Issei sighed, as he ran back over to Yuuma with some drinks. She had been feeling thirsty and he recalled that there had been a soda machine a while back that they passed. As he ran back his thoughts went to how the day was going so far.

So far his day was going great and he couldn't have been happier. It was as if the Angels of the boob god had come and blessed him, ensuring that he would have good fortune. He was finally able to go on a date with a girl and she hadn’t stood him up. It proved that everything he thought about how good dates could be was everything that he hoped it would be and more.

This was the first date that Issei had been on and so far he would say things were going great. Issei had even set aside some of the money that he had for his porn collection for today so he could take her out to the best restaurant that he could afford. It wasn’t just that, but he even got her a small gift and did everything else that he could think of to woo her. He had gone online and searched for what would be a good thing to do during dates to help him out and what would be the right things to say. It had taken him hours to get all of the info that he wanted down.

Right as he was about to leave his father and mother stopped him with serious looks on their faces. They gave him a whole bunch of extra money to ensure that he would have enough for whatever might happen. It had made him smile gleefully and ask, wondering what he had done to get a reward like this. That smile immediately turned into a frown as he recalled what his parents said before he left.

*“This might be the only chance that you have ever and we can't afford to let this go by!” His father said. “Make sure that you are an absolute gentleman to her. Ask her about her interests, what she likes, favorite foods, and don't talk about porn!”*

*“And above all else son, control yourself! Don't let your perverted tendencies show. The moment they come out you’ll drive that naive girl away and you might never be able to get a girl again with how bad your reputation is,” his mother had said seriously. “This might be the only chance that we have of getting grandbabies and you cannot let it pass you by!”*

They couldn’t even pretend that they had some hope for him if this date didn't go well? Well, he would show them that he could get a girl. He would make sure that this date went so well that when he brought her home they would take back all that they had said about him. He just hoped that they didn't ruin their relationship when they did finally meet with how things have been going.

Despite how they said it he had made sure to be on his best behavior and keep his perverted tendencies to a minimum like his parents insisted. He didn’t want to weird Yuuma out, especially since he would have to go to school after their date. Then he could show off his girl to the others and show he wasn’t lying. He was sure that Motohama and Matsuda would explode in tears and he couldn't wait. Still, there was a fear in the back of his mind that haunted him like a parasite trying to eat at his soul.

The whole time Issei had been with Yuuma, he had been worried that it was just some sort of prank that some girls at the school had set up for him. He wouldn’t be surprised considering the reputation that he did have, but even he doubted they would be cruel enough to do that. Beat him up for his perverted antics maybe, but that would be going too far. His heart eased but even so, he couldn't help but be uneasy as if cruel fate was waiting for the moment that it would be able to inflict the greatest despair possible onto him.

Even now he worried that when he went back to where she had been she would be gone. He didn't have her phone number. When the date was first set up they just agreed to meet at the restaurant at a specific time. It was something that made him suspicious at first, but he put it aside and hoped for the best. After all, the only way that he was going to get a girlfriend was if he took chances and this was a chance that came to him on a silver platter.

To Issei’s immense relief and glee, Yuuma was sitting down on one of the benches. She almost looked like she belonged in a light novel with how she was posed. If she had been a character from a show he might have been inclined to get her poster with how nice she looked.

The young man cleared his throat and rushed over to her. He didn't want to keep her waiting. His heart soared when she looked his way and saw a smile on her face,

“Issei there you are,” Yuuma said happily. “I was wondering how far you ran off to get these drinks.”

“Sorry, Yuuma had to go farther than expected to get you what you wanted. Here you go!” Issei said and gave her the beverage that she requested.

“Thank you Issei-kun!” Yuuma smiled and Issei melted, having to fight a happy content grin forming on his face.

The two sat down next to each other, slurping on their drinks and enjoying the taste. As they did, Issei slipped his hand into hers and he gently held it as if it would shatter if he gripped it just a smidge harder. He was ready to pull his hand away if she wasn't comfortable, but to his surprise, she clasped his hand tighter. He eased again as he relaxed, enjoying the comforting warmth of her hand in his.

Issei only had a girlfriend for a day and he could say with absolute honesty that he was enjoying it very much and never wanted it to end. The light novels and shows that he had watched seemed way too flowery when he first saw them, but now that he was in a relationship he could truly understand what they meant. There was something magical, heartwarming, and great about having one that he couldn’t quite put to words.

“Is there anywhere else you want to go?” Issei questioned. He didn't want the date to end just yet, not with how good everything was going. It might be getting close to school starting, but he didn’t care. He wanted to see her smile longer.

“There's one more place I want to go with you?” Yuuma said. “I want to go with you to the park!”

Issei wondered what she was planning and let her lead him over to wherever it was. Still, a trip to the park sounded nice and romantic. His heart pounded in his chest wondering if he was about to get a kiss. The brunette’s boy’s body clammed up as his heart skipped a beat. Despite all of the porn that he had seen, these were the intimate moments that he wanted with a girl.

The young man checked the time, hoping that it would take too long, but so long as it was her he didn't mind. He didn't care if he was late to school and if it would earn him the principal or student president's wrath. It would be worth it to make her happy. He just hoped that wherever her school was she would be able to make it on time. As much as he wanted to spend more time with her, he didn’t want her to get in trouble because of him.

The two of them went over to a small fountain, Issei’s hand wrapped around her slim waist. Yuuma broke out of his hold and for a moment he considered reaching out to hold her close again but stopped himself. The smile on her face could have charmed anyone he was sure and reminded him why he didn’t want to see it go away.

“I had a fun time with you Issei, could you do one last thing with me?” Yuuma said.

“What is it Yuuma-chan?” Issei questioned. No matter what it was, if he could do it he would. His heart pounded in his chest for whatever it might be, bracing himself for the worst.

“Would you die for me?” Yuuma questioned simply.

Everything came to a halt for Issei as his mind processed those words. It was as if the whole world had come to a standstill. His heart pounded in his chest and he could hear in his ears. Fear spilled into his being and he wondered if he had heard her correctly, hoping that he had heard wrong.

“What? I think I might have misheard you. What did you say?” Issei questioned, wondering what she said.

“I said would you die for me,” Yuuma said, the words coming out more sinisterly than they had been before.

Suddenly, black wings sprouted from her back and grew longer. Her beauty sharpened as her face became more mature appearance, as she grew taller, almost as if she was getting older, her features refining and looking more like a woman in her 20’s. Her breasts swelled as she gained two more cup sizes along with her behind. The changing girl’s hips widened, adding more to her figure. Yuuma’s eyes changed, taking on a darker, harsher look that made him flinch from the sudden warmth and kindness that she had.

Her clothing changed dramatically, as her school clothes broke apart and shifted. The dark red jacket with the letter "P" embroidered in gold, tore along with the white undershirt, and green skirt with a thin white stripe around the lower end of it. Dark lines appeared on them as if they were being spray painted. The fabric changed and tightened around her lewder body as the remains of her clothes fused into a tight leather outfit that showed off her curvaceous body.

Black leather straps formed under her breasts as a matching bikini-top formed. A matching thong appeared around her hips that kept her dignity hidden by three thin straps. Black Opera Gloves formed on her arms and became longer. Massive shoulder pads formed on her shoulders, the right pad having three large spikes on them. Black thigh-high heeled boots formed completing the change to her attire.

Issei stepped back slack-jawed, as his mind tried to comprehend what he was seeing. He would have found the outfit hot as hell if it wasn't for the strange occurrence of how she had changed. Which should have been impossible. People don't just suddenly get older and their clothes change like that, they especially don't just get wings all of a sudden.

“Now die for me,” Yuuma said, and tossed a spear of light at him.

The young man was just barely able to dodge the attack. The ground blew up as if a granade had gone off. Bits of gravel and dirt went flying hitting his body and making him scream.

Issei looked at Yuuma who seemed delighted by the terror he was showing, an evil, sadistic smile on her face. She conjured another spear of light and twirled it around as if she was practicing for a band. After a moment of twirling, she tossed it at him callously.

The young man yelled as he jumped back, barely dodging another light spear that would have killed him if it hit. Yuuma’s evil laugh echoed in his ears and made Issei gulp wondering what she would do next. She flicked another one at him and this time Issei’s body couldn’t move as terror filled him, and even though he didn’t move, it missed.

Issei wondered how she could miss when he realized that it was meant to miss. The young woman threw the spear and it landed next to him, again causing him to jump in shock and for her to chuckle evilly. It confirmed his theory was drawing this out, toying with him like a person would messing with a bug.

Issei screamed as she sent another one and this time he moved as he prayed for a savior of any sort. Something or someone that would get him out of here alive and in one piece. No matter how big or small it was, he would take it. Heck, he would even take some handsome bastard if they would get him out of this situation in one piece!

Suddenly energy went through Issei’s body that made him feel more alive and stronger than he ever felt before. He gasped and clenched his hands as his toes curled. He gulped as his muscles tightened as if he had just been shocked and his eyes widened. Issei’s breathing hitched as he looked down to see if he had been hit and saw to his immense relief that he hadn't, but his body was encased in a bright red aura.

His arm felt like it was on fire and Issei looked down at it, wondering in terror what was happening to it. He gasped when he saw a spiked red gauntlet appear that had a bright green gem on the back of his hand. The young man could only blink as the gem glowed, wondering what the hell the mystic gauntlet was and where it had come from.

“So that is your Sacred Gear, Issei-baka? It’s nothing more than a Twice Critical? Oh well, it doesn’t matter since you’ll be dead!” Yuuma yelled as she raised another spear of light.

Suddenly a bright light entered the field that blinded the two of them. Whatever the fallen angel was about to do was completely stopped as she was forced to cover her eyes. The spear of light that she had in her hand disappeared. Despite the pain, the two stared at the light and tried to see what was causing it and they could see a figure concealed by the light.

When the light died down the two saw that the figure in the light was a young man who wore a long, dark blue coat with a red inner lining with a sword symbol that had a wing sewn on both shoulders. Under the coat, he wore a red zip-up hoodie with two zippers under his coat, and a black shirt beneath it. He has silvery-white shaggy hair that was brushed down and bright blue eyes. On his left hand were two rings: one on his index finger that had the same sword symbol on his coat and another on his ring finger which had a rose design, identical to the designs on his belt buckle. Also on his left hand, he had a red wristband. He wore a pair of blue pants that were held up by a brown belt with a rose buckle. Over his pants, he wore brown thigh straps with small belts on them. He wore brown boots that went halfway up his shins.

What stood out the most though was the massive red and black sword on his back that was almost as tall as he was. The sword on his back had an ornately etched base and appeared, but its most unique feature was that it had a motorcycle-like grip. There even looked to be exhaust pipes just above the guard on the reverse side of the weapon.

“What the hell? Where am I?” The young man said as he looked around, gripping the sword on his back tightly.

The silver-haired man’s eyes landed on Issei who froze the moment they did. He noticed the panicked look on Issei’s face and looked at where he was going. The moment his eyes landed on Yuuma he narrowed his eyes as a blush came over his face.

“Ok you’re a weirdly human Demon,” the young man commented as he tightened his grip on his sword. “Why the hell are you dressed like you just came out of a fantasy strip club?”

“Who are you calling a demon you pathetic wretch!” The fallen angel screamed angrily. “I’m a fallen angel you scum!”

“Right and I am a devoted holy priest,” the young man drawled. “Ok feel free to pretend and be whatever you want. Won’t change the results in the end.”

“You’re going to pay for your words!” Raynare screamed as she summoned another light spear. “I don’t know who you are, but you’re going to learn your place!”

The man who arrived brought his sword down and the light spear broke the moment his blade hit it, making her and Issei’s eyes widen at the display. Raynare growled as she launched another spear at him at the unknown man, and he again destroyed with the same ease. He pulled out a gun and fired it at her without hesitation.

“Yeah you're really showing me my place, little miss striper,” Nero mocked as he ran toward her.

Yumma’s face burned as another feral growl came from her. Again she launched attack after attack at the young man, but they did nothing to slow him down. Every one of her light spears was destroyed by his sword as if it was nothing more than paper.

Issei could only watch the battle in complete confusion and awe, especially after the date had gone so well. He hadn't thought that his day would turn out like this at all and meet people who could do things like this. There was no way that the guy was completely human with the way that he moved. No normal person could move like that.

Not to mention how he just appeared out of nowhere. It was like his life had suddenly become some sort of anime or video game. What was going to happen to him next? Was he suddenly going to get isekaied to another world or something? Considering what had happened in the past few minutes he honestly had to keep everything on the table.

Under normal circumstances, the perverted young man would have been raging at the sight of this handsome young man. He fit perfectly into the dark handsome type that the girls would have been throwing themselves at. He could already imagine the lovestruck look on the girl’s faces as he passed by, especially if he ever met Kiba. The interaction between the two handsome bastards would have been enough to make the girls go crazy he was sure of it, so much so he could already hear their giggles and muttering. Right now though the only thing he could think of was that he was grateful that this handsome bastard had saved him before Yuuma could do anything to him.

Yuuma threw another spear of light at Nero and he grabbed the sleeve of his coat and twirled as if he was dancing. The silver-haired man pulled up his sleeve, revealing a reptilian demonic arm that made Issei flinch. He clenched his fingers and balled his hands into a fist, making the bright blue lines on the arm glow brighter.

Issei looked at Yuuma to see her reaction, and to his surprise, she seemed just as shocked as he did. For a moment her body went lax as if she was trying to comprehend what she was seeing. She blinked and her mouth opened and closed, only a slight awed sound coming from her.

“What the hell kind of Sacred Gear is that?” Yuuma cried as she looked at the demonic limb.

“Sacred Gear? Never heard of that. And considering what you are ‘sacred' is the last word that I would apply to you or anything involving that,” the silver-haired man countered.

“I'm more Sacred than a Devil like you, even if I’m a Fallen Angel!” Raynare screamed.

“Uh-huh keep telling yourself that,” the unknown man replied casually. He then reached out to grab her and a large spectral image of the limb appeared above his demonic arm and went toward the self-proclaimed Fallen Angel. He opened his hand and the limb copied his arm perfectly. The woman screamed as she flew out of reach of the limb and stared at his arm with new terror.

Yuuma tried everything that she could to stop him as their fight reached another level. The fight continued to be a one-sided affair with the new arrival destroying anything that she attempted to do with absolute ease. He continued to get closer to her, and Yuuma grew more frustrated as she saw where the battle was going.

“This isn't over you bastard. I'll have my revenge!” Yuuma cried.

The Fallen Angel flew away as fast as she could. The young man fired his gun at her, but his shots did not land as she deftly moved from side to side. After a moment, he hissed and holstered his gun.

Issei watched her leave, unable to tear his eyes away from her until the red gauntlet on his arm glowed again and they disappeared in a flash. The power that he had earlier left his body. He felt tired, drained as if he had put everything that he had into getting an exclusive ecchi version for a light novel series that he loved or something. He panted heavily as sweat started to pour down his body. He wanted to just lay there, but the fact that he wasn't alone stopped him from relaxing, and braced himself to do anything no matter how tired he was.

The young man who appeared turned and looked at Issei who flinched and stood still as if he were some monster. Considering the monstrous limb he was inclined to believe that he might be one in human form as well. He waited for him to attack him again, and could feel his heart pound in his head.

“Well looks like I'm going to have to take care of her later,” the silver-haired man remarked. “You okay kid?”

“Y-yeah I'm fine, but who are you?” Issei asked. He was still thrown out of whack about what had just happened. His body drained. He tried to think of what happened to his arm and why it was now back to normal. Not that he was complaining, he could only imagine the looks that he would get if anyone else was around.

Despite saving him, a part of Issei was fearful that his savior would turn on him now. It was easy for him to imagine the silver-haired man shooting him, running him through with his sword, or even crushing his head like a grape with his demonic limb. His mind told him that if he wanted to, he would have done it already. It didn’t make sense to save him if he wanted to kill since Yumma was planning to kill him.

“Relax kid. Name’s Nero,” the man said.

“Oh…Thanks for saving me…Nero,” Issei said awkwardly. Normally the mere thought of interacting with a handsome man like this would have been grating, but he was far too unbalanced from what just happened. He didn’t want to piss off the guy who could protect him and keep him safe.

“Hey, could you tell me where I am? Didn't make any plans to just show up here all of a sudden,” Nero asked.

“I’ll bet,” Issei gulped, he couldn't imagine him reacting the same way. “You’re in Kuoh Town.”

“Kuoh? Never heard of a city with that name,” Nero muttered. “And that definitely doesn't sound like any place in the states.”

“The states? You mean the United States?” Issei questioned.

“Yeah…What country is this?”

“Japan,” Issei answered awkwardly.

“I’m in Japan! What the hell!” Nero exclaimed, making the brunette jump at the sudden outburst.

“I’m sorry,” Issei stated, nervous that whatever he would say next might end up angering his savior. After seeing what he could do that was the last thing that he wanted to do. He understood it might not mean much, but still thought it would be good to say something.

“Don't worry about it kid, not like your the cause of this bullshit,” Nero sighed as he turned away and ran his hand down his face.

The young student wasn’t quite sure what he should say in this situation. He would be freaking out if he was suddenly in another country without any idea how. Not to mention the sudden attack from her and his life being in danger. Then again this guy had to be used to crazy situations like that considering that he wasn’t phased at all by it. More annoyed than anything. Still, if this guy was from the United States his Japanese was crazy good. He practically sounded like a native.

Now that his life was no longer stuck in the middle of a combat area, Issei looked him over again and found his anger boiling when he noticed something particular. His savior was handsome and the type of guy that the girls would throw themselves at. For boob’s sake, he was even more handsome than Kiba Yuuto, the Prince of Kuoh. It burned that he was being helped by someone like this and made him want to scream.

“Damn handsome bastard,” Issei muttered angrily. “Tall, good looks, and got that dark handsome edge to make the girls swoon. I wish he wasn’t so tall at least. That way he wouldn’t get so much attention from girls.”

Suddenly Nero started to get smaller as if he was slouching forward, but Issei could tell that wasn’t true. He was still standing just as straight and powerfully as he first did as if he was some proud lord rather than just some guy. The clothes that he wore still seemed as tight and fitting as they usually did despite the sudden increase in height. The edge of his coat did not touch the floor at all as inches disappeared from his body. It came to an end when the displaced young man was now just an inch or two smaller than Issei himself.

Issei wondered if he was seeing things, or if this was truly happening. There was no way that he could have just changed all of a sudden like that. It was almost as if Nero’s body had responded to what he had said. The thought of that was simply too ludicrous of it. Nero didn’t seem to be freaking out about it, so maybe he was. But then again getting attacked by an evil dominatrix-looking angel girl was something that was too ridiculous to be believed as well and yet it happened to him.

Issei opened his mouth to tell Nero what was happening to him, but he stopped as curiosity got the better of him again. After everything that just happened and his recent blow-up, it wouldn’t be a good idea to tell him, especially if he was the cause. That might be what turns his sword on him.

*‘It couldn’t be me,’* Issei thought. There was nothing special about him, even though Yuuma said he had something called a Sacred Gear. Still, he had to be sure. It was the only way that he could say for certain.

“I wish I was buffer than him,” Issei muttered unsurely, feeling weird to admit that he was somewhat envious of anything related to another guy like this. It wouldn’t be the most obvious thing in the world with his current clothes unless you were looking for it but it would be obvious to show that they were happening.

For a moment, nothing happened, but then Issei’s mouth dropped as he watched his savior’s body deflating. The strong muscles that Nero were getting smaller. He couldn’t see the limbs for the most part but the clothes Nero wore made it easy. It was almost like looking at someone getting a pair of hand-me-downs from an older cousin or sibling.

Issei's mind was in a loop, wondering how this was all happening. Nero’s body truly was responding to what he had said. It was crazy. How could he just suddenly change him as if he was a character in a video game character creator? Was this the power of the Sacred Gear thing that Yuuma told him about? If he could do this to a person then as much as he didn’t want to admit it, he could understand why she would try to kill him. He would be scared if someone else had powers like this.

Issei looked at a woman to the side stretching in a pair of workout clothes. He imagined her boobs growing larger to sizes that would rival if not surpass the great onee-samas at the school. That was the easiest way he would be able to tell if it was true that he could change people’s bodies. Especially in the tight sports bra that she was wearing. He would be able to see her wonderful oppai growing without any issue.

“C’mon bigger boobs, bigger boobs, bigger boobs,” Issei muttered eagerly under his breath, staring at the woman’s chest in hopes that it would blow up in size as if airbags had gone off. He curled his hands in eager anticipation and felt his rod harden at what he was sure would happen.

The seconds passed and nothing happened to indicate that her wonderful treasures were growing larger, and yet he still held out hope. He knew what he saw when Nero changed both times. There was no doubt in his mind it would happen again if he tried.

The woman began running and as she went further away, Issei’s anticipation for her breasts to swell grew in desperate hope as cruel reality assaulted his dreams. After a minute, he couldn't help but slouch in disappointment. He had hoped that he would be able to see her boobs grow and confirm the great power that he had.

Since the experiment with the woman failed, that meant whatever was causing this had to be connected to Nero specifically. It opened up so many questions and they went through his mind as quickly as they formed. What were the limits? Why did it seem like only Nero was affected by it?

The brunette boy wondered what he should do. He wanted to know what could he do. The idea of changing Nero came to him and the boy frowned. It seemed off to just do it, after what he had done for him.

It might be a little mean, especially since he had just saved him, but he wanted to see how far he could change and mold him. If he could do this then how far could he go? What were the limitations? Could he even turn him into a girl like in some anime that he had seen?

The thought of turning him into a girl made him pause, if he could go that far then what about the mind. Could he change his mind? If he could change a person’s body with just words then he had to be able to do that as well.

*‘Could I?…. I mean it's not as if I'm seeing anything that would point to it not being possible. I already made him smaller and thinner than me so that has to mean I can do more than just that,’* Issei thought, wondering what were the true limits of his power.

The sudden realization made a perverted grin form on Issei’s face the more he thought about what he could do. If he could change him however he wanted, then turning him into a girl was a possibility. If that was true then he could already see her in his mind with perfect clarity.

Not only would she be strong enough to handle anything that might happen if Yuuma tried again, but she would be a perfect curvy beauty. He could give her everything that he wanted in his perfect girl. She would have a perfect slim waist that would lead down to a pair of flared hips with thick thighs and a bodacious butt that would stand out no matter what she wore and bounce like crazy.

But what would stand out the most would be the large wonderful oppai that she would have by the time he was done with her. The thought of them alone made his blood boil and excitement and glee. The sheer perfection that he would feel the moment he snuggled up against them was too much to resist and settle the decision. Today he would finally be getting a real perfect girlfriend!

“Hey, you ok? Why are you grinning like a loon?” Nero questioned noticing the goody smile on his face as if the brunette had won the jackpot.

“Yeah I’m fine,” Issei said and quickly calmed down. He couldn’t afford to act like a total weirdo in front of him. The last thing he wanted to do was scare this guy off. Not when he could finally have a girlfriend. "Oh, n-nothing. J-just thinking about some hot babes in the occult club."

“Right,” Nero drawled out slowly. He got the feeling this guy was a bit of a horn dog, but since he was a kid and all, he wasn’t going to blame him. Especially after nearly dying and all. “I am going to take a guess and say that is a club at your school.”

Issei blinked and then gasped as everything came rushing back. The young man groaned as he remembered why he had made the date so early in the morning, rather than after school. He pulled out his phone and checked the time.

“Oh man if I don’t get a move on I’m going to be late,” Issei grumbled.

Suddenly an idea came to him, that would help him set everything up. Best of all it wasn’t too far from here, so it wouldn’t be too much trouble. It wouldn’t be too awkward. If Nero was going to protect him then when he finally became a woman, he needed to be at the school. “Wait Nero could you come with me? What if Yuuma-chan attacks me!”

“I doubt she would try again so soon, kid,” Nero sighed.

“You don’t know that, and what if there are more to her little group than just her,” Issei refuted. “Look, it's close to the police station.”

“Alright...I’ll walk you to the school then,” Nero agreed. Right now this kid might be the only bridge that he had in this city and he would rather not burn it down. Especially since he was so grateful to him.

Issei smiled. It would give him some time to come up with an excuse and what else he could do. He would need all the time that he could get to formulate more of a plan.

“Just stick with me for now, and we’ll be there in no time,” Issei said, earning a grunt from Nero.

The two of them walked down the street, Issei leading the pair, and as they did Nero felt a chill go down his spine as he narrowed his eyes. The silver-haired boy wondered if that angel-looking girl came back or was nearby. As he looked around he noticed that the looks he was getting were from the girls around him, and some guys were shooting him dirty looks.

“What the hell is up with the girls here? Why do they keep looking at me like that?” Nero questioned.

Issei blinked and looked around. He saw that Nero was getting quite the attention from the girls, even though Nero didn’t stand out as much as he did just a short while ago. It irritated the pervert that even though he was taller and buffer-looking, he was still losing to a handsome bastard. Well, there was an easy way to solve this and get something out of it.

“No offense but it’s hard not to when your face looks so pretty and girly that you look like your rival models,” Issei snarked, struggling to keep the vitriol out of his mouth for not enjoying the attention he was getting. Normally he would be angry about this handsome guy getting all of the attention from the girls, but considering what would be happening soon his mind couldn’t work up the same hate. After all, he wouldn’t have to worry about getting that sort of attention soon. He would be a girl soon enough.

Nero blinked at the comment and looked at the young man as if he had grown a second head. His jaw dropped and his eye twitched. For the first time, the young man seemed lost on how he should respond to something.

As Nero struggled to think of a response, the cambion’s face morphed. His features softened as his cheeks gained a rounder appearance that made the brunette freeze and watched eagerly. The pretty boy’s lips plumped in size and become full rosy red lips that Issei wanted to embrace with his own and see how they felt against him.

Issei blushed at the beautiful face that he had. It was easily just as beautiful if not more so than the greatest of Kuoh’s beauties. He knew without a doubt that Nero could become if not would become the third major beauty of the school with that wonderful face.

“Pretty isn’t something that I would use to describe myself,” Nero remarked, thrown off by the strange wording. “And girly? I’ve never been described as that….You ok you’re looking at me weirdly?”

Issei’s fantasies immediately came to an end after hearing Nero’s voice, which made his mouth drop. The brunette shuddered as he remembered that despite how cute and sexy he looked he wasn’t a girl, especially with that voice. At best he was just dealing with a really pretty and cute looking guy, a trap. It was just so wrong hearing a strong masculine voice come out of a beautiful girl who looked like she could be a goddess.

Well, he could fix that down the line. When he finally changed this guy into a girl then he would let himself admire and fantasize about the stuff they would do together as a couple. Until then it would just be weird since he’s a guy and all.

“Y-yeah I’m fine,” Issei said awkwardly, trying to keep the disgust out of his voice. Once the young man was sure that he had his emotions and body under control he cleared his throat.

“You sure kid, you sound like you're about to heave,” Nero questioned.

“I said I’m fine and quit it with the kid stuff! You don’t look that much older than me!” Issei said. “For all I know you’re the same age as me!”

“Is that really a problem when one fights monsters?” Nero questioned.

Unknown to the young man the few years that he had over Issei diminished as his face softened, loosing their sharpness and refinement that came with age. His face otherwise didn’t visibly change much, but his body gained another layer of youth.

“I guess? I’m…17 how old are you?” Nero responded, the words coming out of their own. He was sure that he might have had a year or two on him, but now he wasn't so sure.

“See I told you we were the same age! So no more going on and calling me a kid!” Issei cried.

“Alright fine,” Nero groaned, still feeling something was off, even though he knew he was 17. He was 17 back when the Order of the Sword and Sanctus tried to take over the world. That had been two years ago, wasn’t it? Yet he remembered being younger than that originally. Why was his history such a big flux right now as if he couldn’t decide.

Issei wondered what he should do next and how to go about it. He could tell that he was making good progress, but more needed to be done before he brought up the true changes. The last thing he wanted to do was end up on the receiving end of an angry Nero. There was no way that he would be able to stand even a second of a chance if it came to blows. So he had to play it smart and use all of his wits for this crucial task. Because, unlike school, this was important.

Now that Issei thought about it, something needed to be done about his sword and gun. The fact no one held them up about it yet was a blessing that he would thank to his dying breath. They might be thinking he was doing some cosplay or something, but if someone wanted to take a closer look at his gear then he was sure something would happen. Suddenly a small idea came to Issei about how he could deal with that giant sword.

“Hey, do you have a way that you could hide that sword and gun of yours?” Issei questioned.

“No,” Nero sighed.

“Well can’t you just send it away?” Issei questioned.

“My arm can do that with some stuff, but I don’t think it will work with my gun and sword,” Nero remarked as he looked down at his demonic

“Have you tried?” Issei questioned. “For all you know, you could do that?”

Nero looked at his demonic limb and then back at his sword. His monstrous arm had been able to store items in there, though they were of demonic origin. He had never tried with his weapon before. He had never seen the point considering that no one had ever given him any hassle for it. A part of him was worried that if he did put his sword in there he would never get it back, but considering that he was able to bring Yamato out whenever he used its power, his worry might be for nothing.

Nero held his mechanical sword in his demonic hand and tried to make the arm absorb it. This would be the first time that he had tried anything like this and didn’t think it would work. A bright blue light came over his sword and brightened. Suddenly it disappeared in his hand as if it had never been there at all.

“Kami, that was something,” Issei muttered.

Nero stared at his arm and imagined his sword coming back out, and it came up without any issue. The young man let out a breath he didn’t know he held.

Well, at least he wouldn't have to deal with any police or weird inspections when he traveled and save some cash. He did the same thing with his gun and just like his sword, it disappeared in a flash of light. Nero frowned, feeling oddly empty without the weight that he had on his or his weapon on his hip.

“Guess you must have always been able to, but didn’t give it a try,” Issei commented, happy that had worked.

“I guess,” Nero responded slowly.

Again Issei cheered in his head, grateful that he was dealing with such a chump. He wasn't sure if it was his power that was making him so he wasn’t noticing anything off or not, but he would take it. After all, it would make things so much easier down the road when everything was done and all.

“Alright, then we better get moving again,” Issei said as he checked the time. They would still make it to Kuoh on time as long as they didn’t stop for anything else.

For the first time, Issei was truly excited for more than just gym class as he went to school. He was eager, happy, even, and knew that today was going to be a good day, despite the weirdness that was his date with Yuuma. All he could do right now was continue to look at the bright side of things. With how things were going now and the promise they had he was sure that things would be great.

Issei smiled when he saw the large brick modern buildings of Kuoh and the large brick walls. Most days only the girls here would be able to get him through the day, but now he could see the promise it had and the inspiration that it would give.

“That place looks important,” Nero commented as he looked at it. Even now there were some students nearby who were just talking to each other.

“Oh yeah, that’s Kuoh Academy, it's where I go to school,” Issei answered simply.

“Looks pretty fancy and all,” Nero commented.

The silver-haired boy frowned when he looked at the girls in the school's uniform, specifically their skirts. Seriously they could just bend over and then a person would be able to see their underwear, and that wasn’t including the wind! The person who designed them had to have been a pervert or lacked common sense!

“Why are you blushing?” Issei questioned.

“Don’t you think that they’re a little too...small,” Nero commented, feeling awkward admitting that to him. “They’re just one decent breeze away from showing everything down below!”

“How can you say that!” Issei gasped, offended as if the young hunter had slapped his mother with an old rotting trout.

Normally he would have tried to hide it, but considering what was going to happen to him by the time that he was done, he felt like he could have a little freedom in how to respond to him. There was no sane man that couldn’t enjoy a panty shot. He wasn’t a real man if he couldn’t see the glory of panties hidden underneath a skirt like that. Well, it was a good thing that it wouldn’t matter soon and then he would be one of the girls that he could get panty shots from.

“Do you have any idea how much of a perverted freak you sound right now?” Nero questioned. He didn’t care what this kid had been through right now, he wasn’t going to pretend that it was anything else. He looked at the people around him, wondering what they all thought about his sudden declaration, and grimaced when he saw them.

“Hey, there’s nothing to be ashamed of. I’m proud to be a pervert!” Issei said, clenching his fist over his chest as if he was a soldier in an army.

The silver-haired boy groaned as he pinched the brow of his nose. He could feel a migraine from the longer they talked to each other. With how perverted this damn kid he was sure that he was losing brain cells by the second

Still, he just had to put up with this for a little while longer and then they would never see each other ever again. He was sure that Dante and the others would get a hoot out of this story if they told him. Probably tease him about it for a bit, about him ending up with the guy. At least he was willing to help him out and couldn’t be too picky in another country.

A bell went off and the students that were outside suddenly started rushing into the building. Nero looked around, wondering what they were going to do.

“Oh crap, we’re going to be late for class if we don’t hurry!” Issei cried as he took Nero’s hand. “Please don’t start a ruckus. The last thing we want is attention drawn to us right now!”

“H-Hey!” Nero cried as he moved to keep up with the pervert. He opened his mouth to speak again, but suddenly lost the words that he wanted to say. The initial curse and demand that he wanted to say were drowned out as the need to not make a scene consumed him.

“But...I’m not a student here,” Nero started, but the words sounded hollow on his tongue as he said them A sudden conflict of memories entered his head, making his head ache as they collided with each other. Memories came forward of attending the school and this class. Some of the days were better than others, the frustration, and embarrassment when some of the students got a laugh. But that couldn’t be right. He had only gotten here recently because he was teleported here. Wasn’t he? Why did he remember attending classes here? Talking with fellow students and being oggled by boys and girls? For some reason, he felt like he belonged here, and he was sure that it was these strange new memories.

Nero recalled facts about the school that he was certain he didn’t know mere moments ago. Like how this school used to be an all-girls one until just a few years ago. Who was the principal of the school, and some of the other more popular girls, who even had fan clubs and the insanity that came with those members. The one thing that stood out to the silver-haired boy the most right now was that he knew how much farther it would be before they reached their classroom. Before Nero knew it, the two of them entered the room and saw students sitting down, talking to each other, some quickly doing some school work.

Nero never felt more out of place than he did right now. It had been ages since he had been in a classroom and even longer since he had done school work. The moment he had joined the Order of the Sword he got out and committed himself to fighting monsters. Being in those life and death situations was far more interesting and bearable than sitting in a classroom learning about numbers and stuff.

Issei’s hand slipped from Nero’s and the silver-haired young man couldn’t help but feel off. He looked down at his hand, wondering if he had something on his hand. For some reason, he couldn’t explain, it was…weird that Issei’s hand had left his, despite the fact they couldn’t have known each other for more than a few hours at most.

“Well this is weird, but I can deal with it,” Issei remarked as he shuffled around the new memories in his head. He was easily able to tell which set of memories were the new ones, and which ones were caused by the changes. It was weird, but he was glad that he was able to tell the differences in them and have them. It would make his conversations with Nero about past events easier, and something to build off of.

Issei observed the other students in the classroom, making sure that no one would point out the oddity. Aside from them eyeing Nero’s clothes, none of them questioned who he was, as if he was another student. The fact no one seemed to be pointing it out was another bonus that he wasn’t going to look away from.

“Ok, so far so good,” Issei muttered gleefully as he sat in his seat wondering what he should do next. If his powers extended to manipulating the people around him then that made things easier for him.

Before he could come to a decision, the door opened and the teacher for the first class entered the room. As one, the students pulled out their materials and sat down getting ready for the day.

Nero continued to stand there, wondering what he would be doing. He couldn’t just leave the kid here with monsters around. He was going to be bored out of his mind if he had to sit here this whole time and listen to some bozo prattle on about lessons that most of these kids weren’t even going to need. There was also how he might look like a damn creep to some people.

“Please take your seat Nero,” the instructor said as he got his bag out.

Nero looked at the teacher and tried to think of what he should do. A part of him just wanted to lean against the wall as the lesson continued, but for some reason, he wanted to heed the teacher’s words. It was almost like Credo, the man he saw as his older brother figure had given him an order.

Still, he noticed that the teacher knew who he was as if he had always been there and that caught his attention. How the hell could someone who was half a world away from where he lived, who he knew he had never met before, know his name? Something was wrong, and he couldn’t put his finger on it yet. For a moment, he considered marching right up to the instructor and asking how he knew his name but stopped again for some damn reason.

“Nero.” The teacher spoke sterner, a threat on the tip of his tongue.

Nero slowly went over and sat down in the spot that he recalled was his and looked around the room. The seat was oddly...comfortable to be in, even if it wasn’t the most comfortable spot due to the metal material. Again the changing boy was thrown off by this sensation. For some damn reason, the comfort was more from the seat and the position in the room felt familiar to him like it was his. Nero clenched his hands grumbling under his breath. This day was just getting so weird that he didn’t know what to say or do about it all.

Issei couldn’t help but grin and mentally pumped his fist. Things were going way better than he had hoped. He didn’t think about saying that school comment, but it had paid off for him in the end. Now that Nero was a student here, it didn’t seem off about his sudden presence. The best part was that now that they were in the same class he could keep an eye on her and see the transformation as it progressed.

“Hehehe,” Issei chuckled evilly as his mind settled on what he should do next. He thought pervertedly. *‘Man with where I am, I have a perfect view of what’s happening to you Nero. That’s just perfect, gives me plenty of time to continue changing you and getting you in some proper clothes. Why don’t we start with the school skirt, show off your legs.’*

The young man’s dark black pants changed as they followed through with his command. They slowly crawled up his legs, exposing more of his thin hairy calves. It was as if the string that was keeping his pants together was being pulled away like in some old comedy movie. They kept rising higher and higher, exposing more of his legs.

“Nero, could you come up here and solve this question?” The teacher asked.

Nero’s body tightened as if he was ready to attack, before what the teacher said was fully processed. He opened his mouth to tell him, no, but then Issei’s words came back to him.

*‘Don’t cause a ruckus in class,’* Issei had said so long ago.

If he told him no then he was sure that it would lead to an argument, or at least getting unwanted attention. Nero reluctantly pushed himself out of his seat and went to the front of the room. He looked at the question, his head already hurting from the complex formula.

“Damnit,” Nero muttered his breath as he tried to recall every little scrap of math knowledge that he could. That was why he preferred to work with his hands. It was much easier to understand and more enjoyable.

Issei watched Nero’s pants legs move closer together and merge at the thigh, forming a skirt. The dark color of his pants changed as a small blotch of magenta appeared on it like a jelly stain. It grew larger like it was being spray-painted on, subverting the color on the rest of his pants. The young demon hunter wondered what he was doing as he felt the cold air brush against his lower body, but didn’t look down. Nero was far too focused on the question, trying to figure out how to answer it. He could feel the new skirt tickle his upper thighs, as it finished changing.

When the transformation stopped however, Issei shuddered in disgust as he took in the full hairy legs that his savior had. A bit of bile rushed to the surface and he struggled to force it all back down. The brunette boy hadn’t thought that all the way through. The only thing he did think about was getting a better look at the transformation as the later parts of it came in and what it might be like.

“Geeze, shave your legs pal,” Issei muttered in disgust at all the body hair Nero had. He couldn’t take his eyes off of it, as if it was some horrible murder scene. The thought of womanly shapely thighs covered in the hairs made him gag again, and he squeezed his thigh to distract himself. This was why he had changed Nero’s pants. So he could see what was happening to his body. He would remain strong and focus on the results no matter the cost.

“Ok, a quick change in plans. We’re getting rid of all that extra body hair first. Some smooth clean skin so I don’t have to deal with all of that stuff anymore. You would like that wouldn’t you Nero? Because I certainly would.”

The hair on Nero’s body below his brows started to disappear, leaving without any trace of where it might be going. To Issei, it was like watching invisible razors go to work and destroy every bit of hair that they could find on his legs. The human arm that he could see went through the same treatment and large swathes of the unsightly intrusions were gone in moments. It was as if it had been all waxed off his body. Smooth clean hairless legs that didn’t look out of place at all on girls, even if they still had a masculine appearance to them.

“Ok, now that’s out of the way we can get to the good stuff,” Issei giggled, finding himself at ease now that it was gone. “Some sexy legs that will add a strut in your step.”

The dimensionally displaced demon killer stumbled a little as his feet changed, but years of combat allowed him to quickly adjust to his stance and anything that might happen. He had fought for years with all manner of creatures putting pressure on him in a fight.

Unknown to the boy his toes and feet shrunk, letting out small cracks as the bones in them shifted. They compressed and got smaller, the masculine toes getting small enough that they would have been more fitting on a girl. After a minute he had petite girly feet that were too small to properly wear his boots. Another light crack went off as his ankles adjusted again.

Nero’s legs thinned as if they were losing the muscle that they had in them, making the transforming boy stumble again. They trimmed down, and like a stack of cards, the young man swayed as they did. He stumbled again and quickly recovered.

“Damnit,” Nero muttered as some of the students chuckled at him, almost falling over again. The silver-haired boy shot them a glare and they all immediately stopped their chuckling.

Despite the angry growl coming from Nero, Issei found himself getting hard down below as the changes happened, forgetting that Nero was still a man. He could only watch as a feminine muscular tone appeared in them that acted as a balm for his soul. He would have been disgusted if he had to see those wonderful legs with hair on them. A shudder went through themIssei as he focused on Nero’s looks now rather than what his mind imagined. All the terror that Issei had gone through this morning seemed like a lifetime away from what he used to be. He was losing himself in the glee from the show that he was seeing, and he was perfectly fine with that if it led to his fantasies becoming real.

“Thick juicy thighs,” Issei started eagerly only to stop as he thought about the young man. Considering the field that Nero worked in and what he thought of his personality he could easily see him as a girl being the rowdy tomboy delinquent type. Perhaps as he got deeper into the transformation he could lean a little more into that. “Strong thick juicy thighs that would have just the right amount of jiggle to them.”

Nero shuddered as he suddenly felt a jolt go down his spine as if he had just been zapped. His fingers and toes curled on their own and a light gasp left his mouth. His thighs burned and for some reason that he couldn't say with full certainty, his wood hardened and he struggled to keep his legs straight. His developing thighs pushed the skirt out slightly and made Issei’s shaft hard as a rock as he watched them develop. Issei could only imagine what they would be like in their fully exposed glory. Already he wanted to run his hands over them, feel the plush goodness that he knew was there, just waiting to be felt up.

The growth of the young Demon Hunter’s thighs slowed, but the refinement didn't cease as the muscle and tone remained. When they finally stopped they looked like they could have been used as pillows. They were huge, plush, and even from here, he could see a tone that would be rare to find on most girls. It was clear that there was a strength in them that

“What's up with my shoes?” Nero questioned as he could feel the sudden looseness from them that made him wonder.

“Oh right, a girl shouldn’t wear such loose boots here on campus,” Issei remarked. “Let’s make those fit.”

Right after Issei said that the boots changed slightly and got a little smaller, conforming to the changes to Nero’s lower body. Their change in size wasn’t as noticeable, and even the perverted young man struggled to notice it at first. What gave it away was that he noticed that there was a heel growing on the back of them. After noticing that, it made the rest plain for him to see.

Nero wiggled his legs around, wondering if it was just a fluke or not, and as he did so, the brown boots that he wore tightened around them, coming to his feminine legs. They moved with less intensity and fit more solidly every time. Soon they fit snuggly around his smaller feet, fitting perfectly on them.

“Well that's better,” Nero muttered as he still tried to figure out the question that was on the board. He thought he finally figured it out and wrote it down on the board.

“Good job Nero.” The teacher praised.

Nero flushed a little from the praise. He wasn’t used to it much. He had never been the smartest of students and even then didn't get too much praise back when he was in school. Wait, wasn't he still in school, and hunting demons and monsters was a job for him?

The changing boy held his head and blinked as he tried to get his memories straight again. Again the same conflict that he had earlier came back. More memories came forward and he couldn't tell which ones were the real ones and which ones were just some idle bits of fancy. Both of them seemed just as likely as the other with the picture's clarity that he could recall them.

Issei looked around the room and realized that he was forgetting something, but couldn’t quite place what. His eyes roamed around the room trying to put together what he was missing. The boobs that the girl had, reminded him he still needed to do that, but that wasn’t it. Suddenly it hit him what he needed to give her like a sack of hammer to the face.

“Oh right and she needs a school bag too,” Issei realized, smacking himself on the head. “Can’t borrow from everyone else all day. Well, good thing Nero’s bag is by his desk.”

Nero walked back to his seat with a heavy sigh. He couldn't believe that he had gotten that right. Still, he was happy that he had gotten it right, as he was sure the rest of the kids in the class would have made fun of him if he did. If they tried to then he would be more than willing to glare at them to make them realize why they shouldn’t. He was already in a foul mood because of the bullshit that happened to him today and he wasn't going to take any crap from anyone, even some brats who thought he was some damn clown for them.

Nero noticed a bag next to him and blinked. He did not recall seeing that there before and nobody seemed like they were missing something. He reached down, looking around, half expecting someone to call him out, or something, but no one did. Maybe that glare was all that he needed to get the point across about why they shouldn’t try and make fun of him.

Issei struggled to keep his eyes open the more the teacher went on and the boy could see Nero wasn’t too far behind him. The brunette was happy that he wasn’t the only one struggling through this. It was strange to be at school after what had happened to him this morning, but he had to. He did his best to take his notes on the subject material hoping that they would be able to help him figure out how to solve this crap later. Perhaps Nero would be able to help him later. He looked at the silver-haired transitioning boy and saw that he seemed to be struggling to follow the conversation. Well, at least he could make a nice study date out of it. That would be fun and maybe lead to something else that would be much more fun.

“Alright, then I have a worksheet for all of you to work on and I expect you all to have it done before the end of the class,” their teacher said, making the students who struggled to stay awake come alive with new energy.

The worksheets were passed around the room, everyone taking it and moving on to the next. Some of the students moaned as they looked over the paperwork and then back at their notes.

The instructor smiled when he noticed that all of the papers had been passed around the room, ignoring the worried looks and moaning of his students. The teacher said encouragingly. “Alright everyone you have until the end of class to finish this assignment.”

The students ahead of them passed the paperwork back, some of the students taking them with the energy of a corpse. They passed it down, shooting looks of sympathy at their fellows.

Nero all but snatched the paper from them and frowned as he looked at the paper, before giving the rest of the pile to the people behind him. He stared at the math questions and tried to make sense of them. It was as if he was staring down at a foreign language for the most part. If it wasn’t for his past engineering experience making his sword and gun then he would have been lost entirely.

“Can't believe I'm doing this shit,” Nero cursed as he got to work on the paper, his brain hurting already from the work. He couldn’t have just had to handle the problem that was on the board, but an entire worksheet as well. What did he do to deserve this bullshit?

The rest of the class continued without issue, the students working on the assignments that they had been given.

Throughout it all, Issei kept looking at Nero to see how his would-be girlfriend was doing. Nero frowned heavily as he tried to figure out what the answer was, tapping her finger against the desk. He looked so cute when he was struggling like that. He could only imagine how flustered he would be when they were kissing or something like that. Nero did seem to be the prudish type with how he reacted to the skirt lengths. If that was enough to make him like that, then he wondered how he would be able to handle a full relationship.

The thought of them together and what it would be like made the stress that Issei had from working on the assignment all but disappear. Who could be angry or worried about grades when they were going to get a girlfriend soon.

Time continued to pass in the classroom with the students working on their papers. The students that finished the assignment without issue focused on stuff that they needed for the rest of their classes, clearly aiming to get ahead of the curve. Though it earned them the animosity of some of their fellow students, while the rest tried to finish the paperwork. The bell went off and as one Issei, Nero, and the rest of the class visibly relaxed.

“Alright pass up your papers students!” The teacher ordered.

They all passed the paperwork, some happy with their work, others worried about it, and the rest just happy that it was over and they didn’t have to look at it again. Though sadly, many of them knew that they would seeing it the next time they had to deal with a test. By then they hoped that they would be able to understand it. The teacher compiled all of their papers together and then placed them in their bag.

“Take care everyone,” the teacher said left the room and a number of the students, including Nero, sighed when it was over. “Make sure that you do the homework and prepare for the test at the end of the week.”

Some of the students muttered their farewells, but the rest of the class simply looked at their friends and started talking with each other. Some of them talked about the problems they had with the work, what was going on in their lives, or mocked their instructor.

Issei was so happy that it was over and could finally give Nero his full attention. There were far more important things that needed to be handled, and school was such a waste. Maybe it would have been worth it to skip school for the day. Then he and Nero would have had plenty of time to get to know each other when he was done with his great work. His mind then reminded him of the student council president Sona Shitori and how stubborn and cruel she could be when it came to school work.

“No, it's not worth that trouble,” Issei remarked quietly.

If she found out that he had skipped then he was sure that he was going to receive detention after detention from her, and that didn’t include everything else. She could easily see her adding on to the punishment for all the times that they had peeped on the girls. He would rather not have to lose so many good things and get a punishment that would last him until the end of his senior year.

It might be less painful to just sit here and go through the school day, but it was far more time-consuming than he would like. With all of the distractions going on it took away his time to work on Nero and their relationship. He wanted to spend every moment possible with his new girlfriend, especially the moment when they would get together.

“Alright time to get back on track,” Issei muttered heatedly as he snuck a look at Nero. It was a good thing that Nero hadn’t noticed what was happening to him yet. Well any of the big stuff about what was happening to him, which was only to become more noticeable now. The perverted boy knew how he was going to end it all, and left the best stuff for last. It was only fitting that what was filled with the hopes and dreams of all men, was where Nero's change would finish.

Issei already had it planned out in his head. After the next class then it would be the lunch period and then he would be able to finalize everything that he wanted to. He could already see how it would be going then and would get to share his meal with her then. The idea brought a smile to his face and renewed his desire to make it happen.

Now that the first class was over he mentally checked down everything that had happened to Nero and was happy with how far Nero had come in his transformation. There was still quite a way to go before it was over, but a good majority of it had been handled. Well, the foundation had been settled both literally and figuratively with those legs and thighs.

If he kept changing Nero at the rate they were going then he would be done by lunch. It filled him with gee, hoping that the final results would be just as promising as he imagined from those delicious thighs. With how he could mold the boy Nero would be nothing short of stacked as possible and extra thicc.

Still, the thought of finally getting that pretty, curvaceous, and especially buxom girlfriend he always wanted was in reach, he couldn't stop now. Especially when he would be able to see her wonderful body in a variety of cute and sexy outfits. Issei giggled pervertedly again as blood rushed down below, making a noticeable lump form.

Nero tiredly walked over to Issei, his eyes drooping slightly. He was so tired and wanted to go out hunting and kill some demons. Anything would be welcome to get his mind off of what he had gone through and blow off some steam. He still needed to make that call to the others, maybe wire him some money for a ticket back. Not to mention figure out why he was having such weird thoughts.

“How are you feeling?” Issei questioned. He hoped that nothing bad was happening to him. “You look like you’re about to drop.”

“Like someone has been knocking their knuckles against my head as roughly as they damned could,” Nero groaned as he rubbed his forehead. How long had it been since he had done math like this he couldn’t say. He wanted to say years, but he remembered doing shit like this yesterday for some reason.

Nero tried to sort everything out in his head again, and again the timeline that was his life shited around all over the place. One event took place at a later point in his lift, and yet that same event took place in the other at a much earlier point. It was all over the place and confusing him, making his head throb to the point that it was as if someone was whacking him in the noggin with a stick.

Issei’s eyes roamed over Nero’s frame again, taking in all the changes that had happened to his body and enjoying every new feminine aspect of him. They all stood out in his mind, especially as he recalled how handsome and tall he had been as a man. Already he could see the remaining changes that needed to happen, as if they were happening right now, and sighed in glee.

Suddenly, Issei remembered a very important aspect of Nero that would need to be dealt with soon. His eyes roamed over to the gloved hand that concealed a secret that would have made everyone in the classroom freak out if they saw it. The mere image of it in his head was enough to make him shudder as if it was reaching out to crush his throat.

The demonic appendage would be a bother if something wasn’t done about it. Maybe if they were alone he would be willing to get a feel for it in the future to experiment, but right now it would be a problem. The sword and gun could at least be passed as cosplay stuff but that arm? All it would take was one slip up and then it would be on perfect display for all to see. Then people would go into a panic, and who knows what would happen next. Hell, it might even attract the attention of other supernatural monsters like Yuuma if they learned about it. He couldn’t let that happen. As much as he wanted to believe in Nero’s strength he wanted both of them to be safe. There was no way that he was going to get rid of it. As weird as that arm might be he had seen how useful it was.

“Well hopefully it passes,” Issei said as he stepped closer. “If you need to go to the nurse's office I can take you.”

“I don’t need to go to the nurse,” Nero rebuffed. “I’m tougher than that.”

“Hey, no one is saying that. You’re the toughest person I know,” Issei replied and then leaned over and whispered. “Especially after seeing what happened with Yuuma.”

Nero blushed from the praise and cleared his throat as he replied. “Well, what do you expect from someone as weak as her. She’s nothing compared to what I have fought.”

“I’ll take your word for it. Hey, what was the strongest, worst thing, or whatever that you beat?” Issei questioned, genuinely curious.

“Let me think,” Nero replied absentmindedly as pondered what he could tell him, and why he was willing to talk to him about it. There were multiple things that he could think of including Dante, and he wasn’t sure what Issei would do now that he knew monsters were real and in the world. Nero opened his mouth to respond when the door opened and the teacher stepped into the room.

“Hello everyone I hope that you are well, and please take your seats. We have a lot of work to get through before class is over,” the teacher said.

The next class began and Nero grumbled as he went back to his seat, Issei focusing on Nero’s hidden demonic limb. The changing boy sat down and Issei smirked.

“I wish that Nero could make it look like a normal human arm,” Issei muttered quietly, staring at the hidden monstrous limb. “That way he could bring it out whenever he wants and then he wouldn’t have to hide his arm so much.”

The brunette boy braced himself for the next bit. If this didn’t let Nero that something was going on with him then he was sure that nothing would. Which wouldn’t be a problem, but make him question if this guy was dumber than a sack of hammers, or thicker than a brick.

Nero shuddered as another jolt went down his spine. He looked behind him flatly, wondering if the kid sitting behind him was messing with him, or if it was something else that was doing it. He sighed.

“Why do I keep having these weird spasms,” Nero muttered under his breath. There had to be something more to this that he just wasn’t seeing or something. It was the only thing that he could think of that made sense to him.

Nero scratched at his demonic limb, wincing slightly at the sudden ferocity that the itchiness became. The silver-haired boy scratched his limb harder and found no relief. It was as if he had fallen into a massive patch of poison ivy that wouldn’t let him have any rest. He gowled and scratched harder to the point that he might have drawn blood if it was his human arm, but it didn’t. All it gave him was a moment’s respite, but the moment it stopped it returned with a new furry.

Suddenly the itchiness came over his hand. He dug at his palm through the glove, but the fabric got in the way and prevented him from finding some relief. The top of his fingers felt off and he looked to see that the clawed fingers of his hands were receding to more normal human-looking nails. Nero’s jaw dropped, wondering what was happening to him now. He wondered if he should pull it off and see what was going on. The moment he did, he was sure that people would freak out if they saw that his arm looked like it belonged to some lizard monster.

Taking a gamble, Nero slowly and carefully pulled off the bottom of the glove on his hand and gasped when he saw that the reptilian flesh there was starting to smooth out. The multi-colored scales lost color and smoothed out, losing the roughness that they had as normal human skin replaced them. He hesitantly brushed his finger against the human skin and shuddered at the softer normal human skin.

Nero hesitantly pulled down his sleeve and saw more normal light fair skin where red monstrous reptilian scales should have been. The blue veins that were visible between the black and red scales dimmed as they became the same shade of fair pink skin. The part of it that stuck out on his elbow retracted and got smaller until there was nothing off about his elbow. He shuddered and felt the altering bone as it continued to change, the morphing area making him feel as if ice was going through his body. In mere minutes it had become a normal human-looking elbow.

The feminizing female-to-be touched his bicep and could feel the change as it happened. Through the cloth, he could feel the scales that lined his arm softening and changing into normal human flesh, the muscle there remaining. Even though he didn't see it he knew that the change there had finished and was just as normal looking as the rest of his arm.

Nero could only stare at the new skin as a well of emotions went through him that he couldn’t quite tell what to make. He had long since made peace with the demonic limb that he had after being insecure about it for months. It was because of it that he had been able to stop the Savior and save Kyrie. Still, he would have liked it if he didn’t need to hide it. It was annoying at times, making sure that it was perfectly concealed so others wouldn’t see it and look at him as if he was a monster. Despite all of that it had done well for him. It had helped send monsters back to hell and saved lives.

After a moment the young man hesitantly pulled up the sleeve of his coat and saw that the rest of his arm was going through the same thing. He placed one of his fingers on the morphing scales and shuddered as he could feel it soften and even out, being replaced with fresh healthy skin. Just as quickly as his hand had changed so had the one on his arm.

“How is this happening,” Nero wondered for the hundredth time. It didn’t seem real to Nero. It was just too insane with how quickly it had become a new limb. He wondered if he was asleep and this was one weird long convoluted dream that he just hadn’t woken up from yet.

Nero remembered what Issei had said earlier about his sword and imagined it returning. The effeminate young man shuddered again as he could feel the scales that had been there returning on his body. The silver-haired boy quickly pulled down the sleeve on his jacket, hoping that no one had seen the change to his arm. The tip of his fingers became claws and the horn at the end of his elbow returned. In mere moments, his arm returned to the same demonic appendage that it was before, but still maintained the same feminine mystique that it had.

A part of Nero was relieved that he could bring it back. Despite how annoying that arm could be, it had its uses and made dealing with monsters so much easier. If he could have had a normal human arm this whole time he was going to be so pissed. Memories came forward again, and Nero paused. He had wanted a normal-looking arm after it had gotten hurt and it became this. There were dozens of times that he had wanted it back to normal. What was so different about this time?

Nero wanted to call out to Issei, but again he couldn’t bring himself to raise his voice and interrupt the class. All he could do was clench his hand and growl as more frustration filled him.

*‘What the fuck is wrong with me!’* Nero mentally screamed. He couldn’t understand why he couldn’t bring himself to go out and get Issei. It was as if a big lock had been placed on him, preventing him from doing so. This was an emergency and yet he couldn’t bring himself to call out for him, because some stupid teacher was lecturing. There had to be more going on that he wasn’t aware of. He would never give a shit about how rude it would be to interrupt anyone. Hell, he was willing to flip off Sona Shitori and ignore her no matter what she pulled! Just because she was the Student Council President didn’t mean that she had to put up with her crap!

“Who the hell is Sona?” Nero muttered worryingly under his breath.

First, he knew things about the school that he shouldn’t have known and now he was starting to know people here. There had to be some demon or something messing with him and putting all of this new knowledge in his head.

Issei noticed that the changing boy was fidgeting around and focused on what was happening in front of him and frowned. Nero seemed worried about something with how he was breathing and ran his hand through his hair. He had to be catching on by this point, and if he was then he was sure to comment on what was going to happen later down the line. Though why he wasn’t just demanding his attention and coming over to him he didn’t know. He could tell in the short time that he had known Nero, that he didn’t care about being professional. Well whatever it was, he was grateful that it was keeping Nero from going crazy and breaking everything and making a scene.

“Might as well go all in then,” Issei muttered. If Nero was noticing the changes then there was one for sure way to know for sure. Issei wanted to see how the rest of the figure looked and it was going to be difficult with that coat and jacket. Better put him in the full girl’s uniform now, especially when he would finally get to the boob segment. He wondered if a button or two would come off at that point and he would get to see some cleavage when then part finally came in.

“Nero looks great in the uniform, especially with that shirt on,” Issei remarked with a sigh. “Bet he’s wearing a nice bra under there too.”

Nero jumped as the top half of his clothes felt like they had gotten soaked in water. He looked down and gasped when he saw his clothes morph and change. He pulled the front of his jacket and his eyes widened when he saw the black shirt that he wore underneath his jacket changed.

*‘What the fuck!’* The young man thought in terror as the fabric rose higher, tickling his stomach as it did. He grabbed the bottom of his shirt and tried to keep it from rising, but it was fighting his grasp the whole time. He pulled it down and could feel the fabric get thinner as it stretched. It slipped between his fingers and continued to rise, brushing against his body.

“Mother fucker,” Nero hissed. He then gulped as his shrinking shirt fully exposed his stomach and the coldness grew when he saw a womanly thin stomach instead of the hard abs that he was used to seeing. He pressed his finger in it and was relieved to feel a tone that wasn't there by how little his finger went in. There was still muscle there thankfully, but now it had been condensed into a slender and more womanly appearance. Still, that did little to calm him down considering how far his core was from what it once was, including his waist.

His shoulders felt like they were being tickled with a feather duster, but the young man knew it has to be the changes to his shirt. The silver-haired boy looked at the shoulders and pulled on the remaining bits of his jacket. He watched as the cloth from his shoulders thinned down. He placed his hands on them and held them just like when he was holding the bottom of his shirt. He growled as he tried to keep it from happening, but the fabric just slipped out of his fingers again and hardened. What remained around his shoulders formed into thin small straps that helped keep the top of his shirt up.

He felt the fabric thin down on his back and shuddered as it did. He reached out to feel and felt the holes that were forming. The portion on his upper back had a neat hole there as if it was designed to have that there naturally. The hole there continued to grow larger. He felt a clip from in the back and paled. He grabbed it and ran his fingers over it to get a feel. He pulled on the strap and felt the remains of his shirt tighten. It slipped from his fingers and slapped into his back. That was all the young man needed to know and couldn't bear to keep his fingers there, as if he was feeling some horrible damaged rough skin instead of soft fabric.

Nero looked back down the front of his shirt and froze when he saw that it was now reaching the bottom of his pecs. To his relief, it stopped shrinking when it did, but a new horror filled him when he noticed that something else was happening to it. The front of it shifted around, as if it was being stretched, and formed empty cups that brushed against his upper body, hiding his nipples from view.

“What….the…fuck?” Nero whispered hoarsely as he stared at what his shirt hadbecome. He snuck his hand underneath his jacket and reached up to touch it. His fingers stopped mere inches away from it. He forced himself to touch it and flinched the moment that his fingers did. The changing quarter-demon flinched as if he had just been shocked. *‘Why the hell did my shirt change into a fucking a bra!’*

Nero’s mind tried to process the change that he had just witnessed. Even though he had seen the process in its entirety, he didn’t want to believe it. If he hadn’t seen it then he wasn’t sure that he would be able to believe it. It was just so insane, crazy, and impossible to believe.

“What the fuck,” Nero muttered again.

Issei gulped and could see the fear and rage on Nero’s face. His body sweated lightly as blood rushed down below again, imagining what type of bra the changing boy had now.

“He’s starting to notice everything. There’s no turning back now,” Issei breathed out, praying that this would end how he wanted. “I got to see this through or my keister is cooked.”

Nero didn’t have long to take it in, as his jacket started to feel off. The young man quickly realized what was about to happen and paled despite the blush that he had.

*‘No, not again!’* Nero cried mentally as he grabbed his jacket and held the bottom of it, bracing himself for when it started shrinking. He looked around him trying to find the source of whatever was causing it. His eyes roamed over the room for anything that could tell him what might be causing it. A suspicious figure, an artifact no matter how big or small it might be.

His eyes roamed over the students, wondering who could be the one doing this. All of them looked like they were more focused on their teacher or their own thing than on him. It had to be one of them, or maybe the teacher, but he had to be sure. It was the only thing he could think of. If he messed up and didn't time his approach, the culprit would duck and lay low.

To his dismay, there wasn’t any sort of light coming off something, or any suspicious individuals that he could see, and his blood boiled in rage. Why couldn’t the cause of his problems just be right in front of him so he could beat the hell out of it? He clenched his hands wanting to just punch something or for some demon to show up so that he could unleash his rage upon it.

Issei did his best to keep his face forward and ignore the urge to look at Nero. He had heard his muttering and knew that he was catching on now. Even if he hadn’t he could feel the intense rage from him that would have made the most chipper of people clam up in an instant. Right now he felt like he was playing some insane horror game on the highest difficulty. For now, he just had to fight the urge to look at the changing boy, whose presence was making him sweat.

Issei groaned and balled his hands into fists having to fight the urge to slam them down on the ground in despair. Even when good things happen he had to restrain himself like such.

The thought of going to the beach or a pool, and Nero’s new curvaceous body wrapped up in a nice tight bikini that would hug her wonderful figure so tight, was just so tantalizing. His mind took it a step further and imagined her in a variety of poses and other costumes that Nero would wear when he was fully a girl and they were together. A smile formed on his face and he sighed in delight as he imagined those scenarios happening.

To Nero’s shock, the jacket didn’t shrink much and he hesitantly let go of it, wondering if it was passed already. He hoped that there wouldn’t be any insane changes to it like what happened to his shirt, but he braced himself for the worst. There had to be more to this and was willing to bet his bottom dollar that there would be. Not after what happened to his shirt.

He jolted in his seat when he saw the bottom of his jacket had white splotches on it that were growing larger. He rubbed his fingers where the white was only to feel it was different, softer. It was as if it was two fabrics that were patched together to fix a hole. He could feel the distinction between the two fabrics as the changes continued. The white fabric was softer, gentler, reminding him of his old shirt.

As the white rose higher, the zipper that went down the middle of his jacket broke down and formed into small segments. Nero could only watch as the broken down segments formed into small little liquid buttons, that held his shirt in place.

The pockets that were on the front of his jacket got smaller as if someone was sewing them. Nero put his hands down them, in an attempt to try and keep them open. The pockets tighten around his wrists and got tighter, making him wince. They continued to do so and it was getting further uncomfortable for him. Nero pulled his hands out of them and shook his hands, still watching what was happening to his pockets. They closed, forming a thin line that became less noticeable with every passing second. The small line that they had, showing where the opening had been was disappearing as if it wasn’t there at all.

When it was completely gone, Nero brushed where the pockets had been and frowned in dismay. It didn’t feel like they were there at all. He touched the metal sections and was taken back by them. It was as if he had dipped his finger into a cool glass of water. They shifted in his finger as if they were water being sloshed around.

“Not my damn jacket,” Nero muttered again. He wanted to look anywhere but after seeing what had happened to his shirt, he couldn’t bring himself to look away. His eyes were locked onto the changes that happened to his jacket, hoping that it wouldn’t be as bad as what happened on his shirt.

There was a shine on the end of his sleeves and saw that there were buttons that were there no that weren’t there before. He gently pulled and moved them from side to side The higher the white rose, the more the remains of his jacket shifted into the new garment it was becoming. It touched the sleeves of his jacket and the ends of them shifted and hardened into refined cuffs that looked like they belonged to a dress shirt rather than a hoodie.

Nero jumped slightly when he felt the hoodie of his jacket shrink back into it, as a collar formed that pushed out. The young man reached around and tried to keep it from going away, but no matter how hard he tried, the jacket slipped.

Soon the transformation to his shirt finished and Nero looked it over. His jacket had become a white long-sleeved, button-down shirt with vertical linings, a black ribbon on the collar, perfectly matching the rest of the school’s girl’s uniform.

Nero pulled at it and gulped. There was so much that he wanted to say right now that would no doubt get attention from everyone around him. The only thing stopping his venting was that the words were still stuck in his mouth. He growled and wanted to slam his hands on the desk but knew it would break like a toothpick.

The only thing of his that remained intact now was his coat. It contrasted heavily with the rest of his clothes as if someone had just planted it on him. With what had happened to the rest of his clothes it was almost like a soft blanket that comforted him.

At least he still had his coat to hide the damn thing. It would let him keep some of his pride intact.

Suddenly his coat felt off and he held back a scream of rage and cursed whoever is doing this. It had to be someone, maybe they were doing so from afar. The young man’s jacket felt strange and he laid his head down on the table and slammed his hand down on his thigh.

“Please no,” Nero moaned, knowing that it would be futile the magic would do what it wanted until his coat changed into whatever.

The transitioning boy looked at his coat trying to find the first sign of the changes. He found it to his dismay when he saw the tails of his coat traveling upward as if someone was rolling it. The young man watched, the words from the teacher became little more than muted garbled sounds as Nero focused on his coat.

The various accessories that were attached to his coat disappeared as it got smaller. The red-winged sword, a symbol of the Order of the Sword became consumed by the black around it as if it had fallen into a pool of black tar. The leather straps that were on it changed into the same cloth and were absorbed into the new fabric. The large buttons that were on his coat faded as well and became the same color. The metallic shine they had become duller and softer. The pockets sealed as well as if they had been sewn shut as well. When it finally finished changing, his coat had finished changing into a black shoulder cape that the rest of the girls wore.

Nero didn’t say anything about it at first. He took stock of it and imagined how he would look if he stood up and what it would look like. He grimaced at the thought of him doing anything with this damn outfit on and how it would look.

“I feel like an idiot with this on,” Nero remarked angrily. It was just weird to have this on. His rage boiled, but instead, he calmed down. He had liked that coat. It was the one thing that felt his when he was with the Order of the Sword. It had good memories with it and he liked the style. He pulled on the cape and felt it tug on his back. When this was over, he would make sure that whoever or what it was would feel his hatred and rage in spades.

“Nero, is there something that you would like to share with the class?” the teacher asked.

“No,” Nero replied, his voice deceptively calm.

Issei took a gamble and looked at his would-be girlfriend, surprised by the calmness in her voice. Despite how calm Nero was, he didn’t believe it for one second. The young man had reached a point beyond anger and had entered a tranquil fury that was waiting to be unleashed. Still, he didn’t let that stop him from taking the time to look her over.

Issei could only smile at how pretty Nero looked. Unlike the two great Onee-Samas, Nero had retained more of a tomboy flair like the muscles that she had and the shorter hair, which worked well for the would-be girl. It made her different and stand out from the other greats at the school. Not that he was complaining. He would like to have a gal that would be with him and with how much she could kick butt physically it only seemed right that she was a tomboy.

Nero finally deigned to look at the brushing of his pants and frowned, finding he was wearing a short magenta skirt. The young man’s blush returned with renewed vigor and he groaned as he brought his head down on the table.

There was a nagging sensation in his head that he had seen this uniform before. The changing young man already had an idea of what it was but he had to make sure. He looked to his side at one of the girls and his thoughts were confirmed. He was dressed up exactly like one of the girls.

“What the hell?” Nero muttered his face darker than any neon red sign. Embarrassment and horror went through and he crossed his legs. He could feel the underwear that he had shift and frowned in distaste. With how short the skirt was he knew that he was just one strong gust of wind or something from having it on display. He covered his legs as best he could but knew that it wouldn't be enough if someone looked.

“How do the girls walk around with a skirt this damn shirt,” Nero wondered again. The flustered frustrated expression that the feminine boy had was nothing short of adorable.

“Right…girls,” Issei muttered, having faintly heard what Nero had said. “Did we already reach the high points of this? Man can’t believe how quickly we got here.”

He might as well make Nero an official girl shortly. Not like anyone would think that he was a man anymore with how looked and he would rather get to the point. Especially after the next parts.

The bell rang again, and the class relaxed as it did, as their teacher packed their things. With that over it would be time for the lunch hour, and he would have plenty of time to do what he wanted.

“Hey, Nero you want to go to the roof for lunch?” Issei questioned as he grabbed his bag. His mind already imagining what would be happening next. He knew what he wanted and needed to do. “It's the perfect place to eat, and got a nice view too.”

“Yeah, I need to talk to you about something,” Nero said quickly there was something wrong here and he needed to tell Issei. There was a thought in the back of his mind, one that made him feel somewhat guilty, but he had to make sure. He wasn’t sure if Issei would be able to shed some light on what was going on, but he was the only one that might be able to help him. “A little privacy would be for the best.”

“Trust me the rooftop can provide that,” Issei smiled. For this next bit, he wanted it to be private. There were too many eyes here than he would have liked. Besides having a confession happen on the rooftop of the school was a classic in so many anime that he might as well do it.

“Good,” Nero said.

Before Issei could say anything, Nero took his hand and rushed out of the room, almost making Issei fall over from how fast he was going. It was only due to quick reflexes that he was able to stop himself from falling, but it was getting harder by the second.

“Whoa slow down!” Issei said as he struggled to remain standing.

Nero ignored the chatter coming from the rest of the students, and focused only on getting to the top of the school as fast as possible. Again the silver-haired knew what directions he needed to go in to reach it. The memories of the path that he needed to take rushing forward, the steps coming as natural as breathing.

Issei’s heart pounded a little faster in his chest. Both in excitement and fear. Wherever Nero was taking them would probably be perfect to finish things off. It would be just the two of them together and they would be able to have some fun. A thought came to him of giving Nero the tiddies that he would have right now but stopped.

He was a lover of boobs, but he wasn’t interested in moobs. If he had given Nero the female organs that he would have sooner then it would be a different story. The thought alone made him sigh as he imagined a full bouncing bust going up and down his arm, rubbing against him, feeling their soft plushness.

*‘I’ll finally get to enjoy a pair without getting beaten!’* Issei all but squealed in his head.

The pervert studied Nero’s face and could tell that the transitioning boy was Nero was in a rush, his mind focused on a singular objective. It was stuck in a panicked frenzy that pushed him over the edge. He felt a little guilty about putting him in such a state but he would make up for it later on their date. Issei’s eyes trailed down and landed on Nero’s boring hips.

“With Nero running around so much let’s add an extra step,” Issei commented quietly. “After all, with such wide hips, he can’t help but sway them.

Just after Issei said that Nero’s hips started to widen, much to the brunette’s glee. He looked down and watched as the skirt moved a little further out, and added more definition. Even if he couldn’t see it clearly, it was clear as day to him, even if he didn’t have Matsuda’s three size counting ability.

They bumped into Issei’s side and the young man could feel the new curvature and smiled as he imagined her putting them to good use. Shaking her butt in an erotic dance that made her wonderful boobs bounce and her ass shake. Her hips would be nothing that he wanted to scoff at. They bumped a little further into his own with a little more force than what was comfortable, but he didn’t care.

Their expansion quickly came to an end, Issei hummed as he examined Nero’s new wide child-bearing hips that had to be the widest in the school. Just the way that they brushed against his body was enough to tell him that they were, especially in combination with her slim waist. The curve that they had was greater than Rias Gremory and Akeno Himijima’s, making Issei sigh gleefully.

The pervert was brought out of his fantasies, as Nero continued to drag Issei up the stairs to the roof, again the brunette having to move as fast as he could to keep up. His feet stumbled and almost tripped were it not for Nero continuing to drag him up a flight of stairs to the roof.

“Please slow down!” Issei pleaded, still struggling to stay standing as they went up the steps.

The moment that they were at the top of the flight of stairs, Issei felt like his arm would fall off. He shook his arm, trying to get the feeling back into it. He hoped Nero didn't hold him that tightly when things got steamy, otherwise, he wasn't sure how he would survive a makeout session. At least the wonderful boobs would press him forward.

Nero kicked the door open and for a moment, Issei thought that the door would fly off of its hinges and go soaring into the air with how the door flew open. He looked at the hinges and was surprised to see that they were still hanging onto the door. It seems that despite how angry and frustrated Nero was, he still had enough sense and awareness to not beak anything he didn’t mean to.

Issei’s eyes wandered around the rooftop, making sure that there was no one else here. To his glee, he saw that there was no one here. This was the perfect time and place to do it. If things went swimmingly then he would be able to have the perfect moment that he wanted to first experience with Yuuma. Lap pillows, feeding each other, and eventually her posing for him in a variety of sexy outfits. Soon the two of them would be able to live out every fantasy that they wanted.

“So what did you want to talk about babe?” Issei questioned, smiling awkwardly.

“Babe?” Nero blinked, thrown off by what he called him.

“Well…you are a girl,” Issei questioned, smiling, eagerness spilling in his voice and face despite how he tried to hide it. This was it, the moment that he had been waiting for. They would be one step closer to being a couple and the true climax.

“Issei the fuck are you taaaalllllllahhhh!” Nero gasped as a sudden heat surged through his body and blood rushed down below. He could feel his cheeks burn as if someone had called him an embarrassing nickname or something embarrassing had happened to him. The tips of his ears felt hot. He gulped as he started to breathe heavily, it was as if someone was playing with his boys and slowly going up and down on his shaft. He felt the front of the skirt rise and saw that undoubtedly was his dick standing proud.

The young man blushed at the manhood that was on clear display, wondering why this sudden heat had come over. He reached down and tried to force it down and knew the moment he moved his hands, it would stand just as proud if not prouder.

Issei grimaced at seeing the erection, but couldn’t bring himself to turn away as the change continued. The cute moans that came out of him, fueled his mind and the images of what they would be like. He could already imagine the two of them together, their hands roaming the other’s body.

*‘It’s not going to be there much longer,’* Issei told himself, finding solace in that fact. It would make the bits that were coming next free of any weirdness that despite the enhanced curves that would be joining them all the better.

A part of him was curious about the process itself and what it would be like. Sure he already had an idea from seeing the rest of the transformation but this was something special, that didn’t quite add up. Nero could look as feminine as he made him, but so long as that was there he wasn’t. Soon there would be one less bishie boy in the world and there would be one more pretty sexy big boobed girl in it and the world would be better off for it.

“He doesn’t need it,” Issei told himself, not at all salty that Nero seemed to be bigger than him down there.

“D-don’t look!” Nero cried as he turned and covered his crotch.

Issei felt a little disappointed but was perfectly fine not seeing the whole process. He didn’t want to see him lose his dick. The noises that he was making were more than enough.

It made it so easy for Issei to hear and mentally see how Nero was struggling with this part of the transformation. The Devil Hunter’s legs shook from the sudden arousal and found it harder to stay standing. Nero tried to get his body under control, but it just wouldn’t. It was as if every piece of him was trying to fight the change, but it wouldn’t.

Issei grinned as he imagined the soon-to-be-former boy’s hands were playing with her new hole. It made for a hot thought and he could feel his dick growing harder at the thought of her doing that.

Nero mewled as the inches that he had on the sword between his legs got smaller and retracted into his body. He would have felt embarrassed if he wasn’t getting more frustrated about it. The young man hesitantly pulled the front of the skirt up and tried to get a look at what was happening down there and ignored the oddity of seeing panties down there. His lump got smaller and the young man hissed as the feeling there only intensified.

“Shit,” Nero hissed.

The tip of his greatsword entered his body, making Nero gasp lewdly as a new pair of lips formed down there. The new woman mewled and whimpered as if someone was playing with her new hole, slowly sliding their fingers in and out of her body. A saucy gasp escaped her when one of her ballsshot into her body, making her body flare up even further. Her remaining ball quickly followed and she cooed loudly, exciting Issei more, it was as if he was watching one of his hentai or something with how she was acting.

Issei’s dick was hard as a rock and he wanted nothing more than to jump her and plant a kiss as his hands roamed her body. She might not have the rest of her curves, but that was an easy fix, and he wanted to feel them growing in his hands so bad.

“And with such a hot seductive voice, who could resist that,” Issei said, his mind imagining a voice that was higher, huskier voice that would fit a tomboy.

The groans that came from Nero became higher pitched as her Adam’s apple started to disappear. The changing girl coughed as her voice became higher. She groaned and brought her hand up to her voice.

Nero moaned lustfully as the last ball went into her body and changed just as its partner. All of the strength that was in her body left her and she stumbled forward. Her control and balance were completely gone.

“Oh fuck!” Nero cried at what she just lost as she lost as her voice finished changing. Her new voice was like a balm on Issei’s soul for how long he put up with it earlier. It was a little husky, but enough to tell that it was a woman’s voice, and sultry, doting, but honeyed with a bit of danger

The former boy lost complete control over her lower body from the new arousing assault. She fell forward and closed her eyes, bracing for impact.

“Don’t worry I got you!” Issei cried as he rushed forward and grabbed Nero before she hit the ground. Her face buried itself against his chest. The smile that he had vanished. He was momentarily thrown off by how soft her hair was and how comfortable it felt holding her. Was this what it was like to have a girlfriend?

Issei quickly recovered and then fist-pumped in childish glee, happy that the hunter had finally become a girl. Now he could freely admire Nero’s body without feeling like he was perving on a guy. Things could finally escalate to the point that he had wanted for so long. They just had to do it.

The only thing that would have made it better was if there was a large wonderful set of boobs pressing against him and she was in a skimpy outfit. That was a detail he would soon rectify after he gave Nero a perfect booty to go with it. The boobs were the perfect cherry on top.

It only got worse for Nero as she could feel the underwear that she had morph. It tightened against her body and made her shudder. She brought her thick thighs together and tried to fight the sensations going through her, but couldn’t. She was just so hot and horny right now that she couldn’t help but rub her body against Issei as her face burned. If she still had her manhood, it would have been rising and stood at attention. The legs of her boxer shorts were gone and left no trace that they had been there. She could feel the former boxes hug her body tighter as the fabric tightened and dug into the curve of her flat ass. After a moment, her underwear finished changing into a simple black pair of panties.

Nero’s mind was in overdrive as it recovered from the changes that had happened to her, as more memories filled her noggin. She tried to think straight and put all the pieces that happened together. Trying to find some hidden secret that told her how this all happened and what could be the cause of it all. She was on her last stand and if she didn’t find some hint soon, she knew that it would be over.

Nero thought of everything that had happened to her since she had come here, looking for even the smallest inconsistency. The only thing that had been constant she was sure was that Issei had been around. The change had happened right after he had said that she was a girl. The way he had talked about certain parts like her age. It was a strange thing to suddenly bring up.

Suddenly it all came together in her head. The way he reacted in shock before quickly covering it up and trying to act natural. Rage fueled her and gave her a reason to push on and strive. She looked up at him, ignoring the way that his admittedly handsome face looked. She restrained her like for it and pushed away from him, making Issei blink.

“You got to be the one causing this!” Nero yelled as she stepped back and summoned her sword. She blushed from the way that the feminine attire moved across her body, especially the skirt and panties. She had sad to say that she missed the feeling of her boys brushing against her thighs. Maybe with a little bit of luck and all she would be able to get them back.

“What are you talking about?” Issei replied sheepishly, trying to play it off. Maybe if he could put up a good enough act he would be able to buy himself just a little more time and be able to finish this thing.

“Oh bullshit you know exactly what I mean!” Nero spat as she narrowed her eyes at him, trying to find some insight if he was telling the truth, pointing her blade at him. The way he was sweating told her that he was hiding something. Her blush darkened further when he noticed that his eyes kept landing on her flat chest as if expecting something to happen there. “Was that all some big setup?”

“No, it wasn’t at all!” Issei denied honestly.

“If you really don’t know what’s going on then why the hell do you keep looking at my chest?” Nero questioned. If there was nothing that was going on as he claimed then he was sure that she would be able to catch him in the lie or something. He loved a girl with big tits, even if he loved boobs in general he had his favorites and he loved big ol titties more than life itself.

“Because I…like what’s there, just like how I love that the huge round butt of yours,” Issei replied with a smirk.

Nero groaned as the panties that she wore tightened as her butt ballooned out, making her blush profusely. It was almost as if the underwear that she wore was being eaten up by her growing posterior. It tightened around her thighs and her buttocks but still did so comfortably. The weight behind it grew and Nero again had to adjust her stance as it fattened, but it was getting harder to do. The growing weight made her stumble back.

“Whoa!” Nero cried and fell onto her developing behind, blushing from the unfamiliar wave of pleasure that coursed through her. She rose from the ground as her buttocks continued to grow. She shimmied in her seat and blushed at how much fuller and softer her ass was.

The young woman quickly stood up and tried to look menacing in front of him, but her tight ass bounced. She blushed intensely as Issei giggled, making her angry hateful look appear more like a cute pout.

“It feels good, doesn’t it?” Issei chuckled. “You did like the feeling of your butt being played with.”

Nero blushed and tried to ignore how pleasing it was when her butt bounced and smashed against the floor. The only thing that would have been better was if a lover of hers had started fondling it and playing with it. A few of the times that the more sporty girls would give her encouragement and they would slap her ass would make her gears turn. Not that she would let any of them know that was one way to get her going. She shook her head and tried to ignore the horny thoughts. Her getting all flustered was exactly what he wanted, and she couldn’t let that happen.

“If I remember right you were a C-cup, at 13,” Issei remarked, and watched Nero’s chest, completely ignoring the danger that he was in. He was so close to finally getting his girl, and wouldn’t stop now. Just a little longer and then it would be all done.

Nero’s chest swelled another cup size and became the one that Issei had described as Nero’s mind warped and more memories of her having that cup size at that age hit her. She looked down at her bust and a well of emotions cropped to the surface that made her groan. She remembered the jealous angry looks that she got from the girls and the looks of pure lust from the boys that wanted her. Issei had still been monitoring her growing size and had been in awe at how fast she grew.

“Every year you just kept getting bigger and bigger!” Issei cried happily. “I remember when you were 15 and you told me that you were already a DD-cup.”

“Again Nero’s blossoming bosom ballooned in size. The bra that she wore underneath adjusted as her as they boobs swelled to their new size like balloons inflating, remaining just as comfortable as it did now. Nero squirmed from the growing weight on her chest as more arousal filled her body, making her thighs quiver and her body shake. The new woman clumsily adjusted her stance to make up for their growing weight, eyeing them as they grew.

“All they ever got me was bullshit from some jealous girls,” Nero growled unconsciously, the words slipping out on their own. “And made finding good clothes for me a bitch and a half.”

“Yeah you hated them and I always thought that was pretty weird,” Issei admitted, he could recall the weirdness from those new memories and found it spreading to the new one. “You were getting so sexy to me.”

Nero blushed at what he said. The idea of being sexy, especially to him, was a strange one that she couldn’t quite get out of her head. Joy conflicted with anger and rage for a reason she couldn’t fully identify. Still, his words did little to improve his current mood, especially about her knockers.

“You say that because you didn’t have to deal with lugging these damn udders everywhere,” Nero grumbled, as she rubbed her thighs together. “Learning how to fight with these things was a hassle and kept throwing me off.”

“Oh yeah, you thought that at first, but then you learned some tricks on how to deal with it and suddenly you didn't mind having to deal with those wonderful E-cup tits of yours.”

Nero’s eye twitched as her bosom swelled another cup size. He did have a point. Once she learned how to move with these things on her, especially when she found a tight enough sports bra, it wasn’t so bad. Still, it was a pain at times and did mess up her balance if anything happened in a fight when she was hunting. If her top did get fucked up, then she made sure to get it paid back from them in blood. She had a hard enough time trying to find good tops and didn’t need to lose them because of some schmuck.

“How big are you now?” Issei questioned rhetorically, deciding to let the new memories lead the charge for this one. “You easily rival Akeno Himejima and Rias Gremory. If I remembered right Matsuda said that you were bigger then them.”

“You…You shouldn’t just ask a girl’s sizes like that,” Nero grumbled with a dark blush, trying to resist the raging fire between her legs and the embarrassment coursing through her. The two girls came to her head and then she gasped. “N-no wait!”

Horror quickly went through Nero at what he just said. She looked down at her large bust which started to grow larger. She brought one of her hands up to her chest and squeezed one of her ballooning breasts. She moaned lewdly and her thighs crashed together at the addicting burst of pleasure that came from her. In her mind, she could mentally see the growing centimeters next to her boobs as if they were a counter. She mewled and tried to glare at Issei, but it was too hard with how her body was messing with her and instead looked like a saucy pout.

Nero’s bra and top again thankfully adjusted as they continued to grow larger, a small blessing for the girl, despite her honkers continuing to grow to sizes that the young woman would never have thought possible. She continued to fondle her growing tits, bucking her hips. It was all she could do with a bright embarrassed blush. She knew that she shouldn’t be doing this in front of her, but it was soooooo good that she couldn’t stop. Her body moved on its own and a part of her was pleased by what she was feeling from her expanding bosom. Her breasts finally finished growing when they became a massive G-cup that rivaled the size of bowling balls.

Issei had a bright smile as he stared at Nero’s wonderful boobs. They were huge, massive, better than he could have dreamed. He wanted nothing more than to rest his head against those lovely pillows and snuggle with her. A new nickname suddenly came to him as the new memories of her existence came. Now Nero was known as the Busty Tomboy Queen of the school.

“And why not?” Issei smirked, his third leg pushing the front of his pants. He stepped forward and pushed Nero’s sword out of the way as he raised his other arm and placed it by the side of her head. Her immense boobs were mushed against his chest, and he found himself even harder than he was before Nero somehow. gasped when she realized how close they were.

“I’m not…” Nero stammered, blushing immensely. The feeling of his chest against her breasts made her quiver. Her heart pounded in her ears and she struggled to keep her mind focused and intact. She wanted to slug him or something, but she just couldn't bring herself to lash out at him. All she could focus on was his looks and how intimate they were. She got out, much lower than she would have liked. “I'm not a girl you bastard.”

“That’s just silly Nero…,” Issei started with a devious smirk.

“D-Don’t…you fucking dare!” Nero demanded.

“A guy wouldn't have amazing boobs like yours or a butt as nice and large as yours. You’ve never been a guy, and besides, we have been dating for a while,” Issei remarked with glee.

Nero gasped as if she had just been nailed on the head with a strong punch. The new girl held her head and blinked as her head ached in pain. She groaned and her sword vanished in the same flash as it appeared. A dull look entered her eyes as the pain in her head grew, earning a moan from her.

The male memories of herself diminished and disappeared as if they were being burned to ashes in her mind. The female memories that she had grew and overwhelmed the male ones like an infection. They converted the male ones to fit with her new age and timeline to make everything fit together perfectly. Every aspect of her past was changed and consumed to fit the new world that she was in and her role in it.

“Time to wake up Nero-chan and start your new life,” Issei smiled and planted a kiss on her soft lips, making Nero gasp in shock before she immediately relaxed and returned the kiss with just as much passion. Issei’s hand roamed her body, enjoying the feel of her wonderful body against his. His hand rested on her hip and didn’t dare go lower. They broke apart from each other, both of them desperately filling their lungs. They stared at one another, lost in the feeling of the other.

Nero had a large content smile on her face as she looked him over, licking her lips as if she just had a delicious meal. Her heart pounded in her chest and the young woman was slightly content.

Issei had a large dopey grin on his face. The feeling of large boobs against his body was wonderful, but kissing a girl that wanted to be with him was even better. He could only imagine what it would be like in the future with more heated make-out sessions.



“Right well as nice as being up here is, if we’re going to have a meal we better have some now, before our next class,” Nero remarked, as she wrapped her arms around him and pulled him close. She leaned her head against his shoulder and let out a content purr as if she was a cat. She looked around the roof, and then frowned when she didn’t find their bags. “Fuuuck. We left our food in class.”

“Uh-huh,” Issei smiled dopey in pure glee at how close their bodies were, her boobs pressed against his arm. Hunger was the last thing on his mind. She was so pretty, so beautiful that he would still be wondering if this was all real if it wasn't the perfect set of boobs that were pressed up against him right now. Surely something like this couldn't be fake. He moved his arm and felt her boobs move against them, making Nero purr like a cat.

As nice as her oppai were the true cherry on top of this scenario is how warm and real it felt. He knew without a shadow of a doubt that she wouldn't hurt him. That she adored him and now that she was completely changed he could say that he adored her as well. She was perfect, everything that he would want in a girlfriend.

He was sure that no matter what she would be able to protect him. Yuuma hadn't been able to beat her and he was sure that she would be able to beat anything that came after them now. When Nero and Yuuma had fought each other, Nero didn’t have any trouble with her at all, and if that was any indication of how powerful she was then all the better.

Issei couldn't wait to see the reaction of his friends and the rest of the school when they saw him with her. He already knew that they were going to flip out, probably his parents as well when they met her.

The thought of his parents and how they would react would also be interesting. They didn't have the highest hopes for him, so he was sure that bringing one home would throw them for more than a few loops. Perhaps they would let up a little bit now that he had a girlfriend.

And unlike his last girlfriend, he knew this one wasn’t going to try and kill him! That alone would be a win!

“C’mon lover boy we got to get our stuff!” Nero cried and led him back down the stairs to their classroom.

“R-right,” Issei cried and focused on following her. He would have plenty of time to admire her wonderful oppai later throughout class and after. He didn’t want to delay the good times they would have by getting in trouble with the teachers.

**Epilogue**

“WHAT!” Motohama and Matsuda cried in unison as they stared at the impossibility. Nero and Issei had their arms wrapped around each other, holding the other in a way that could only be described as romantic.

Issei had said he would show his girlfriend after school and was ready to mock him for lying. The two saw them together and thought it was some question related to their classes. Then Issei had said she was their girlfriend.

“You know I expected this sort of reaction and yet I’m still surprised,” Nero commented, a little amused by the reaction.

“I…I can’t believe this,” Motohama bemoaned. “How…How?”

“You bastard how the hell could you get with the Tomboy Queen of all people!” Motohama cried.

Matsuda moved to grab Issei, but Nero held her arm out, and the former jock stopped in his tracks. He stepped back and opened his mouth to say something, but Nero’s harsh glare stopped him.

“No uh, this pervert is mine,” Nero stated as she held Issei closer, her bust pushing harder against Issei’s body.

The other two members of the Perverted Trio stopped themselves despite how badly they wanted to rage. They all know how much ass Nero could kick, especially after all that she had done.

“This has to be a lie. How much did he pay you!” Matsuda cried, his mind already wondering how much he would have to pay to date her.

“Not on the market,” Nero stated flatly, glaring at him. As if to confirm her interest she slammed her lips on Issei’s, surprising the brunette.

The other two perverts went still, their minds unable to accept the reality they were seeing. They watched the scene, their anger and jealousy rising as their jaws dropped.

The new couple broke apart and filled their lungs with a breath. Issei smiled happily again, feeling that this was the right choice. Nero licked her lips and leaned against him, her hair brushing against his chin.

“Now if you excuse us, I got to introduce Nero to my parents,” Issei smirked.

Issei and Nero left the two perverts there and headed to Issei’s home, their arms still wrapped around each other. Now that school was over, the young man wanted to show Nero off to his parents and work together to get their homework done. It had only been a few hours and yet everything was perfect in the young man’s world.

Nero suddenly stopped, preventing Issei from moving as well. He jerked from her stopping and turned back in shock. With how she was only a little smaller than him, he had almost forgotten about the strength she had that countered her frame.

“Is something wrong Nero?” Issei questioned.

“I think we got some bad company,” Nero muttered sternly.

Issei blinked and looked around and noticed that the park was suspiciously empty today. There should have been people around here today. Even a few people. Suddenly he recalled the situation with Raynare and his heart pounded as he hugged Nero tighter. His eyes landed on the only other person here and he shuddered as if he was some horrible monstrosity.

The only other person here was a middle-aged-looking man with short black hair and dark blue eyes. The man wore a pale gray trench coat over a white dress shirt with a matching ascot, black pants and shoes, a pair of black gloves, and a black fedora.

“Honey stay back and let me handle this,” Nero ordered as she stepped forward with her sword on her shoulder. Her demonic limb appeared and she grinned savagely as she flexed her fingers and cracked her neck.

“A Devil?” The Fallen Angel blinked and then grinned as he readied himself for a fight.

“Now then Mr. Fallen Angel, let’s rock!” Nero cried as she lunged forward to rid the world of this troublesome Fallen Angel that thought he could go after her boyfriend!