crackling anger from earlier dwindled to an even temper, its fire replaced by a low ember that enflamed her cheeks. Dakota twisted her body around and leaned her face in close, lips only inches away.

“Do you want to kiss? It’ll take your mind off earlier,” Dakota clarified, licking her lips, and placed a hand on Carmen’s thigh, “I want to. But only if you do.”

“Dakota, I…” Carmen tilted her head down, “I appreciate it, but I’m fine now.”

“You sure? Maybe a little peck, just in case?” Dakota wriggled her eyebrows.

“On the cheek,” Carmen relented with a tight grin.

“Good enough, I guess,” Dakota shrugged and leaned in closer, pressing herself into Carmen’s neck, “Think you’ll ever give me a chance?”

“…maybe,” Carmen admitted, eyes falling on her bag once more. The Futa Note almost claimed another victim, all because of Mary’s words. Temptation was easy to resist, at least for now, but anger and impulse were another matter it seemed. If not for Dakota, then she wouldn’t have stopped. Carmen was certain of it. She released her breath slowly, “Thank you.”

“No worries. If you get angry again, come find me. I’ll be more than glad to relieve you,” Dakota teased, pulling back to stand up and offer a hand for Carmen.

“I’ll keep that in mind,” Carmen assured her and accepted the offer, coming up to stand beside her friend, though she was painfully aware that Dakota wanted so much more than that. It was a relief just to have her around, however. Especially after going so long without someone to call friend.

The two snuck into the classroom, something Dakota revealed she had experience in. Carmen quickly found herself preoccupied with her earlier lapse in control. No matter how short-lived it was, her pen had met paper. She would’ve used the book if not for Dakota, although she wasn’t without just cause. What would it have made her if she did? A petty cheat?

Carmen buried her head in her textbook. She knew that ignoring her problems was fundamentally wrong, though she had no desire to face them in real life, or her mind. Not after coming so close to failing herself. Though would anyone, even her family, blame her for trying to deal with Mary through the Futa Note? She deserved it, after all. Carmen vehemently chased the thoughts away and fixated herself on her studies until the lunch bell rang.

Carmen and Dakota sat at a table near the cafeteria entrance, idly commenting on the food or discussing their holidays. It was both a joy and a burden to hear about Dakota’s vacation across the country, visiting her relatives one by one and celebrating a small Christmas with each of them. Carmen’s grandparents had all passed on shortly after her father, and neither of her parents had siblings. Sometimes she wondered if her family was cursed.

“Sorry,” Dakota said after finishing a retelling of her holiday, “It sounds like I’m bragging, doesn’t it?”

“A little,” Carmen agreed, “But it’s fine. At least someone had a good time, right?”

“If it’s any consolation, it was a pain trying not to leave and jerk off all the time,” Dakota laughed, soon joined by Carmen. The half-German’s eyes locked themselves to hers, a faint cloud of sincerity falling over them, “Maybe next time you’d like to come with?” An incredulous look urged her to continue, “My mum and dad are planning another family road trip during Spring Break. I doubt they’d mind if you came along.” Dakota clarified.

“Thanks, Dakota, but I don’t think I could leave,” Carmen lamented, “I’ve got work and I have to study, and I need to look after my sister. It sounds like it’d be fun, though.”

“Yeah,” Dakota admitted, “Well, if you ever change your mind, let me know.”

“I will,” Carmen smiled gratefully.

“What’re you two fine, carpet munchers talking about?” Mary loudly demanded and slid onto the bench alongside Carmen.

“Fuck off, Mary,” the honour student growled in warning.

“Why should I? Last I checked, this wasn’t your table,” Mary snickered, her sycophants soon joining her, “Just pretend we’re not here.” As she spoke, Mary stretched and yawned loudly, while jutting her chest further outward than it already did.

“My pleasure,” Carmen grumbled and returned to her lunch, falling silent. Minutes passed, and the tension remained, balanced atop a knife, though nothing caused it to tip in any direction. Mary and her cohorts talked amongst themselves, seemingly ignoring their former friend and the honour student. It was difficult to drown out their voices, but Carmen managed. She shot Ryuka an almost thankful look; were it not for her pestering antics, Carmen’s patience might’ve ran out by now.

Then Mary decided that the tense balancing act of remaining in her own little world was too difficult. She still had an unsettled score with Carmen. The bitch nearly tore her shirt earlier, not to mention that she dared to talk back. Mary *owned* this school, she was its queen. Even the principal wouldn’t do a thing to her, not when Gretchen could edit any misdeed into another girl’s fault. And the teachers were more than happy to leave her be after a little ‘talk’ with Ashley.

“Did you hear about that woman on the news?” Mary began, meeting the gaze of everyone in her group, silently ordering them to play along. Zoey and Rachel looked away, but nodded, while Gretchen winked and smirked. Ashley merely smiled.

“Yeah, I think I did,” Gretchen continued, glimpsing Carmen from the corner of her eye, “The one with a genius daughter, right?”

“Yep, but she’s got another one too,” Mary couldn’t resist peeking at the honour student beside her. Carmen kept her head down and eyes shut, focusing on finishing her meal, “A little girl. The thing is, they’re really fucking poor.”

“The mom has to work like five jobs or something, doesn’t she?” Gretchen urged, then caught the evil glimmer in Mary’s eye. It was that glimmer that always preceded a statement that never failed to rile up its target.

“Last I heard, she was selling out her youngest to make end’s meat,” Mary said, looking directly at Carmen with a smile that embodied a predator with its prey trapped. The targeted honour student didn’t respond and merely continued to eat in silence, sparing only a glance at her surroundings. A twitch of annoyance twisted Mary’s full lips into a grimace.

“What was her name, again?” Gretchen pressed.

“Dunno,” Mary recovered with a shrug, her evil eyes glimmering once more, “I think it was Robins.”

“Now I know who you’re talking about. The oldest isn’t even that smart, she just eats out all the teachers for good grades. Think she taught her little sister to do it too?” Gretchen laughed cruelly.

“Nah, it was all their mom. She’s a whore, you know? Not even a smart one. Throw a dollar at her and she’ll…” Mary was cut off when the table shook violently.

“What the fuck is your problem?!” Carmen shrieked, leaping to her feet, glowering at Mary with blue eyes that somehow burned like lava, “What the fuck have I ever done to you?”

“You grabbed my shirt,” Mary reminded her, smiling innocently, “And now you’re shouting at me. It’s a surprise, really. I never thought a family of sluts had pride.”

“Before now!” Carmen amended, aware that she was shaking and that her voice could be heard by everyone. It didn’t matter. She had try know why this person felt like she had to be incessantly cruel, “I never said two fucking words to you. Or about you,” Carmen’s lips curled into a mockery of a grin, “Or are you jealous that Dakota’s my friend now?”

“Mary,” Zoey whispered, cowering under Carmen’s ferocity, despite not being its target. Not that it took much to scare her, Mary thought. Her smile widened at the memory of the fake spider she planted in Zoey’s hair a few weeks ago, and how the athletic girl had squealed.

“Shut it,” Mary snapped, cracking her head to face Zoey for a split second, then turned back to Carmen, “Don’t try and bullshit yourself, slut. I don’t give a fuck about that piece of shit. You can have her. She deserves you after all.”

“Wasn’t she your friend?” Carmen blanched at the response. If not for the pronouns, Carmen might’ve thought Mary was referring to an object, “Just what the fuck gives you the right to treat her like?” The honour student, who had only raised her fists for the first time that morning, took a small step toward Mary, eyes intent on mangling that face.

“And what’re you gonna do about it, Miss Whore the Second? Or are you waiting for an invitation to earn your pay? Alright,” Mary sighed, as if she were a noble acquiescing to a shoe shiner, and spread her legs, pulling her skirt taut against her thighs, “There you go. Do it quick and I might throw in another fifty cents.”

“I am going to ruin you.” Carmen stated, and grabbed her bag, then left the room. Dakota quickly went to follow, “I need to be alone right now,” Carmen told her, voice perfectly calm and composed as if nothing had happened. Her thoughts were focused entirely on Mary.

The blonde, big-tits bimbo portrayed herself as untouchable. Nothing was wrong with her, nor could anything be wrong with her. Just the mere notion of such a thing was fundamentally impossible in her mind. That was obvious in how she carried herself. Mary dressed perfectly, never showing off too much skin, always the conservative that just happened to have a bombshell figure. No stranger would look at her and know the devious, monster that churned beneath the surface.

But they will, Carmen silently promised. She walked into the bathrooms and locked herself in a stall, then pulled out the Futa Note alongside her pen. Carmen’s temper was rarely tested. She normally avoided anything that might do so. Anger would only cloud her thoughts, something she couldn’t tolerate when she constantly had to study. Melody tried her patience sometimes, but that’s what kids do. Carmen couldn’t even recall the last time she had lost control.

There was no stopping now, though. She couldn’t shut out Mary’s insults, nor what she had done to Dakota, every syllable and action playing on repeat. This wasn’t out of temptation, nor was it a desire to solve a problem quickly, Carmen affirmed for herself. She did this out of kindness. If Mary’s confidence, or at least her reputation, was ruined by what happened today then everyone would be better off. Retribution was just a bonus.

Ryuka peered over the side of the stall. She had mostly kept to herself throughout the events, interested in watching Carmen. After a month with the girl, the Seikogami knew that the temptation was building. With that incident in the hallway, she’d hoped Carmen would give in. But it’s better late than never, Ryuka told herself. The human’s hand worked furiously, yet her script remained fluid. Ryuka hovered closer and read the entry, silent so as not to alert Carmen.

The Seikogami left the room and began to laugh ecstatically. Repressed humans were always the best once they finally let loose. Ryuka heard that wretched bell ring once more, though she was glad to hear it now. She passed through wall after wall, until she spotted the blonde that had earned a Futa Note owner’s wrath. Now she only had to wait and watch the show unfold. Ryuka’s eyes fell on the clock and counted the seconds until the transformation would begin.