

Seasonal Symbiosis

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/41540862) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/41540862>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Nijisanji (Virtual Streamers) , Virtual Streamer Animated Characters
Relationship:	Finana Ryugu/Selen Tatsuki , Rosemi Lovelock/Selen Tatsuki , Pomu Rainpuff/Selen Tatsuki
Character:	Selen Tatsuki , Ember Selen Tatsuki's Mascot , Elira Pendora , Finana Ryugu , Pomu Rainpuff , Petra Gurin , Rosemi Lovelock
Additional Tags:	Alternate Reality , How Do I Tag , Fluff and Angst , Angst with a Happy Ending , Romance , Masturbation , Polyamory , Selen Drock
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-09-06 Updated: 2023-02-01 Chapters: 10/? Words: 80054

Seasonal Symbiosis

by [Flaux_Azalea](#)

Summary

As the days near her birthday grow fewer in number, Selen's friends are excited to get together and celebrate it with her. Unfortunately for Selen, this also presents a unique problem unlike anything she's faced before. Handled incorrectly, she could jeopardize the relationship she has with the friends she holds dear. Can Selen hide it from them? Will she?

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

From Bad to Worse

Once a year, every year.

The moon seems brighter. The air seems moist. The world takes on a different hue, as if someone had placed a colored filter over the eyes. The time of the year when thoughts get hazier, and instincts suppressed begin to well up and rebel against the mind. The time of year when everything smells different, and the body craves warmth.

It has been some time since she'd dropped down to Earth, hot on the heels of her elder sister. In the span of just a few months, friends and memories have been made; friends that would undoubtedly last for many more years to come. With her new bonds, it seemed as though no obstacle was too great and no obstacle too tall to overcome. Life had been fun.

And yet now it felt like a great crisis was coming with little else to do save for gritting one's teeth and braving the storm.

The timing was impeccable. Impeccably atrocious.

"...seriously?" Selen muttered, eyeing the calendar on her desk with anxiety. She did her best to hide the anxiety that would otherwise bleed into her voice. Halfway between denial and acceptance, she extended her hand out to slowly rub her finger against the glossy paper. As if it would help, Selen placed her hand over the red lines encircling the 30th day like she was trying to cover it up. The friction between her fingers and the paper increased as she put a little more pressure into it. She knew that it wouldn't come off. Selen just wanted to channel her feelings into something.

As expected, the permanent marker cheekily marked by her older sister was too persistent to disappear.

It was the month of November, just a week shy of December. Selen usually saw this as one of her favorite times of the year. Normally, she'd take this opportunity to stream since many people liked to spend their time indoors when the weather takes a turn for the colder. It was also an excellent opportunity to hang out with friends or family, going shopping or playing games. Even doing something as simple as eating out with an old friend to catch up on current events; this was the season to do it.

But instead of the excitement that would have usually coursed through her veins, all she could feel now was a tinge of anxiety colored with some drops of desperation.

"Yeah, it'll be fun! We'll all come over and bring some food. We can play games too! I have Life!" Petra's excited voice punched through the earphones on Selen's head. "Or we can play Cards Against Humanity! That, or we can watch something on Netflix!"

"I'd think it'd be so fun!" Rosemi chimed in, her familiar icon lighting up on the Discord call. "I mean, we can do whatever you want after streaming, anyway. It's your birthday!"

Yeah...my birthday. Selen felt a shade of annoyance run through her veins again. She bit it back down again. She didn't want her friends to perceive an inkling of how she was feeling right now. *It just had to happen right around my birthday. Sometimes, I wish that I wasn't a half-dragon just so that I didn't have to deal with this.*

“Yeah, that sounds awesome. But we don’t really need to meet at my place, right? We can just hang out on Discord and eat pizza with the cameras. Play, like, Apex or Jackbox or something.” Selen commented, twiddling her hair in between her fingers and trying to keep the nervousness out of her laugh. “We can just save meeting in-person for Christmas, y’know? That way, we can rent an Airbnb somewhere or something. Make it a blowout.”

“No no no,” Elira’s familiar voice cut in. “It’s your special day! We can’t do nothing! Besides, mom and dad will probably send something over. We can unpack it together and see!”

Selen’s shoulders sagged. She could tell she wasn’t winning this conversation; she could only be glad that her webcam wasn’t turned on or she’d have to worry about her facial expression and body language. Not wanting to come off as ungrateful, Selen continued the conversation. “Okay, okay. So...what’s the plan, though? Are you guys coming over on the first of December or...?”

“Uhhh...” Pomu’s voice stepped into the spotlight this time. “...sounds good to me. But I don’t remember everyone’s stream schedules so we should probably make sure the time slots work out for everyone.” Though no webcams were on, it was easy enough to tell that everyone nodded their heads in agreement.

Finally, I can end the call. Selen thought to herself, relieved. But as she was about to open her mouth and try to lead the conversation to its conclusion, someone else chose that moment to speak.

“Maybe we can sleep over, then. And bring mini-setups so that we can stream from your place.” Finana sheepishly smiled and giggled.

At the thought, everyone’s voices lit up with excitement. “Ooh, that sounds like a fun idea, Finana!” Rosemi declared, her eyes twinkling with the innocence of a thousand rainbows unbeknownst to Selen’s sinking heart. “We should do it! I’ve always wanted to see what Selen’s house looked like!”

Selen felt mortified. On any other month, Selen would have felt the same. But she knew where the conversation was going and she knew she wouldn’t be able to stop it. As much as Selen knew how much harder a sleepover would make things, she’d always wanted a sleepover with her friends.

...no, Selen. You can do it. It’s only gonna be one night, nothing’s gonna go wrong. Yeah, you’ll be fine. Don’t worry about it. Under the desk, Selen’s grip on her clothes tightened. “Guess we should cook dinner, then! What should we make?”

With a resounding click of her mouse, Selen left the call with an overwhelming sense of relief. Clicking the red button on a Discord call with her friends has never provided a greater sense of relief for Selen than it did tonight. She felt her entire body slump and the oxygen in her lungs leave her in a single movement, all at once. Leaning back into the chair, Selen closed her eyes to try and ignore what she was feeling.

Heat, from every corner and cranny of her body.

Her heart beating just a little faster than normal.

A craving for something she’d never tasted.

Something base. And carnal.

...why did it have to be now, out of any month of this year? Did some gods from Ethyria curse me? Did they make this happen? Selen began taking deep breaths as she clenched her eyelids, trying to

chase the thoughts and feelings out of her body. *Okay, don't think about it, Selen. Don't think about it. If you think about it, then it will happen and it will bother you. So the key is to not think about it. You know what they say, right? Out of sight, out of mind. So...out of thoughts, out of mind...*

The buzz of her phone, followed quickly by the familiar and pleasant melody of a chiptune rendition of Diamond City Lights, quickly chased away the peace Selen was trying to establish within herself. Clicking her tongue, Selen stood up from the chair and grabbed the phone from her desk, allowing her body to crash into her bed.

“Who the fuck? It’s, like, 3 in the morning.” Selen wondered to herself out loud as she unlocked her phone. “What kind of- oh.”

The name Mom stood out at the top of the screen. Biting back further comments, Selen opened the message with the tap of a finger.

Hi, Selen! Happy Birthday! Your dad and I are so proud of you! Congratulations on making it this far with your new job! I still don't really understand what it is you're doing but your dad tells me that you're doing so good at your new job! As long as you are able to provide for yourself and you're happy, I'll support you all the way! All the best! Love, Mom.

P.S. Your gift should be there! It's too expensive to pay for shipping to your world so I just zapped it straight into your house. Your sister gave me the coordinates so if something happens and it teleports into a neighbor's house like last time, it wasn't my fault.

Selen smiled and laughed a bit. “Dammit, Mom. Could’ve told me sooner.” Tucking the phone into her pocket, Selen gingerly opened the door of her bedroom. Walking out into the hallway, Selen quietly descended the stairs.

...I should probably ask Mom about it. Selen’s hand hovered over the phone that she had just stored in her sweatpants. Hesitating, her gait slowed. *It would be hella embarrassing but if anyone would know how to deal with this kind of problem, it's her. There's no way in hell I'm asking Elira.*

Reaching the base of the stairs, Selen continued down another hallway before she stopped at the front door of a closet. She reached forward and pushed it open, revealing a medium-sized but empty room. It was barren of furniture and the walls were white. On the floor in the center of the room was a dark red circle, filled with a series of patterns and symbols intricately painted, drawn, and carved. A five-pointed star dominated the circle; within the star’s five arms were plenty of other symbols.

Selen could tell that the room was humming with residual magic, the product of her mother’s delivery spell. In the center of the magic circle was a large cardboard box roughly half a meter in height and width, sealed with packing tape. Upon lifting it, Selen felt the box was somewhat heavier than she expected even for its size. “Happy birthday to me~” she sang to herself quietly as she left the room, using her legs to close the closet door behind her, and ascending the stairs before reaching her room once again.

“I wonder what you’ve got...” Sitting down on the floor and tenderly setting the box down, Selen reached out with her clawed hand to carefully cut along the length of the tape. Unfurling the top of the package, she was greeted with a host of gifts inside. Selen spied a pile of clothes, a framed portrait of Selen with the family, treats for Ember, sweets from back home, and a host of other goodies. Selen smiled fondly as she reached out for one of the smaller plastic bags. It contained one of her favorite snacks: Moonchips. “They really pulled out all the stops, huh? I’ll have to send

a thank-you message tomorrow.”

The star of the show was a large box within the box. This one was gift-wrapped with a bunch of flowing ribbons and a night-sky design. Letting out a small laugh, Selen reached inside and began to take the gift out of the big box. Her eyebrows climbed higher when the weight made her lurch forward. Composing herself, Selen placed the gift box on her lap and tenderly unwrapped it.

“...damn. I wonder how many of my streams Dad has watched.” Selen muttered to herself, letting out an awed coo and a whistle in appreciation. The last of the gift wrapping unfurled to reveal a model R-99 submachine gun, seemingly custom-made given that it even had a small Dragoon hanging from a chain on the side. Her smile broadened as she realized, with the airsoft ammunition accompanying it in the gift box, that it wasn’t just for show and tell. She placed the airsoft gun down, her mood vastly improved. “Love ya guys.”

Continuing to rummage through the contents of the package, Selen noticed that there was a small journal-sized book near the bottom when the back of her hand nudged it. She reached inside and pulled it out. Though it was unassuming at first without even a title on the front to provide an identity, the odd aura and feeling she felt from the object gave it away. It tingled under her skin like electricity was running through her fingertips. “...a spellbook? Weird. I can just give it to Elira, I guess. She was always better than me at this...I wonder if they sent me Ember’s clothes. I don’t wanna have to buy any new ones...”

But curiosity got the better of her. She glanced at the spellbook that she was just about to put to the side. Holding it in her clawed hand, Selen opened the hardcover and carefully began sifting through the pages. Contained within the book was an easy-to-understand series of spells and how to execute them, numbered and categorized for simple reading and indexing. Many of them were convenient like keeping a drink warm or cold for an extended period of time, reducing or entirely eliminating the noise entering a defined space, and even delaying the onset of fatigue or sleep deprivation.

Everything was in her mother’s beautiful cursive handwriting. Selen couldn’t help but smile fondly upon seeing it. Without meaning to, she reached out with her hand to trace some of the letters with the tip of her index finger.

“Man, she really thought of everything. But I still suck at mana channeling so I can’t really use most of these...” Selen pursed her lips, thumbing through the book. “Maybe I should just ask Elira to teach me instead of giving it-”

As she reached the center of the book, Selen paused.

This is...

The spell that could solve her problem was right in front of her eyes. If not, the spell would definitely help delay the problem worsening until after the sleepover. Selen blinked twice before a small grin appeared on her face. Suddenly, there was hope.

Selen, using her tail to hold on to the spellbook, closed her eyes. “Okay...Selen, this is the only spell you know how to do. Don’t fuck it up...”

Extending her arms outward, Selen held her breath and concentrated. Every single muscle in her body went taut and even her cranial wings stiffened. The room lit up as a small, light-purple sphere slowly manifested several inches from Selen’s hands. It remained suspended in the air, slowly revolving and pulsing with light. Selen opened her eyes and let out a sigh of relief, lowering her arms. “Alright! Third time’s the charm, I guess.”

The circle immediately began to warp and project an image. Her mother's face began to slowly fade into view in the projection. Selen smiled and waved somewhat sheepishly at the magic circle. "Hi, mom!"

"Oh, Selen! Is that you? Happy Birthday, sweetie!" Her mother smiled from ear to ear, putting on her glasses. "I'm so happy you called! You finally did it on your own without any problems, I see. Perfect. You don't have any more excuses to save you from using the communication spell, you hear?"

"Fine, fine. I'll call more often." Selen did not want to let the conversation dwell on this topic or it would just be another round of messing up spells. "I just wanted to say thank you for the gift box. I just opened it. Ember's gonna love the treats!" Selen smiled and bowed her head slightly in gratitude.

Her mother laughed and leaned her chin onto the palm of her hand. "Oh, absolutely no problems, sweetie. I'm surprised you called, though. You usually just tell Elira to tell us anything." A sly grin began to form on her lips. "You're not calling because you're short on funds, are you?"

Dropping the spellbook from her tail and into her hands, Selen showed the book off to her mom. "I saw this in the box and there's a spell in here that looks useful. I kinda wanted to ask you about it."

Her interest piqued, Selen's mother leaned forward. "You don't usually ask about magic. Which spell is it?"

"Uh..." Selen sighed. "...it's this one, on page 12. You numbered it as...uh, spell 9."

Silence. It lasted for what felt like an hour to Selen, though it was only a few seconds. Selen knew that her mother understood the implications of asking about this particular spell.

"...now I see why you didn't want to talk about it with Elira." Selen looked up to see her mother tilting her head, her facial expression baffled and concerned. "You've already dealt with this at least once since you got there, didn't you? What makes things different now? Is something else going on over there?"

Selen shifted her position on the bed. She was never comfortable discussing this topic with anyone; knowing that she was talking to her mother about it now, after all this time, felt only doubly embarrassing. "...you see, I have friends coming over soon. I don't want this to get in the way of our celebration. They wanted to hang out to celebrate my birthday and I can't put it off. I don't want to disappoint them. I was considering just enduring it while they were here but when I saw this spell in the book," Selen tapped the page with her human hand. "I thought that I could make things easier for myself."

Her mother nodded, smiling and letting out a small giggle. "Well, aren't you just the cutest little thing? It's okay, I'll teach you how to cast it. When are your friends coming over?"

"Uh...later this week," Selen said sheepishly, scratching the back of her head.

"Oh, dear." Her mother sighed, placing her fingers on her brow. "I hope you're ready, Selen. Your mana control has always been unstable so I can't guarantee you'll be able to successfully cast this spell before then. At your skill level, it would usually take a month or two. You should've talked to me about this sooner."

Selen shook her head determinedly. "I know, I know. But that's in the past now. I'll do my best, mom. So please, teach me how to cast this spell to repress these stupid urges from going into heat."

I won't quit until I can do it, I promise."

Her mother pushed her glasses further up her nose bridge. "I'll hold you to that, honey. The last time I taught you a spell, you blew up the garden, remember? You're going to need at least twice the level of control for this one."

"Ugh, please don't remind me, Mom."

Five days later...

Going into heat is a seasonal problem for all dragon-kind. Typically occurring once a year, it happens at somewhat irregular intervals and varying intensities across the lifespan. For most dragons, it isn't an especially big deal and is mostly manageable even without resorting to sexual self-satisfaction. Selen knew this; it was something that most of the family controlled well. Even when she was in heat, Elira usually kept a good lid on her urges and their mother was even more experienced at handling them.

But Selen was also aware that she was not only the youngest and the least experienced out of her family when it came to controlling sexual desire, her situation was also unique in that she was a half-dragon. It was not uncommon throughout history for dragons to mate with non-dragons but it was also not typically common in recent history. It was even rarer still for mates between dragons and non-dragons to produce offspring. To Selen's knowledge, she was one of the most recent half-dragons to be born in the past century.

As such, there were very few people to consult about this dilemma she faced. But from what Selen could tell, at the very least, she had far less control over her urges than the others.

"I think your half-dragon blood is a part of the reason your desires are more intense than mine or your sister's, Selen." Her mother remarked through the portal, pursing her lips. "I don't remember experiencing anything like what you're going through. At least, to this degree."

Selen exhaled shakily. She could feel her body shivering. Light chills wracked it from top to bottom, leaving her breathless and anxious. Selen was on the floor, on all-fours, as she struggled to catch her breath. "...is that also why I'm having a hard time controlling the spell, mom?"

They were in the basement with the magic circle. It had become the designated spell-practice location over the past few days. A sleeping bag was tucked into the corner, the proof that Selen had spent nights here instead of her comfy bed. A worried Ember glanced at Selen from within the sleeping bag. He could sense her anxiety and pain.

"Pureblooded dragons never have problems with magic control, as far as I can remember. The last half-dragon half-human I remember was an uncle of yours from several millennia ago." Selen's mother closed the book in her hand. It was a copy of the same spellbook she'd already shipped to Selen. "While he was still alive, I remember he also had difficulty with things regular pureblooded dragons didn't. Whenever mating season came around, he'd seek mates of either race. Any dragons he mated with said that he was rather rough and animalistic, even by dragon's standards. He also had difficulty with controlling magic and changing between his different forms."

Selen grimaced. "Sounds an awful lot like me, huh? So, me being a half-blooded dragon is what's making it harder to control?" She drew herself up to a crouched position before sitting back down again on the basement floor, exhausted. "Damn, this is way more difficult than I thought."

"Well, honey, you're trying to suppress your body's urges with magic. It's technically an unnatural

way of controlling it. Humans would equate it to taking drugs or medicine.” Selen’s mother shrugged. “It would be much easier if you could mate with someone to relieve the urges but as you said, you don’t have anyone to help you in this way.”

Selen shook her head in response. Her mother let out a loud sigh. “You children living in this generation have yet to learn the value of maintaining short-term partners. Before I fell in with your father, I spent many centuries relieving my urges through more direct means. But things aren’t so simple anymore, especially with humans.”

Selen laughed. It was a bitter laugh, unlike her usual ones. “If I was better at controlling magic or my urges, we wouldn’t have to do this. But thanks anyway, Mom, for staying around past midnight for the past weeks to help me with this. If it weren’t for you, I’d have probably given up by now.”

Her mother smiled warmly. “Anytime, sweetie.” The smile quickly faded, replaced by a look of concern. “However, I should warn you that your multiple failed attempts might be taking a toll on your body. Your unstable mana control means that you’ll fail more often, sure. But the failed spells could cause side effects on your spiritual essence, honey. We should stop for now. If we keep this up, you could hurt yourself. Or, in the worst case, they can affect your body if we fail to control the spell’s lingering effects. On that note, how are you feeling, Selen? Any worse than you did before?”

Selen bit her lip, gripping her arm tightly below the magic-powered camera. “I-I’m fine. Thanks again, Mom.” Selen’s mother smiled and waved her hand goodbye, dispelling the projection and leaving Selen alone in the basement.

With a few seconds of silence, Selen allowed herself to collapse to the ground.

...fuck. Mom’s right. It’s only gotten worse. Shit.

Previously, Selen could feel a great heat from within her body and especially from her unmentionables, accompanied by urges and desires that she knew how to relieve but refused to. In her mind, touching herself in any way would lead to a desire to do so again. For that reason, Selen refrained from it. But after the past few days of practicing the spell, Selen only felt her body having grown much hotter as if she had a fever. Selen could also tell that her head was growing foggier; her judgment was getting murkier and her ability to think was already one foot in the door. Each inhale was needier, clawing for more air.

Selen knew her body was craving intimacy and warmth. Even more so than before; it was almost painful at this point. She knew that deep down, she wanted release. But Selen didn’t want to relent.

If only I was better at magic like Elira, I wouldn’t have this problem. Selen felt her heart sinking, old memories resurfacing. Being a half-dragon makes everything so much harder. Sometimes, I wish I was a pureblooded dragon like her and mom.

The thought reminded her of things she never thought she’d recall again.

Selen glanced at her draconic limb. It seemed to ache and quiver. Her claws glinted in the dim light. A phantom pain jolted through her skin.

A reminder of the fact that she was a half-dragon.

Always in-between. Stuck between two worlds. At this point, it’s more trouble than it’s worth.

Selen’s thoughts were like a train. They bounced from one idea to another, and each thought hurt a little more than the last. *If I was more like Elira, then maybe I wouldn’t have turned out this way. If*

I'd tried harder back then, maybe I would've become better at magic. Then I wouldn't be struggling with this stupid basic-ass spell like I am right now.

If I was more like Elira, then I could transform into a human instead of being stuck looking like a half-monster. It'd be easier to blend in outside and no one would have to give me strange looks.

Fuck. What's wrong with me?

A whimper penetrated the thoughts whizzing about in her brain. It came from beside her. Selen looked to the side to see Ember nuzzling against the back of her dragon hand, looking up at her with a concerned expression. Selen smiled in spite of her fatigue and took Ember into an embrace. “Thanks for worrying about me, boy. Don’t worry, I’ll give you some treats after I’m done practicing. Just a little bit more, m’kay?”

Don't think about those things, Selen. Just a little bit more. Just a bit more and I'll be able to get through this. C'mon, Selen. You got this.

Selen dragged herself to her feet. When she caught another glimpse of Ember’s worried eyes, Selen laughed it off and gently patted his head. “I’ll just take a shower first. See you in a minute, Ember.” She trudged over to the bathroom, the door swinging open when she pushed it lazily. As she stepped inside, Selen saw herself in the mirror above the sink.

She looked haggard and tired, hair frayed and unkempt and all over the place. Selen’s eyebags were already beginning to darken, the sign that she got even less sleep than she usually did. Selen couldn’t tell at this point if her skin was paler than before or if it was a trick of the light. To her surprise, there was blood trickling slowly from her lower lip. She leaned closer to the mirror, turning on the faucet and wiping the blood off with her hand. Turning off the tap, Selen walked over to the shower and switched it on.

“Jeez. Maybe I shouldn’t have bothered with the spell after all. I look like hammered shit.” Selen laughed dryly to herself, turning on the shower and doffing her clothes. “If I’m not careful, they’ll notice I was up to something.”

As she stepped into the shower, it hit her like a truck. The water felt icy cold to her skin; Selen could see steam rising from her skin and scales as the water hit her body. Selen was surprised but didn’t have the energy to let out a yelp. Instead, she took a deep breath and began to clean herself. It would be thirty long minutes in the shower before Selen would emerge. Though her body was cleaner, Selen felt no better than she did earlier.

“...ugh, I think I overdid it. I need sleep, stat.” Selen groaned, dragging her feet behind her in her journey to the bedroom. Every step forward felt like her ankles had been bound to iron weights. Opening the door, she reached the foot of her bed and promptly allowed herself to crash on the mattress. The thud barely registered in her brain as her already-drifting consciousness quickly faded away.

Mornings were always a struggle to Selen. The next morning was no different; in fact, feeling as ill as she did last night made it even harder. Mustering the willpower to get out of bed felt impossible. But as Selen felt her groggy brain slowly kick into gear as she woke up, every fiber and scale of her being screamed that she was not ready to start the day. Despite it all, her phone alarm was a loud enough indicator that she needed to get up. Each day was a new day, a new stream. To Selen, she wouldn’t fuck up her stream schedule if it meant staying awake all night.

Fucking up a sleep schedule was a preferable option to fucking up her stream.

“...ugh...” It took all the strength in her body to force herself up from the bed. Selen still felt some aches and pains still resonating from her arms and legs. Her entire being was sore, like someone had punched her body into a wall. “...fucking...what the fuck...god, my body still hurts...”

Yet surprisingly, to Selen, she didn’t feel nearly as bad as she did yesterday. Taking it as a sign that she was on the road to feeling better, Selen nodded to herself affirmatively, got to her feet, and put her phone into her pocket before beginning to walk outside. Ember, who was lying nestled in his little bed next to Selen’s bed, leaped up and followed behind his master. He let out a concerned whimper when Selen teetered to the side, falling onto the wall and leaning onto it for support.

“Why do I...feel nauseous?” Selen muttered to herself. The feelings of need and heat were more bearable but now she just felt sick. Almost as if she were in a daze, she managed to make it to her kitchen by tottering and staggering whilst leaning on walls and counters for support. “Man, the sleepover is tomorrow. I think I need to take medicine or some shit if this keeps up...”

...right, the sleepover’s tomorrow. That means I’ve only got until tonight to master the spell.

That single thought, somehow managing to penetrate the haze of her still-half-asleep mind, roused Selen further until she was acceptably awake. As she began preparing a light and easy-to-make breakfast for herself, that thought propelled her actions far more effectively than any coffee or energy drink could have. Wolfing down the last of her sandwich and washing it down with a glass of water, Selen reached into a nearby cabinet and pulled out a small glass bottle. The liquid inside glowed with a faint blue light.

“Ugh, mana potions always smell like medicine,” Selen muttered to herself, rummaging through the medicine cabinet and grabbing the Tylenol. Downing both at once, Selen let out a loud high-pitched exhale not unlike the same noise one would make after downing a glass of liquor. “Alright, that should be fine. I should be good.”

Okay, Selen. You got this. You were almost there last time. Selen muttered and repeated the incantation to the spell over and over, putting away the plate and utensils she’d used for her breakfast. *Just one push and things should be fine.*

The typical morning urge to use the bathroom came to her at that moment. Selen cleaned up the kitchen quickly before beelining for the restroom. Closing the door behind her, Selen was halfway through the motion of lowering her underwear when she noticed something different.

Her lower half felt different.

She felt chafing where she should have felt none.

“Huh?” Concerned, Selen glanced down at herself.

Two seconds of silence passed.

“...I need to call mom. What the fuck.”

Her urge to use the bathroom vanished, replaced by panic and confusion. Pulling her pants back up, she slammed the bathroom door and rushed to the bedroom. Ember, sensing Selen’s bewilderment, simply stared at her as she ran around the house.

Without missing a beat, Selen quickly conjured the communication spell again. Selen’s mother appeared in the sphere again, only this time wearing a bathrobe and a towel on her head. A moment passed before Selen’s mother realized that the spell was active at all. “Oh, Selen! Funny you should call right now, I was just thinking about you. Are you feeling okay?”

“No!” Selen shook her head vigorously. “What the heck is going on?! Is there something wrong with the spell that I cast last night?! You didn’t make a mistake writing down the incantation, did you?”

At that, her mother was taken aback. “Honey, calm down. What happened? Are you feeling sick? Did you blow up a part of the house by accident again? We can always fix that in a jiffy, you know. But you look ill. Why is your face completely red? Or is that just a trick of the light? Did you cast the spell corre-”

“No, mom!” Selen sat down on her bed, struggling to get the words out. “I-it’s, uh...are there any side effects that could happen from casting a spell that suppresses my sexual desire?”

Selen’s mother shook her head in reply, removing the towel from her head and pulling out a hair dryer. She began plugging it into a wall as she spoke. “No, sweetie. Although if you miscast it too many times, I imagine it could make you feel a little out-of-it for a day or two. Nothing major.”

“Then...why do I have a dick?”

Selen’s mother froze just as she was about to start the hairdryer. “...can you repeat that for me? I may have misheard you.”

She was already unwilling to say it twice. But the reality of the situation was setting in. This was not normal, by any stretch of the imagination. “Mom. I have a penis. As in, male genitals. A schlong. Ding-dong. Last time I checked, I didn’t have one.”

Selen’s mother nodded very slowly like an old computer slowly booting up Windows ’95 after cleaning a mountaintop’s worth of dust off the monitor. “...okay, that was not what I expected. Especially at eight-o-clock in the morning. I can only imagine one explanation. I’ll need you to listen to me, okay?”

Selen nodded. Her mother placed the hairdryer down onto her bedside table and then looked directly at Selen through the magic projection. “Dragons are a long-lived species, honey. In many worlds, we’re considered as one of the apex predators in any ecosystem we visit. But you also know that it isn’t common for dragons unrelated by blood to live together for any period. The bodies of dragons are also very adaptable. They can adjust to biomes that they occupy for any extended duration. That’s why sea dragons, land dragons, wingless dragons, wyverns, and the like exist.”

Selen’s expression was continuously growing impatient, and she did a poor job of concealing it. Noticing this, her mother decided to keep it short. “The reason I’m explaining this is because dragons, due to their nature as sometimes-nomadic and practically immortal creatures, need to have a means of reproduction available to them in most any situation. From what I can see, animals on Earth have a similar trait in which they may experience a strong desire to have sex and make offspring when close to death. We dragons have a different version of that trait.”

Selen’s mother pointed at her own body’s lower half. “We are able to biologically adapt and change based on our bodies’ needs. Drastic changes take much longer but this sexual change you’re experiencing is not uncommon. If I’m not mistaken, some of my friends have gone through similar feelings over the years.”

“...are you telling me that dragons grow dicks when they need to fuck? Or what, am I about to die?”

Selen’s mother shrugged. “No, no, you’re probably not dying, Selen. Your body was experiencing

a great deal of sexual desire and frustration, no doubt. I suspect that practicing and failing the spell to repress your instincts did, in fact, make things worse. Since your body detected an intense need to experience sexual stimulation, one much more intense than it used to, I imagine that your body grew male genitalia to be able to vent those sexual needs and frustrations more effectively.”

Selen looked down at herself again, and then back at her mother. “...what am I supposed to do now?”

Her mother shrugged. “I expect that finding an outlet and relieving your urges should make it go away. I’m sorry, honey. But short of cutting it off, I can’t really do anything for you. It’s a part of your body, whether you like it or not.”

Still trying to take it in, Selen dug her hand through her hair. “...what the fuck do I do? The sleepover’s tomorrow. I can’t let my friends see...this.”

“For starters, Selen, I’d see to it that you do not sleep in the same room as your friends.” Selen’s mother said, looking worriedly at her daughter. “In your current condition, I imagine that you would have a difficult time being in the general vicinity of other females. You may need to take human medicine to keep your urges down.”

Selen nodded. “...okay, I guess I can start there.”

“Alternatively, I’m aware that once human males relieve their urges, they are unable to experience sexual arousal again for some time. Perhaps you can explore-”

“Please, mom, shut the fuck up!”

Opening Gifts, Opening Hearts

Chapter Summary

The day is here and Selen does everything she can think of to make sure the sleepover is a success. But is she emotionally ready for her own special day?

Chapter Notes

Sorry, this one's pretty long and it didn't go as I expected! Nonetheless, I hope that you enjoy reading it!

“She’d better be awake.”

Elira tapped her index finger against her upper arm slowly, fighting back a yawn while the robotic melody of Miku’s “*Shoujo Rei*” faded from her earphones. It was promptly replaced by the melody of “*Goodbye Sengen*”. “Maybe I woke up too early for this...or maybe I shouldn’t have gone at all.”

She was standing directly outside of the door to Selen’s place. Having already rang the doorbell once, Elira glanced at the watch on her wrist. A silver digital wristwatch with her name engraved on the back of the watch body stared back at her with a healthy ‘9:06 AM’. Six minutes of standing around and waiting. Elira clicked her tongue and rang the doorbell again. This time, she hit the button thrice in rapid succession for good measure.

It isn’t like mom to tell me to keep an eye on Selen. I wonder what that was all about.

Elira wasn’t inclined to believe her mother right away when it came to sudden and impromptu messages. There were very few instances in which she would take her mother seriously without any explanation. Over the many years she’s been alive, Elira had no choice but to get used to her mother’s semi-frequent shenanigans and pranks. After all, being alive for millennia eventually inspires a bit of mischief and a carefree personality. Elira had no doubt in her mind that Selen’s prankster side drew from their mother’s side of the family.

It was unusual for Elira to be told, with no explanation, to check on Selen. Generally, Elira knew that Selen could take care of herself and that Selen hated being considered the baby of the family even though she was the youngest by a considerable margin. Elira regarded her sister with respect and love, and treated her how she wanted to be treated.

Elira was glad, however, that she decided to listen this time and see what was going on.

What is going on here?

Elira’s eyes narrowed and her eyebrows furrowed. The air around the house was dense with mana. The sheer energy radiating outwards in all directions was immense and the uncontrolled nature only gave further cause for concern. What’s worse, the mana was purple and volatile; Elira has

never come across this kind of mana signature in any other person save for her own little sister. A simple visual inspection of the house proved the absence of any attack directed at the structure's walls. There were no signs of blood or injuries, no signs of a scuffle on the grass, and no residual mana spells that had struck the walls or the door.

This was not the only thing that Elira found alarming about this situation. She could also smell something markedly different in the air, something that she would never have expected to have found around this house.

A male scent? Male? Someone else was here? Why?

Elira inhaled the air deeply to understand what she was smelling and began coughing violently for her efforts. The male scent was incredibly potent, accompanied by an equally intense scent of pheromones. Though Elira knew little about the specifics of human biology, she understood her own nose enough to know that there was an intense sexual energy in the air.

There are no guys on this planet that would be able to create this kind of energy normally. Definitely no humans, that's for sure. Elira rang the doorbell for a third time, her anxiety slowly ramping up. *Selen doesn't drink much so it's unlikely that she'd go to a bar for stress relief. Even then, the odds of Selen bringing a guy home are...basically none.*

From time to time, Elira felt that she could pride herself on her creativity. But in this case, her overactive imagination mixed with her growing concern was only making her want to kick the door down more and more with every passing second.

...maybe another dragon came here? Elira was narrowing down the options in her mind as she tried the doorknob again when it was clear that no one was coming to answer the door. Even when concentrating on trying to hear the slightest of sounds, Elira heard no footsteps in the house. It was tempting to blast the door down at this point and rush inside. *But that wouldn't make sense. As long as Selen and I are here, no one from either faction should even consider making a mess on Earth...so what the fuck is going on?*

"That's it. I'm no waiter. And Selen always answers the door after one doorbell press." Deciding that she wouldn't break the door just yet, Elira pointed her index finger at the doorknob. A magic circle manifested in front of the door. With a swish and a flick, the door glowed light blue before it unlocked and swung open in front of her. "What the fuck is happening to you, Selen?"

Stepping into the house, Elira kept one hand at chest level and ready to fire off a spell. From what she could tell, it was quiet. But in this context and with her brain firing off alarm signals, Elira felt it was too quiet. Unsettlingly so. Closing the door behind her gently, Elira placed her bag down at the entrance and continued forward. Just like outside, the walls around Elira were clean and undamaged. No signs of conflict.

Am I overthinking this? Did Selen go off somewhere? She does like to fly off and do her own things sometimes...but that doesn't explain the smell. And the mana.

The kitchen. The bathroom. Every room on the first floor was clean. The male musk was growing more intense the longer that Elira stayed inside the house. With her patience reaching its limits, Elira pointed towards the nearest window with two outstretched fingers. With a flash of light, the window opened, and a strong gust of wind began sucking the air outside. In a heartbeat, the scent was almost completely from the room and thus much more tolerable.

"What the fuck happened here? Did you know about this, mom?" Elira muttered to herself, hand hovering over her pocket. She was tempted to call her mother now to ask for answers.

A loud thump. Elira heard it above her. It was clear that it had come from the second floor. “Selen?!” She rushed to the staircase, nearly tripping over herself as she ran up the steps. “Selen, are you okay?!”

“E-Elira?!” Selen’s voice was muffled from behind the door to her bedroom. It sounded distressed, and that was reason enough for Elira to be worried. “What are you doing here?!”

Elira did her best to skid to a stop in front of the bedroom door. “Are you okay?” She reached to the doorknob, only to find it locked as well. She took the opportunity to quickly scan the hallway. No signs of any altercations here either, from what she could tell.

“I-I’m fine! Why are you here?!” Selen’s voice was unusually squeaky and tired-sounding. Elira could hear the telltale sounds of a person scrambling from end to end of the room, footsteps knocking against the wooden floor. “Did you forget something when you last came over?”

“I texted you earlier, bitch! Mom told me to check on you. What’s going on?” Elira, sensing that the vibe was not the emergency she initially thought it was, released her grip on the doorknob and placed her hands on her hips. She knew she didn’t need to barge into the door anymore and the last thing she wanted was to pay for the repairs of a house she didn’t live in. “The minute I dropped by, your mana’s all over the place and I can smell something really weird! You sure you’re good?!”

A pause. Though Elira couldn’t understand it, she could hear her sister’s mumbling and whispering to herself from behind the door. Selen eventually spoke after a moment. “I-I’m fine, Elira. I don’t know what mom’s talking about but I’m okay. Just preparing stuff for the sleepover tomorrow, you know?”

Elira liked to think that she knows Selen well enough to call her a sister and to her, Selen was decent at lying to others when push came to shove. But Selen made a habit of never lying to family. Every time she tried to play things off or lie in a do-or-die situation to Elira or anyone else in the family, it was so painfully obvious that secondhand embarrassment was in abundance. It was the voice. Selen, for better and for worse, had an expressive voice that easily informed perceptive listeners if she was lying or not. So far, the only people perceptive enough to see through it easily were Elira and the family.

Right now, Elira could tell that Selen was lying and knowing that only made her worries intensify.

“Yeah. Mhm. I am allowed to call bullshit on that, Selen.” Elira leaned onto her shoulder against the door, tapping the wood with her finger again. “You don’t sound okay and this situation is totally abnormal if you ask me. If you don’t tell me what’s wrong, I’m going to use a spell on this door and send it through your bedroom wall.”

“What the fu-try me, Elira!”

“You think I won’t do it, Selen?” Taking a step back, Elira placed her fingertips on the door in front of her and it began to shimmer with a dim white light that was growing increasingly brighter as the seconds passed.

“O-okay, wait, fine! I’ll open the door so don’t break my room!”

Elira laughed smugly and took her fingers off the door. The light faded as well. Sighing, she rapped on the door with her knuckles loudly. “Alright, that’s enough hiding, Selen. Come on, now!”

Another pause. Elira opened her mouth to speak again, and then decided against it. From the

silence and the atmosphere, she could tell that Selen was gearing up to do something. Selen was never this quiet, anyway. Whether it was saying something or opening the door, Elira didn't know. But regardless, she waited. The seconds dragged on excruciatingly.

“...I need some help, Elira.”

In that moment, Selen's voice sparked a protective instinct in Elira. It sounded different from Selen's usual cheekiness. More vulnerable. A little lost and confused, neither of which were traits Selen was usually willing to show to anyone else. “Sure, anything. We're family, so we help each other out.”

Another moment's pause. The silence was killing Elira. But she didn't dare break it carelessly. Instead, she allowed the silence to exist instead of batting it away as she normally would. The next 15 seconds felt like 15 minutes to Elira.

The wings on her head twitched when she heard the bedroom door unlocking. Elira stepped forward and the door slowly, gently swung open on its hinges. Immediately, like a slap to the face, the most potent dose of male scent invaded Elira's senses and caused her to take a step back, biting back a string of swear words. The air was warmer and more humid, too.

“S-Selen?” Elira peered through the doorway and into the bedroom, coughing. “A-are you good?”

Elira regretted her words after she finally saw her little sister. To the side, holding the door open, was Selen looking incredibly ragged, tired, and sleep-deprived. Her bright purple hair was tousled and the feathers of the wings on her head looked thinner than usual. Her eyebags were significantly darker than any other time Elira had seen them. Even from a distance, Elira felt an overwhelming amount of energy emanating from the lunar dragon. Selen's mana was haywire, exuding raw and uncontrolled power out into the atmosphere. She looked somewhat nauseous, and her face was flushed. Though Selen had opened the door for Elira, her bent posture hinted that she was leaning on the door to help her stay upright.

“Selen!” Elira rushed into the room, deciding to ignore the intense smell and tolerate Selen's mana-gone-berserk. She quickly placed her hand on Selen's forehead and put some fingers on her neck. The skin wasn't all that warm to the touch and her pulse seemed normal enough. Elira cupped Selen's cheeks with her hands and stared into her eyes. “What happened?! Are you okay?! Did you catch a virus or something?”

Even with just a few seconds of having seen the inside of the bedroom using her peripheral vision, Elira had noticed that there were opened packs of medicine on Selen's bedside table. Unable to tell what they were from the doorway; all Elira knew is that seeing opened medicine packs greatly worried her.

“I-I'm fine, Elira.” Selen placed her hands on Elira's wrists and weakly tugged them off her, refusing to make eye contact. Elira allowed it, unsure if she should have let go. “You don't need to worry too bad. Mom's just overexaggerating when she asked you to come to check on me.”

Elira crossed her arms over her chest. “Too bad because I am worried now. And I can spot your bullshit all the way from Ethyria. What's going on? And why does it smell so weird in here?”

To Elira, this was a big deal. Even at a cursory glance, Selen was breathing heavily, looked incredibly tired, seemed flushed, and it was clear that her mana was not under control. As far as Elira knew, Selen was a talented dragon that wouldn't be brought low by any ordinary non-human despite her young age and her personality. For her to appear so ragged, Elira was concerned that Selen had gotten sick. Or worse, Elira hadn't dismissed the possibility that another dragon might

have appeared and roughed Selen up.

If that was the case, Elira would have to make a visit back home and get mother dearest's help in figuring out which dragon clan to make disappear.

As they made eye contact, Elira felt her heart soften and her muscles untense.

The last time Selen looked so embarrassed and vulnerable, she was in elementary school. Her head wings were curled up like they were trying to hide, and her human hand was gripping her draconic one tightly.

"...what's wrong?" Elira's voice was gentler now. She reached out and placed a tender hand on her little sister's cheek. "You can tell me. I'll help you."

Selen looked hesitant and very unwilling. She reached up to brush Elira's hand away but after a moment's hesitation, she placed her hand on Elira's hand. "...don't tell anyone in Nijisanji. Don't tell Rosemi, Pomu, Petra, and Finana."

Elira nodded.

"...long story short, okay?" Elira nodded again. Selen exhaled, looking down. "I'm...I'm in heat. I tried to use a spell in a spellbook that mom sent over in the package she sent last night to deal with it. I didn't want any of what I was feeling to bother me during the sleepover with the other girls."

Elira nodded again. She immediately understood why Selen was reluctant to discuss this at any length. Selen never talked about this with the family. Elira also kept this topic under lock and key; she'd rather bury herself in a ten-million-meter hole than discuss this at length with her mother. "Okay?"

"I've been practicing and casting the spell for the past few days with mom. I've always been shit at magic; you know that. I needed to ask her for help." Selen laughed dryly. "But apparently, practicing and using the spell too much backfired on me. And...well...I now have a dick."

Elira blinked. "...come again?"

Selen exhaled. Selen made eye contact with Elira. "Please don't make me say this again, okay? Elira, my body grew a penis. It was a side effect of the spells."

Elira blinked again, refusing to believe her ears. Though she didn't want to, Elira cast a glance down at Selen's lower half as if to check. To her dismay, Selen's pants did indeed cast shadows and bulge. "I-I'm sorry, what the fuck?!"

"I know! You're telling me! I'm stuck like this all morning!" Selen groaned. "And now my mating heat is worse than before. I need new pants that can conceal this...thing!"

Elira, taken aback, decided to make sure that her eyes did not drift downward. Seeing Selen's bulge made her incredibly uncomfortable. The fact that she had one at all was already making her uncomfortable enough. "...so, nothing else bad happened to you?"

After a moment of thought, Selen nodded. "Sorry I made you worry. But this is kind of a problem."

"I know how this is going to sound, Selen. But you should've told me earlier." Elira placed a hand on her sister's shoulder. "Mom is another thing. But I wouldn't judge you for this, you know?"

Selen nodded dejectedly. "I know that. It's just...y'know, you always seem so in control of this every year. And you've always been better at the whole magic thing than I was. So...I felt like I should also be able to handle it on my own."

Elira held herself back from clicking her tongue or exhaling in frustration. She knew that it wouldn't help Selen right now. Instead, Elira smiled reassuringly at her sister. "...it's not like I don't understand. But now that we're here, make sure you talk to me next time if something is genuinely wrong. I'll make time for you, m'kay?"

Again, Selen could only nod. "...I messed up big time. Please, don't tell the other girls while they're sleeping over. I...I was thinking of calling off the sleepover, but I didn't want to. It's everyone's first time coming over and I was too excited for it and I didn't wanna let them down, so...yeah."

"Yeah, I gotchu, girl." Elira waved her two fingers in the air. Casting the same spell as before, one of the windows opened and a strong gust of wind entered to carry the male smell out of the room. Finally, Elira could take big inhales normally without being forced to take in the unusual smell. "God, so all of this smell is you? You need to shower yourself thoroughly. You need a nap."

God, I'm gonna have to tell Pomu not to come here early too. Elira thought to herself. Taking a step back, she surveyed the messy room. "Well, for starters, let's also get everything else cleaned up."

"Uh, Elira. Can you help me with one more thing?"

"Sure, Selen. What is it?"

"Uh...I need to buy new pants. Preferably, the kind that can hide my...y'know."

"Oh."

Later that day...

"So this is Selen's house!" Rosemi's eyes twinkled. She almost jumped in place from excitement but settled for fidgeting instead. "It looks awesome! Why is it so big if she's living here alone?"

Elira smiled at Rosemi's energy. "Selen and I live in houses that our parents left behind. We're basically taking care of them while they're away doing stuff outside of the country."

"Heh. In other words, they're rich girls." Pomu jabbed smugly, adjusting her grip on the box leaning against her chest. The very faint smell of chocolate could be detected from within the cute packaging.

They were all huddled on the pathway, just a few steps from the front door of the house. From their perspective, it was indeed far larger than necessary for a single person. It was a two-story home that easily accommodated a family of four, complete with a small garden in the front that nurtured a few flowers that were still in bloom. A surprisingly cute bicycle was chained to a post near the porch, a black frame with hot pink flames catching the eye. There was also a fairly large tree in the backyard, its leaves already browning with the changing season.

"I kinda understand why you guys can be a bit lazy sometimes when it comes to cleaning," Finana remarked, craning her head upwards to take in the sight of the house. "If I lived alone in a place this big, I wouldn't even clean some of the rooms and let dust pile up."

Elira nodded, giggling. "See? The house I stay in is roughly the same size as this one so cleaning it

is a hassle. That's why I usually limit the mess to my room, as much as possible."

Petra reached out and upwards, poking the doorbell. It rang with a loud chime. "So where are your parents anyway, Elira? They're both out of town, right?"

"Yeah..." Elira decided she'd have to remember the excuse she'd make up this time. Consistency was key to white lies. "My mom tends to be away a lot. Since her work takes her out, she ends up staying with other family members for a while. My dad is kinda the same way."

Rosemi tilted her head. "Why do you guys have two houses, then? Seems a bit weird to own two houses if you don't intend to stay for a while in either of them, don't you think?"

"The other one I'm staying at is from my dad's side of the family. Said it was an inheritance from grandpa." Elira shrugged. "Dad has a hard time letting go of the place, so we decided to keep both. Mom said it was fine and we've just kinda kept things this way." Elira gestured to the house in front of them. "Mom already got this house before she hooked up with dad so...now we have two."

The girls collectively nodded at the story. They were all carrying an assortment of gifts, food, and other goodies that they had all decided on without Selen's knowledge. They had also agreed to dress in some shade of purple, or at least wear something with a little bit of purple, for today. Whether it was Finana and Petra's slightly-oversized hoodies or Rosemi's standout cute lavender blouse, they were all color-coded and ready.

"Do you smell that?" The sudden question from Finana startled Elira, who tried her best to look like she didn't know about what had happened earlier that morning. Elira turned to look inquisitively at Finana, who looked confused in turn at the expression the solar dragon was wearing. "I-I mean, it smells like food, don't you think?"

Before anyone else could interject, the sound of the door opening brought everyone's gazes to the front door. They were all surprised to see Selen with her hair tied up and wearing a light-yellow apron. "Oh hey, guys! Your timing is perfect, come on in!"

"H-hey! You have to let us say happy birthday first!" Finana waved her purple balloon furiously in Selen's face.

Selen just laughed and took the balloon out of her hands, trying her best and failing at not looking embarrassed. "Just do that inside, guys. Come on, get in before it gets too cold out there." Unable to get a word in edgewise, the rest of the girls shrugged and smiled before walking through the door that Selen held open for them. Elira, being the last one of the group, nodded at her little sister and closed the door in Selen's place.

"Wow!" Rosemi, wide-eyed and mouth open, deposited her shoes at the entryway and then began skipping around the house. "I finally get to see your place, Selen! We should do an off-collab here sometime!"

Selen winced, much to Elira's mild amusement and concern. "Uh, yeah sure! We can do that another time! But hey, come on! I made food for everyone and then I set up a bunch of games in the living room. We can play Mario Kart, Mario Party, 99 Games. I've got the works!"

"Thank you so much, Selen! Happy Birthday!" Rosemi, her energy seemingly boundless, glomped Selen and squeezed her in a tight hug. "You didn't have to cook for everyone, you know? We could've just ordered pizza!"

Seeing the hug, Petra, Finana, and Pomu all joined in on the group hug and offered their own

congratulations and happy birthday greetings. Selen, unable to find a reason and a way to get out of it, laughed it off and embraced everyone in return. But being near the rest of the girls was getting the expected reaction: it was eliciting a body response that Selen did not want any of them to know about.

Fuck, is this how guys how feel? Selen felt all sorts of ways from the soft body contact and the combined sweet fragrances of what seemed to be a mix of shampoo and perfume. Worse, she could easily isolate the smells. Rosemi smelled fruity like raspberries, Petra definitely gave off the smell of lilac soap, Pomu had a citrus shampoo smell going on, and Finana had a mix of strawberries and her own perfume. There was also something more stimulating mixed into the mishmash of smells; when Selen caught a hint of it, she immediately stopped herself from breathing it in.

The mix of pleasant smells was doing something to her instincts. One smell, among the rest, was causing a reaction to her lower half that Selen desperately wanted to avoid. She couldn't tell what it was, and she wasn't sticking to any of the girls long enough to find out. After the embrace was over, Selen quickly broke free of the hug and laughed to hide her reaction. "Thanks so much for coming here to celebrate, guys."

"Come on, let's go check out what Selen made for us!" Elira, placing her hands on Rosemi and Pomu, began guiding them in the direction of the kitchen. "Don't wanna miss birthday girl's homemade dinner!"

Thank god Elira's here to support. Selen thought to herself as she briefly made eye contact with Elira. Elira winked at Selen before continuing to push the others towards the kitchen.

The sound of someone sniffing the air caught Selen's attention. Turning around, she saw Finana looking around the hallway and peering into the living room. The sniffing sounds seemed to be coming from her. "What's up, Finana?" Selen asked, walking towards her.

Finana turned back around, seemingly flustered. "O-oh, nothing! I thought I just smelled something different."

"I did clean the place up earlier to prepare for you guys to come over. Maybe it's the lemon air freshener I used?" Selen asked, scratching her head. "Or maybe it's the scented stuff my mom uses in the living room. I don't know which it could be."

After a moment, Finana shrugged and smiled. "Well, whatever. Let's go! I wanna eat what you made, Selen!" She reached out and took Selen by her draconic hand. Finana began eagerly tugging her in the direction of the dining room.

Selen didn't know how to put it into words. But seeing Finana smile that way and look excited filled her anxious heart with a little relief and reassurance.

You know what? First sleepover and the first time they're here at my house. Might as well make the most of it. What am I so worried about? You can do this. Selen. Motivating herself, Selen gripped Finana's hand tighter, if only by a bit. Just enough that the mermaid hopefully wouldn't notice.

After a fun and chatty dinner, the girls had immediately taken to playing games and talking in the living room. 2 hours later, after a few games of Mario Kart and Mario Party, 99 Games was next on the agenda...

"Damn it!" Rosemi cried out and laughed simultaneously, throwing up her hands and leaning into

Selen's shoulder. She looked up at Selen with a playful pout of mild frustration. "Why are you so good at this?! Can we play a game where I have a chance of beating you?!"

"Rosemi, I'm just playing the game." Selen laughed, adjusting her shoulder so that Rosemi's chin didn't directly bump into her shoulder and instead lowering it so that Rosemi's chin rested on her shoulder instead. "We already tried Poker and Speed! I don't know what else to tell you! Besides, you already beat me in Mario Kart and Connect 4! What more do you want?"

Petra giggled, leaning onto Selen's other shoulder. She was already beginning to show a few signs of being tired, the inevitable result of talking and moving around with as much energy as they had been earlier. Mario Kart was the biggest energy drainer so far for Petra since she was the type to move her body along with the steering wheel when she was playing. She reached out towards the table in the center, drank some sweet tea from a half-empty bottle, and then exhaled loudly. "Rosemi! Let's try playing Yahtzee next! Total game of chance! Whoever wins gets to put something on the Twitter profiles of the losers!"

"Yeah, you're on!"

The three of them were seated on the floor and using the couch's throw pillows as seat cushions while Elira, Pomu, and Finana were enjoying the use of the couches. Before Selen could say anything, a poke on her shoulder from behind prompted her to turn around. Pomu, who was lying down on her stomach on the couch behind her, had a box of Pocky in her hand and one stick protruding from her mouth.

"Here. Ahh~" Pomu had a stick of strawberry pocky in between her fingers. She extended it towards Selen's mouth with a grin on her face. "Choo-choo train for the birthday girl~"

"Fuck you, Pomu~" Selen laughed, leaning over and quickly biting the Pocky in half with her teeth. "Don't wanna play?"

Pomu shook her head. "I'm fine. Still a little tired from the Mario Kart. I'll join next game." Her eyes widened. "Oh, Selen. Hang on, you've got a little Pocky sauce on your- I'll get it."

Selen realized too late what Pomu meant. The blonde fairy reached out and rubbed her thumb against the skin right under Selen's bottom lip. Without hesitating, she licked the strawberry coating off her finger. "Mm, strawberry Pocky's the best." Noticing that Selen was staring at her, Pomu reached into the little box and fished out another stick. "Want another?"

"I-I, uh..." With the great amount of skin contact and closeness Selen has been receiving up until this point, and now with Pomu having just effectively stimulated her beyond belief, Selen knew that she needed to put some distance between her and everyone else at this moment. Just a little bit. "Hang on, I need to use the bathroom. Elira, can you take over for me?"

Elira, having seen it all, knew exactly why Selen was asking. "Yeah, sure. Hand me the controller. I'mma beat Rosemi-sama at her own game!" Selen tossed her a thankful look as she stood up and quickly jogged out of the living room and out of sight of everyone else in the room. Elira glanced after Selen out of concern.

...I'll just leave her be. She needs space, probably. Elira sighed in her mind.

"So, Elira?" Pomu's voice caught Elira's attention. The fairy was resting her chin on one hand, an upturned gaze at the solar dragon. "We have one more part of the plan for today, right? We're supposed to all say one thing we like about Selen before the end of the day. Like, to her face."

Elira nodded, smiling. “Yeah, I figured she’d like that. Especially with everything that she’s been doing in Nijisanji. Just say your piece when you give her your gifts. Kinda like a Christmas gift exchange with a speech. Miss Universe that shit.”

“Seeing Selen embarrassed today was really cute,” Finana remarked, her lips curled up in a big cheeky grin. “She’s usually the one starting fires and banter with everyone all the time so today was super fun. It feels like I got to see another side of her today, especially when I realized that she cooked for everyone.”

“She didn’t even need to do that!” Petra and Rosemi chimed in, glancing away from the TV screen. “We brought her pasta and cake and then she comes in with the whole baked lasagna?”

Elira chuckled. “Yeah, Selen’s totally the type to put in a lot of effort for other people. She probably feels very grateful to all of us, y’know? I’m not surprised she did it, really.”

“Has she always been like that?” Pomu asked, rolling over and upside down, nibbling on her umpteenth pocky stick. “I kinda notice it too. She really tries hard a lot of the time. It’s why I keep telling her to take a break, which she refuses to do.”

Elira nodded. Her expression grew somewhat wistful. It was ambivalent, somewhere between smiling of sadness and nostalgia. “Yeah. Always. Selen has this habit of doing things alone and handling her own problems on her own because she’s afraid of bothering other people. She tends to hide her problems because she thinks that people expect her to be good at a lot of things. In the same way, she puts a lot of effort towards being good at a lot of things so that she can live up to those expectations in her mind.”

Upon hearing this, Petra and Rosemi paused the game and placed the controllers on their laps. Elira continued, her expression becoming regretful. “She has it in her head, y’know? I think we all have that inner feeling of expecting a lot out of ourselves. But Selen...sheesh, she’s in a completely different league. She’s talked about imposter syndrome before onstream, remember? Despite how she looks, Selen doesn’t deal well with feelings of inadequacy. Can’t count how many times she’s been self-conscious about her singing and comparing it to everyone else in Nijisanji.”

“Ohh.” Finana broke a potato chip in her mouth and swallowed it. “I think we all suffer from feelings of inadequacy, a little bit. But Selen doesn’t need to! She’s already amazing. She’s talented, she’s funny, and she’s got so much initiative. She tries so hard even when it comes to things that she’s not-so-good-at. It doesn’t feel right that she feels so bad about those kinds of things.”

“I...I feel kinda bad about it, to be honest.” Elira confessed. A glint of guilt could be seen in her eye. Elira remembered Selen’s words from earlier that morning, as well as the unpleasant feeling Elira had felt when she’d heard them. “I don’t mean to do anything to make her feel bad...but I know that she compares herself to me a lot. As the older sister that’s been around for way longer than she has, Selen thinks about things I’m good at and then blames herself for not being good at them too.”

Petra shook her head in disapproval. “That’s just the kind of excuse that a character in a drama or anime would use for not being perfect. No one’s a Mary Sue in real life. Selen’s fine the way she is.”

“Yeah!” Rosemi said, pumping her fists. “Selen is so caring and nice, and she’s such a good friend! I don’t want her to be sad about things like this.”

I’m so glad she has friends like you guys. Elira thought to herself. She needs this. Especially right

now.

“Then you should tell her that later.” Elira said, a gentle smile taking over her lips. “That’s why I suggested it in the first place. To her, I think that words of appreciation would mean a lot. Much more than any gift we could’ve bought her with money.”

Finana smiled tenderly. “You really know her well, huh? You’re a good older sister for her, Elira.”

Elira shrugged in response, scratching her cheek out of a tinge of embarrassment. “I can only try, Finana. But thanks.”

“Speaking of Selen, where the heck is she?” Pomu looked in the direction of the hallway Selen had used to exit the room. “She’s been in the bathroom for a bit. Maybe she fell into the toilet?”

Stifling a laugh, Elira got up from her chair. “That’s just you, Pomu. I’ll go check on her. In the meantime, everyone prepare your gifts and the thing you wanna tell her. Maybe clear the center of the room so we can have her sit there and we can surround her.”

Rosemi and Petra cheerfully agreed and got to their feet, moving the central table out of the way while Finana and Pomu began fishing through the bags for their presents. Elira, walking through the hallway, eventually reached the bathroom. But the door was wide open, the lights were off, and there was no one inside.

Probably stepped outside for some fresh air.

Elira followed the hallway. Past the bathroom and a left turn at the end of the hallway was an exit to the backyard. Glancing behind to make sure no one was following, Elira used the back of her hand to gently open the door. She could make out the silhouette of her younger sister a few feet away, leaning against a wall. “You good, Selen?”

“Yeah. I’m...I’m fine.” Selen took deep breaths. “I just needed to get away from all...that. Man, this isn’t as easy as I thought.”

Closing the door behind her, Elira laughed softly and took Selen into a hug. “You’re doing your best. And you’re doing so well, Selen. Besides, I think that you should just explain to them after tonight. I’m sure they’ll understand.”

They made eye contact again. Elira could see a little bit of fear in Selen’s eyes still and just hugged her tighter in response. A few seconds passed, and then Selen patted her older sister’s arm gently; the signal to end the hug. Elira did so, and Selen tried a smile at her. “Thanks, Elira. You’re the best.”

“Come on. The others are waiting for you.” Elira opened the door and gestured to the inside. “That cake ain’t gonna eat itself, y’know.”

As Selen walked back into the living room, she was met with a splash of confetti and the subdued blare of tiny birthday air horns.

“Happy birthday, Selen!” Everyone said in unison with the biggest smiles on their faces, raising their arms in the air and doing jazz hands. The balloons that had been previously tied to the couch had now been unleashed; some were still floating upwards towards the ceiling while others were already bouncing lazily off the walls. The cake box was now sitting in the center of the table with an eager Petra behind it. It seemed she was on cake-box-opening-duty.

“Come on, now!” Elira pushed Selen towards the table and then applied downward pressure onto her shoulders, making her sit on the ground so that the cake box was level with her face. Before Selen could object or say anything, Petra let out her trademark giggle before she reached over and opened the cake box as dramatically as she could. The cake inside was a simple chocolate cake with a cute design of Selen’s face, Ember’s face, and an Apex Legends’ predator symbol meticulously drawn with icing.

“Ta-da!” Petra’s smile was bigger than it had ever been. “This is my gift! I made the cake myself! I hope you like it, Selen! Happy birthday!” Petra’s face reddened ever-so-slightly as she cleared her throat to continue. “As your gen-mate and your friend, I don’t think I can imagine an Obsydia without you. You’re always so full of energy and jokes. You always make things funnier and much more enjoyable, and you’re always trying so hard behind the scenes for everyone! You deserve the best and the rest! You’re like family to me, Selen! I hope that this coming year will be a fun one for you!”

Selen’s smiled. It was a shaky one. “Thanks so much, Petra.” She walked forward and, to Petra’s surprise, tightly hugged the penguin-girl. “I also don’t know what I would be doing today without you, y’know?”

Petra’s eye teared up a little bit, returning the hug. “Aww, Selen. That means so much to me, coming from you.”

Finana glanced at everyone else, shrugging and giggling. “Wait, so who’s going next? We never really decided on-”

“Selen!” As if on cue, Rosemi blurted out suddenly and surprising the lunar dragon. Her face was the same deep shade of red as the flower in her hair. She walked forward and handed Selen a small box. “I’m so happy that I know you, Selen! You mean the world to me! I love you so much! Happy birthday!” After which, Rosemi quickly hugged Selen and then proceeded to launch herself onto the couch, curl up into a ball, and cry.

Selen, confused, was silent for a moment. “I-I should be the one crying, Rosemi. Thank you, too. For being there, for being yourself. I always enjoy spending time with you and talking to you both onstream and offstream, Rosemi.” She walked over to Rosemi and sat down on the couch, who peeked at Selen through the fingers that were covering her face. Selen smiled and reached out with her hand to pat Rosemi on the head.

“If you ever need my help, I’ll always be willing to help you. No matter what it is, Selen.” Rosemi’s voice was gentler. It made Selen feel warm inside.

Pomu cleared her throat. “Guess you got your answer, Finana. So? Do I go next or do you wanna play rock-paper-scissors for it?”

“Ugh, just go, Pomu!” Finana said, getting a little red in the face and pushing the fairy towards Selen. “I still need time to think about what I’m gonna say!”

Pomu just laughed and then turned to Selen. “Well, guess it’s my turn. I was originally gonna just give you the box but after thinking about it, I decided to do it like this instead.” Everyone was surprised to see Pomu open the gift box and take the contents out of it herself. It revealed a modest silver necklace with a single round pendant, carved intricately with green and blue. Selen took a step back in surprise as Pomu approached her and draped the chain around her neck.

“I thought this necklace might be nice to celebrate a birthday before any more members of Nijisanji EN are announced, y’know? It can be like a little remembrance of today. It’s got green and blue

patterns to reflect us, see? Blue for Finana, Elira, and Petra; and then there's green for me and Rosemi." Pomu laughed as she secured the necklace around Selen's neck. "There you go. Open it."

Selen did so as per Pomu's request. Inside the locket were two picture frames. One was of Pomu herself, cheekily sticking her tongue out at Selen from inside the locket. The other picture showed Lazulight and Obsydia together in a family-photo taken some time ago. Seeing it made Selen tear up.

Pomu laughed, trying to hide her embarrassment when she realized that Selen had tears in her eyes. "You know, you really need to take a break, you know? You're always working so hard. And you're such a good friend. You're so fun to be around. I can't count how many times my stomach hurts from laughing because you're there with me. Don't forget to take it easy. And if you ever need something, don't hesitate to call 1-800-POMU. Happy birthday, Selen. You deserve a good one. And many more fun birthdays to come."

Selen looked down at the locket again, and then back at Pomu while furiously trying to keep her eyes dry. She failed miserably at it. "Thanks so much, Pomu."

"Uh oh, looks like Selen's running out of words to say!" Elira said, grinning and pushing Finana forward. "Alright, feesh. It's your turn!"

Hiding her gift behind her back, Finana's face and ears were velvet-red. "Okay, you know what! Pomu, I'm stealing your idea!" Revealing the small box in her hands, Finana opened it to reveal-

"...a ring?" Selen stared at the object. She didn't know how to react.

"I promise I worked really hard to find you a nice one!" Finana stammered, showing the ring to Selen. The ring band glinted with silver and were studded with five light blue-green sapphires. "I talked to my dad back home to get this one! I also wanted your gift to be special, y'know?" Finana slid the ring onto Selen's draconic hand.

"Wait, what?" Selen was surprised to see the band accommodate her larger hand. "How did-?"

"I wanted you to wear it on your dragon hand! Cuz that's also a part of you and I thought maybe you might feel conscious about it sometimes." Finana smiled and squeezed Selen's hand. "There are probably times when you do. And there are times when you're probably afraid of hurting us with it. But don't worry! I can take it! The rest of us can take it, too! So like what Rosemi and Pomu said: if you ever need help, just give us a holler! I'll do my best, even when I'm on vacation in Ryugu Palace!"

Finana pointed proudly pointed with her finger at the gemstones on the ring. "There are five gemstones in the ring, for each one of us in Obsydia and Lazulight! So, it's like...y'know...when you wear it, you'll always be carrying us with you...or something like- that, you know? Because-ow!"

Up until this point, Finana's face had been progressively getting redder and redder. But mid-sentence, she accidentally bit her tongue and flubbed her next words. She was already practically a glow-in-the-dark fish with how much redder she became. "This is too embarrassing! I needed more time to say it all properly! Can I have a do-over?"

Selen couldn't even laugh. She just stared at the ring, stunned. Then back at everyone.

"I...I don't know what to say, guys." Selen said, a tear escaping her eyes and running down her face. "Thank you so much."

“Thank you, for starters.” Pomu said, earning a laugh out of everyone present. “Come on, you deserve to enjoy it. It’s your birthday, you know? The day that you were born is a day we should celebrate! And you deserve nothing less than the best.”

“Damn, I don’t even need to go last. All of you were lying when you said you had nothing good to say!” After shooting a playful angry look at everyone else, Elira walked over to Selen and then hugged her again. “Happy birthday, little sis. Love you.”

Another tear spilled out of Selen’s eye. “...thank you all so much.”

Following the gift-giving, everyone began playing games and chatting while eating snacks again up until midnight...

Elira pointed excitedly with her finger at Rosemi and Petra, catching everyone else’s attention. They had already been hard at work playing Monopoly but as the clock was fifteen minutes past twelve in the morning, they were already nodding off to sleep. Pomu grinned, snapped a photo, and then quickly sent it to everyone on the Discord channel.

“Oh, by the way,” Finana said, raising her hand and placing her monopoly money on the floor. “I realized just now that we haven’t talked about sleeping arrangements at all.”

Selen blinked. Ember, who had flown down from the second floor after the gift-giving and was currently resting on her shoulder, let out a soft noise to fill in the temporary silence. “...oh, you’re right. I totally forgot about that.”

“You forgot about that at a sleepover?” Pomu said, withholding a laugh. “Well, whatever. You have guest rooms, right? We can just take those, I guess.”

“Uh...” Selen looked up at the second floor from where she was sitting. “There’s...a guest room upstairs, yeah. And...uh...there’s only one, though. It’s good for two people only so...”

Elira looked back at Rosemi and Petra, who were already leaning on each other sleepily. “I guess those two can take the guest room, then. I know that Pomu also wanted to sleep on the floor in your bedroom so we can simulate girl talk throughout the night or something. She brought sleeping bags.”

Pomu, excited, rushed over to her bag and then whipped out the sleeping bags for Selen to see. “Here, I have two of them! Your bed can fit two people, right? We can all sleep in your room!”

...shit, I’m gonna have to share my bed with someone. Selen realized this and tried not to panic internally. She didn’t want to risk anything, especially after the sweet things everyone had said to her today. *Fuck, uh...*

“Yeah, sure. Maybe, uh, Elira can sleep with me in my bed then. That way we have room for everyone.” Selen suggested, hoping it would stick.

Elira shook her head. “Sorry, your bed isn’t big enough for the two of us, Selen. I’d just fall off the side of the bed in the middle of the night. I love you, sis, and I know it’s your birthday. But I’m gonna end up waking everyone up, probably.”

“How about me, then?” Finana suggested. “It’s probably easier for me to sleep on the small bed than Elira or Pomu.”

“Sounds like an idea.” Pomu nodded, turning to Selen. “Whaddaya think, big boss?”

Fuck. Uh...shit, I don't know if I wanna do this. Selen was resolved. But she didn't wanna take any chances. *You know what? I'll just let it happen and then sneak out after they all fall asleep. Then I'll sleep on the couch. Yeah, that's all I can do at this point.*

“Yeah, I think that sounds like a plan!” Selen got up and began walking up the stairs towards her bedroom. I'll clean up my room and stuff so that you can put your stuff inside, so gimme a bit!”

Upon entering her bedroom, Selen closed the door behind her.

“...it's just one night, Selen. You can tolerate one night of sleeping next to Finana. It's fine. You'll be fine. Nothing will happen. I will make sure nothing will happen.”

Muttering to herself, Selen began cleaning and arranging her room to accommodate everyone.

Use Me

Chapter Summary

With urges at their peak, Selen distances herself from everyone out of desperation. But with her body screaming for release, Selen decides to take care of it alone and go back to sleep. Or, at least, that's what she thought she'd be doing.

Chapter Notes

Time for the major disclosure: I'm mad with NijiOceanLaw fever and this fic was initially conceptualized because of that ship. But because I'm a wordy-ass mfer with a certain writing style I can't let go of, we're finally at the meat and potatoes of this fic after 2 chapters. For those of you who clicked on this looking for the seggs and instead getting lots of exposition and dialogue, thanks for making it this far.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The smell of freshly washed hair, strawberry shampoo and lavender soap mixed together into an aroma pleasant to the senses. The faint sensation of Finana's quiet and damp breathing on her skin. The temperature of the mermaid's body was an inch away from her own skin, a distance so tantalizingly close yet indescribably far.

Selen couldn't sleep. Her eyes were wide-open and refused to shut. Every single sound and sensation assaulting her was stimulating beyond belief, enticing her to give up control completely. She could feel her inner instincts, her suppressed heat, trying to overcome reason. As it was, her sanity was hanging by a thread. Every attempt at closing her eyes would not met be met with drowsiness. In fact, doing so in this situation only heightened her sensitivity to sounds and other sensations.

The lunar dragon could also tell that if she were to look down, she'd be greeted by her new friend standing tall and proud for everyone to see. A moment's hesitation, and Selen did glance down. Though she was wearing baggy drawstring pants that were a size larger than her usual and for males, they made no effort to conceal Selen's raging erection.

Fuck.

Against her better judgment, Selen looked at Finana again who was sleeping to her left side, near the wall. It had been Selen's decision to make sure Finana slept at that side of the bed for two reasons: to prevent her from falling off the edge of the bed and to ensure that Selen could escape the bedroom without rousing her. Finana was lying on her right with her eyes closed, facing Selen. Instead of wearing pajamas, Finana's sleepwear was a simple turquoise t-shirt and shorts that stopped far from the knee. Selen's natural ability to see well in the dark did her no favors; she was able to see Finana's shirt crumple and fold into itself to reveal her navel. Finana's shorts had also hiked upwards a bit, providing a simple glimpse of what was underneath.

Realizing it was black, Selen wanted to punch herself for looking at Finana at all and averted her

gaze. *What time is it?* Glancing at the wall clock, Selen could see that it read “1:02 AM.”

She cursed under her quietest breath. Selen remembered that everyone had stopped talking and gone to sleep at 12:45 PM. While fifteen minutes was not a long period of time, lying down next to Finana was proving to be the Achilles Heel of these sleeping arrangements. Selen stifled a yelp as Finana took a deep breath and exhaled, adjusting, and rolling around a bit in her sleep.

The bouncing of the mattress underneath, the feeling of Finana’s humid breathing once again on her arm, and the sensation of Finana’s legs gently nudging against her tail. Selen felt her sanity dropping down the drain, her member only getting harder. It was almost at the point that the erection in her pants was physically painful for Selen.

If I stay here any longer, I’m going to lose my mind. Selen closed her eyes in a futile attempt to sleep. This attempt was immediately foiled by hearing a soft sleepy moan from Finana’s lips. Selen felt like her ears had been violated by the involuntary noise. She refused to admit that she liked it; if she did, then Selen would lose her grip on herself.

Please, please, please, please. At least thirty minutes or something.

Selen was paying attention to the depth and rate of everyone’s breathing to assess whether they were sleeping deeply enough. While she didn’t know anything about Pomu and Finana’s sleeping habits, Selen knew that Elira could easily be roused from her sleep if she made enough noise.

Deciding to wait a little longer, Selen made the mistake of habitually turning on her side. This made her face Finana directly. But before Selen could regret her choice, she noticed that there were still a few stains of icing on her mouth. Despite the situation, Selen smiled at the sight.

Come on, Finana. You already brushed your teeth and took a shower. How did you miss cake icing? Selen thought to herself, stifling her laugh. It came out instead as a louder exhale from her nose.

Selen froze when Finana, with her eyes still closed, suddenly made another groaning noise and nudged herself in Selen’s direction. The mermaid seemed to be sniffing the air as well. Selen couldn’t tell if she was genuinely smelling something off or if Finana was just doing it to because of whatever dream she was having. But Selen’s heart nearly stopped completely when Finana’s forehead and knees made contact with her body.

It is not even close to thirty minutes yet. Finana, please. Selen begged in her mind. She wanted so desperately to push Finana away and escape from the room. But she couldn’t, and knowing that she couldn’t was all the more agonizing. *I know you cannot hear my thoughts but somehow, please get away from me.*

The green-haired girl sniffed the air a few more times and then stopped. She seemed to fidget in her sleep, shifting her arms and legs around. Finana rolled over and faced away from Selen, which caused the lunar dragon to let out a sigh of relief. If she’d known that Finana was this kind of sleeper, Selen would have just argued to sleep in the guest room with Rosemi and Petra instead. To Selen, they didn’t seem like the type to roll around much in their sleep. Sneaking out also would’ve been much easier. The more she dwelled on the thought, the more she realized that it would have been a great idea.

Although knowing them, they’d probably argue that I deserve to sleep in my own bed on my birthday. Selen glanced at each of the LazuLight members in the room, sighing. She craned her neck to eye the clock impatiently, following the second-hand as it made revolution after revolution.

Tick.

Tock.

Tick.

Tock.

Too long. This is taking too long. I can't take this.

Selen closed her eyes again, wondering if she could somehow fall asleep now that Finana was facing the other way. But another rustle of the bed thanks to Finana's shifting kept Selen wide awake. Just the awareness that Finana's body was close to hers was bothering the half-dragon. Being able to feel her body heat, see a few of her mermaid scales in the dim light, and just remembering her sleeping face was stimulating Selen too much.

Yet she chose to endure it. Selen closed her eyes, kept her breathing as shallow as she could make it to prevent from inhaling too much of Finana's smell, and tried to lie absolutely still. She knew she wasn't falling asleep so instead, Selen desperately started thinking of other things instead to keep her attention off everything else around her. Ideas for her next streams in December, gifts to get for everyone in Nijisanji, and things to buy and send back home to her family.

Anything to keep the mind busy.

Lost in thought, Selen almost jumped when she heard the bleep of a phone. She looked in the direction of the noise. The dim glow of a phone screen could be seen next to Pomu's sleeping bag.

Selen glanced at the clock on the wall. Seeing that it read 1:30 AM made Selen happier than she had ever been in her life to be awake past midnight. Doing her best to be subtle, Selen glanced at Finana. Facing the wall with rising and falling shoulders, Finana seemed to be asleep. Daring to push herself up off the bed for a better angle, Selen saw that Elira and Pomu also looked to be asleep.

Alright. Finally, my chance.

Selen gingerly began creeping towards the edge of the bed, doing everything in her power to make sure that the mattress didn't move so as to not wake Finana. Pushing herself slowly off the bed, Selen immediately tiptoed the moment she got to her feet. Selen took another survey of the room and, after noting that no one had reacted to her, quietly made for the door. Tenderly and slowly rotating the doorknob using her human hand, Selen managed to inch the door open bit by bit all the while praying that the hinges of the door made no sound.

Her blood suddenly ran cold in her veins when Selen heard Finana shift and rustle the bed again while rolling onto her other side. She froze in place like a deer caught in headlights, hoping that no one would open their eyes. But after a moment's pause, the mermaid didn't do anything further. Containing her sigh of relief, Selen quickly inched an opening large enough for her to squeeze through. Quickly and quietly, the dragon inhaled a breath of air and sucked in her gut before sliding through the opening and swiftly closing the door behind her.

Yes, I did it! Overwhelmed, Selen almost wanted to collapse to the floor as all the tension immediately flowed out of her body and into the atmosphere. She took a few quiet steps away from the door and then allowed herself to sit on the first step of the stairs leading down.

I guess this is my only problem now. Selen stared at her still-uncomfortably-erect member, protruding into her pants like a concealed firearm at this point. The extra male underwear that

she'd bought and worn underneath the baggy pants was stretching to its limit and it was already beginning to hurt. Without thinking, Selen poked the tip with her finger and shuddered at the resulting sensation that tingled up and down her body.

She refused to admit that stimulating it felt good in any way.

Now that she was no longer in the room, Selen was no longer distracted by anything else. Her accelerated heartbeat and higher body temperature could no longer be blamed on anything else. The intense arousal was overwhelming and now that she was safer, her ability to think logically and rationally was beginning to melt away. As she was about to poke at her erection again, Selen clenched her fist and then brought it to her side.

"No, Selen. You can't do this now. If I just go to sleep, it should go away eventually." Easier said than done, of course. But since she was running out of options and fast approaching her wits end, Selen couldn't figure out any other solution. All she knew was that she didn't want to resort to masturbating to rid herself of it.

Getting up to her feet, Selen walked down the stairs and over to the couches. Some birthday balloons were still anchored to the seats and the same Nintendo Switch controllers from earlier were still strewn about the bean bags and the table. Selen walked over to the biggest and comfiest-looking couch and plopped down onto it.

Alright, Selen. Just close your eyes and breathe in and out. Selen did as she thought, slowing her breathing and trying to get her body to listen. She did her best to relax, slowly counting from one to ten in her mind. That didn't work, and Selen decided to extend the count.

Counting to one hundred did nothing for her either.

Selen groaned and turned onto her side, trying to get more comfortable. But no drowsiness could be felt. Instead, Selen's throbbing erection poked against the couch cushions that she was now facing. She stifled a noise that almost came out of her throat. Selen growled in frustration, turning to lie down on the other side instead so that she could face away from the couch. She counted to one hundred again. No dice.

With the passing moments, Selen could only feel her lust and hunger slowly rising inside her. Against her will, Selen's imagination began constructing lewd imagery. Selen remembered the smells, the sensations of being in close proximity with Finana, Rosemi, Pomu, and Petra from earlier that night. Her brain wouldn't listen to her, bringing the memories to the forefront. Selen inhaled deeply, trying to deny that she liked the smell of her friends.

"...maybe I have no choice but to let it out." Selen muttered to herself, unable to hear the desperation dripping from her own voice. She'd heard it before from her guy friends; erections were sometimes uncontrollable and unpredictable. They could happen at a moment's notice right before an important presentation or it could go soft at the worst moments. Selen also knew that sometimes, guys just had to take care of it themselves.

"Fuck it. I'll just do it quickly in the bathroom." Selen nervously placed a hand over her own pants. "Hopefully, I can just get it over with."

I knew it.

Finana, rubbing the sleep out of her eyes, took a tiny whiff of the bed again.

The smell that she'd noticed in the house earlier was stronger here. Noticing that it was at its

strongest on the mattress, at the spot next to her, only confirmed her suspicions.

I knew it. Finana repeated in her mind as she took in a small dose of the smell once again. *It's coming from Selen.*

Finana knew what the smell was. To say she was familiar with it would be an understatement. She'd endured quite a few mating seasons in the past on her own. Those months got pent-up quickly for her and Finana knew she'd have to relieve herself pretty often throughout the days. Whether it was every day or every other day, the mermaid was familiar with the pheromones that nonhumans emitted when it was, as Finana liked to call it, "horny time". This was the first time she'd ever taken a whiff of any of the dragon sisters, or of dragons at all, so Finana had a hard time recognizing and believing what she was smelling in the first place.

It's so...sweet. Finana smelled it again and blinked in surprise, taking in the scent a little more. *It's mildly sweet. A little tangy. Kinda like candy. Hard to believe it's coming from Selen, of all people.*

Finana had never fallen asleep in the first place. She was already used to pulling all-nighters and sleeping past three in the morning so late morning hours didn't make her sleepy right away. She'd also noticed Selen rustling about and acting oddly after everyone had settled down in the room so Finana had an easy time staying awake. In the time that she knew her, Selen didn't seem like the type to act shiftily. Selen had looked around her own bedroom so many times that Finana had reached one conclusion: Selen was trying to leave the bedroom without anyone noticing. Curiosity had gotten the better of her, so Finana had pretended to be asleep.

The smell of Selen's arousal didn't do Finana any favors for trying to sleep, either. In fact, she was beginning to regret having taken in whiffs of Selen's scent. Finana didn't need the extra stimulation as it was. She was already chronically sexually frustrated after her mating season had passed months ago. Smelling the oddly pleasant smell from Selen's side of the bed was more arousing than Finana wanted to admit. But Selen was a close friend. Finana didn't want to get turned on by a close friend, and especially on her birthday, if she wasn't the type to show any interest.

As far back as Finana knew Selen, the dragon had never even pretended to show interest in sex and romance whether on or off stream. Though Finana would never say it directly to Selen, she found it a little disappointing that Selen never seemed interested in anything like that. After all, saying that Finana had never thought of Selen, even in passing, as anything beyond a friend would have been a lie.

Did she get up to use the bathroom? Finana glanced at the clock on the wall worriedly. It had already been over forty-five minutes since Selen had failed to exit the bedroom without anyone noticing. Selen couldn't even fall into the toilet since she had a tail so, in Finana's mind, there wasn't much reason for her to take this long. Finana glanced around again, noting that Elira and Pomu seemed to be fast asleep. Elira snored lightly while Pomu slept soundly and quietly with alternating light and deep breaths.

Finana hadn't planned to seek out the birthday girl after noticing that she'd left the room. Having already noticed that Selen was in heat, Finana had thought to be considerate and just go to sleep instead of questioning anything. It would have made for good conversation in the morning, she'd thought. After all, a bathroom break for this long could mean a few things: a late-night shower, a fat dump, or that Selen was relieving herself of her urges. Finana wanted to give Selen the privacy she needed to take care of any of those things.

But forty-five minutes had elapsed and now Finana was beginning to wonder what was going on. The possibility that Selen might've slipped and hit her head had not come to mind earlier but now a

little bit of serious concern had led her to think that something could've happened. It was odd, to Finana, that the birthday girl didn't wanna get a ton of sleep after hanging out with her friends. There was no reason to stream tonight, either.

Maybe she takes a long time to nut? Finana crawled off the bed and got to her feet, wobbling a little bit before righting herself. *I hope that's just the extent of it, and that nothing's happening.*

Curiosity and concern won over. Finana lightly stepped on her tiptoes and quietly exited the room, being extra-careful not to wake the other Lazulight members. Immediately as she did, Finana blinked in surprise. Selen's scent was much stronger now directly outside the door. Finana felt the heat beginning to rise from her face from smelling it.

Maybe she is freaking it, after all. If that's the case, then she's really taking a while. But...I mean, it isn't really like Selen to do that sort of thing. She avoids talking about R-18 things all the time. Finana thought as she followed the scent downstairs to the living room. Though no one was present, the pillows and the couches were tossed around, and the couch covers were wrinkled: telltale signs that someone had just been lying down on them. *Is she choosing to sleep outside instead? Is it because the bed is too small? I should've taken the couch then. Or shared the bed with Rosemi and Petra. I could've ordered a sleeping bag too.*

Finana felt bad at the thought of forcing Selen to vacate her own bed, especially on her birthday. She continued to follow the smell with quiet steps which led her towards the first-floor bathroom. Realizing that her suspicions could really be correct, Finana stopped before she got close to the door.

I don't really wanna...walk in on her doing that kind of thing. I know I would feel mega-embarrassed if it happened to me. Finana flushed redder at the thought of it. Finana imagined it briefly and it made her shake her head, trying to rid herself of the mental image. *I should probably just go back to the bedroom and sleep...after I confirm that Selen's okay and she's not hurt or fell over or something.*

Finana, on her tiptoes, took a step towards the bathroom door while internalizing every excuse she was making to herself for the sake of sating her burning curiosity. *I'm just concerned, y'know? I just wanna make sure she's okay. I won't tell a soul! I'll treat her to lunch after!*

“...fuck...”

Finana froze just shy of the door when she heard Selen's voice. She placed a hand over her own mouth to keep herself from making any noise.

She'd never heard Selen's voice like that. Ever. It was gentle, it was contained; but at the same time, her voice was wanting.

It was at that moment that Finana realized that the bathroom door hadn't been closed properly. It was possible to peer into the crack between the door and the doorframe. All her previous attempts at courtesy and respecting personal space now having been thrown into the figurative dumpster, Finana inched closer and peered through the little crack.

“Nn~”

Selen's voice was softer and huskier than Finana had ever heard it. She could see that the purple-haired dragon was sitting on the toilet with the toilet lid closed, pants off and tossed to the side like a rag. Selen cooed and moaned quietly while her human hand slowly pumped up and down her shaft-

Wait, wha-?! Finana did a double take when she realized what she's looking at, holding her breath so that she didn't accidentally alert Selen to her presence. S-s-since when did Selen have a dick?!

"I guess this is...mm...how I'm supposed to do it..." Selen whispered to no one in particular, her human hand tenderly stroking her erection. Her hand was awkwardly grasping the shaft of her member, moving back and forth lightly. Her tail was tense, muscles taut from the pleasure. The wings on her head fluttered and flapped gently as Selen continued to pleasure herself. From where Finana could see, Selen's face was flushed a deep red and the tip of her erection was had a slightly purplish coloration much like her draconic hand.

Wh...what the fuck am I watching? Voyeurism turned Finana on as much as the next person but now, she felt like she'd just seen a deeply held secret that no one should've ever discovered. Her fascination and curiosity left her rooted to the spot, unable to tear her eyes away from Selen. *D-did she always have one?*

Selen let out another quiet moan. Finana could hear it and to say that this situation was making the mermaid feel some kind of way would be putting it lightly. Finana sank to her knees, continuing to watch as Selen's human hand began accelerating. Selen's voice grew in volume and intensity, making Finana's heart skip a beat.

"Mm~ Fuck~" Selen gasped for breath and arched her back as her hips instinctively thrust forward. Again and again, Selen began steadily thrusting into her own hand while holding onto the toilet seat for dear life. "Gotta...cum..."

Oh my god... Finana leaned in forward, transfixed by what she saw-

-and having completely forgotten that the door was not closed, accidentally put her weight against it. The door swung wide open abruptly, Finana falling flat onto her face and inside the bathroom.

Selen jumped from the toilet seat to her feet, mortified. Her tail slapped against the wall once before extending and snatching her pants from the ground for Selen to take with her free hand. "What the fu-?!" Selen recognized Finana's hair from the figure that had faceplanted onto her bathroom floor. "F-Finana?!"

Shit. Shit, I really done goofed. Finana looked up at Selen, maintaining eye contact instead of focusing on Selen's lower half. "H-hi?"

Explaining the story took all of ten minutes. But to Selen, those ten minutes were the longest minutes she'd ever experienced. Finana listened with intent and nodded frequently, staying silent otherwise while Selen did her best to tell her what had happened to her body.

She wanted to curl up into a ball and die. Alternatively, digging a hole into the core of the Earth and hurtling herself straight into the center didn't seem like a bad idea either.

This was the one situation Selen had wanted to avoid, more than anything else.

The two of them were seated on the living room couches with Finana sitting at a ninety-degree angle to Selen. The half-dragon was wearing her pants again, much to her relief, but it didn't do much of anything to hide the still-throbbing member that was still raging underneath. It was embarrassing on a completely foreign level to Selen that she couldn't hide her erection from Finana but Selen wanted to avoid applying any additional pressure that might be stimulating.

Finana was still red in the face, all the way up to her ears. As Selen finished her explanation, the mermaid hesitated before speaking. "So...uh...I get that you grew a dick for...reasons. From what

I understand, you were freaking it in there because you were...uh...?”

Selen didn't want to admit it. But faced with the question, she didn't have much of a choice. She scratched the back of her head with her hand sheepishly, avoiding making direct eye contact with Finana again. “I...uh...I just felt really, really needy and I felt like I had to take care of that needy feeling somehow. I was just...really turned on and I...uh...you get the idea. Look, I'm sorry, Finana. I really didn't want you or anyone else to get caught in this situation and I'm sorry that you had to see, uh...that.”

Finana shook her head. “It's okay, Selen. I understand that you really needed to do something to take care of yourself. I could kinda already tell from the smell.” When Selen looked at Finana with a puzzled expression, Finana shrugged. “I kinda get it, to be honest. I've gone through a lot of mermaid mating seasons and I don't really have anyone to help me deal with it. So...I kinda have to take care of it myself, you know? So...I understand what you're going through. A little bit. It's kinda the same thing. Dunno how different it is for dragons.”

I guess, in a way, Finana is the best person to talk to about this. Selen realized in that moment that it was precisely because of her usual antics and openness to discuss these topics with her audience that Finana, if nothing else, would be open-minded and accepting about any sexual discussions.

“I thought I scrubbed the smell off of me pretty thoroughly earlier, but I guess not.” Selen's halfhearted joke felt dry to the ears but any attempt at humor was better at clearing the air than silence.

“So, what are you going to do now?” Finana, despite feeling embarrassed, looked Selen in the eyes. “Are you going to take care of your thing and then go to sleep out here? I feel bad if I just take your bed and then leave you to sleep out here on your couch.”

Selen paused and then shrugged, shaking her head at the same time. “...I guess that's just how it's going to be. Finana, you don't have to feel bad about sleeping in my bed. I sleep in that bed every day of the week; one day without it isn't gonna kill me. Besides, I don't want to sleep in a one-person bed with you while I'm feeling this way.”

Saying that made Finana glance down at Selen's bulge again, who immediately noticed the shift in gaze and covered her lower half with the nearest pillow she could find. “Don't look at it!” Selen shrieked, her blush darkening.

To Finana, Selen's surprisingly cute reaction was on-brand. Despite the atmosphere, Finana found herself able to let out a laugh. “It's okay, Selen! Feeling good, and doing things to make yourself feel good, aren't bad things. They're just a natural part of your body and your instincts, just like wanting to eat food when you're hungry. The way I see it, you've been given a chance to do some stuff that most girls would never be able to do. So...I mean...” Finana smiled awkwardly. “...maybe you could look at it from the bright side.”

Selen rolled her eyes. “Easier said than done, Finana. What bright side is there to this? Honestly...” Selen slowly sank her head into her hands. “...controlling my urges has never been this difficult. I honestly wasn't sure if I wanted to push through with the sleepover at all because I was afraid of what I would feel if I spent a lot of time close to you guys.”

“It's not like you've ever masturbated before so I can kinda see why you would think that.”

Selen wanted to deny that but she didn't because she couldn't.

“So...why exactly didn't you want us finding out about your weird dick situation?” Finana stood

up from her couch and sat next to Selen on her couch. Selen inched away from Finana when she did that. “Were you afraid that we were gonna laugh about it or that we’d mock you for it or something?”

Selen averted her gaze again. “...I just didn’t want you guys finding out about it. I dunno...like I said, these urges are hard to control so I can’t say that I might accidentally...you know...do something...” The volume of her voice grew progressively lower and lower until it was nearly a whisper.

“You were worried that you might do something?” Finana parroting the words made Selen feel guilty. “We’re your friends, Selen. Did it ever occur to you that the first thing on our minds is that we’d want to help you?”

Confronted with that logic, Selen sagged her head in defeat. “...you’re right about that.”

Finana giggled. “You know, it’s kinda funny when I saw you in the bathroom, to be honest. It’s really clear that you don’t really expose yourself to adult material, even any hentai or porn. You don’t even know how to masturbate.”

“Yeah, yeah. I’m not exactly looking to hear it from the Anime 2 expert, Finana.” Selen raised a pillow and lightly batted Finana on the head with it. “Besides, it’s not like I have the time to do that. I’m always busy with stuff and I never really feel the need to touch myself.”

Finana tilted her head at Selen. “But...now you do. So, you’re stuck with this problem. Honestly, with the way that you stroke dick, you’re gonna be stuck like that all morning.”

Selen threw her hands up in the air with a mix of impatience and frustration. “Then what do you suggest I do, Finana? It’s not like I can just go to a Crash Course to learn how to properly stroke a cock.”

“I mean...I can teach you.”

Selen met eyes with Finana.

“...wh-what?”

“It’s easy!” Finana said with a half-innocent smile on her face. “You need to learn how to rely on the people around you more, Selen. Think about it logically! I know way more about this kind of thing than you do. Don’t you think it makes sense for me to teach you how to do it?”

“Aren’t you a virgin too, Finana?”

“That’s besides the point!”

Selen couldn’t figure out whether to laugh or not. She didn’t know how to answer this situation and she didn’t know how to laugh it off or if she was supposed to call Finana’s bluff. They were toeing a line and Selen didn’t have the faintest idea how to navigate through this maze.

“Or what, you think I’m not good enough to teach you about this kind of thing?” Finana continued, puffing her cheeks in a fake pout.

Selen exhaled loudly, and the tone of voice in which she spoke her next words made Finana drop the act to listen carefully. “Finana...I really treasure you guys as my friends in Nijisanji. I don’t want anything to change between any of us because of a stupid mistake I make from instincts that I don’t know how to control. It’s taking a lot out of me, right now, for me to just talk to you like this

normally.” Selen glanced down at her lower half, frustration and disappointment visible in her eyes. “I’m sorry that I didn’t talk to you guys about it honestly. But...how could I? This isn’t normal. None of it is. And...doing anything to anyone could change the way we see each other. That’s why I didn’t say anything.”

“Well, you’re not getting rid of me, Selen.” Finana said, smiling softly and placing a hand on Selen’s draconic hand. She squeezed the fingers playfully, and then used one of her hands to close Selen’s fingers around her other hand. “I only know one lunar dragon and she’s one of the closest friends I’ve ever had.”

“Finana...” When their gazes met, Finana saw a lot of emotion behind Selen’s eyes. “...I’m sorry. Thanks so much for understanding and being willing to talk about it with me. I...I don’t really know what to say.”

“You could start by letting me help you.” Finana gently squeezed Selen’s hand again.

Selen slowly nodded once, her cheeks darker than ever. “Uh...okay? How do I do that?”

Finana tugged on Selen’s pants, trying not to seem excited. “Take these off. I’ll show you how you’re supposed to do it. If you’re still worried about the whole friendship-changing thing, then I won’t touch you. I’ll just help you do it yourself. Okay?”

Selen no longer had any rebuttals. She obeyed quietly, lowering her pants and underwear. Tossing them to the side, she sat down awkwardly and looked back at Finana while trying not to choke herself out from the embarrassment. “So...how do I do this?”

Whoa, what the fuck? Finana was surprised. She hadn’t gotten a close look since she’d seen it from a distance earlier in the bathroom. Now that she was closer to Selen right now, Finana hadn’t realized that the size of half-dragon’s erection seemed roughly right over half the length of Finana’s forearm. Taken aback by the size, Finana gulped some saliva and cleared her throat. “Uh...”

“Finana?”

“S-sorry.” Finana shook her head. “I was just wondering how to tell you to start.”

Finana could sense her own repressed mating urges beginning to roar from inside her in this situation. She hadn’t lied to Selen, after all. Finana has taken care of her urges on her own all her life, finding new and more effective ways to address it over time with the tools and toys she bought.

But her toys and tools didn’t smell like Selen.

They smelled different.

Finana liked different.

“The basic idea is that you stroke it until you ejaculate. You could do this without lubricant but it’s generally better and you won’t hurt yourself if you do.” Finana pointed a finger at Selen’s dick. A small magic circle manifested and from within its center, a liquid shot outwards and lightly coated the penis with a shiny substance. Selen was about to raise her voice to ask what had just happened but Finana just shook her head and tut-tutted with her finger. “So do as I say, Selen. Wrap your fingers around the base of your dick and exert a little pressure.”

Selen did as she was told. Finana nodded. “Now...move your hand up and down the shaft slowly.

Just like that.” Selen chose not to ask why Finana’s voice had deepened and lowered in volume. Continuing to follow Finana’s instructions, the friction against her fleshy shaft was sending new waves of pleasure into Selen’s body. The dragon bit her lip and fought back a groan.

Finana felt a smile appear on her face as Selen, without prompting, began stroking herself faster in front of her. This situation was turning her on immensely and Finana was doing a poor job of hiding the excitement on her face. “That’s it, Selen. You’re doing good. Keep going.”

“Haa~” Selen let out a sigh as she craned her neck backwards, closing her eyes. It was like her hand knew what she wanted without her meaning to do anything. Selen tightened her grip on her cock and began stroking herself faster, biting back a growl from deep inside. “Hnn~ Haa~”

Selen continued to stroke herself over and over, a wet slapping noise quietly filling the living room. Finana continued to watch in silent fascination as Selen, unable to control herself, tried desperately to keep herself propped up with her free arm while her other one desperately jacked herself off. Quiet moans and stifled groans filled the air.

“Oh god...” Selen muttered, exhaling loudly from her mouth. Selen began letting her wrist and arm move at faster pace. She sharply inhaled as the warm feeling spread tingled all the way up to her tail which was curled up and twitching. “Nn~ Fuck...that feels good...”

Finana began to squirm and fidget in place. “Does it feel good, Selen?” Finana whispered the question rhetorically, not wanting to disrupt Selen’s flow. She knew that Selen was enjoying this. All she got in response was a weak nod as the dragon moaned again, suppressing her voice as best she could in fear that someone other than Finana might hear it. All the while, Finana watched Selen and bit her lower lip. Seeing Selen in ecstasy was turning her on. It was different. It was cute. And it was the hottest thing she’d ever seen.

All of a sudden, Selen’s pace slowed down to a stop. Finana blinked, confused and a little disappointed. “What’s wrong? You can continue until you cum, Selen. I don’t mind.”

But the dragon shook her head. “I...uh...it doesn’t feel good anymore.”

“What, why?”

To Finana’s question, Selen shook her head in confusion. “...I don’t know.”

“I can help with that.” Finana’s sudden whisper in her ear sent shivers down Selen’s spine. The dragon’s heart stopped for a moment when Finana began slowly unbuttoning her pajama top and allowing it to fall to the floor and expose her bare chest. The mermaid suddenly climbed onto Selen and straddled her hips. Immediately, Selen felt her instincts claw their way into her mind and scream to do unspeakable things to the mermaid on top of her. Finana, noticing Selen’s expression conflicted between desire and bewilderment, smiled slightly.

Suddenly, the small upward curve of Finana’s right lip was the sexiest thing in the world to Selen right now. “Wh-what are you doing, Finana?” She barely got the words out without a growl in her throat. She was doing a poor job of pretending that she didn’t have an idea of where this was going and an even poorer job of pretending that she didn’t like it.

“Like I promised, Selen. I’m not going to touch you. But you need to cum if you want your boner to go away. So, if you’re having trouble cumming, I’m still going to help you.” Finana’s voice descended into a husky, sultry whisper. It sent tingles down her entire body when Finana whispered in her ear with this voice. Selen felt every hair on her body stand on end, every scale quivering. The mermaid leaned forward up until her mouth was directly next to Selen’s ear. Selen

yelped when Finana kissed the air right next to her ear. “All you have to do is stroke, Selen. I won’t do anything to you. I want to see you feel good.”

Senses stimulated beyond eleven, Selen’s cock twitched and throbbed with excitement beyond compare. Touching her own dick with her hand and stroking it once, it felt like someone had shocked her body with candy-flavored lightning. Selen fought back the moan in her throat but it was much louder this time. It didn’t help that Finana was topless and sitting on her this time. Selen was succumbing and she no longer minded.

The mermaid smelled good. Fruity strawberry, tangy perfume, and Selen could detect some hints of sweat and salt. The smells mixed to turn her brain into soup and Selen was forced to take it in with every breath. Desire was taking over. Selen inched her nose closer to Finana’s perky breast, the scent of sex invading her mind. And still, her own dick was in her hand being pumped faster and faster and faster with reckless abandon.

The sloppy and slick sounds of Selen jerking off was also exciting Finana. She could sense the fire of Selen’s erection just a few inches away from her buttcheeks, heat like a sun splashing across her skin. Finana yelped when she felt, for a moment, the sensation of the tip of Selen’s cock on her butt. Smiling, Finana returned the motion and allowed her rear to dip down a little bit. She felt her ass brush the tip of Selen’s cock and it made the dragon groan louder.

At that point, Finana had decided: she didn’t want to spend any more mating seasons alone. She wanted someone; needed someone.

And here was someone, right under her desperately panting and moaning for more.

All Selen needed was the temptation.

“You know, Selen,” Finana whispered into Selen’s ear again. It was a mind-numbing combination of stimulation. “I told you I would help, right? You looked like you were hurting so bad...you know, I’m a pretty open-minded person. If you need more help getting off, Selen, I won’t say no.”

“Nn~! Fina-mm~!” Selen bit back another moan, desperately trying to stay rational and in control. But her hips bucked and thrust forward. She could feel heat from between Finana’s legs, from her exposed breasts, and from the skin of her belly. The moist whisper in her ears was driving her nuts and Selen was no longer in denial: she loved it. “What are you-?!”

“...I wouldn’t mind if you used me, Selen~”

Selen growled when she heard that, her hand pumping around her cock faster and faster. Finana giggled and shifted her position to face Selen directly. The two of them were eye to eye. The mermaid deliberately hovered her mouth a few millimeters away from Selen’s lips. “I keep imagining the things that you probably want to do. When I imagine them...I can’t help but go insane.”

“F-Finana~!” Selen cried out, trying her utmost not to inch her head forward. She was a hairsbreadth away from meeting lips with Finana. It was tempting beyond belief. Selen knew her body wanted it. She wanted to kiss her. As Selen continued to stroke and thrust her hips into her hand, she felt a strong visceral reaction when Finana began moving her body along to Selen’s hip thrusts. The mermaid began gyrating her hips to the same rhythm that Selen thrust her hips.

“I wouldn’t mind if we tried out all the things you wanted to do, Selen~” Finana whispered. “Your bed smells so nice, you know~? Just a little whiff and you’ve got this little fish down bad for you~ Imagine what it would be like if you had me at me your mercy. I’m already on my knees, after

all~”

Selen could feel that something in her body was getting ready for release. Even without having encountered it before, Selen knew that she was going to reach her climax. Knowing it only made her hand move faster and her hips thrust harder. Finana’s mouth breathed hot and heavy onto her face. Selen losing her grip and she was loving every second of it.

“You get to decide what this is gonna be, Selen.” Finana traced a line slowly around Selen’s jawline to her neck, playfully descending. The two of them locked eyes. “I can belong to you~ I can help you anytime you need it~ I’ll do it whenever you want~ All you have to do is-mmph~!”

Enough was enough for Selen. Her mind abandoned all pretense and caution thrown to the wind. “Fuck it,” she growled. Her tail snaked around Finana’s torso, wrapping around and pinned her in place to binding the two of them together, Selen’s free hand, her draconic arm, reached behind Finana’s head and forced her to close the distance between their lips. Locking mouths, Finana felt a squeal of delight and a moan come out from within as Selen’s tongue danced with her tongue and invaded her mouth.

It was a messy dance of saliva. The deluge of wet sounds and moans in her ear, the vibrations of Finana’s groans rocking her lips. Selen needed more. Her fingers curled, forming Finana’s hair into a ponytail, and using it to take control of her head. Finana didn’t put a single ounce of strength into fighting back. She was doing exactly what had said: allowing herself to be used like a toy by the sex-starved half-dragon. She submitted, allowing Selen to do whatever she wanted to her. The pleasure was far greater than doing it alone. As Selen roughly protruded her tongue into Finana’s mouth again and again, Finana would twist and turn around Selen’s to accommodate it.

Selen was consensually violating her mouth. And to Finana, it was a drug she didn’t know she needed until now.

I’m gonna-nngh~! Unable to stop herself, Selen thrust into her hand and the tip grazed in between Finana’s two buttocks again. Her stifled groan exited into Finana’s mouth as her climax hit strong and hard, ropes and strings of white shot out into the air before landing on her legs, the couch, and glazing Finana’s ass. As her climax continued, Selen’s tail dragged Finana’s body closer to hers until the mermaid’s breasts were pressed against her shirt. Her grip on the back of Finana’s head tightened and she pushed into the kiss even harder. Finana moaned and sighed into the kiss, gently and tenderly loving the inside of Selen’s mouth while Selen shivered and shook with the force of her climax.

They stayed like that until Selen’s climax had stopped and Finana’s buttocks were shiny with seed, mixing saliva between their mouths until they finally broke off for air. They panted and gasped in silence for a few long seconds. Finana almost leaned in again but Selen spoke, “...where did you learn how to do that?”

“I thought about the things I thought I’d want to hear when I was touching myself.” Finana responded, her shoulders heaving. She leaned forward onto Selen’s body to catch her breath. “Figured that you might like it. I was gonna use it as reference for another ASMR stream one day but you get the uncensored version.”

“Don’t lie to me, Finana.” Selen, still out of breath, paused for air. “...you wanted this to happen. Didn’t you?”

Finana smiled coyly. “You liked it, didn’t you? I know I did.”

“...Finana, how much of what you said was real? How much of it did you really mean?” Selen

asked the question seriously, holding the mermaid close and looking down at her.

“Seriously, you’re asking this now?” Finana giggled and winked at Selen whose face was hovering above hers. “We’ve already gone this far. Do you really think I’d do this for just anyone? I don’t mind doing this if it’s you, Selen. Don’t make me say it again, it’s a little embarrassing.”

“Trying to play it off?” Selen smirked, flicking Finana’s forehead with her fingers. The mermaid yelped and then giggled. The two of them laughed softly, still in each other’s arms. Selen leaned her forehead on Finana’s forehead, the tips of their noses touching. Even after having climaxed a few seconds ago, Selen could feel her dick throbbing and wanting for more. With everything she’d just experienced, Selen couldn’t imagine being content with her hand alone. “...Finana? Are you sure you’re okay with this? Because...I don’t think I’ll be able to go to sleep yet.”

Finana’s smile turned sly and seductive again. She kissed Selen lightly and her voice became a whisper once again. “I wasn’t lying when I said you could use me, Selen. Just make sure you don’t wake everyone else up~”

Finana felt a burning quiver take her body when she met eyes with Selen. The lunar dragon looked hungry and Finana recognized herself as prey. She yelped as Selen got to her feet, carrying Finana in her arms. Selen gently lowered Finana onto the ground, who stayed on her knees while looking up at Selen.

The half-dragon growled again but this time, she smiled. Selen pushed her twitching cock onto Finana’s face, no more hesitation in her movements. Finana realized what she was in for. She going to get used until the moon sank below the horizon. And Finana knew she was going to love every second of it.

Chapter End Notes

Major shoutouts to the fanart creators @rayray and @zhuotian for fueling my fantasies. Was thinking of posting a chapter 3.5 specifically dedicated to the lewd happenings

'til the moon sets

Chapter Summary

Finana helps Selen vent all of her needs and frustrations and loves every second of it.

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: this is the BIG SEGGS chapter, you have been warned. Big horni

I consider this more of a Chapter 3.5 and not a Chapter 4 because the next chapter will be the start of a new arc. But this is my first time on AO3 and I didn't know I couldn't name it 3.5 so here's chapter 4 lol. inb4 I start using Kingdom Hearts naming schemes like Chapter 3.2 HD Final Chapter Prologue Re:mix featuring Knuckles

Anyway, I hope you enjoy this big fantasy-filled splash of text. Thanks for coming to read!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Pulsating, twitching, and hotter than the surface of a star. Dangling millimeters above Finana's nose was Selen's eager cock and she didn't even need to touch it to know that she wanted it. Unlike any other video or picture Finana had seen in the past, Selen's was different. Girth and length aside, the fleshy member had a slightly dark purple coloration. The odor of sex was thick like a cloud and Finana inhaled it without a second thought. It was doing things to Finana: things that she liked.

She'd found the source of the smell in this house. Sweet like candy, musky like nothing else. Intense and potent. Brain-melting.

Finana had to admit, in this moment, that being looked down from this angle was a turn-on in and of itself. Though the light of the moon from the windows made Selen's silhouette harder to see, her eyes glowed in the dark and her sharp teeth were still visible even with dim light. Those sharp teeth were digging into Selen's lower lip. Finana wanted those teeth to bite tenderly into her skin. The dragon thrust her hips forward ever so slightly, the underside of her dick scraping across Finana's face.

It was driving her crazy. When tonight was over, Finana knew that she probably couldn't go back to masturbating alone anymore. The theater of the mind couldn't do this situation justice.

"Let me~" Finana opened her mouth wide, a slow and sensual exhale leaving droplets of spittle onto Selen's cock. The half-dragon quivered at the contact and fought the urge to slam her hips into Finana's face right then and there. She wouldn't rush it, at least for now. Finana smiled at Selen's reaction and tenderly kissed the side of her dick, savoring the taste.

Selen closed her eyes and moaned, reaching out and placing her draconic hand on the top of Finana's head. The mermaid was excited at the contact; Selen's hand was large and broad, able to

hold the entirety of her head easily within its grasp. Feeling Selen's gentle strength in her fingers, Finana felt like she belonged here. It felt right to have this hand on her head. Finana shuffled forward on her knees, slowly undoing her pajama bottoms as she slowly peppered the sides of Selen's shaft with cute kisses. With every few smooches, Selen let out another growl or moan. She thrust forward again, and the friction against Finana's cheek excited them both.

The shorts and the underwear came off. Finana tossed them off to the side, now in nothing in her birthday suit. She looked up at Selen, her ears wagging up and down. "Do you like me like this, Selen?"

The reply was short and wanting. "You look perfect. But you'd be even more perfect if you put me in your mouth."

Finana flushed and smiled shyly. "It's my first time doing this, so...no judging, okay?"

The green-haired girl giggled and gently leaned forward, placing her lips around Selen's tip. The flavor was salty. The smell was sweet. Inside her mouth, Finana's tongue poked and twisted to gently pat and stroke the head of Selen's cock. Selen inhaled sharply, adjusting her grip on Finana's mouth but otherwise doing nothing. It felt better than she could've imagined. Finana bobbed her head up and down once, allowing some of the length to enter her mouth.

"Nn~" Finana moaned as she slowly allowed more of Selen to enter her mouth. The tip grazed the roof of her mouth, pulsating to the beat of Selen's heart. Finana loved it. She thought it was cute, the way the dick was twitching and reacting to her. Reaching forward, Finana planted a hand around the base of Selen's dick and grasped it.

She didn't comment on the fact that her small fingers barely managed to fully encircle its size. Finana said nothing but knowing and feeling the width of what she was taking into her mouth only made her more eager for later. With her other hand planting onto Selen's thigh for support, Finana slowly inched forward and tried to take in as much dick as she could. Down, down, and down she went. Finana felt the pressure inside her mouth beginning to increase, her lips widening and opening further to accommodate the dragon's size. Finana groaned again, closing her eyes and letting her senses being monopolized by Selen's heat.

She'd only managed to get up to half of the length before she realized that it was about to tap the back of her throat. Finana didn't want to gag right away so she stopped, retreated, and took her mouth off it. Finana licked her lips and began using her tongue, beginning to add a thick and fresh coat of saliva around every inch of Selen. Finana had expected her first dick to taste and smell worse than this.

But Selen? Finana had found her new favorite flavor.

Like a child with a popsicle, Finana began enveloping Selen's penis in her mouth and playing around with it. Her mermaid's tongue snaked around its length, every movement forcing a reaction out of Selen. Finana felt a wave of excitement when she noticed Selen's tail slowly worming its way around her leg. She looked up to see Selen's expression only to feel a little bit of pressure being applied to the back of her head.

Selen wanted more. Finana didn't want anything else in the world other than to give Selen what she wanted.

As the mermaid allowed her mouth to be filled up again, she let out a muffled squeal when Selen's tail finally reached its destination. The tip brushed against her exposed lower lips, making Finana clench her body in anticipation. Following the tip was the bulk of Selen's tail, gently beginning to

rub its body against Finana. The mermaid adjusted her position, opening her legs and widening the space in between. Selen took this invitation to heart; her tail aggressively coiled itself around Finana's leg and the tip began gently probing Finana's outer folds. Finana sighed and moaned into the dick in her mouth, which only made Selen feel even better.

"Finana~" Her name called, Finana looked up at Selen. The dragon's shoulders were shaking as they heaved up and down. Her grip was slowly tightening around Finana's head. "...can I?" She thrust forward into Finana's mouth a little bit and pushed Finana's head towards her pelvis. It didn't take a genius to know what she wanted.

Finana, mouth still gorged on Selen's member, just nodded and removed her hands from Selen's penis. She knew what was gonna happen next and her heart leaped in her chest just thinking about it.

The go signal given, Selen gingerly pushed her dick into Finana's mouth while also using her dragon's hand to coerce the mermaid down onto it even further. Finana felt the tip strike the back of her throat and begin to curve downward, entering her body even further. She could feel the rest of her throat beginning to expand to accommodate Selen. Her mind was now hazy, cloudy, and all she could think about was the heat that was radiating outward from within her mouth. Selen's dick was hot like a freshly forged sword. Finana never fancied herself a sword swallower until now.

Fighting the initial gag reflex down, Finana closed her eyes once more and focused on nothing but what she felt. As she felt Selen's tail poke the entrance of her lower mouth and enter by a centimeter, Finana inhaled sharply from the electricity that ran up her spine. Again, the tail probed her. It retreated, then entered again. The tip of Selen's tail exited once more and then began scraping itself against Finana's outer lips. It felt much better than her fingers.

All of a sudden, Selen's tail retracted before lightly slapping itself against Finana's nether regions. Finana yelped and breathed in deeply. Selen could tell she liked that. She did it again, and then twice more. Finana let out a much louder moan and inhaled sharply as Selen's tail probed a centimeter inside, and then another two centimeters more, while her head was being bobbed up and down by Selen's hand. She reached out and placed her hands on either side of Selen's hips to steady herself, sighing in delight.

The mermaid couldn't help but smile as her mouth was prodded and penetrated by Selen. This is something she had been fantasizing about for the longest time, being taken like this. Everything that was happening right now was everything she wanted and more.

Selen shuddered as she dared to thrust in a little further, feeling Finana's throat contract and convulse as her gag reflex was triggered again. But Finana gave no signal to let up. In fact, she wasn't objecting to anything that Selen was doing. Rather, she was allowing everything to happen and adjusted to it. A little concerned, Selen pulled back until the tip of her dick was hovering an inch from Finana's lips.

Finana said nothing, only breathing heavily. But they locked eyes.

Her upturned expression, her face tilted slightly to the side. Finana licked her lips. Her eyes seemed to be asking Selen a question. *"I told you that you could use me, didn't I?"*

The moment that Selen's draconic fingers balled her hair into a ponytail was the moment that Finana, who was waiting for this moment, felt her inner walls contract eagerly. They tightened around Selen's tail as the dragon pushed her dick in, all the way to the base, and pushed Finana's head down as far as it would go. A single wet slapping noise resounded throughout the living room when it happened. Finana felt a powerful shock attack her senses. Her lower walls contracted

strongly.

Then Selen did it again.

And again.

And again.

One of Finana's hands reached for her breast, poking and prodding at her nipple as the other one tightly gripped onto Selen's tail as if beckoning it, begging it, to enter her further. Selen wasted no time, pushing her tail even further into her folds than before. She didn't dare put in too much; that space was reserved for her dick later and she was going to make good use of it. Finana began moaning and squealing as Selen started using her mouth as a plaything, repeatedly smacking her face with her hips.

"Oh, fuck~" Selen whispered, trying not to add on to the noises Finana was already making. If she started letting go, someone in the house would hear. But it felt good; too good. The wings on Selen's head were flapping erratically and her tongue was lolling out of her mouth. "Fucking hell, Finana~ Why are you so good at this?"

Not waiting for Finana think up a joke or cheeky reply, Selen began ratcheting up her pace and the force she used, forcing her member in and out of Finana's mouth like it was little more than a tool for her pleasure. The slickness and the warmth were all new sensations to Selen and it was clear to her now that her mating instincts have been craving this since the beginning. Every fiber of her body wanted her to do things to Finana. She wanted more and more of this feeling. This pleasure.

Another deep and hard thrust, and Finana let out squeals and moans. She was enjoying it. And still, Finana dutifully massaged Selen with her tongue. Selen hunched over slightly, groaning. She could feel a familiar sensation beginning to well up from inside her as she continued thrusting into Finana's mouth. Now that she's climaxed once, Selen was able to recognize what it was. Her body was beginning to want release. She wanted more release.

"Finana, I'm going to cum down your throat. Open up."

It wasn't a question. It wasn't a warning. It was a matter of fact, like Selen was stating a simple truth. Finana loved it. No questions, no frills. Just plain-and-simple. And Finana was never going to say no to that. It only turned her on more. Still moaning into Selen's meat, Finana began trying to actively tighten her throat and her mouth. She wanted the load now. She wanted it faster. She wanted it harder.

She wanted Selen's best. Her roughest. She couldn't imagine wanting anything else right now.

She wanted Selen's load to hit her throat like a bullet.

Selen felt the wave of pleasure slowly swelling up higher and higher from within her. Gasping for air, her tail tightened around Finana's leg and went rigid inside of Finana. She reached out with both hands and slammed her hips into Finana's face, her entire body tensing up. Finana felt the dick inside of her twitching as Selen came. The seed that came out was just as thick as earlier, only Finana could taste and feel it in her mouth now. It splurged into her mouth with enough force to make her wince, striking the back of her throat and filling up her cheeks with white. Selen's load was copious, spilling out of Finana's mouth and onto her body.

The mermaid felt her scales, her breasts, her inner thighs all being coated and covered in Selen's juice. It was hot. It was heavy. Being careful not to let any more spill, Finana raised her hands up to

catch droplets and splashes that were dribbling from her chin. Selen forcibly withdrew herself and the last splashes of her load graced Finana's face.

"Ho...ho my god." Selen took a few steps back and sat back down on the couch, a few small convulsions still rocking her body. Her dick wasn't done cumming, a small fountain still shooting her load into the air before it came to land back down on her. By the end of it, Selen's dick was shiny with her own climax. "That...that was good."

Finana wasn't done, however. She wanted more. She crawled forward on her knees until she was in front of Selen's trembling cock again. She made a show of swallowing the load in her mouth, Selen shuddering excitedly at the sight. Finana opened her mouth to Selen to show her that she'd swallowed it all and then smile, lightly poking Selen's climax-stained member with her finger. "Let me clean up for you~"

Tenderly, Finana began slurping up the remains of Selen's load that had been dripping down the sides of her dick. She descended onto her dick one last time, tongue collecting the fluids, and then swallowed it all before smiling at Selen again. "You good?" she asked.

"Amazing. I thought you've never done this before." Selen cooed, beckoning Finana to come closer. She obliged, clambering back onto Selen and sitting on Selen's lap. The mermaid's ass, still glazed with Selen's first climax, touched Selen's still-jerking dick. The sensation made Finana anticipate the eventual penetration more. She wanted it bad.

Really, really bad.

"I practiced a bit with some of my toys. You know, to prepare. Never have I ever sucked a dick before, Selen. You're my first." Finana leaned in forward until her nose bumped Selen's. She smiled, trying to hide how badly she wanted more. "You're my first kiss, too."

The wings on Selen's head flapped in excitement. Her tail traveled upwards and coiled around Finana's waist, drawing her closer to Selen until the distance between them was a hairsbreadth and trapping their bodies against each other. "You're about to get your second."

Finana licked her lips and opened her mouth invitingly. "Pretty please~"

...what room is this?

Rosemi sat up in bed, confused. She glanced to the side to see Petra, still in her hoodie, sleeping soundly and cuddling a pillow. Looking around, she could tell that the wallpaper and the furniture were still from Selen's house.

"Gosh, did I fall asleep?" Rosemi couldn't help but smile at the sight of the sleeping Petra, mouth curled up into a tiny smile. She reached out and, after a moment's hesitation, poked Petra's cheek with her index finger. "It was because we were playing Mario Kart and stuff. I shouldn't have slept this late."

This was a late-night routine she'd hoped that the other girls never found out about. Though Rosemi had a habit of staying up late thanks to being in Nijisanji, she usually needed to drink lots of water. Her body demanded it and if she didn't drink enough water during the day, it would wake her up at night. It was why she'd made a mental note of where Selen's kitchen was and where the drinking glasses were.

I didn't really get to drink much water today because of everything we were doing. Rosemi thought to herself as she quietly got to her feet. Careful not to wake Petra, Rosemi tiptoed slowly towards

the door. Aware of her own semi-frequent clumsiness, Rosemi did her utmost to make sure she didn't slip on her socks or trip on her own two feet. It's happened before and she didn't want to make that same mistake again.

Reaching the door, Rosemi extended her hand outwards. Small vines began growing out from her forearm, extending towards the doorknob, and silently opening it. To Rosemi, it was a much faster way of accomplishing the task quietly than to rely on her own two hands. Rosemi was afraid of botching the job with her lack of dexterity. The vines pulled on the door and Rosemi quickly slid out of the room. Her vines closed the door behind her and then retracted into her body.

"Okay...time to get a glass of water." Determined not to make a noise or get caught, she began tiptoeing her way through the halls. From what she could tell, the guest room was on the ground floor. The hallway to her right would lead her towards the living room and to the left was the kitchen and dining room. Walking on the balls of her feet, Rosemi quietly entered the kitchen. She spied the cabinet with the drinking glasses right away. She made quick work of walking over to it, grabbing an empty glass, and then pouring herself some water. As she took a sip, she felt incredibly relieved as a cool sensation ran through her body.

Rosemi let out a big sigh of relief and then quickly downed the whole glass of water. She felt her body pleasantly accommodate the water and absorb it quickly, prompting her to pour another glass and drink that quickly as well. She repeated this for another two glasses of water.

Huh. The weird smell from earlier is stronger now. Rosemi, pouring her 5th glass of water, glanced around. She didn't really understand what it was but it was definitely nothing she's ever smelled in her life. Rosemi also didn't know why but she was subconsciously aware of the fact that the smell was not from food or some object. To her, it smelled like it was organic and came from a living creature. She recognized it but at the same time, she had no idea what it was. Curious, Rosemi began looking around the kitchen. She opened the trashcan, looked through the fridge, and began opening cabinets. No dice. *There's no way it's expired food, right?*

Rosemi sniffed the air again. It left her nostrils with a weird tingling sensation. Rosemi was feeling a little scared. She didn't know how to describe it, but her body was reacting to the smell. She didn't understand any of it; all she knew was that the smell was weird and that it was making her feel weird. When she came into the house and caught a whiff of the smell, Rosemi didn't comment on it because she thought it had come from an animal or from some food. Whether it was from Ember or from some raccoon that was eating the trash, Rosemi didn't know. But now, the smell was getting thicker and Rosemi was having a harder time tolerating it.

"What the pluck is that smell?" Rosemi couldn't help but ask the air in the quietest voice possible. Thought she was reluctant to, she sniffed the air again as she began walking around the kitchen. Noticing that the smell was stronger back the way she came, Rosemi began trailing the scent without so much as a peep.

Rosemi held her glass of water close to her chest, hoping that it wasn't a wild animal rummaging through Selen's trash. If it was, Rosemi intended to take care of it for Selen; maybe tie it up with vines and then leave it hanging 'til morning. But she also didn't like the idea of dealing with a raccoon or something that could quickly throw itself at her. Rosemi knew that if it happened, she'd probably wake up the whole house with a scream.

Walking down the hall, Rosemi was getting closer to the source of the smell. She noticed it was more intense in the bathroom to her left, just some meters from the guest bedroom, and poked her head in while hoping to any god that would listen that no one had taken a dump and forgotten to flush. But the bathroom, too, was vacant with no signs of the source.

It seemed like the source of the smell was the living room. As she approached it, the scent did seem to start thickening. *Maybe it's those scented candles Selen was talking about earlier, the ones she got from her mom. I dunno.*

Rosemi began rounding the corner, took one look into the living room, held back a yelp, and quickly retreated. Her back to the wall, Rosemi covered her mouth with one hand. "...I...uh..." Rosemi clutched the glass of water with her other hand like her life depended on not dropping it. Her heartbeat had accelerated past Mach 7. She was drowsy and ready to sleep five seconds ago but now she was wide awake. Now that she was one corner away, Rosemi could now hear sounds from the living room that made her blush a deep scarlet and made the room feel three hundred degrees warmer than it would ever be in December. Unable to process what she had just seen, Rosemi shook her head and blinked hard. "M-maybe I'm just...maybe I'm just seeing things..."

W-was that...was that Selen? And...Finana? Rosemi, wide-eyed, peered around the corner again to verify what she had just seen.

She could see two people naked on the couch, one seated on top of the other. Muffled moans and groans came from their direction. The person on top was raising and slamming her hips up and down onto the person underneath. Rosemi could see everything going on: someone entering and exiting the other person. Judging by their hair colors and the physical traits she could identify despite the post-midnight moonlight, Rosemi could only conclude that the two people were Selen and Finana. They were so preoccupied and lost in each other's bodies that neither of them had the faintest idea Rosemi was a few meters away.

Wh-what are they d-doing? Are they...? Rosemi was curious, concerned, confused, and mildly horrified all at the same time. *Are they...freaking it? And wait, hang on! Was that a peepee?*

Bewildered all the more by her belated realization, Rosemi glanced back again at the scene in the living room. *Yeah! That is Selen! So...wait, Selen has a...a thing? Like a guy's thing? Has she had one all this time? And also...they're like that?*

Having never seen anything like this before, Rosemi couldn't help but stare. Transfixed by Finana's hip movements and Selen's rough, desperate thrusting inside of the mermaid; the two of them locking lips and exchanging passionate moans into each other's mouths. Rosemi's eyes had adjusted better to the dark over time so she was able to see everything more clearly. Now she knew what the source of the smell was and she was beginning to wish that she hadn't gone to investigate it.

...they look like they feel really good.

Rosemi didn't know too much about sex. She'd never really gone out of her way to seek out resources about it, she didn't participate in conversations about it all that much, and she'd never done anything sexual to anyone else or herself in her life. She had vague ideas about it and she did know about some basic human anatomy things, the result of her time with Nijisanji. But this was her first time having been exposed to this process up close.

To Rosemi, for some reason, she couldn't really tear her eyes away from it.

I wonder if it really does feel that good.

"Finana, I'm going to cum. Tell me where you want it."

Another command, spoken in the sexy low growl that set Finana's brain aflame. The mermaid was

struggling to form a coherent response. All she knew was that the voice in her ears was telling her to do something and that Finana would do whatever that voice told her. “P-please, Selen. Do it-aagh~” Another incredibly rough, vigorous thrust from Selen made Finana falter mid-sentence. “Ah~ Nn~ Please, Selen! I’m safe so just give it to me~!”

“Keep your voice down or they’ll hear you.” Selen whispered before smothering Finana’s mouth with her own. Finana was not allowed to scream, moan, or yelp aloud unless she was connected at the tongue with the dragon dominating her. She didn’t complain one bit.

Selen growled into Finana’s mouth, unable to repress a smile. Her draconic instincts were happy with what she was doing. One hand wrapped around Finana’s waist kept her in place as she pistoned relentlessly into Finana who was on top of her, losing her ability to think. The other hand was tightly wound around Finana’s hair, keeping her head locked in place as Selen didn’t let Finana taste anything else other than her tongue.

Feeling another climax coming on, Selen felt Finana’s inner walls tighten around her cock as if begging for it to be released inside. Happy to oblige, Selen grunted and pushed her dick into Finana’s insides as far as it would go. Her entire body twitched and shook as her ejaculation flooded Finana like a tsunami. Finana, too, began shaking uncontrollably as she dug her nails into Selen’s bare back while her own climax hit hard. Selen felt Finana’s lower half squeezing her dick and milking it for all it was worth until she felt their mixed love juices dripping out and slowly dropping onto her legs.

They maintained the kiss despite that. Finana was now much more passive than earlier, allowing Selen to invade every hole in any way she wanted instead of fighting back. Selen’s inner half-dragon seemed to appreciate the dominance she’d established but a part of her was concerned that the mermaid seemed so spent. Breaking off their kiss, Selen tapped Finana on the forehead. “Finana? Are you okay?”

Finana nodded in response. “I...I’m fine.” She seemed more tired compared to earlier. “I...hah...I didn’t expect my first time to be so rough.”

Selen felt a pang of guilt. She began stroking Finana’s head tenderly, now concerned that she may have hurt her. “I’m sorry, I should’ve been gentler. We can stop.”

Despite her apparent fatigue, Finana shot Selen a smile. “...that’s okay. We can stop when you’re done using me, Selen~ Don’t worry, I can take it.”

Lustful feelings rose up again inside Selen but she fought them down for a moment. Now that Selen’s had the opportunity to satisfy her urges multiple times tonight, controlling the urges was much easier than before. She looked into Finana’s eyes and brushed aside the hair on her forehead.

“...don’t worry, Selen. I know you wanna do it again.” Finana giggled and kissed Selen cutely on the lips. “Come on. You’re not done yet, right? One more round, season 2?”

At that, Selen nodded and shifted their positions, pushing Finana down onto the couch and got on top of her. Finana felt her entire face turn cherry red when she realized she was getting topped hard. Selen giggled at the look on her face, their lips barely touching while Selen pinned the mermaid’s hands above her head. To Finana’s surprise, however, Selen moved in for a gentle kiss this time. Unopposed to it, Finana pushed back with the energy she could muster and the two of them exhaled deeply.

With the other hand, Selen parted Finana’s legs while she adjusted her own positioning to probe Finana’s entrance. Looking down at Finana’s pussy, Selen saw the mixture of their secretions and

Finana's blood. Selen's tail coiled around one of Finana's legs, the tip resting right above the clitoris. Prodding it once made Finana bite back a high-pitched whine of pleasure, something that Selen had grown to love hearing tonight. Selen began rubbing her dick against Finana's outer entrance, enjoying the stimulation she was giving and getting.

"S-Selen..." Still reeling from her previous orgasm, Finana held her breath at every touch of Selen's erection. "...d-don't tease."

Selen whispered. "Do you want it?"

Finana let out a seductive whimper. "I want it bad. I want it again~ Do me again, Selen~"

This girl is dangerous. Selen thought to herself. *If I don't limit myself around her, I'm going to end up fucking her until noon.*

Selen slowly allowed herself to enter Finana, who let out a slow moan of approval the deeper she got. Selen let the penetration happen smoothly and slowly, sinking into Finana's garden with more care and caution than earlier. As Selen bottomed out and hit the furthest wall inside, Finana let out a sharp gasp. Recognizing it as the sign that Finana was about to make a loud noise, Selen stifled it with her lips again. They remained locked like that for a few minutes, Selen not thrusting at all while they enjoyed each other's mouths. Selen released Finana's hands and used them to support her body weight while they continued making out. Finana, in turn, took this opportunity to wrap her arms and hands around Selen's head to pull her in closer.

After minutes of kissing, Finana pushed Selen's face off hers to look at her expectantly. "You really like kissing, don't you?"

"I do, but I'm making sure you don't accidentally wake anyone up." Selen nipped at Finana's nose.

"Is that an excuse?"

The cheeky response earned a sudden hip thrust from Selen, to which Finana indeed yelped. She managed to keep the volume down but it was still quite loud. Selen giggled smugly. "You think I don't know you by now, Finana?"

Finana's smile faded, replaced by something other. The face of a tired temptress. "...yeah, you do. Come on. I'm okay now...so start moving."

Selen obliged, slowly beginning to move in and out of Finana again. Even though Finana did her best to keep her voice down, she still let moans and yelps out that were pleasing to Selen's ears. Now that Selen had embraced the sex she was indulging in, her only regret about dicking her down at this moment was that she couldn't make Finana scream louder.

Maybe another day, Selen would invite her over and fuck her so hard the neighborhood will file a noise complaint.

"Mmgh~" Finana's fingers began to clench into Selen's skin as the dragon began to slowly but surely thrust faster and faster. They'd only just begun but Finana had already willingly wrapped her legs around Selen's lower body. Noticing this, Selen added a little more force and speed with every thrust she gave.

Each wet slap, every moist noise, grew louder with every motion. Finana's back began to arch. The mixture of leftover saliva from their kiss was still dribbling down the side of Finana's mouth, the sight of which only turned Selen on more. But she didn't kiss Finana this time. She wanted to hear Finana struggle to hold back her moans and screams. Watching it was incomparably adorable.

“Nnah~ Ahn~” Finana bit her lip as she struggled to modulate her volume. With every thrust, she could feel Selen’s dick digging her out and forcing her insides to expand to accommodate it. It was too good. Selen felt too good. Finana fought back another scream as Selen suddenly slammed into her, and then fought back a groan as Selen’s tail poked and played with her clit again.

Selen slowly lowered her body until it was hanging an inch above Finana’s. Selen kissed the side of her face before whispering in her ear. “Hang on tight.”

It was her only warning before Selen started railing Finana with all the strength she could muster. Finana let out a single scream that was a bit too loud for Selen’s but at this point, Selen decided that one scream could go unpunished.

“F-fuck~!” Finana cursed under her breath, digging her nails into Selen’s skin until it hurt. In response, Selen opened her mouth and bit down onto Finana’s neck. With all of the sensations and the intensity of them all, the sharp pain that raced through Finana’s body was only a momentary distraction from the bliss that followed every thrust that Selen gave her. Selen pounded away as Finana let out whimpers and high-pitched squeals, the only noises she could make without letting her volume go crazy. “Please, Selen. Cum in me again~! I need it~! I want it~! I-I’m gonna-nnagh~!”

Selen growled, the instinct to breed growing stronger when she heard Finana’s begging. Selen bit down on Finana again, marking her with her fangs and licked those marks tenderly while slamming her dick into her insides harder and harder. When she felt Finana’s inner walls tense and clench tightly like a fist, Selen felt her own climax beginning to approach. Selen thrust three more times, making sure that these last three had all her remaining strength in them.

Once. The force of which made Finana bit her lip, the only way she could keep herself from screaming.

Twice. The second thrust made Finana, who had just climaxed and was still riding the pleasure high, tighten the grip her legs had around Selen’s pelvis.

The third and last thrust, Selen forcefully invaded Finana’s mouth again as she released her seed inside again. Finana exhaled into Selen, tiredly but blissfully. Selen’s final climax for the night was just as copious as her first, filling up the mermaid from inside until it began spilling over. But this time, Selen refused to take it out. She pumped Finana until she was dripping.

Finally, there was silence. It was accompanied by a feeling of relief and bliss. Selen finally understood what guys meant when they talked about post-nut afterglow. Selen felt her entire body relax and she slumped backwards. Her now-limp dick easily left Finana, whose lower lips were still glazed white and twitching from the consecutive orgasms of the night. Finana seemed to be unconscious. If she was still awake, she was on the brink of passing out.

“Finana?” Selen asked in a tired voice, inching forward and reaching out to gently stroke the side of the mermaid’s cheek. “You okay?”

“...that was incredible.”

Selen just chuckled at the mermaid’s tired response. “Come on. You need to clean up and I need to figure out how to clean this mess up so that no one finds out what we just did.”

Finana nodded weakly. “Okay, sure.” She tottered to her feet, kissed Selen on the cheek, and then wandered off out of sight. Selen stared after her, unsure of how to react. At the very least, Selen no longer stopped herself from admitting that it was cute enough to make a heart stop beating.

“...jeez, I guess there’s no going back now after what just happened.” Selen muttered to herself, picking up the sex-stained pillows and the sex-stained couch covers. They reeked of lusty juice. In fact, Selen was unsure if a smell this strong meant that she had to throw it away. “I hope mom’s spellbook’s got something I can use to get rid of this smell...and speaking of smell, I need to shower after Finana.”

As Selen walked around the living room, she noticed a few stray red rose petals on the ground. Next to it, a puddle of water. She tilted her head, confused.

Were those always there? I swore I cleaned those up earlier. Guess I missed some.

Selen shrugged and continued to clean up the living room, muttering to herself all the while and not paying the flower petals any heed.

Later that morning...

“So, you guys are taking off?” Selen asked with a grin.

Everyone was standing in the doorway. Selen had made breakfast for everyone, despite their insistence that she should just relax that morning, and then everyone had cleaned up & packed their things. It was already nearing ten in the morning, and it seemed like everyone had plans elsewhere.

“Yeah.” Pomu nodded, adjusting the strap of her bag. “Finana’s still inside getting her things ready, so we’ll wait for her outside.”

Petra nodded as well. “Reimu said that she wanted to have lunch today, so I’ll see you guys later on Discord. Happy birthday again, Selen! Be sure to finish the cake, okay? I don’t care how many pounds you gain, you gotta finish it!”

Rosemi also laughed. She did her best to act normal, but she had difficulty making eye contact with Selen. Or standing next to her. After what she saw last night, Rosemi was too conscious of everything she did. “H-happy birthday, Selen! Be sure to free up some time, okay? My mom also wanted to send you a birthday gift!”

Selen laughed, patting Rosemi on the shoulder and not noticing that the rose-girl flinched at the touch. “Yeah, don’t worry, I gotchu! Give my regards to your mom, too!”

As the others began to leave through the front door, Selen noticed that Elira was eyeing her instead of leaving along with the others. Selen took it as a sign that Elira wanted to say something outside the earshot of the others. They said nothing until Pomu had closed the door behind her.

“I saw the hickeys.”

Not expecting it, Selen coughed and cleared her throat. “Uhm...uh...what are you talking about, Elira?”

Elira returned it with a laugh. “It’s fine, it’s technically none of my business. I just couldn’t help but notice because you marked her. We were just changing clothes and I saw it, so I realized, y’know?”

Selen tilted her head. “Marked?”

“Yeah,” Elira nodded. “When dragons mate, they usually mark their territory. It’s kind of an instinct type of thing? It sorta happens without you meaning to. You marked Finana and it’s pretty

visible since you put it on her neck. So, if any other dragons see her, they'll recognize her as someone who's been taken by a dragon already."

Selen remembered the bites she left on Finana and decided to stop pretending. "Oh, so that's why I- wait, I don't know if I wanna talk about this with you. Also, I don't know if I should apologize for doing that with Finana since she's your friend but-"

"Again, it's fine." Elira just laughed again, amused at Selen's embarrassed reaction. "You were in pretty bad shape so I'm just glad you're better now. Just...don't overdo it, okay? The others may not have noticed but Finana smells like you now. Like, a lot. Looks to me like you did go kinda crazy last night, y'know what I'm saying?" Elira teased, nudging her elbow into Selen's side.

The purple dragon's cheeks reddened. "Yeah, can we not talk about that?"

Elira just laughed and nodded. "Yeah, that's all from me. Remember to talk to me if you need any help, Selen. I know we don't spend that much time together, but we are sisters. Don't be afraid to rely on me." Elira patted her sister on the shoulder, smiled gently, and left through the front door.

When the door closed, Selen allowed all the tension out through her mouth in the form of the biggest sigh she's ever exhaled. She leaned on the wall as the weight of everything that's happened hit her a few hours late. "...man, I'm tired." Selen muttered to herself, stifling a yawn.

"Selen~!" Finana called out from behind. Selen turned around to see Finana walking over to the doorway, bags and clothes in tow. "Gonna head out now~"

"S-sure." Selen nodded. "You good? Got all your things?"

"Mhm." Finana smiled brightly. She glanced down at Selen's pants and then looked back up at her. "Feeling better?"

Even though her smile didn't seem to change at all, Selen swore that Finana looked a tad more smug than she did a second ago. Selen took a moment to process what Finana was implying and then nodded her head. "Yeah. Thanks again."

Finana just giggled and hugged Selen, squeezing her tight and burying her face into Selen's chest. "No problem, Selen. As long as I could help."

As Finana walked towards the front door, she turned back to Selen with a different smile. She raised her hand and stuck her tongue out in between her index and middle fingers, winking at Selen. "Let me know if you ever need more help, mkay~?"

Selen's tongue got caught in her throat. Finana, seeing the look on Selen's face, just giggled and closed the door behind her. Selen slumped to the floor and scratched her head.

"...I need a nap."

Chapter End Notes

As a big OceanLaw shipper, I'm proud to have reached the end of the OceanLaw arc! That doesn't necessarily mean that there won't be OceanLaw anymore in the succeeding chapters but with a new arc comes an attention shift. I wonder who the spotlight will shine on next?

Thanks for reading! I hope you stick around for the next arc!

Blooming

Chapter Summary

It's been a few months since Selen's birthday and Rosemi can't get what she saw out of her head. Having caught a glimpse of her true nature, Rosemi struggles to sate her urges and resolve her feelings.

Chapter Notes

Hi guys, sorry this one took a bit of a while! I got COVID and I also have to study for stuff. So yeah. Thanks for tuning in to my return to writing through this story, guys! I have a habit of not putting out something until I feel satisfied with wordcount and quality so I might keep you guys on your toes a bit lmao. It makes me very happy whenever someone leaves comments on the fic! Hope you stick around for the next ones!

Selen liked living alone. Not particularly because she liked being by her lonesome but because it was mostly the life she knew. Back home, it wasn't like her family was particularly close all the time, anyway. Elira was an introverted older sister that did much for her but usually chose to spend her time recharging and doing things on her own while mother was always busy with something. Selen never really questioned it at that point, choosing to spend her time her own way and cherishing the moments she got to spend with her father and with Elira. She loved her own mother a lot but if there was ever a valid criticism for her, it would be that you could count the minutes she spent in a year being a loving mother on two human hands.

It was for this reason that Selen had also developed her own introverted tendencies. After all, she did take after Elira in this way.

But a big house gets lonely after a while. Selen had felt that way merely a few weeks after landing on Earth and settling into this house she called home. No one else lived here. Friends sometimes visited. But for the most part, Selen lived a solitary life. The house was usually quiet, Ember her only companion. Selen didn't feel the need to socialize much with the neighbors, either.

That was why it was weird for her, even after half a year, to hear noises coming from inside the house that were clearly being made by someone else.

The faint hiss of water hitting the floor; the shower from the bathroom downstairs could be heard. As the shower was turned off, Selen could also hear the distant footsteps of someone walking towards her room. Light footsteps, dainty like raindrops. Selen turned away from her computer monitor, extending her tail out to the door and wrapping it around the doorknob. She pulled the door open for the coming guest.

"I'll just borrow a sweater again, m'kay? I'll return it to you, don't worry." Finana, nothing but a towel draped over her body and another smaller one perched on the top of her head, walked through the door with her ear-fins still dripping slightly. Her skin was slightly red from the warm

shower water and the mermaid let out a pleased high-pitched squeal as she stepped into the room, basking in the cold air-conditioning. She skipped over to Selen's closet and opened the door, not waiting for an answer. She already knew that Selen would say yes.

Selen sighed, closing the bedroom door with her tail before returning to her work. She continued typing out on the Word document she was working on, her keyboard clickity-clacking away. "You might as well keep some of them, at this point. Finana. You never returned two of them so just keep them, already. They practically belong to you at this point."

Finana giggled sheepishly, quickly slipping into a sweater and putting on some shorts. She began folding the towels she'd just been wearing and piled them in a corner. "Sorry, hehe."

Selen rolled her eyes and laughed, resting her chin onto her hand, and leaning to one side while looking at the screen. "It's fine, I don't really mind. I've got a lot of 'em, anyway."

"Maybe you should consider getting actual loungewear, then." Finana remarked snidely as she laid down on Selen's bed. Grabbing one of Selen's pillows and hugging it, Finana propped herself onto her belly and rested her chin onto the pillow. She reached into her bag, which was nestled against the side of the bed with the zipper open for convenience's sake, and pulled out a full-sized unopened cheese-flavored Pringles can. "I saw some nice stuff at Uniqlo the last time I went. We could totally go shopping, y'know~"

Selen's head wings flapped in the air once at the thought. "Maybe sometime. Or I could just go and check out what they've got tomorrow myself, too."

At that, Finana's eyes lit up excitedly. "Oh yeah, I forgot! You're going out tomorrow! What are you guys gonna do?"

Selen glanced back at Finana who was stroking Ember's head tenderly. The small pet dragon purred pleasantly, eyes closed as he was on the verge of falling asleep. He curled up, tail slightly wagging and making a soft thumping sound as it repetitively struck the mattress. Selen hadn't really been paying attention to Finana earlier to give her privacy but now that she was looking, Selen noticed that the mermaid was wearing a dark blue camisole underneath the sweater she'd nicked from the closet. Next to Finana were a few of Selen's plushies, scattered around the bed. The bedsheets were crumpled and in disarray from Finana having rolled around and shifted position endlessly throughout the day. In front of Finana was her laptop while the can of Pringles lay open on its side, dangerously close to spilling out its contents onto the mattress. Finana met eyes with Selen, one potato chip in between her fingers, either oblivious or uncaring to the warnings Selen had already given her countless times against eating on her bed.

"Rosemi, Petra, and I were going to go shopping for ingredients that we could use for our next cooking streams. Basically, an Obsydia off-collab. But you know, without streaming it." Selen decided to ignore the Pringles. It wasn't like telling her off again about them would change anything. Selen spun on her chair and then began creeping forward, rolling along the floor, until she was next to the edge of the bed. "I think the last cooking stream I did for the Dragoons had pretty good reception so I was thinking about what kind of ideas I could come up with for the next one. There's also a good chance that we might practice cooking together, I think. But that part's still, like, a 50/50."

Finana reached out with her hand holding a Pringles chip, offering it to Selen who leaned down and bit it out of Finana's hand. Finana smiled, since she found it cute, and then reached for her own chip to eat. "Sounds like it'll be fun! I hope that you guys have a good time, then. Oh hey, can I also ask you to buy me stuff while you're there?"

“You could always just come with us, you know?” Selen crossed her legs on her chair, rocking forward and back. “It’s not like it just needs to be Obsydia.”

Finana let out a deep sigh, her head sagging in defeat while she loudly crunched a potato chip in between her teeth. “I wish I could, honestly, but I’m busy tomorrow. Lots of streams and collabs for the rest of the week. That’s why I wanted to come here and hang out with you before all of that really hits, y’know?”

Seeing Finana’s tired expression and sagging head made Selen want to comfort her somewhat. Selen reached out with her draconic hand and patted Finana’s head, taking care not to put in too much force by accident. “Even if we’re not doing anything? We’re kinda just existing in the same room together.”

“Yeah. I like just being like this. We don’t have to be doing anything, honestly.” Finana nuzzled into Selen’s hand in response, letting out a sleepy groan of satisfaction as she did so. She looked at the half-dragon girl and winked mischievously, pulling the collar of the sweater open with her finger to reveal the hickeys and bite marks that were still on her neck, both recent and old. “Unless you want to be doing something~?”

Selen lightly chopped Finana’s head with her hand and leaned back into her chair. “Ugh, gimme a break, Finana. Your mating season just ended, like, a couple of days ago. I’m still tired from all of that.”

“Doesn’t mean we don’t have to do anything outside of those seasons, you know~ But of course, only if you want to. Just letting you know I’m open to the idea.” Finana stuck her tongue out at Selen and returned her attention to her laptop. She laid down on her belly and just laid there, eyes fixed on the screen with her legs gently kicking the air in reciprocal motion while the Netflix logo booted up with its trademark sound.

With Finana lying down the way she was, Selen couldn’t help but eye the plainly visible mark that she’d left on Finana with her teeth all those months ago. As if sensing her gaze, Selen could almost feel the mark that Finana had given her throb at the sight.

Hard to believe it’s already been almost a year since then. Selen placed a hand over Finana’s mark on her shoulder, feeling the contours of the scar tissue underneath the fabric of her sweater. Selen had marked Finana last year, and Finana had kindly given Selen a hickey around Christmastime that seemed to be the Ryugu equivalent. The sight of the mark stimulated thoughts in Selen’s head; she thought to herself about how many times she’s tasted that flesh and enjoyed its embrace, and while the thought of it made her cheeks feel flush, Selen couldn’t help but also be confused.

Why won’t it go away? Selen glanced down at her own lower half. *My dick hasn’t disappeared since then. And mom still hasn’t really given me an explanation for why that’s the case. Shouldn’t it have gone away already? I don’t exactly wanna be stuck like this forever. I mean, being able to piss while standing up is kinda convenient but...*

“What are you thinking about?” Selen snapped out of her thoughts to see Finana, who’d paused her show and was staring at Selen intently. Noticing Selen’s downward gaze, the mermaid grew a smug grin. “Change your mind already?”

“No, it’s not that,” Selen sighed, resisting the urge to finger-flick Finana’s forehead with her claws. Selen leaned back into her chair; her eyes followed the patterns of the wall, trailing them until her gaze lazily drifted along the ceiling. Selen’s tail dragged along the floor absentmindedly. “I was just wondering, y’know...when will this damn dick go away for good? Having one for all these months has been an experience but I’m ready to give it up for having a vagina again, to be real with

you. I thought it would go away after satisfying my sex drive that one time, but it hasn't vanished, and I don't know what to do now about it."

Finana reached for another Pringle, lips pursed in thought. "Did your mom say anything about it? She'd be the one to know, right?"

"Everything I know is from the one time we talked last year. She's gone completely silent since then. Hasn't responded to any of my messages." Selen resisted the urge to cuss her mom out. She was afraid the act of doing so might summon bad juju. "I've kinda been living life like this for a while now but I don't really know what else to do about it, really. I mean...I guess I've adjusted."

Finana shrugged. "Well, it is tiring to worry about something you can't really control. It's not like worrying about it will change anything, right? I get that you're worried about it but worrying isn't going to make the dong go away. You're just stressing yourself out, probably."

"Don't talk about it like it doesn't concern you. You're enjoying this, aren't you?" Selen snarled playfully, poking her finger into Finana's temple who whined in response. Upon eye contact, they just giggled at each other and Selen withdrew her hand. "Well, I guess you're not wrong about the energy part. Maybe I should just accept that my body evolved this way and just move on with my life. Accept that I'm a chick with a dick now, I guess."

To that, the mermaid nodded and patted the space on the bed beside her. "See? That's what I'm talking about! Now get over here so that we can watch together. You're done with work and shiz, right? We can watch together!"

Selen glanced back at the computer monitors behind her, eyeing her schedule and the multiple word documents she had been working on since earlier. Though she didn't do it all the time, Selen found it helpful to write or type her thoughts out in front of her so that she could see it and adjust anything she'd thought of. Selen looked back again at the smiling Finana and felt defeat. She let out a big exhale and stood up. Selen walked over to the computer with open programs, tabs, music still playing in the background, and swiftly closed everything one by one. This took all of fifteen seconds before she hit the big red **Shut Down** button on the bottom left of her computer and let the screens fade to black.

Seeing this, Finana scooted to the side and excitedly patted the mattress next to her, placing the Pringles on the opposite side so that it would be in between her and Selen. Selen gently sat onto the bed, being careful not to make the Pringles in between the two of them spill out and make a mess. Ember, noticing the sudden change in the mattress underneath, quickly jumped off the bed and curled up at one of the feet. Selen managed to lie prone, propping herself onto her elbows since it was uncomfortable for Selen to put body weight onto her upper torso. Finana yelped in surprise when she felt Selen's tail snaking onto the bed and lying across her legs before the tip coiled up like a snake.

"Sorry, this bed isn't meant for two people, remember?" Selen gobbled up a potato chip, making sure no crumbs fell out. "Move over, Finana."

"Yeah, I know. I'm used to it already." Finana inched closer. Finana's entire right side made contact with Selen's left side. Right as they touched, Finana felt a shiver run through her system. The stark difference in their body temperatures was a sore reminder to Finana that there was an unspoken reason Selen wore sweaters frequently; as a half-dragon, Selen's skin and scales conducted extreme temperature more easily than other people. To Finana, Selen was very cold to the touch right now. It was like Selen had just been fished out of a walk-in freezer. Finana felt a twang of guilt upon remembering that she'd asked Selen if she make the room colder and that she'd been wearing a sweater the whole time so Finana would never have felt cold at all.

Selen reached out and began scrolling through Finana's Netflix picks, deciding to save any comments on Finana's *Currently Watching* for another time and instead choosing to scroll through the list of things to watch. As she flipped through the thumbnails and the lists, Finana placed a hand onto Selen's forearm and slowly explored the cold skin with her hands. Selen didn't mind nor did she ask, although she was puzzled as to why the mermaid was doing what she was doing in the first place.

There was no way Selen wasn't uncomfortable with how cold to the touch she was. Her body was so cold it felt like it was a few degrees away from attracting moisture. Finana sighed and stuck closer to Selen instead, as if trying to drain the cold from her body.

"What part of 'move over' didn't you get? I can hardly move my arm, Finana." Selen decided to ignore Finana touching her forearm, continuing to browse the catalog of shows on the laptop. She clicked and swiped, unsure of how to react to Finana right now.

"Selen. We talked about you not telling me things. You should've told me if you were cold. You're freezing." Finana said, her cheeks puffing in a slight pout as she took Selen's draconic hand in both of hers and squeezed her fingers.

Selen shrugged. "It's fine, Finana. I'm not cold," Selen said.

It was a lie and they both knew it. Selen just wanted to let Finana enjoy herself while she was here in the room with her, and Selen knew how much Finana adored air-conditioning. Selen had already gotten used to colder temperatures after a few months of spending days off with Finana, though it was true that cold temperatures came with side effects for the half-dragon. A room too cold tends to make Selen sleepy and lethargic, which usually made it hard to be productive or game intensely.

Selen, feeling the pressure of Finana staring at her wordlessly from the side, sighed and scratched her hair. "Look, it's been a while since you came here and I just wanted to let you enjoy yourself, alright?"

Finana let out an exasperated sigh and stared flatly at Selen. "Enough of that. I'm sorry, so just put on a sweater or something while I turn down the thermo--"

The mermaid yelped as she felt the sensation of cool skin sliding on her own skin behind her, and she realized that Selen's tail was coiling around her waist and lower body like a small and lazy boa constrictor. The tail gently wrapped around Finana once, twice, and then thrice before it began gently pulling Finana closer into Selen's body. Selen raised her left arm and let it drape around Finana's shoulders, pulling her in further until they were snug.

Finana looked up at Selen, who refused to make eye contact with her and acknowledge what she had just done. But she could see the hue of a blush coloring Selen's cheeks. Selen's trying-to-keep-it-cool expression and wordlessly browsing Netflix seemed to be saying "*Just take the hint already.*" Seeing it up close was the serotonin boost Finana had been looking for all week. The mermaid smiled from ear-to-ear and leaned her head onto Selen's neck, closing her eyes.

Oh. Finana thought to herself. It felt like her inner monologue was blushing as much as her cheeks were. *I guess...we can just warm up like this instead. Was this planned? Was I got?*

Selen was still trying to find a show to watch while Finana clung onto her. It was a slow and inefficient process since she was only able use one hand since the other was wrapped around Finana. In this moment, though, Selen didn't mind being slow. It gave her an excuse to prolong the cuddle Finana was giving her. Selen felt warm; she felt the blood rushing to her own cheeks, the heat of Finana's soft body against hers, the fuzzy and soft sensation of Finana's hair against her

chin, the intense yet somehow slow beating of her own heart, and the warmth blooming from within her own chest. It was an assault of the senses, one that Selen had grown used to and couldn't get enough of.

They'd shared moments like this over the past few months. Moments away from all the chaos and the work they normally had to deal with that felt just right. Sometimes, they'd just hold hands while watching a show or lean on each other while working. Acts of affection and intimacy beyond the sex. Selen still wasn't totally used to it. After all, Finana was the opposite of her own family: overly physically affectionate and never afraid to initiate conversations about things Selen would not hesitate to dodge. But at the same time, Finana was always patient and listened to Selen. It made Selen want to keep trying. In these kinds of moments with her, the world felt right. The warmth felt like it belonged. In Selen's mind, being born into this world felt right if it meant that it would lead to embraces like this.

I love the way things are now. Well, I don't think I'll ever tell her that. Selen thought to herself. Though it was a little too embarrassing to say out loud, it was how Selen felt.

"Is there...uh...anything you wanted to watch in particular?" Selen asked in a soft voice. She didn't want to ruin the atmosphere.

Finana's response was to tilt her neck upwards, softly kiss the side of Selen's face, retreat a few centimeters, and then giggle before leaning back into Selen's neck. "Anything you want, Selen. Just pick whatever you like. Maybe show me something I haven't watched before?"

The purple-haired half-dragon knew that her cheeks were a darker red. Finana's kiss lingered on her skin, imprinted on her brain like it had been drawn with a permanent marker. With the lights as dim as they were, Selen was glad that her blush was not plainly visible. She knew that the tips of her ears were probably glowing pink, and she had no desire to run to the nearest mirror to check.

"Uh...oh, Madoka's on here. Totally forgot." The cursor lingered over the cutesy font that read ***Puella Magi Madoka Magica***. Selen glanced at Finana. "You watched it already, right?"

"I think so...but it was a long time ago, so I basically don't remember anything," Finana replied. "I did mean to check it out since I knew it was one of your favorites, so..."

Selen smiled and tapped on it. "We can watch this then."

Immediately as the screen changed color, Selen immediately made herself comfortable and leaned her head against Finana's.

She knew that she was going to fall asleep eventually in this position and Finana was going to do the same. Selen knew that her arm was going to hurt like hell in the morning tomorrow from this sleeping posture. She was going to get a hell of a cramp thirty minutes into the first episode and then hold back a string of curses while pretending like nothing was wrong to Finana's face.

Selen knew that they'd probably lose interest at some point and that she'd probably fall to the temptation to kiss the mermaid in her arms; she already knew that they'd doze off a few episodes in, foreheads together and noses barely touching just like how they slept in together last weekend. She also knew that they were going to wake up, bump into each other's heads, and the first thing to chase away the drowsiness would be a sharp pain to the cranium. Then they would look at each other and laugh again while wiping the sleep out of their eyes.

It was the new normal whenever Finana stayed over.

Selen didn't mind. She knew that Finana didn't mind either.

Truth be told, Selen didn't mind waking up like that every morning.

The lights of the room were dim, most of them shut off entirely. The greatest source of light was the bright moonlight shining through the windows. A gentle voice cut through the darkness, confused and frightened. "Mom, is there really nothing I can do? I'm so...what am I supposed to do? I...I don't know what to do..."

"I still don't understand what you're so worked up about, darling. But I'm sorry about keeping the truth from you all this time. I just...never thought that you'd ever need to know."

Rosemi sat on her bed, curled up with her back to the wall and her legs curled against her chest. Her shoulders rose and fell with the deep breaths that she was taking. Even in the dimmest light, Rosemi's cheeks were stained with crimson. The air in the room was heavier, small particles of energy drifting about and accompanied by pollen. Sweat dripped from her brow, a few drops falling from her sideburns. Her orange and yellow pajamas were similarly damp from the sweat. Next to Rosemi was her smartphone, the static image of her mother's face on the screen. Her mother's voice was a little hollow and tinny but loud enough to fill the room since the phone was in loudspeaker mode.

"What do you mean, then, mom?" Rosemi's voice was tiny and muffled since she was hugging her thighs to her face. It was close to being a whisper, though a bit louder. "I've been feeling so...so, so, so super weird all the time! And the feeling won't go away...what does that have to do with what I am?"

"Like I said, honey, you're an Alraune. You were never just a flower, or a rose given human form, dear. You got it from me." Rosemi's mother's voice sounded regretful and sincere. Given that she usually wasn't so expressive, Rosemi didn't know how to feel about it. "Think of Alraunes as...flower demons, darling."

Rosemi allowed a vine to extend from her skin. She looked at it, the dim moonlight reflecting off the shiny ebony thorns. Suddenly, her own vines seemed more sinister and scarier than before. Rosemi didn't like it one bit. "...flower demons? You're telling me...I've been a demon all this time?"

"As my child, you are also an Alraune. So...yes. There aren't many in the world left. We're a rarer breed of demon compared to some of the others." Rosemi's mother sighed despondently into the microphone when she said that. "The reason I'm telling you this is that Alraunes were initially created a long ago as, uh...how do you say...well, we're cousins with Succubi and Incubi."

"Mom, you don't have to mince words with me anymore." Rosemi inhaled a sharp breath, hugging her legs together tighter. In between her legs, she could feel her lower lips pulsing and throbbing. Even slight friction against her unmentionables was stimulating enough to make Rosemi want more. "I thought I was sick at the start. Maybe it was like a fever or a flu or somethin', y'know? So I tried doing research and checking my symptoms a few months ago but nothing added up. And...well..." Rosemi's blush only grew darker at the memories seeping in. "...eventually, I had to touch myself to get rid of the feelings at first. And after that, I ended up doing more research. So...don't try to hide it from me, mom. I get it. You're saying that I'm...a sexual demon?"

Silence passed for a few moments. Rosemi glanced at the phone screen to make sure there was no disruption in their connection. The pause continued for a few seconds longer before her mother spoke again. "In short, yes. We Alraunes have a sexual nature embedded in our subconscious. You

were...the exception to the rule when you were younger. Your father was insistent that you should be raised without exposing you to your natural Alraune instincts. I thought that trying to accomplish that would be futile but since he argued for it so much, I agreed. Young Alraunes often take an interest in the opposite sex and do things with them very early on, but you were not like that.”

Rosemi didn't know how to respond to that so she just kept quiet. A wave of tingling took her body, lightning stroking her spine, and Rosemi inhaled again. She closed her eyes to focus on blocking it out. But it did little to quell the feelings she was experiencing.

Her mother continued speaking. “You were a very rare exception to the rule because, for the longest time, your inner Alraune nature didn't awaken all this time. Even though I could tell you had control over your powers and could use them well despite being ignorant of your nature as a demon, you never showed any signs of being sexually or romantically interested in anyone. That's a once-in-a-millennium kind of thing for Alraunes.”

“...so, what is this thing I'm feeling, mom?” Rosemi held her voice back, trying to suppress a groan. “Am I sick? I've never felt this before.”

“...you must have been exposed to a great deal of sexual energy recently.” Rosemi's mother remarked, her curiosity piqued. “Something awoke your Alraune instincts and nature. Whether it was something you witnessed or even just exposure to someone else's sexual energies, the Alraune instincts and aspects of you are beginning to awaken. What you're going through right now sounds like the result of many repressed pollination seasons building up to...well, you can already tell, right?”

“P-pollination season? What, like flowers and bees?” Even without her mother putting it into words, Rosemi knew what she was talking about. Rosemi could feel heat and intense wanting like a furnace from inside her body. Rosemi's thoughts were occupied by lustful thoughts. She'd been like this since February and with every passing month, her own desires only seemed to grow stronger. She could guess what pollination meant. “It's a season? A-are you saying that Alraunes have to deal with this a lot?”

“Yes, quite frequently. We're sexually inclined demons by nature so pollination season, or the time in which our demonic bodies seek sexual energy, occurs usually once or twice a year. In more extreme cases, you can have three or four pollination seasons in a year.” Rosemi's mother's voice grew more and more concerned. “Since you haven't experienced a pollination season until now, your body's currently trying to make up for the lack of time. You have a debt of sexual energy.”

Rosemi bit her lip hard, sensing the pain radiate inward and a droplet of blood beginning to form. She could feel her hands slowly explore her own skin, intending to reach her pubis of their own will. Rosemi inhaled and tensed her body, stopping her hands just shy of the hem of her pajama bottoms. She inhaled sharply again, extending two thorny vines from the small of her back and wrapping them around her wrists. The thorns gently dug into her skin, the sharp sensory stimulus she needed to try and clear the haze from her mind. It was getting harder to think and harder to process what her mother was saying to her. “...is there a way to handle pollination season, mom? Like...is there a way to reduce these sexual feelings? Without...y'know...”

Her heart sank when her mother sighed disappointedly. “If there was a way I knew of, I'd tell you. But as far back as I can remember, Alraunes either live through their pollination seasons without a mate or act on their impulses. I've lived a long life as an Alraune and I've never met one that found an in-between. There have been some that tried to resist it. They tried for years to live without a mate. They'd take care of their needs on their own.

“Wh-what happened to them?” Rosemi stared at the phone’s screen intently.

“Eventually, all Alraunes find someone’s sexual energy to drain. That’s just how we’ve been for millennia.” Though she couldn’t see her mother, Rosemi could tell that she was shrugging her shoulders. “Fighting against these instincts is the same thing as trying to tell your body it doesn’t need to eat. It’s pretty straightforward, dear. If you want to do sexual things, you do them. It’s the easiest way to resolve the issue. Maybe it’s about time that you took interest in human males? I think you mentioned having some male friends where you are now, no?”

That suggestion went through one ear and out the other with Rosemi as she was now. It was something that she’d considered in the back of her mind a few months ago; a thought she’d entertained for a minute and then kicked to the curb, never to consider it again. There were only a few males Rosemi knew and trusted personally, and she didn’t want to ask any of them to help her with this. The idea of imagining someone like Luca or Vox filled Rosemi with a sense of dread.

Rosemi hunched forward, the burning sensation beneath her navel growing hotter again. Again, she resisted the urge to reach beneath her sleepwear and soothe it. Rosemi lurched forward, trying not to let her distress out in her voice. “N-no, mom. I’m not g-gonna do that with them. They’re my friends and I d-don’t see them that way.”

“Suit yourself, honey. But the longer you wait, the worse things are going to get.” In an I-told-you-so voice, her mother tutted. “If you sit on your hands too long, darling, you’re eventually going to reach a point where you may not be able to hold yourself back. And if it happens to be with someone you don’t like...I don’t think you want that. If you’re going to do it anyway at some point, you might as well pick someone while you still can.”

With her mother’s words, Rosemi’s mind’s eye immediately painted her a picture of someone.

Someone purple.

Realizing what she had imagined without meaning to, Rosemi felt the blood rushing to her face and embarrassment replacing the blood in her veins. Rosemi waved her hands back and forth violently as if trying to wipe away the painting in her mind’s eye. “Th-thanks anyway, m-mom! I’ll call you back if I need it!” She reached for her phone and slammed her index finger onto the big red button, ending the call.

Silence again. Rosemi was left alone in her room. The blood roared in her ear, the sound of breathing louder than an airplane on the runway. With nothing to distract her anymore, Rosemi felt the heat and lust returning in full force. Against her better judgment, Rosemi slowly reached down and pressed her finger against her pubic area. The friction against the upper aspect of her pubis was enough to make Rosemi stifle a moan. She always tried to keep her voice down whenever she satisfied her urges; it embarrassed her to the umpteenth degree to hear herself.

Now I can’t sleep. Rosemi’s body was now far too worked up to go to bed and she was acutely aware of it. *Do I really have to do this?*

Then again, if I don’t take care of it now, it only gets worse the next day. I don’t want it to bother me tomorrow. Especially not tomorrow.

Her mother’s words echoed in her head. Rosemi allowed the vines around her wrists to retract back into her body. Her hands now uninhibited, Rosemi felt base instinct beginning to overtake her prudence. Her right hand snaked down again, sliding underneath her pajama bottoms, and reaching her lower entrance. Her index finger, brushing gently against her inner thigh and poking a millimeter inside of her, Rosemi fought back a yelp as a familiar wave of pleasure radiated from

within.

Again, with her mother's words occupying the space in her head, Rosemi's mind forcefully brought up the vivid memories of what she'd witnessed last November.

Finana and Selen.

Rosemi couldn't stop a gentle groan to leave her lips as she allowed a finger to enter her insides. It was warm, slick, and now Rosemi could tell that her pajama bottoms were already damp with something other than sweat; it was stickier, the consistency thicker and stringier than anything else Rosemi knew. She knew that this substance was Rosemi's own fluids, but she didn't like to admit it. She pushed her finger deeper inside of herself. Tingles again. She pressed against her walls harder. They contracted tightly in response, the sensation snug and hot.

"Nn~" she couldn't stop her voice from leaking out. Rosemi moaned and exhaled, sending a second finger inside. As the pleasure intensified, she tightened and contracted onto her fingers. Rosemi fought back against the arching of her own back. She plunged her fingers further inside and then again. Then again and again. She adopted a slow, sensual rhythm. Her breathing quickened and shallowed. As the heat and pleasure grew continuously, Rosemi allowed herself to press on.

I...I can't believe I'm doing this. Rosemi pressed her lips together, the tension of her body beginning to slacken as she increased the pace of her fingers. *B-but it...it feels good...*

Her mind flashed back again to what she saw in Selen's house. The sight of two naked bodies on top of each other, kissing and pressing into one another. A smell that Rosemi could still remember like it was only yesterday, somehow both repulsive and arousing. She remembered Finana's insides being churned and pressed against Selen's erect member, plunging in and out over and over. Their bodies shiny with sweat and fluid, their breathing loud and intense.

Remembering it made Rosemi's fingers move even faster.

Remembering the sight of Selen's dick being shoved roughly into Finana's body filled Rosemi with a yearning she never knew.

The memory made her fingers feel better. Yet at the same time, inadequate compared to what she'd seen.

"Nnnghh~" Rosemi's other hand quickly ascended, unbuttoning her pajama top and massaging her breast. The second source of pleasure made her body begin to curl up, moans coming out louder and more frequently. No longer paying mind to her volume, Rosemi's mind was focused on nothing but the honey-flavored flames filling her lower body and doing whatever it takes to feel even better.

I...it looked like it felt so good. Rosemi remembered Finana's expression of ecstasy as Selen had taken control, ripping into her body and ravaging it with her penis. The fantasy of it made Rosemi's heart race. *I wonder if something that big feels better...*

It was Rosemi's guilty pleasure. A secret she was deathly afraid of sharing with anyone else. But the fantasy of being in Finana's position made Rosemi feel hotter. Pleasure, guilt, excitement, and Rosemi's own denial of her own feelings and thoughts came in alternating waves. But at the same time, Rosemi knew her friend was the only person her brain would imagine, the only person her heart would allow.

Rosemi was not willing to imagine having sex with anyone else.

Just picturing Selen on top of her made Rosemi want more of everything she saw and felt.

It wasn't like she'd tried. Looking up adult material on the internet had helped somewhat. Rosemi had watched and even tried masturbating to it before. But imagining Selen licking the side of her face, pressing her erection against her lower half, kissing her, her large and strong hands caressing her body-

"Nyah~" Rosemi's fantasy only made everything she was doing to herself feel twice as good. Her train of thought almost derailed entirely as an intense bout of pleasure wracked her spine. Her eyes closed, Rosemi pictured herself being shifted into a prone position like a dog with her face pushed into the bedsheets. Rosemi raised her own rear into the air higher, thrusting her fingers into her pussy harder and harder. Trying to simulate the force she'd witnessed Selen use when fucking Finana, Rosemi squealed and whined. Her voice, muffled into her own mattress, grew even louder and louder. "Mmgh~"

Rosemi could remember Selen's smell. She remembered the lunar dragon's naked body, every detail of it vivid like a fresh painting. It turned her on all the more. Her free hand released her breast and reached down, reaching down to press onto the fleshy button above her pussy. "Gahh~! Mmghh~" Rosemi's voice was loud, enough that she was glad no one else was in the house at that moment. Her hips thrust back against her own fingers, wanting more. Rosemi bit down onto the bedsheet, muffled groans, and soft screams filling her bedroom.

Se-Selen...

Rosemi remembered witnessing the moment that Selen had spurted her climax all over Finana. The scent of sex had been especially intense, living rent-free in Rosemi's head ever since that time. She could practically taste it on her tongue. Rosemi's breath caught in her throat as she felt her own climax fast approaching. She raised and lowered her hips against her fingers that continually ratcheted up the pace. With a silent scream, she felt everything turn white while every muscle contracted. Rosemi's fingers were trapped from the tightness inside, her pussy convulsing and her body shuddering. As her climax lasted, Rosemi continued to scrape her own walls and rub furiously against her outer lips. The friction was like molten sugar to her.

Eventually, her body sagged and Rosemi's body went limp. She sagged and collapsed onto the bed, pleasure being replaced by fatigue. Rosemi removed her hand from inside herself to look at her fingers. Her entire hand was dripping wet with nectar and smelled like sex. Rosemi let out a sigh and dragged herself up into a sitting position, looking down at her naked sweaty body.

...I'm sorry, Selen. Imagining you is the only way I can easily deal with this feeling. Even if you're already in that kind of relationship with Finana...I can't really help it. As if it were Selen, Rosemi glanced apologetically at the moon in the sky. The guilt returned.

*Does feeling this way mean that I love Selen? I...I don't think so, but...it's not like you would think about someone sexually if you didn't like them. I mean...I really really like Selen but is it **that** way?* Despite her tiredness and the sleepy haze beginning to take her, Rosemi knew her face glowed red with embarrassment at the thoughts entering her brain again.

She shook her head, placing a hand as if it would help to calm her beating heart. It did nothing of the sort.

*Selen is a really important person to me. She's a really, really good friend and I really admire her a lot. I have fun whenever I talk to her, hang out with her, play games with her. But...that doesn't mean I like her **that** way, right? Besides, how do you know when you love someone? Is it like when you start loving a friend like in a shoujo ai manga or something? Am I the shoujo ai girl in this*

situation? How the heck am I supposed to know the difference? And...I mean, I guess there are people who have sex with people without being in love with them but am I that kind of person? I don't think so. Right?

Rosemi sighed despondently. These thoughts had been plaguing her for months and every time, she walked away from these reflective moments no closer to an answer. "...I need to shower. And new pajamas." Rosemi wobbled to her feet and reached for her pajama bottoms which had been discarded to the side in the heat of the moment.

As she took her pajama bottoms off the bed, they revealed her smartphone underneath them. Rosemi paused at the sight and an idea sprang to mind. It wasn't the first time she'd thought it. She reached for the phone, unlocked it, and tapped on **Contacts**. A list of the people she knew appeared on the screen, a mix of cute pictures and wacky cursed memes acting as profile pictures next to each name. Rosemi's eyes lingered on the names, her mind racing.

I wish I could talk to someone about this. But...I don't know who I could talk to about this. I mean...Nina would know a lot with her experience...and maybe Elira? Or Millie? Or Pomu? But...

Rosemi slowly scrolled down the list, weighing her options, and sorting out both pros & cons every time a different name appeared on the list. As one name in particular appeared, Rosemi's thumb paused and hovered just above the screen. She felt her heart rate spike again. She shook her head vigorously but, in her haste, to scroll past it, she flubbed it and hit **Call** instead. Rosemi's lungs stopped functioning for a few seconds when she realized what she did, and her initial shock let the phone ring long enough for the owner to pick up the phone.

A whisper of a voice replied. "R-Rosemi? What's up? Is something wrong? It's, like, three in the morning. Are you okay?"

"...is it, uh...is it okay if I ask you about something, Finana?"

The next day...

The weather is an unpredictable foe. Selen cared very little for rain. Her time on Earth had taught her that rain messed with too many things to make it likeable. It was good weather for coffee but on the days that it messed with the internet, it made all her work at Nijisanji harder. It was especially bad on days like today when she was going outside, but Selen had held out hope the rain wouldn't be so bad as to delay or defer the plans for today.

It was for this reason that Selen blinked once, stunned, at the message she'd just received in the Obsydia group chat.

sorry, guys! Something urgent came up with reimu and she asked me for help with something! I promise i'll make it up to you guys! I'll get back to you asap when we're done! – Petra Gurin

"Come on, guys. I even got here early." Selen groaned as she glared at the sky, filled with grey clouds. The rain coming down was not especially intense but since Selen disliked the sensation of wet clothes on her skin, Selen had done her best to manifest small dragon wings from her shoulderblades; they were large enough to cover Selen's body from the rain and she'd made sure they were small enough that they wouldn't bother passerby too much. A makeshift umbrella was necessary since Selen hadn't brought one. Though a few people gave her strange looks, Selen didn't really care that strongly. She sighed and typed her reply into the group chat.

Its ok petra just send us the list of stuff you needed and we'll buy it for you also u owe us—
Selen Tatsuki

Selen had been waiting at their agreed meetup location, a bus stop that would take them to the shopping arcade that was near a big grocery store, for over half an hour at this point. Selen made it a point to be early in case and she was patient enough to wait. She'd also been mentally prepared for someone to be late and wait longer. But the notion that Petra wasn't going at all disappointed Selen quite a bit. She'd been looking forward to this, after all.

"Rosemi better come, I swear to God." Selen felt a drop of rain tap the tip of her nose despite her wing-umbrella. She paid it no mind and began scrolling through her phone to find Rosemi's name in her contact list. "I do not want to go out in the rain for nothi—"

"Hey, Selen!"

The familiar voice made Selen smile. She tucked her phone in her pocket and turned towards it to see Rosemi, dressed in a dark blue turtleneck sweater and a black cardigan over it, wearing black shorts over pantyhose and brown boots. Her hair was worn into a single side-ponytail on her right side, the usual rose and thorny vines in her hair. She ran up to Selen, a mix of panic and excitement on her face. In her hands was a broken umbrella.

"H-hi, Rosemi." Selen, unsure of what to say at the sight of the umbrella, laughed. "You good? What happened to your umbrella?"

"It broke on the way here! Some dumb normies were running past me and they hit my umbrella out of my hands and it got run over by someone's bicycle!" Rosemi groaned. "There was no place to buy one on the way here, so I just ran!"

Selen laughed louder. "Goddamn, Rosemi. At least you're okay. We can always look for a new one while we go shopping today."

Rosemi nodded. "I mean, you have an umbrella, right? We can just use yours?"

"Yeah, I've got an umbrella." Selen said sheepishly, flapping her larger wings in response and gesturing to them. "Although to be honest, I came here early before it started raining. So...yeah. I've got my wings and they're good enough."

Rosemi looked up at Selen's wings and giggled, placing a hand on them and running her fingers over the purple feathers. "Well, it's definitely prettier than a normal umbrella."

Selen walked closer to Rosemi so that her wings would cover them both. "Alright, that's enough. Petra said she's not gonna be able to make it so it's gonna be just the two of us today."

Rosemi felt her heart stop before it started pumping at twice the speed. She hoped to whatever gods that were watching from afar that the small amount of blush she'd applied to her face before leaving the house hadn't been washed off by the rain so that her embarrassment wouldn't be as evident. "W-wait, what?"

"Yeah, sad." Selen sighed, shrugging. "I told her that we'd just buy what she needed for her. We can just send it to her house after we're done shopping, anyway. We can make her owe us something and then make her do something for stream content, y'know?"

Rosemi looked Selen up and down. She was wearing a blue denim jacket over a black shirt with dark blue jeans as well. She wore white and purple rubber shoes to complete the look. It was as

boyish as Rosemi had come to expect from Selen and it did no favors for her heart.

Selen's eyebrows furrowed. She sniffed the air and glanced at Rosemi. "Something smells good all of a sudden. Is that your perfume? Are you wearing perfume?"

Rosemi's face reddened a bit more. Aware of the blood rushing to her face, Rosemi glanced away to avoid eye contact with Selen. "Y-yeah, I am," Rosemi lied to the best of her ability. She wasn't wearing perfume. If anything, Rosemi was fairly sure it was her Alraune pollen in the air. But she wasn't about to tell Selen that. At the very least, not yet.

"Huh. Well, whatever. Bus is coming already." Selen said, pointing her finger at an incoming bus that was turning a corner in the distance. "Let's go, Rosemi. We got a lotta food to buy!" Selen gently took Rosemi by the hand, pulling her closer so that she remained within her wingspan, and walked towards the waiting zone so that the two of them could board right away.

"O-okay!" Rosemi tried to normalize her voice despite how self-conscious she was and how acutely aware she was of everything Selen was doing right now. She allowed herself to stick to Selen, pressing her lips together as her shoulder leaned onto Selen's torso.

Her heat, her smell. Rosemi was conscious of all of it.

Today's gonna be a long day. Thank you for being absent, Petra. Also, pluck you for being absent, Petra.

Being Honest

Chapter Summary

Petra's unplanned absence leaves Rosemi and Selen alone together for the day. Will Rosemi be able to make the most of this opportunity or will it slip through her fingers?

Chapter Notes

Sorry that I kept a lot of you guys waiting for this long, I've been pretty busy lately. Plus recovering from getting COVID and exams and all that jazz. Who would've thought that the best way to force my writing brain to work was for a typhoon to kill the power and the internet, preventing me from working?

Anyway, I've kept a lot of you waiting for long enough! Hope you enjoy the read!

"Petra said she was going to making rice balls, right? Onigiri or something. This should be enough Japanese sticky rice for her, yeah?" Selen turned the corner and entered Rosemi's peripheral vision with 3 bags of the rice in tow: two of them in her hands and her purple-and-black tail coiling around the third. Walking over to the shopping cart, Selen gently lowered the bags down in the shopping cart that Rosemi was leaning on.

"Mhm," Rosemi nodded, her eyes trained on the shopping list on her phone's screen. Scrolling down the list, Rosemi put a check mark next to the bullet about the rice. "She said she was going to try a bunch of different ingredients for them like *karaage*, salmon, tuna, and I think she said something about pickled plum...that's a lot of ingredients, actually."

"Well, she's paying for it, so that's up to her," Selen shrugged, walking over to Rosemi and tugging the shopping cart out of Rosemi's hands. She began to walk, gesturing for Rosemi to follow behind her. After a moment of confusion, Rosemi hurriedly skipped to Selen's side. "Sounds like it would be fun to make all of those, though. And it sounds delicious. Dang, I should've thought of that."

Rosemi failed at hiding a worried look on her face. "Well, it costs a bit more than I expected, though. I know I have at least enough money on my person for my own ingredients and I'm a little close to my credit card limit this month..."

Selen shrugged again. She glanced at Rosemi, a small smile revealing one of her fangs. "Don't worry about it, I got it covered. Besides, if I foot the bill for this one, I can make Petra owe me. It'd be great for some content."

Rosemi giggled, locking her phone's screen so that she wouldn't have to walk and glance at it at the same time. "Come on, she gets enough bullying on stream. We don't have to mess with her offline too, that'd be too mean."

"I'm just kidding," Selen was not convincing in the slightest, much to Rosemi's amusement. Her

mischievous grin faded as the two of them continued walking through the aisle. As they were currently passing through the aisle for breakfast cereals, the two of them tried to hide a snicker as they passed the boxes of *Kellogg's Frosties*. "Oh, by the way, Rosemi. I totally forgot to ask but I have no idea what you're making. I know what I'm here for but what do you need?"

Rosemi stepped to the side for a second, bowing her head to an elderly lady that passed her by and flashing her a polite smile, and then sped up her pace to catch up to Selen. "Oh, yeah. You're right, we didn't actually talk about what we were each gonna make. So, uh, what are you making, Selen?"

"Don't answer a question with a question. I asked you first."

"Oh, come on, I'll say it if you say it first."

"Rosemi, that's not how it works."

"Yuh-huh, that's how it totally works. And I'm asking you a question too so, uh, there."

Selen laughed and sighed, glanced back at Rosemi with a small smile, and reached out with her hand to flick her on the forehead with her index fingers. Rosemi yelped at the contact, taking a step back before giving the half-dragon a look. Selen just laughed again, a little louder this time. "I had a few ideas, actually. I was thinking of maybe doing stuffed pancakes...I forgot what they called those in Japanese. I think there was also a Korean version of those too."

"Oh, *dorayaki*!" Rosemi's eyes lit up at the thought, her lips breaking out into a wide smile. "I dunno what they're called in Korean. But that sounds like it could be a good idea, too! You can cut them into all kinds of cute shapes! Lots of flavors could work for those too. You could do Nutella or fruits or peanut butter or Oreos...mm, I'm getting a little hungry just thinking about it."

Selen nodded enthusiastically, her head-wings flaring outwards to match her energy. The two of them rounded a corner and started down another aisle, this one occupied with peanut butter and jams of all sorts. They stopped for a moment as Selen eyed one glass jar in particular, shiny red cherries peeking out from within. Selen shook her head to herself after a moment of contemplation, as if considering the cherries, and they continued walking on. "Yeah, it was either that or I was thinking I could bake some cookies. I haven't really decided yet but I'm probably going with the *dorayaki* idea. I know that if I bake cookies for the stream, I'm probably gonna need a lot of molds because I want it to be creative. It might be a bit of a hassle to get all the molds I want, so..."

Rosemi nodded, her finger against her pursed lips. "Yeah, I kinda get what you mean." She smiled at Selen. "But I'm sure you'd be able to make it fun if that's what you wanted to do. You always make your streams fun and you're so cute and girly when you're cooking. I wish you could show the audience the picture of your kitchen that you showed us, it's so cute!"

The wings on her head scrunched up and retreated into her hair as Selen's cheeks reddened slightly. The tip of her tail coiled into itself as she shot Rosemi a look: a mix between a pleading expression and exasperation. "Please, don't."

Rosemi giggled. Selen never took genuine compliments well and usually did a good job of hiding her embarrassment so seeing her like this was always refreshing to Rosemi. "Why not~? It's the truth. Besides, your Pokémon mittens are so cute! Oh, and the Sylveon apron? So cute~!"

Selen sighed again and the two of them continued to walk, Rosemi lagging behind Selen by a half-step. Making their way through the aisles, Rosemi said nothing while Selen would wordlessly stop the cart every now and again to get something off a shelf. They settled into a silence much like

how they sometimes did on Discord when they were both in the call and working on their own respective projects and ideas. It was broken by the occasional question like checking the expiry date between products and Rosemi asking Selen to reach up for something that was just out of her reach. For the most part, however, they were quiet while walking together.

Rosemi knew that there were people who couldn't take dead air or silence. But when it came to Selen, such silence was comfortable to Rosemi; in a way, the quiet intimacy shared between them in those moments was the proof of the trust and the friendship they had. Not feeling pressured to speak was a sign of their closeness, almost like they were family that didn't feel the need to speak when on a six-hour roadtrip.

This was how things always were, how things should be.

And yet Rosemi couldn't still her beating heart. She subtly placed her hand over her chest, feeling it punch back against her palm when she did.

The air felt warmer today even with the rainy weather, but Rosemi couldn't tell if it was just the heat from her face, if it was global warming, or if it was the result of the weather forecast being wrong for the third time this week. Just as they'd been walking to the grocery store, Rosemi had caught herself fixing the bangs of her hair and straightening her clothes on three separate occasions. She was conscious of every movement she made and the distance she put between herself and Selen; the mere brush of her elbow against Selen's arm was enough to make Rosemi pull back and create a half-inch of distance between them.

Rosemi knew that she wasn't the most physically fit person in her neighborhood but there was also no reason for her heart to pump like she was racing a marathon while she was inspecting milk cartons and *Yakult* packages.

Hearing Selen's laugh normally brought a smile to Rosemi's face and pushed away any tension she had. But now, Rosemi could feel a pleasant tingle inside when she heard it. She wanted to hear Selen's laugh a little more than she normally did.

Things were like how they normally were. But they were also different.

Rosemi had a pretty good idea of what the difference was.

Good God, I feel like I'm the main character in, like, Kimi ni Todoke or something. Calm down, Rosemi. You're just grocery shopping with Selen, no big deal. Taking a quiet deep breath, Rosemi tried to settle her swimming thoughts.

Rosemi stole a side-glance at Selen's face as they continued walking. While they'd shared virtual space on calls with a camera many times, opportunities for her colleagues to see Selen up close like this were scarcer than her audience knew. For this reason, Rosemi couldn't help but look. Especially since right now, Rosemi felt like the person accompanying her today seemed a little different, too. Everything about her seemed different.

...did Selen always look like this?

Rosemi had never paid close attention to Selen's features and it wasn't like there was a large height difference between them; only two or three inches stood between the apices of Rosemi and Selen's heads. But to Rosemi, something about Selen's jawline seemed more defined than it once was. Her iconic head wings looked more voluminous and fluffier than Rosemi remembered them last. Seeing them now, it took a conscious effort for Rosemi to refrain from touching them, though she knew she wanted to run her hands through Selen's wings and hair.

The worst part about it was that Rosemi couldn't tell if there was any genuine change or if her eyes were playing tricks on her.

She almost looks more...masculine. And at the same time, she's still somehow feminine. The heck? Rosemi couldn't suppress her confusion as she glanced down at Selen's torso. She'd never thought about it but despite being the little half-sister to Elira, Selen's shoulders were broader, and her arms seemed burlier; at least, in the denim jacket that she was sporting right now. Rosemi found her eyes darting between different points of interest: the glint of Selen's white fangs when she opened her mouth a half-inch like she usually did, the gentle purple glow of her left eye when it reflected light, and the fact that Selen's smell was different today. The mix of fruity perfume and her own unique dragon's scent was oddly appealing to the nostrils.

I-is it because of the pollination season? Is it changing the way I see her because I swear, she didn't look like this before. She never smelled like this, either. It's almost like-

"Yeah?"

Rosemi blinked and stopped herself from making a noise when she realized that Selen had noticed her gaze. She'd stopped pushing the shopping cart to meet eyes with Rosemi, her eyebrows meeting in the middle. "What's up, Rosemi? Something wrong?"

The belated realization that she had been staring at Selen and looking her up and down made Rosemi want to dig a hole six feet deep and bury her entire soul into it before filling it up with wet cement. Rosemi quickly looked away; she felt her own face growing hotter by the millisecond and she did not want Selen to see her embarrassed expression with cheeks redder than the rose in her hair. "O-oh! N-nothing, I w-was just spacing out," Rosemi said. Her voice cracked into a high-pitched squeak for the first few words and the flower girl cursed to herself in silence.

Selen, still confused and skeptical, raised a hand to her hair and began trying to fix the stray hairs on her forehead. "Okay, I get it. Ha ha, very funny. Look, just tell me if some of my hair is falling out of place or something, no big deal. You were looking at me funny. Now I don't know how long my hair's been looking weird."

"N-no, there's nothing! You look great!" Rosemi shook her head. The volume at which she spoke caused some fellow shoppers to turn their heads in their direction. Rosemi felt her heart shrink at the gazes turned their way, fighting back the temptation to run to Australia and become one with the ostriches so she could bury her head in the sand.

Selen blinked, surprised. The two of them paused and the silence was deafening to Rosemi's ears. A second passed before a confused smile and laugh broke out on Selen's face. "Uh, thanks, Rosemi. But you already made me conscious so let me just..." Selen turned away and opened her phone, the front-camera turning on. Selen began looking at her own face through the camera, tilting her head at every angle she could to make sure her hair was fixed.

Okay, Rosemi. Relax. You're not being normal. Just be cool. Chill. Rosemi clenched her fists and tried to psych herself up with a small motion of pumping her fists.

As Rosemi had just begun to catch her breath, it froze in her lungs right away.

"By the way, Rosemi...are you okay?" Selen, still trying to make sure her hair was fixed, continued speaking as she looked at the phone screen. Brushing some final strands of the bangs on her forehead to the side, Selen nodded to herself in satisfaction and turned back to look directly at Rosemi. "You're...uh...how do I put it...okay, are you good? You're acting weird today."

Rosemi had once watched a deer freeze and stare at a cameraman in a nature documentary when the headlights of a car had been turned on. In this moment, she felt like that deer was her spirit animal. As Selen and her locked eyes, Rosemi felt herself unable to tear her eyes away. She felt her voice caged in her throat, every muscle in her mouth unwilling to cooperate with the scrambled eggs that her brain cells had become.

Selen pressed the back of her fingers to Rosemi's cheek, eyes attentive. "...I can't tell if it's just the makeup or if you're actually red. You're not sick, are you? I thought rain was good for flowers like you." Rosemi's silent scream went unnoticed as Selen pressed the back of her hand against Rosemi's forehead. "No fever, either. What's up, Rosemi? Just feeling out of it today?"

Unable to think of any other solution, Rosemi cleared her throat loudly. Doing so gave her the mental reset she needed to get her voice out. "U-um...what do you mean, different? I-I don't think I'm...uh, feeling any different?"

Selen's head tilted sideways, her head-wings flapping once. Selen's draconic hand found its way to the top of Rosemi's head. She placed it there, patting Rosemi gently. Selen's larger hand always looked menacing; its sheer size, coupled with the claws it bore, gave it an intimidating and aggressive impression. Despite that, Selen's touch was impossibly tender. "I mean, if you don't wanna talk about it, that's okay. But I can tell you're a little under the weather today. If it's about family or something too personal, it's fine. You can just not think about it for a while, y'know?"

Though the gesture flustered Rosemi and made her feel warm inside, the sensation of her head being patted eased her nerves somewhat. Rosemi felt defeated in that moment. *You always know when I'm feeling off, and you just somehow know how to calm me down. How do you know how I'm feeling, Selen? Is that just another perk of being a dragon?*

"Uh, not really. Uki's the one with psychic powers, Millie and Shu have the magic...Elira and I can't exactly read minds, y'know? But Elira can use magic better than me so I guess she could, maybe...? Now that you think about it, Elira does seem like she knows what other people are thinking a lot of the time. I should ask her if she knows how to. Maybe that'll explain why she knows what other people are thinking a lot of the time."

Rosemi let out a panicked "Eep!" as she realized she'd been thinking out loud, covering her mouth with a hand and taking a step back. Selen just laughed again, removing her hand from Rosemi's head and placing it on the shopping cart. Her tail extended from below and tapped Rosemi on the back as if urging her to walk forward. At the same time, Selen pushed the shopping cart a step further down the aisle; a gesture for them to walk and talk. Rosemi obliged.

"I dunno, Rosemi. We talk a lot, hang out with each other a lot...I like to think that I know you pretty well by now, to be honest. I kinda have a good idea of when you're feeling down, when you're thinking a lot, when you're lost, when you're sad...I'm not a Rosemi expert but I know what a friend should, I think. At the very least, I know when you're freaking it."

Rosemi felt the embarrassment overriding her ability to form sentences. Recognizing this, she chose to stay quiet for the time being. Selen continued to talk. She was no longer looking at Rosemi, instead gathering different items off the shelves one-by-one with her hands and placing them in the shopping cart. "Like when you're embarrassed, you try not to talk because you get even more embarrassed when your voice goes up an octave." Selen laughed, glancing at Rosemi. "I should remind you that on my birthday last year, you told me that I should rely on you and everyone else in Nijisanji if I ever needed help for some reason. I hope you know that the same thing applies to you."

At that moment, Selen pulled up the sleeve of her human arm and held up her forearm for Rosemi

to see. Rosemi blinked, surprised.

She's wearing it.

Rosemi's birthday gift to Selen had been a modest dark blue bracelet, the clasp engraved with three letters in a fancy cursive font; R, P, and S, the initials of Obsydia's first names. Unlike Pomu and Finana who had chosen to open the gifts when giving them and put them on Selen, Rosemi hadn't worked up the courage to follow suit. It was Rosemi's first time seeing Selen wear it; in fact, it was the first time she'd seen it since Selen's birthday.

She didn't know how to put it into words but seeing it on Selen's wrist filled Rosemi with a good feeling.

"I wear this every time I leave the house to do anything, y'know." Selen laughed again, propping her elbows against the handle of the shopping cart. "So, like, I can't read minds. But I know when you're being weird or acting off. We've spent enough time together for me to figure that out. And even if you can't talk to me about it, I don't mind just...uh, what was it? We can just exist next to each other if that helps you at all. I'm not savvy with words so, like," Selen's cheeks flushed once again, seemingly embarrassed as she was. "I hope you get what I'm trying to say, y'know?"

"...yeah."

Rosemi felt like her thoughts weren't as muddy and messy as they were earlier. At the very least, her train of thought could travel in a straight line again. "Thanks, Selen. I think hearing that from you helped, too."

Selen sighed in relief, head sagging and head-wings drooping from the release of tension. "Thank God. Honestly, I didn't really know what else to say after that."

Rosemi giggled, skipping forward to keep pace with Selen. Walking side by side, she playfully nudged Selen with her shoulder. "That's sweet of you, Selen. Y'know, for putting in that mental effort. Thanks for thinking so much about me. It really means a lot."

"Well, Rosemi, honestly...you, Petra...Finana, Pomu, and everyone else. A lot of people in Nijisanji mean a lot to me. In a way, you're all a little bit like family." Selen paused, sucking on her lip for a moment and averting her gaze. Seconds passed. Rosemi could tell Selen was considering saying something and considering keeping it to herself. "...I'd do whatever I have to if you ever got in trouble and needed my help. I know that you guys would do it for me, so it's just me returning the favor, y'know?"

She'd do whatever she had to, huh?

Hearing that made Rosemi felt her heart leap. At the same time, she desperately wanted to deny feeling excitement and anticipation from hearing it. Rosemi could no longer distinguish whether she truly felt that way or if the hormonal changes from pollination season were messing with the way she was perceiving things. All she knew was that it was difficult to stop smiling in this moment and that her heart was galloping.

Selen meant nothing by it. I know that. Brain, please stop going places.

"I dunno if you need to think about returning the favor so much as it is just...y'know, relying on each other." Rosemi tucked some of her hair behind her ear, trying to appear as casual as she could. "It's as simple as that, right? If I wanna help you, I will. And if you wanna help me, then you'll do that too. We don't really have to overcomplicate things, do we?"

Selen smiled gently back at Rosemi. "...yeah, you're right. It doesn't need to be any more complicated than it needs to be. We don't really need to think about difficult things too much. Besides, I like to do a lot of things based on how I feel in that moment, so, like...I dunno. I'm just honest about how I feel a lot of the time. I feel like if you just choose to be honest with yourself, it's easier to be honest with what you say to other people. So, if you're just honest with yourself, you don't need to overthink."

Rosemi giggled again. As a shadow passed over her head, Rosemi knew that there was something above her. Bending her knees and lowering her body by a few inches, Rosemi quickly extended some vines from her forearm to deftly catch the falling object. Looking up revealed it to be a stray bottle of *Clorox*. With a swish and a flick of the finger, Rosemi's vines carefully perched the container back where it belonged on the fourth shelf.

She was right about that, too. Rosemi put some distance between her and Selen again, conscious of the fact that she could feel her ribcage taking a beating from her pounding heart. It felt like if she was too close to Selen, it would be possible to hear Rosemi's torso being punched from the inside out. *Then again, Selen's been one of my closest friends since I came to Nijisanji. In a way, I guess I do see her as family. Maybe I am just thinking about all this way too much, like what she said. Acting based on how I feel, rather than thinking too much...*

How I feel, huh?

"Speaking of helping you...what about the thing that you were planning to make, Rosemi?" Selen stopped the cart and extended her tail to reach the highest shelf, tenderly wrapping it around a box of pancake mix and bringing it close enough for Selen to read the fine print. She pointed down at the contents of the shopping cart. "I see apples, I see cinnamon...I already told you what I was planning to make so you should be fine with telling me now, right?"

She put her finger to her lips. "Hmmmm...I was actually thinking of making an apple pie, I thought that might be nice!"

Selen froze. She met eyes with Rosemi, who seemed confused by Selen's reaction. "Rosemi, d-did you just say apple pie?"

"Yeah, why?" Rosemi tilted her head.

"Have you ever, uh, made one before?" Selen asked worriedly, reaching down into the shopping cart and pulling out the can opener that had been lodged behind a bag of sticky rice and a few sheets of *nori* for Petra's *onigiri*. "It can be a bit difficult to make apple pie correctly, especially if you've never done it before, y'know? I was just worried about you...maybe exploding your kitchen...or breaking another can opener." Selen delivered the last sentence while waving the can opener in her hand in front of Rosemi's face, concern mixed into her usual banter-y tone.

Rosemi rolled her eyes. "Oh, come on, Selen. The only people who would actually blow up their kitchens are Mika, Mysta, and Luca. I can cook! I never made apple pie before but it should be fine as long as I follow the recipe, right?" She flexed her arms. "Don't underestimate me, Selen! I can use a kitchen better than those bozos!"

Selen's response was to laugh and bring out two other can openers that were lodged in the shopping cart and wave them in the air in front of Rosemi's face. "And you're buying these because...?"

"Oh, shut up, those are just in case. I broke all the old ones, so I need to replace them, y'know?" Rosemi snatched them out of Selen's hand and dropped them back into the shopping cart. "I've

gotten better at using them!”

“Look, Rosemi, I’m not saying I don’t trust you. I know that you make food for yourself, too. But knowing you and how you sometimes choke on air or trip over your own feet...I’m just a little worried if it’s a bigger cooking project that involves a lot more things that could go wrong.” Selen adopted the most inoffensive and diplomatic tone of voice she could. “Cuz...you know, you’ve cut your hand on your kitchen knife before, remember? You showed that to us on Discord. Other things have happened too. You’ve never made apple pie before so I know you’re not 100% sure if you might make a mistake either, right?”

Rosemi firmly placed on her waist, frowning. “I appreciate the thought, Selen, but I’ll be fine. You don’t have to worry about me so much! I’m a strong, independent rose!”

Selen sighed, sagging her shoulders. “What I was trying to say, Rosemi, was that I could head to your place after this. We can practice making our food together in your kitchen. Sounds like it could be fun, and also, I get to see what your crib looks like. I’ve only been able to see it in pictures so dropping by sounds like it could be fun.”

Warning bells went off in Rosemi’s head. “W-we don’t have to do that, do we?”

“Why not? Sounds like it would be fun.” Selen shot back, a grin on her face. “Besides, I can always fly back. I don’t really need to commute. The rain should let up while I’m at your place so it should be fine.”

As Rosemi opened her mouth to protest again, she felt something in the back of her mind keep the words from coming out.

Maybe I should be a little more honest about it instead.

“...my place is kinda messy right now since I didn’t expect to have any guests over, Selen. Just saying.” Rosemi said.

Selen shrugged. “It’s fine, doesn’t really matter that much. I can even help you clean up, if you need it.” She laughed again, proceeding to push the shopping cart down the aisle again. “Alright come on, we’re not done shopping. We still have to get Petra’s goddamn salmon and tuna.”

“Wait, Selen! We already have bags of rice! How the heck are we gonna bring all this stuff if we don’t have a car?!”

Several hours later...

“Aaaaaaaaand...” Selen stared at the egg timer that was set up on the counter right next to the oven, staring at it intently and with the slightest tinge of impatience. It ticked away incessantly, the red line less than half an inch away from triggering its alarm. Her tail swished and swayed idly in the air while Selen hummed along to a tune that sounded suspiciously like *Aladdin’s Prince Ali*; hearing and identifying the melody amused Rosemi when she heard it. It helped to take her mind off her nerves while nervously flipping through the pages of the recipe that she had managed to snatch off the internet. The pleasant aroma of cinnamon and apples wafted around the kitchen, made even more mouth-watering by the fact that it was already approaching the evening hours and the sun was beginning to touch the horizon. With no snacks to sate their hunger while cooking, Rosemi and Selen were feeling their stomachs rumbling at the scent of freshly baked pie.

As if acting on Selen’s cue, the egg timer went off while the oven’s timer made a loud “ding”

sound at the same time. Selen's head-wings flared up in anticipation and her tail only wagged around with more energy at the sounds; Rosemi couldn't help but find it cute but didn't dare say anything out loud. She didn't want to get caught eyeing Selen again like she did earlier. Selen and Rosemi walked over to the oven and squatted by the oven door. Opening it, they were both delighted by the intense wave of an apple-cinnamon smell hitting their nostrils.

"Finally, it's done." Selen grinned excitedly before letting out a sigh. "And at least it seems good. I don't want to have to make another one after you broke all the can openers again."

"Hey, I didn't break all of them!" Rosemi protested, puffing her cheeks out.

To that, Selen raised an eyebrow with a smug expression. "Then how many did you break, Rosemi?"

"I, uh...we don't gotta worry about that, it's all in the past. Live and learn, right? A great philosopher named Sonic the Hedgehog said that back in the 1800s."

"Rosemi, it's okay to admit that you broke two of them today."

"Like I said, Selen, what's done is done. We don't gotta dwell on it anymore. If you don't look forward, you're gonna trip and fall on your face."

"Like you almost did after we left the grocery store?"

Rosemi quickly realized that she wasn't winning this round of banter and conceded with an exhale. "Let's just get the pie out of the oven already."

Selen giggled in amusement and stood up from her squatting position. Her tail snaked over to the nearby table, wrapping itself around a pair of dark red mittens and bringing them closer. She took them and handed them over to Rosemi. "Do the honors, then. Your pie, after all."

Rosemi donned the gloves and reached into the oven to extract the finished product while Selen cleared space on the table. Rosemi quickly stood up, baked pie tray in tow, and quickly walked over to the table. Quickly placing it down in the center of the table, Rosemi blinked when she noticed that Selen had already fetched a small plate and was holding it out for Rosemi to take.

"You should probably taste it first." Selen's tail held a knife and fork in its grasp. She placed them in her hand and offered them to Rosemi.

Rosemi nodded, taking the knife and fork from Selen and staring at the golden-brown pie crust that was still steaming from the heat of the oven. Rosemi cut out a single slice and as she was lifting it from the pie tray to the plate, she yelped as she felt the resistance against her knife and fork lessened considerably. The pie slice began crumbling apart and collapsed onto the small plate in a still-delicious-looking pile.

"Aww, it didn't stay together," Disappointed, Rosemi cut into the pieces on the plate and stabbed a piece of the pie. She held it up, sighing before she put it into her mouth. It was not sickeningly sweet, but the flavor reminded Rosemi somewhat of *Cinnabon*. Not what she was going for. Rosemi let out another dissatisfied sigh and stabbed another piece of apple, her gaze lingering on it. Frustration was evident in her scrunched eyebrows and narrowed eyes. "...and I think I added a little too much sugar. And cinnamon. Drat."

"Let me see?" Standing next to Rosemi, Selen leaned in and bit the piece of apple pie off Rosemi's fork. Not expecting it, Rosemi lost her voice in that moment and felt her heart rate intensify. Selen just chewed on the apple pie in her mouth, her facial expression slowly shifting from enjoyment to

somewhat sickened. "...yeah, it's a little much. I think the recipe you got may have added a little too much. Next time you make it, just reduce the number of tablespoons we used. I think we used...what was it, three? Four? And the cinnamon's also a little much so maybe cut down on it by half a tablespoon's worth."

"Mhm," Rosemi walked over to the notepad that she'd left on the table. She'd brought it out earlier and took notes whenever Selen had offered her advice while they had been cooking; seeing that the current page was filled with reminders about how to not break a can opener, Rosemi quickly flipped it and added in the new information. It was an excellent way to distract herself from what Selen had done just now. "Use...about...two tablespoons...of...sugar...got it."

The crack of thunder from above startled them both; Rosemi yelped and dropped her pen, the combination of both also startling Selen into a small scream. The rain had already been picking up since they'd left the grocery store but now it was pouring far harder than expected. Wind was picking up and the distant rumble of thunder was intimidating.

"...guess I'm not going home just yet, not in that." Selen muttered to herself, glaring at the grey thunderclouds that were visible through Rosemi's kitchen windows. "Public transportation aside, flying back in my dragon form wouldn't be fun either."

"You usually fly really high up whenever you do that, right?" Rosemi picked the pen up off the ground and placed it back on the table, next to the notepad. "You could just fly lower to the ground, if that's the case."

"I want to avoid attracting attention whenever I do it so I fly above the clouds." Selen's head wings seemed to flap and flutter as if they were anticipating a take-off. "If ever Elira and I need to fly around for any reason, that's what we do. If I fly below the clouds, I might show up on the news overnight."

"Oh, I see. I guess you're right, a dragon suddenly flying around in the middle of the night might freak people out."

"I don't want Nijisanji ending up on Fox News or anything. Also, getting hit by lightning isn't fun. Especially while you're flying." At the mention of it, Selen shuddered, and her tail scrunched up into a ball near her backside. "You can crash land pretty hard, and it'll fuck you up hard for a while."

"Has that happened to you, Selen?"

To that, Selen shrugged. "How do you think I know not to do it? Anyway," Selen began stretching her arms into the air and let out a groan. "We might as well cook dinner now since we're here. Got anything you wanna eat, Rosemi? Since this is your house and all, I might as well be the one cooking."

Excited, Rosemi she clapped her hands together hoping to summon the neurons she needed to come up with an idea that could make the most of this opportunity. "No, no! We should cook together! I can't just make you cook for me. But it could be fun if you decide what we make. Whatever you want, Selen. I'll support you. I can be your sous chef, *oui*."

Selen smiled, stifled a laugh, and then placed her hand on top of Rosemi's head. "Okay, okay. But don't speak French at me, I hardly remember anything from my French classes."

"*Oui, mademoiselle. Oui oui baguette ratatouille.*"

Selen laughed and removed her hand, walking over to the nearby refrigerator. Before opening the refrigerator door, Selen sniffed the air again and glanced back at Rosemi with a curious expression. “By the way, Rosemi, your place smells great. What is that smell? Is it scented candles or something? Maybe, uh, air freshener? I want this kind of smell back at my place. Doesn’t smell like the usual lemon-scented stuff.”

Rosemi reddened instantly and turned around, trying to hide her face so that Selen wouldn’t see.

Oh god, it’s my pollen, isn’t it? I didn’t get to spray any perfume or anything because I didn’t expect anyone to come over today. Surely enough, Rosemi inhaled and all she could get was a big whiff of her own Alraune pollens. *Oh god, what the pluck. I should’ve gotten rid of it before I left the house. Oh god. I need to get Selen out of here and clean it out of the air somehow.*

“Uh...I-I think it might be an air freshener from my mom.” Rosemi fought the embarrassment out of her voice as best she could. “I’ll ask her for you.”

Selen nodded and opened the refrigerator, inspecting the contents and clicking her tongue. “Hmm...well, with what you’ve got...we could make shrimp fried rice. That sounds good. I could take a picture and then send it to IPN telling him that we cooked his cousins.”

Despite her nervousness and inner panic, Rosemi laughed at the joke. “That’s kinda mean, Selen.”

“He kinda deserves it.”

“True, but still.”

The two of them laughed in unison. Before Selen could rummage through the fridge for any more ingredients, Rosemi placed her hand on the door and stopped Selen. “By the way, Selen, you should probably go take a shower.”

Confused, Selen blinked. “...um...wait, what? Why? What’s this all of a sudden?”

“I mean, you were using your wings as our umbrella until we got back here. You got more soaked in the rain than I did. I don’t want you catching any colds or getting sick.” Rosemi insisted.

Selen scratched the back of her head. “Um...well, if you put it that way...I didn’t bring any clothes, though.”

“Oh, don’t worry, I got some you could probably use while you’re here.” Rosemi smiled reassuringly. “You can also just use my shampoo and stuff, I don’t mind.”

Selen nodded and pushed open the kitchen door with her tail. She walked slowly, looking around to admire what she was seeing.

Rosemi’s house was rather large, fitting the running gag that she was the little flower that needed to be protected. It was not a mansion but with four-stories and an accessible roof where Rosemi had once said the family would invite family and friends over for barbecues and neighborhood get-togethers, Selen felt like she was walking inside a fancy *Sims* home. Thanks to the white walls and the way it dwarfed everything on the block this house already carried a looming impression even just from looking at it from the outside. Selen didn’t say it out loud when she’d brought the groceries in and caught a whiff of what seemed liked Earl Grey-scented candles but everything about it just seemed to match the idea of Rosemi being a princess locked in an ivory tower by strict parents.

“Your house is pretty fancy, Rosemi.” Selen remarked, loud enough for Rosemi to hear from the

kitchen. She continued walking through the hallway and towards the large living room, looking around at the various paintings and artworks hung on the wall. Selen caught a few glimpses of some cute drawings scribbled with paint, hung on a wall separate from the rest. Clumsily drawn fruit baskets with crayons, an old watercolor painting of a mountain and forest with green paint that dribbled down into the blue river, and three stickmen of different sizes. The smallest stickman had pink hair and a rose next to its head, the sole clue Selen needed to guess at which one was Rosemi.

The wall of cute kid's drawings was heart-meltingly adorable.

"People have said that in the past, yeah." Rosemi poked her head out from the kitchen doorway so that her voice would be better heard. "I kinda get why people say that. Mom had a phase when she really wanted the house to look good. She still does but she buys a lot of furniture now so it's more of interior decorating."

"So, the whole 'not having furniture' thing was just a bit?"

"No, I wasn't living with my parents at the time." Rosemi's voice grew fainter and more muffled as she disappeared inside the kitchen again. Selen could hear sounds of plates, silverware, and objects being moved around inside the fridge could be heard. "I moved back in after I quit my job. My mom argued we could split rent and stuff, y'know? Make things easier so that we all have more money to spend on ourselves and stuff."

"Makes sense. Anyway, I'll just go ahead and shower." Selen sniffed herself, now a little self-conscious. Thankfully, she didn't seem to smell. "Uh, where's your shower?"

"Second floor, third room on the left! I'll leave the clothes outside the shower when you're done!" Rosemi called back. As Rosemi heard the thudding of Selen's footsteps slowly subside into silence, she breathed a sigh of relief. "Okay, now that she's gone..."

Rosemi took a deep breath and closed her eyes, concentrating. Extending her consciousness from herself, Rosemi sensed and latched onto her connection with the world around her. The life she sensed in every direction.

Gotta get rid of that pollen and that smell.

Energy pulsed out of her arms and seeped into the floor, dispersing into soil and dirt beneath the house. All around, an array of thin and slender vines emerged from the ground and snaked towards the windows. Squeezing past the glass frames, the vines moved with a life of their own. They reached towards the locks of every window, unlatching them and gently prying the windows open. The whistle of the wind was louder, a consequence of the storm having grown ever stronger while they were baking the apple pie instead of having abated as Selen had predicted.

As per Rosemi's command, a large flower bloomed into existence within mere seconds. The innermost centerpiece of these flowers sprouted, revealing the entrance to a large hole. With a snap of the fingers, these large flowers began to inhale like a vacuum and suck out the air inside the house. Rosemi felt a pang of satisfaction as she could sense the dwindling of her pollen particles.

"Hey, Rosemi! By the way, do you have a towel somewhere?!"

Selen's loud voice cut through Rosemi's concentration. A surge of panic coursed through her system. "U-uh, go ahead and shower! I'll, uh, I'll fetch you one real quick, Selen!"

Rosemi consciously poured more of her energy into the plants, sucking out the last remaining remnants of pollen she could get before she cut off her connection. As she did so, the bulging

flowers slowly began browning and shrinking. They descended towards the ground, taking the vines with them until they lay lifeless across the lawn and the backyard. With a few seconds more, the flowers dissolved into the soil and no traces were left.

Breathing out a sigh of relief, Rosemi wiped the sweat from her brow. Just on cue, thunder crashed; the noise was loud and startled her, making her jump in place a little. Shooting an annoyed glance at the sky, Rosemi slowly began taking deep breaths.

Okay...okay, Rosemi. Now that that's taken care of...well, with this weather, Selen probably won't be heading home tonight.

A second crash of thunder, louder this time and accompanied by the wind whistling louder, hit Rosemi's ears and interrupted her thoughts. Clicking her tongue, Rosemi waved her hand again. Blades of grass from around the house lengthened, tenderly shutting every window in the house.

Rosemi, remember what Finana told you...and besides, Selen said that being honest is better. Just don't forget what Finana said, don't forget what Finana said...

"Fucking hell," Selen cursed to herself. "Why the fuck is this happening? Mating season's still a few months away."

She glared down at her lower half, naked as she was and standing in the shower. The warm water running down her back was no comfort to her. In fact, Selen felt like there was a chance that it was raising her blood pressure even further. As if staring back at her, Selen's cock stood rigid and fully erect. It pulsed and twitched desperately, and yet it was even more sensitive to the touch than it usually was. Even the water that dripped from her chin and onto the shaft of her dick was sending tiny shivers down her whole body.

"I can't deal with this right now." Selen muttered to herself, trying to fill her mind with thoughts and mental images of things that would turn her off. This was the same strategy that she'd been attempting for the past hour and a half, ever since she'd felt her bulge straining against her underwear and jeans. Usually, it worked. This time around, no dice. No matter what gruesome or horrifying imagery Selen was able to conjure in her mind, her cock didn't want to calm down.

This isn't good. I can feel my mind being affected. Selen thought to herself. She could sense her mental landscape was clouded, her mental faculties dragging and somewhat woozy. *I don't know if this is another one of those weird hormone things or not, but I can't stay in this house tonight. Not while I'm like this.*

"Selen~" Rosemi's voice could be heard through the bathroom door, faint and muffled over the sound of water hitting the shower floor. Selen's tip jerked upwards eagerly at the sound of Rosemi's voice, much to Selen's dismay. She grunted, trying to keep her volume down as the door opened. Hearing the faint tapping of feet against the floor, Selen held her breath and said nothing. "I brought you a towel and a change of clothes!"

"Th-thanks," Selen kept her voice low and monotone to the best of her ability.

With no further comment, Rosemi closed the door and left Selen alone in the bathroom once again.

Fuck, I can't even fap it out here. Selen lightly struck her fist against the wall, willing herself against reaching down to stimulate herself. She pushed away the thoughts and continued scrubbing her hair, growling to herself. *I don't care if I get hit by lightning on the way back, I need to leave*

now. I can only feel it getting worse and worse. Maybe I can fly to Finana's place or something.

Rinsing off the last of her suds, Selen opened the shower doors and reached for the towel. She dried herself in a hurry, biting back a groan when cleaning her dick, and then throwing on the clothes that Rosemi had left perched on the sink. Selen allowed herself to pause, looking at herself in the mirror. Disheveled hair aside, Selen found it within her power to briefly appreciate the cute cat pajamas that Rosemi had given her to wear. Selen made a mental note to herself to remember the brand of the pajamas since using her wings probably meant that they were going to get torn to shreds in a matter of seconds.

Sorry, Rosemi. I swear I'll buy you replacements.

She felt a pang of dread and embarrassment when she realized that her bulge was impossible to hide in the pajamas. Accepting it with a heavy sigh, Selen rushed out of the bathroom as fast as she could while still being considerate enough to turn off the lights and close the door behind her without slamming it.

Rosemi, who was sitting on the living room couch and waiting for Selen, perked up at the noise of the door closing and quickly got to her feet. Anticipation and nervousness transformed into genuine concern when she noticed that Selen was rushing down the stairs. "S-Selen, what's wrong? Are you okay?"

"I-uh, I'm fine, Rosemi," Selen spoke and walked while trying to angle her body away from Rosemi, an attempt to make sure that Rosemi didn't catch sight of her boner. "Listen, I just remembered something that I need to do so I really can't stay tonight. I'm gonna head back home."

Rosemi's eyes widened. As if on cue, a distant thunderclap made itself known. "Selen, it's raining like heck outside. What, are you gonna fly out in the middle of that? You're gonna get your dragon butt fried! Just stay the night, I'm fine with it. Don't fight the cumulonimbus!"

"Why do you even know that?" Selen continued to shimmy past Rosemi, trying not to expose her hard-on, and awkwardly crab-walked to the door while knocking over a dusty hat stand on the way. Selen yelped apologetically but made no move to fix it, instead scrambling for the exit. "Never mind. Anyway, I'm gonna have to chance it, Rosemi! Thank you for the pajamas but I'm probably gonna end up tearing them after I use my wings. I'll promise that I'll buy you a replacement and stuff!"

"No, wait, Selen! I still need to talk to you about something!"

As Selen managed to get her hand on the doorknob, Rosemi panicked. Without thinking, Rosemi leaped forward and grabbed Selen by the wrist of her draconic arm with both of her hands. From the small of her back underneath her pajamas, numerous large green tendrils suddenly extended and slammed into the door. They spread outward and covered the door with a web of green vines, trapping Selen's human hand in the network of plant matter and preventing her from opening the door.

Stunned, Selen stared at the door that was now covered from top to bottom in a massive net of vines. She turned back to stare at Rosemi who was looking up at Selen with a desperate look on her face, fingers tightening around her wrist. "Wait, Selen. Don't go. I...I need to talk to you about something."

Clearing up the doorway looked like it was going to be a lot of work so Selen and Rosemi both decided that addressing it would be done in the morning. Selen grabbed a pillow off Rosemi's

couch to hide her still-throbbing bulge while Rosemi attempted a long-winded explanation that took up only about ten to twenty minutes.

That said, Selen felt like she wasn't processing everything that Rosemi was saying because of how fast she was speaking and how distracted she was from her sensitive dick chafing against the fabric of her pajamas.

"Hang on, Rosemi. Slow down," Selen said, holding up a hand and beckoning Rosemi to stop talking. Rosemi quieted down, and Selen took a single deep breath. "I'm struggling to digest everything so help me break it down, okay?"

"Yeah." Rosemi replied with a nod.

"So...first of all...you saw me and Finana fucking in my house?"

Rosemi hesitated, cheeks flushing. But she nodded.

"I can't fucking believe you saw that. Oh my fucking God." Selen groaned, throwing her head back in exasperation while her head wings flared out from the embarrassment. "I'm so sorry you had to see that, Rosemi. I, uh..."

"I-It's okay, Selen. I understand." Rosemi nodded, scratching her cheek. "People do stuff like that when they like each other and they have, uh, different urges and stuff that they feel. It's a feeling thing."

Selen sighed a heavy sigh, almost like Atlas had taken the day off and placed the weight of the heavens on her shoulders instead. "And...you're a demon. What was it, an Alraune?"

Rosemi nodded. "Yeah. I'm apparently, like, the cousin of like a succubus or something like that. I'm a demon."

Selen tilted her head inquisitively, staring at Rosemi. "Never would have figured you for one, even as someone who knows you, but I guess you learn something new every day. And you're currently undergoing...pollination season?"

"It's the Alraune equivalent of a demon's mating season." Rosemi's cheeks reddened. "Since we're, like, cousins of the sexual demons like succubi, we also have periods where we seek out a partner. It's like an instinct or something."

"I get it." Selen nodded affirmatively. "Just so that you don't misunderstand, Rosemi, that was the reason Finana and I...uh...did what we did. I was going through something really complicated at the time. And I didn't always have a dick, okay? Basically, some magic stuff happened, and I got one by accident."

Rosemi nodded, listening attentively. She was now sitting in *seiza*, staring intently at Selen like she was hanging on to every word being spoken. Selen, noticing this, decided not to comment on it and continue with her explanation. "Finana and I are in a mutual agreement to help each other with our mating season urges. I'm half-dragon so I have a mating season, kinda like what you described. I won't explain too much about Finana but she also does have her own season so I, uh, agree to help her with that as well."

"Uh-huh. So, it's like a contract or something."

Rosemi's comment made Selen pause. "...I guess you could say that, yeah." Selen said, trying not to think of the times she'd cuddled with Finana and enjoying intimacy void of sexual intention.

“We help each other out, in that sense.”

“Gotcha.” Rosemi nodded. “So...yeah. Alraunes also have a mating season thing and that’s what I’m actually going through right now.”

Selen blinked. “Wait, you’re in it right now?”

Rosemi reddened again and nodded sheepishly. “Uh...um...well, basically yes. And also...I’m probably the reason for your, uh...” she pointed at the pillow covering Selen’s erection.

“You are?” Selen restrained the volume of her voice, but she couldn’t tone down her genuine surprise. “Wait, you said something about being a distant cousin of a succubus or something.”

Rosemi nodded again. “So...during pollination season, Alraunes release a certain pollen that is supposed to attract other beings. When you breathe in the pollen, it basically starts activating, like, sexual energy and stuff inside you. It does stuff like making you more sensitive, replenishing your sexual energy...and stuff like that. At least, that’s what my mom was explaining to me before. Anyway,” Rosemi gave an apologetic bow of the head. “You ended up breathing in a lot of my pollen when you came over. I didn’t have the time to clean it out before you came over, so...I got rid of it while you were in the shower, but I guess I was too late.”

“Yeah, it is.” Selen sighed, adjusting her cross-legged sitting position and the pillow on her crotch. “Well...there’s nothing we can do about that now, I guess. Is this what was bothering you earlier today?”

“Y-yeah, kinda...” Rosemi averted her gaze. Her cheeks started glowing red as she continued speaking. “The thing is...uh...the way my mom explained it to me, it’s probably better if I start looking for someone to mate with now because if I don’t take care of it soon, I might start looking for any random person to sleep with.”

“O-oh.” Selen immediately saw the direction this conversation was going in and she felt a deluge of mixed feelings attack her all at once. “U-um...”

“Selen, I already asked Finana if it’s okay. And she said it was.”

Selen almost leapt to her feet but instead, she made do with her tail whipping the sofa violently. “Wait, you what?! And she said what?!”

“Selen, I’m only going to say this once.” Rosemi’s tone was more serious than before. Noticing this, Selen decided to quiet down and listen. Though her entire face was redder than a freshly poured glass of wine, Rosemi didn’t stutter. Rosemi scooped closer to Selen and with every inch of distance she closed, Selen felt more and more conscious. Rosemi got close enough to Selen until their legs touched, and Rosemi placed her hands on top of Selen’s hand. “Selen...I don’t really want to do that kind of thing with someone random, y’know? I want it to be someone I trust... someone I know...someone like...well...someone like you.”

Selen felt like she would start a forest fire if she pressed her cheek to a tree with how hot her face felt in that moment. “Y-you...you want to...with me?”

Rosemi’s glassy eyes, practically on the verge of tears from the embarrassment, made Selen feel defenseless. Rosemi leaned forward, moving even closer until the distance between the two of them was measurable only in millimeters. “...yeah. I do. Selen, you’re the only one I want to do this with. Is...is it okay with you?”

As if asking for permission, Rosemi leaned forward a micrometer more.

Selen hesitated. But as the tips of their noses brushed against each other, Selen knew what her answer was.

She leaned in and Rosemi felt her breath being stolen as Selen reached forward, gently cradling her chin with a hand and pulling her into a kiss. Their lips eventually parted and Rosemi was speechless, staring at Selen and trying to find the brain cells to make words come from her mouth.

“...mating seasons are kinda hellish if you have no one to help you through them.” Selen smiled gently, her voice gentler than Rosemi had ever heard it. “If you’re okay with me, then...sure, I guess.”

Rosemi’s brain took a moment to reboot before she realized what Selen had said. She jumped to her feet, ecstatic. “Oh god, really?! Thank you, Selen!”

Selen laughed, unsure of how else to react. “So...uh...how are we doing this?”

“Um, uh, wait I didn’t think I’d get this far.” Rosemi quickly ran to the staircase and paused at the base, looking back at Selen and pointed at the next flight of stairs to the third floor. “Uh, my bedroom is on the third floor! Give me fifteen minutes, I wanna shower first!”

Before Selen could say anything else, Rosemi ran up the stairs and disappeared around a corner. Left alone in the living room, Selen let out a sigh and leaned back on the couch cushion.

“...I’m gonna have to have a talk with Finana when I get back.”

Sweet Nectar

Chapter Summary

Selen and Rosemi spend the night together. Selen hopes that she can make sure Rosemi's first time is memorable and pleasant.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Selen couldn't calm her beating heart. Sitting on the edge of Rosemi's bed, Selen couldn't help but press her body weight into the mattress harder through her hands. Selen was continuously bouncing her right leg on the ball of its foot while her tail tapped incessantly against the bedsheets. She could feel her blood pumping at a mile a minute and the pounding of her heart roared enough in her ears to drown out the downpour of rain outside the house. Selen had attempted to take slow and deep breaths earlier to calm herself down. That, too, didn't work. She felt guilty at the fact that her dick was rock hard and pulsing, pushing back at the fabric of her underwear and threatening to pierce it. It wouldn't be the first time it happened, though; Finana had managed to get her hard enough on Valentine's that the buttons on her boxers had popped off.

Selen was nervous and she knew it. Looking back on it, Selen felt like she was even more nervous than she had been when she had first slept with Finana.

It's okay, Selen. You're just...y'know, you're just helping Rosemi out with her own thing. No need to make it a big deal or make it weird.

At that moment, Selen grew a new appreciation for what Finana had done for her. The mermaid had effortlessly blasted through all Selen's barriers and attempts to make excuses, to run away from the elephant in the room. *Maybe I need to take a page out of her book tonight.*

Rosemi isn't doing this because she wants sex. Well, no, she does want sex. But Rosemi's a cinnamon roll of a person who wouldn't be doing this without a reason. She's doing this because she needs help...and I'm doing this because she trusts me...and wants me...to be the person to do this with.

While rationalizing it like this helped Selen to ease her nerves, facing the truth also felt embarrassing. Knowing that Rosemi wanted Selen to be the one to take her first time was flattering in its own way. But the implications were making Selen's head spin and she really didn't want to think about it.

As long as Finana's okay with it...then I guess this is okay...right? Fuck, I can't think.

Selen's sensitive ears, even through the closed bedroom door and the downpour of the rain, could pick up the sound of the bathroom door closing. Rosemi was done taking a shower. Selen felt her pulse accelerate even more and all trains of thought halted immediately before skidding to a crash.

Rosemi's approaching footsteps were light and dainty. The closer they got, Selen's grip on the bedsheets tightened. She felt a bead of sweat trailing down to her chin.

It's okay, Selen. Calm down. If you're nervous, Rosemi will also be nervous. I need to keep calm. A nervous Selen isn't what Rosemi needs right now.

The door opened. Rosemi stood in the doorway, clad in a towel and nothing else. Her hair seemed damp, some bangs and stray hairs still pressed to the side of her face, and some parts of her skin were still tinted with a light pink blush. Nearly-invisible clouds of steam still clung to her body and wafted into the air. Her cheeks were painted a healthy shade of dark scarlet.

Selen wanted to say that she was cute. It was the first word that came into her mind. But at the same time, she felt like her limited vocabulary couldn't exactly do this sight justice. Selen stared at Rosemi, transfixed and wordless.

"...Selen, you're staring too hard." Rosemi's voice was small and mortified, her gaze averted.

The comment snapped her out of her daze. Selen blinked twice and cleared her throat. "I-I'm sorry." Unsure of what else to say, Selen fell silent once again.

Rosemi, also at a loss for words, closed the door behind her quietly. She reached for the light switch and after fumbling for a few seconds, turned the ceiling lights off. With the thunderclouds blocking any moonlight from entering the window, the only source of light in the room now was Rosemi's bedside lamp and the nightlight that was nestled into a wall socket at the end of the room opposite Selen.

Still not saying anything, Rosemi gingerly and hesitantly walked over to Selen. She sat down on the edge of the bed right next to Selen, close enough that their body temperatures mingled. Selen could smell her shampoo, her freshly washed body, and the fresh pollen emanating from her body.

"...Selen, I don't really know how to do any of this. It's my first time for everything, so it's...it's really really embarrassing for me right now." Rosemi's grip on her towel tightened. She finally turned to look at Selen. "Um...Finana told me that I should say something to you before we did anything. She said it would help."

Selen looked at Rosemi, confused. "Finana did?"

"Selen...this is really embarrassing. Make sure you listen, okay? I don't wanna repeat this."

Rosemi nudged herself closer and her body contacted Selen's. Selen immediately became acutely aware of Rosemi's warm skin and soft breasts being pushed into her arm and her torso. Pressing her body against Selen's, Rosemi leaned in and brought her lips as close to Selen's ears as she could.

Rosemi spoke in a soft, sultry whisper that Selen didn't know she could make. "Selen... just for tonight, please love me until you're satisfied~"

Selen felt her entire body shiver in response. Something inside her really, really liked hearing it and she wasn't going to deny that. Selen also knew that deep down, whatever part of her liked it also wanted to hear more. She looked back at Rosemi and the two made eye contact for the first time since they entered the room. Rosemi's eyes were steady; her nervousness and embarrassment were apparent in her voice, but the eyes told a different story.

Rosemi seemed resolved, nervousness and jitters be damned.

"Rosemi. Get on my lap." Selen did her best to keep her tone gentle. Rosemi obliged and straddled Selen, sitting on her lap while facing her. As Rosemi rested her body weight onto Selen's lap, Selen's tail gently snaked around Rosemi's body and kept her anchored to Selen's lap to gently press her naked pussy against Selen's bulging cock. Rosemi inhaled sharply and let out a cute gasp,

a pleasing noise to Selen's ears.

"...do I kiss you now?" The question stunned Selen. But it was a sincere one and Rosemi's tone carried no hint of sarcasm or teasing. Selen gently smiled and coaxed her even closer until Rosemi's nose was touching hers.

Selen gently nipped on the tip of Rosemi's lips. "Sure, we can. I'll teach you how I kiss."

Rosemi and Selen drew closer to meet lips, closing their eyes. When they did, Rosemi exhaled and her shoulders untensed. Their kiss was gentle and sweet. Rosemi let out a moan and a surprised squeal when Selen pressed her tongue into Rosemi's mouth. But after a moment's hesitation, Rosemi relented and allowed Selen to do whatever she wanted.

Sweet. Selen thought to herself, pushing her tongue into Rosemi's mouth even further and gently caressing the insides of her mouth. *She tastes like melted sugar. She...she actually tastes really good.*

With one hand, Selen reached up and gently held the back of Rosemi's head in place as she continued to kiss her deeper. Rosemi was made helpless by it, moans of pleasure escaping her lips before they were swallowed up by the lunar dragon's mouth again. As Selen broke their kiss off, Rosemi suddenly tugged on Selen's shirt with her hands and shook her head.

Their eyes met again.

Rosemi's eyes were pleading, upturned, and sent a clear signal.

"Don't stop."

Unable to resist, Selen pulled Rosemi back in and kissed her again. Rosemi let out another moan and sighed happily, wrapped her arms around Selen's neck and pressing her whole body against Selen's even tighter. When Rosemi attempted to push her tongue back against Selen's, Selen smiled into the kiss and allowed it. Rosemi took the initiative this time and pushed her tongue into Selen's mouth; Selen found her mouth filling with the sweet flavor.

Her mouth tingled.

She wanted more.

Selen tightened her grip on Rosemi's hair and pressed her head inwards towards her, fighting back and pushing her tongue back into Rosemi's mouth. To this, Rosemi let out an especially loud moan and tightened her grip on Selen's shirt. "Nn~ Sele-mmng~" Rosemi gave in completely, allowing Selen to push her head forward and dominate the exchange.

Fuck. She tastes so good.

Selen couldn't get the taste out of her head. She wanted more. The flavor was addictive, and the primal part of her brain was telling her to wring Rosemi of every last drop. With the flower girl acting like putty in her hands, Selen decided to do exactly that. Using her tail, Selen dragged Rosemi's down lower to make her lower mouth grind against her body.

She did this a single time. Rosemi let out a loud gasp and relinquished all control in the kiss to Selen. Selen invaded Rosemi's mouth as she pleased, keeping her head in place while her tongue worked every inch of Rosemi. The seconds felt long, and those seconds turned into minutes.

Finally, Selen broke the kiss off again. She was panting, a little out of breath. Her body still wanted

more. But Selen wasn't a savage. This was Rosemi's first time, and she wanted to make sure that it was good for her. "You okay, Rosemi?" Her voice was gentle as she stroked Rosemi's head tenderly.

Rosemi's gaze seemed unfocused even as she looked at Selen, eyes still begging. "...why did you stop?"

The question alone almost made Selen initiate another kiss right then and there. But she held back, if only barely. "Just checking if you're okay. You good?"

"Yeah. I-I'm fine. That was..." Rosemi smiled and leaned her forehead against Selen's. Her shoulders rose and fell as she caught her breath. "...that felt really good. That's how you kiss?"

"...yeah."

"I...I like the way you kiss, Selen~"

Selen didn't know what it was, whether it was her Alraune nature or if it was the contrast between her usual innocence and what she was doing right now. But it made Selen want to do things to her that would make the author of the Kamasutra blush.

"Kissing isn't the only thing I know how to do, Rosemi."

Rosemi's face reddened again as she caught the meaning of Selen's words. Removing her arms from Selen's neck, Rosemi reached for her towel and gingerly unwrapped her naked body after a moment's hesitation. She let the towel drop onto the floor behind her, allowing Selen to see everything.

Selen felt the oxygen escape her mouth. Rosemi's slender body, her petite arms, her perky breasts, her clean and shaved lower lips; all of it felt like it was within expectations given how often Selen has seen Rosemi and how well she knew her. And yet she couldn't really find words to describe Rosemi's glow. Selen could see well in the dark, well enough to appreciate every contour and line of Rosemi's curves.

"...you look beautiful, Rosemi."

"Stop," Rosemi's face was practically glowing in the dark at this point, bright enough to halt a passing airplane. She shot Selen a sheepish smile. "Thank you, though. You, uh...you also look really pretty, Selen."

She chose to ignore the compliment because thinking about it too much was only going to embarrass her further. Selen reached out with her hands and then paused, looking up at Rosemi. "Can I touch you?"

Rosemi nodded. Selen's nails and claws gingerly traced a line from her jawline until her collarbone. Rosemi let out a gasp of anticipation, her eyes permanently fixed on Selen's hands. Further down they went until they stopped at Rosemi's chest. Selen paused, taking in the sight of Rosemi's breasts before gently pressing her fingers into their softness. Rosemi inhaled sharply at the sensation and let out a soft whisper of a moan. Her fingers tightened on Selen's body.

Selen's left hand remained at Rosemi's chest, the other one continuing to draw a line downwards. Her right index finger traced downwards, playfully and slowly poking Rosemi's midriff and belly button before descending downwards. Rosemi's breath caught in her throat as Selen's fingers gently brushed the spot just at the top of her pussy.

“Selen?”

“Yeah?”

“Can I...uh...” Embarrassed, Rosemi’s voice became a whisper. “Can I kiss you again?”

Selen didn’t respond with words, instead bringing Rosemi’s body close enough to lock lips with her. Rosemi let out a delighted squeal, taking the initiative in the kiss while Selen’s hands gently got to work. Her soft and gentle moans grew loud as Rosemi felt a sharp and sudden wave of pleasure overtake her body as Selen began gently massaging Rosemi’s breast with one hand while the other one played with the outer folds of her entrance delicately. “Nyah~ Selen~ Nn~” But as soon as Rosemi broke away, Selen didn’t let her escape. Her tail tightened, preventing Rosemi from distancing herself. Unable to pry herself away, Rosemi was dragged back into the kiss that she asked for.

“Mmngh~ Sel-nngh~!” Rosemi’s muffled moans grew even louder as Selen pushed one of her fingers inside of Rosemi’s pussy. That was an invitation to Selen to gently, but steadily, keep going. Selen pushed her tongue inside of Rosemi’s mouth while simultaneously putting a second finger inside of her. Pinching her nipple a little bit was the cherry on top; Rosemi let out a small scream and pushed herself out of the kiss.

But that didn’t stop Selen from beginning to rhythmically send her fingers in and out of Rosemi’s body. Rosemi leaned forward and pressed her body against Selen for support, moans and gasps escaping her lips. Selen kissed the side of Rosemi’s face, the sensation stimulating the flower girl even more.

“It’s okay, Rosemi~ You’re the one who told me no one else is in the house.” Selen teased. She nibbled on Rosemi’s earlobe and then withdrew to gently kiss the tip of Rosemi’s nose “You can be as loud as you want~”

“Nya~! Selen~! I-ahn~! Feels so goo-ahn~!” Rosemi was beginning to become incoherent in the face of these unfamiliar sensations. But she liked all of them. Without her meaning to, Rosemi began pushing her hips forward to meet Selen’s fingers. Selen felt Rosemi’s inner folds tightening and contracting around her digits; more than that, however, Selen’s entire hand was already dripping wet.

Rosemi’s fluids were sticky and thick, far more than anything Selen had ever expected. They filled the air with a heavy aroma that made Selen’s brain feel like little more than gelatin. Selen could already feel fluids beginning to drip from her forearm and onto her leg, onto the mattress, and onto the bedroom floor.

Selen felt a small burst of satisfaction from within her chest as Rosemi’s whole body tensed up and her shoulders shrank, a cry of delight leaving her lips. Her inner walls tightened and constricted Selen’s fingers. Selen quietly put some strength into her body and tail to support Rosemi as she twitched and fought to catch her breath. She leaned in close and kissed Rosemi’s cheek. “You okay?”

“Y-yeah,” Rosemi managed to get out in between her inhales.

“How do you feel?”

Rosemi dragged her head up to look at Selen. Her eyes were hazy and even more unfocused than before, her cheeks permanently tinted red. She smiled and leaned in close, planting a peck on Selen’s lips. “It felt really, really good.”

“You already came.” Selen held up her hand for Rosemi to see. Her entire forearm was shiny even with the limited light of the bedside lamp. She put her thumb and index finger together before separating them once again, a string of sticky fluid connecting them. “Do you want to rest a little bit?”

Rosemi shook her head. “No, I want to keep going. I want both of us to feel good together~” Rosemi lightly tugged at Selen’s clothes, no strength left in her arms to strip her of her shirt. “I want you to kiss me again and I want you to keep doing those things to me~”

Selen brought a hand to Rosemi’s chin and brought their faces closer, resting her thumb on her lower lip. To Selen’s surprise, Rosemi immediately opened her mouth and accepted Selen’s thumb into it. She shivered as Rosemi swirled her tongue around the base of her thumb, a tingle running all the way from her neck to the tip of her tail as Rosemi slowly dragged her tongue across its surface. All the while, Rosemi maintained eye contact with Selen with the same upturned and pleading gaze.

Rosemi’s eyes seemed brighter than before, almost as if they were glowing. Looking at them directly, Selen felt mesmerized by their light. Extracting her thumb from Rosemi’s mouth, Selen removed both of her hands and relaxed her tail. It uncoiled from Rosemi’s waist, allowing her freedom again.

“Wh-what are you-?” Not expecting it, a confused Rosemi almost fell backward and clung onto Selen in an effort to maintain her balance.

“Sit with your back to me, Rosemi.” Selen patted her lap with her hand. As Rosemi obeyed and shakily got to her feet, Selen was able to confirm her suspicions: her pajamas were dark and damp with Rosemi’s fluids, shiny droplets lay still on her thighs. Trying to contain her surprise, Selen adjusted her seated position on the bed so that she could better accommodate Rosemi.

As Rosemi sat down, she looked back at Selen. Their faces were next to each other, and she was able to feel Selen’s hot breath on her skin, gently sliding down the back of her neck. The feeling sent shivers of anticipation throughout her body. She leaned back, trusting her body weight to the lunar dragon behind her.

“Open your legs.”

Selen’s next command made Rosemi feel embarrassed. But she didn’t say no. Rosemi hesitantly parted her legs, tucking them against Selen’s calves to ensure she wouldn’t slip and fall. Selen’s tail moved again, coiling around Rosemi’s waist to keep her secure. She could feel Selen’s small smile on the back of her ears before a kiss graced the back of her earlobe.

“Good girl~” Selen’s voice was husky and quiet, almost a whisper. Selen kissed the back of Rosemi’s ear again as her hands snaked around Rosemi’s body, fingernails and claws dragging themselves along skin towards Rosemi’s lower lips and breasts. “That’s a good girl, Rosemi~”

Rosemi didn’t understand what she was feeling from hearing Selen’s voice like this, nor did she understand the sensations assailing her body like a thousand watts of lightning. All she knew is that she didn’t want it to end. Her body tensed as Selen’s claw gently prodded the tip of her nipple and a breathy moan escaped Rosemi’s mouth. Selen’s human fingers reached down further, tracing circles just beside Rosemi’s entrance.

“Be sure to look while I put my fingers inside you, Rosemi.” Selen whispered. “I want you to watch while I make you feel good, okay?”

Rosemi nodded obediently, unable to think up any other way to better express her need for Selen's hands to work their magic. As Selen's index and middle fingers slowly penetrated Rosemi's entrance, Rosemi felt a good and warm sensation spreading throughout her lower half once again. She felt the heat her cheeks gave off as she watched Selen's fingers slowly, but surely, disappear inside of her pussy.

"Nngh~" Rosemi let out another, louder moan as Selen's other hand firmly cupped the base of her breast. She turned back again to look Selen in the eye. She leaned in and placed her lips on top of Selen's, yet she did not initiate a kiss. Instead, she hovered there and stared pleadingly. "Selen~ Please~"

She really likes kissing. Selen thought to herself amusedly. Good thing I really like kissing her.

Selen smiled and forced Rosemi's mouth open with her own, much to Rosemi's delight. As their kiss deepened, Rosemi reached back and grabbed onto the back of Selen's head in an attempt to force their mouths against each other even harder. Selen continued her work, playing gently with Rosemi's breasts while her fingers methodically worked in and out of Rosemi.

"Nngh~ Selen~" Rosemi gasped for air, breaking off before leaning back in for more. Selen couldn't get enough of how oddly sweet every part of Rosemi seemed to taste. Her tongue tasted like candy, her lips like honey, and even her sweat tasted sweeter than it did salty. The air smelled of sex and sweet honey. Selen felt her brain melting with every whiff of Rosemi's scent and every drop she drank of her. Every time Rosemi begged her for a kiss, Selen couldn't resist the opportunity to refresh her memory of Rosemi's flavor.

Selen felt a pang of satisfaction when her fingers slipped all the way in to the knuckle inside of Rosemi and she gasped, her grip on Selen's hair loosening. "Nngh~ Sel-" Selen chose to steal her breath with another kiss, the hum of Rosemi's stifled words a pleasant vibration on her tongue. Rosemi's muffled moans continued to shake Selen's lips as they escaped into her mouth, their saliva gathering and beginning to trail down from Rosemi's lips. It dribbled down, dripping down in thick droplets that landed on Rosemi's shoulder and back. Nothing deterred Rosemi from prolonging their kiss, as if she were too entranced in the sensation of Selen's tongue in her mouth to think of anything else.

"Nngh~ Mmgh~ Sel-aangh~"

Rosemi continued to push herself against Selen's mouth, torn between gasping for air and gasping for more. Selen's fingers began to pick up the pace and her other, larger hand let go of Rosemi's breast. It descended to Rosemi's clit and poked at it. Rosemi let out a violent, muffled scream that also disappeared into the kiss. Selen found it intensely satisfying to hear Rosemi's moans and snuff them out. Seemingly on their own, Rosemi began gyrating and moving her hip against Selen's fingers again. Her movements were clumsy but authentic, something that Selen found adorable while the flower girl was crumbling in her arms.

Selen could also feel her bulge beginning to press hard against the fabric of her pajamas and threatening to tear it, Rosemi's pooling fluids seeping through to coat it. It was pressed against Rosemi's backside, hot like iron and rigid like a blade, and the sensation of friction against her dick was beginning to eat at her patience. The urge to penetrate *something* was strong. Selen slowly pulled Rosemi backward with her tail, pressing Rosemi's backside against the underside of her dick.

Rosemi's eyes widened as she felt a long, hot, hard object pressing into her butt and prodding at her back. She knew what was touching her and the knowledge made her begin to thrust her hips desperately against Selen's fingers. As Selen pinched her clit again and sent a wave of flame and

heat up Rosemi's spine, she bit back a scream. Rosemi could feel her climax approaching for the third time. Unsure of how else to do it, Rosemi desperately rocked her body back and forth, trying to force Selen's fingers further and deeper into her body.

"Selen~! Selen~! Nnggh~ Selen~!" Rosemi escaped the kiss and pressed her head further back into Selen's body, her hips now gyrating while Selen pistoned her fingers in and out of Rosemi. Her hips bucking, her desperate gasps for air, her high-pitched squeals, her desperate moaning as she got closer and closer to cumming. Selen couldn't hold back a grin as Rosemi squirmed in her grasp.

Selen leaned forward, opening her mouth, and gently sucking a hickey into Rosemi's nape. The unexpected sensation of Selen's teeth pressing into her neck was the last thing Rosemi needed to send her over the edge. With a scream, Rosemi's fingers clenched and her entire body contracted; Selen felt Rosemi's inner walls twitching and tightening around her fingers, refusing to let go. Selen's tail tightened to keep her anchored. Some of Rosemi's orgasm flew outwards, striking Selen's hand with surprising force and hitting the bedroom floor with an audible thud. Selen couldn't help but watch in both satisfaction and fascination as Rosemi's climax continued for seconds, small spurts of fluid rising and falling in the air like a fountain. Finally, after what felt like an hour, her body went slack and Rosemi collapsed against Selen's body, chest heaving and shoulders rising & falling.

Didn't think she'd cum that hard with just my fingers. Selen thought to herself as she removed her digits from Rosemi's pussy, holding it up to it dripping wet. Curiosity took her and she brought the fingers to her mouth, licking Rosemi's flavor off them.

It was even sweeter than she could describe in words. The ambrosia was intoxicating and Selen wanted to drunk off of this flavor.

"Rosemi? How are you? Are you okay?" Selen asked, looking down at the girl in her arms and bringing her face closer. Rosemi nodded wordlessly, still trying to catch oxygen. Selen laughed softly and nuzzled into the side of Rosemi's face. "You're doing great, Rosemi. I hope you feel good."

"...but I want you to feel good too, Selen," Rosemi's voice was feeble. She kissed Selen's cheek and looked up at her. Their eyes met and while Selen could tell Rosemi was still reeling from her climax, she could also see Rosemi's determination. "I...I think I'm ready. I know you are, so...it's not fair if we don't feel good together. That's not what sex is supposed to be like..."

Selen smiled and laid Rosemi down softly onto the bed. "You're so sweet, Rosemi," Selen whispered. Rosemi watched, wide-eyed and red-faced as Selen began removing her clothes. As Selen's dick sprang into full view, Rosemi couldn't help but feel a mix of awe, anticipation, and apprehension. It was the first time she'd seen it up close, not like the time when she'd spied on Selen and Finana many months ago. It was a thick member with an impressive length, fleshy and pulsating. It twitched and jerked, radiating a heat that Rosemi could feel even from a distance. The smell was overwhelming; Rosemi had smelled Selen's musk all day but now, it was overpowering and hypnotizing.

As Selen crawled onto the bed towards Rosemi, she reached out and gently caressed the side of Rosemi's face. Leaning in, Selen kissed her again and smiled reassuringly. "I'll go slow so tell me if you need me to stop, okay?"

Rosemi nodded. The go signal given, Selen reached out with her human hand to intertwine her fingers with Rosemi's hand. Climbing on top of Rosemi, she pressed the underside of her dick against Rosemi's entrance and let it sit there. It was only at that moment that Rosemi realized that with the length being pressed against her like this, Selen's dick was not too far off from her belly

button.

Selen thrust her hips forward and the shaft rubbed against Rosemi's lower lips, and the sensation made Rosemi inhale sharply through her mouth. Slowly, Selen did it again. And again. Rosemi's entire body was wracked with shivers, sweet electricity pulsing through her spine as she felt her lower half's tingling intensify. All the while, Selen maintained gentle eye contact with Rosemi. Her fingers tightened around Rosemi's hand gently; Selen's lips mouthed "It's okay~" in the softest of whispers, a reassuring smile on her lips.

"...it's okay, Selen." Rosemi's voice was impossibly quiet. "You can do it~"

Selen suppressed the urge to slam all of her length into Rosemi right then and there. Aligning herself with Rosemi's entrance, Selen exhaled a soft moan as she pushed herself into Rosemi. The flower girl underneath her gasped and found the strength to force out a groan, the feeling of fullness accompanied by an intense wave of pleasure. "Nnah~! Aahn~! Sel-nngh~"

A sharp pain shot through her body as Selen passed a certain point inside and Rosemi gasped. Selen, recognizing the sensation and Rosemi's reaction, paused. She stayed quiet and still, allowing Rosemi the time and breath to adjust.

Oh god, I knew it was gonna hurt, but this is not what I thought. The pain brought more clarity to Rosemi's thoughts. She looked into Selen's eyes, feeling her fear and panic melting away under the lunar dragon's supportive gaze. *But if it's for Selen...*

Rosemi reached out with her free hand, which had been gripping the bedsheet at the moment she was deflowered, and she wrapped it around the back of Selen's neck. She tugged, enticing Selen to come closer. Selen knew what she wanted and obliged, leaning in. The two kissed again and immediately, all remaining feelings of doubt and skepticism washing away. It was replaced by a warm and fuzzy feeling that was continuously growing larger and more intense in both her chest and her lower half.

As their lips separated, Rosemi smiled at Selen. "You can go ahead now. I think I'm fine."

Selen's head wings fluttered, her facial expression one of concern. "You sure you don't need a little more time?"

"It's okay, Selen." Rosemi repeated, more strength in her words this time. "Go ahead."

Selen softly moved her body back and pushed her length steadily back into Rosemi, carefully observing her reaction. She tightened her grip around Rosemi's hands, trying to provide some other source of sensation to distract herself from the pain. Rosemi had bit her lip hard upon her penetration and now a thin trail of blood seeped out from her lower lip. Selen leaned in and carefully licked it up. Rosemi's breathy moans grew louder with each additional sensation Selen added to the assault.

As Selen continued to invade her insides, Rosemi was finding it harder and harder to believe that she could fit at all. But just as she had that thought, a sudden burst of lightning flared up from her core as Selen bottomed out, the head of her dick reaching the furthest it could go. "Oh...oh my god, Selen," Rosemi exclaimed, panting. It felt like her entire lower body, from her belly button to the tips of her toes, was burning like a fire. "...I...I think it doesn't hurt as much. You can~"

Selen gently pressed her lips to Rosemi's, cutting off her rushed sentence. "It's okay, Rosemi. I'll wait. You don't have to rush. Take your time." Selen withdrew, still smiling gently. "I don't want to hurt you."

Rosemi could feel the urge to cry. She couldn't tell if it was from the pain or if it was because of how happy she felt that Selen was being so patient and kind to her. Unable to find words anymore, Rosemi nodded with a weak grunt and reached out to wrap an arm around Selen's head. Pulling her in for an embrace, Selen allowed it and planted a gentle kiss on Rosemi's cheek again. She'd already figured out by now that Rosemi liked it and that it worked to relax and pleasure her; as the minutes passed and the only audible noise was each other's deep breathing, Selen would take the time to kiss Rosemi's cheek or her lips repeatedly.

"Selen~" Rosemi gasped as Selen playfully nipped at her chin and licked her neck, her breathing staggering at the pleasure. "Oh god, Selen~ Selen~"

Hearing Rosemi call her name was stimulus enough, but Rosemi was impossibly tight. Selen felt every single inch of her shaft being set aflame with every motion while Rosemi's inner walls held an iron grip on her. It was like every millimeter of her pussy was trying to milk Selen for everything she had, and she had only just started. Grinding her teeth, Selen made sure to thrust slowly and not succumb to the urge to go at her preferred speed.

It was more important to Selen, in this moment, that Rosemi was getting what she needed.

"Ahn~ Selen~ Please~" Rosemi's voice was growing hoarse as the night had dragged on, the volume of her voice decreasing with every scream, shout, and moan she could offer. Her whisper was desperate, clinging onto any shred of composure she could achieve. "Selen~ I feel so good~ Nn~ Selen~"

"Faster?" Selen asked. She kept it to one word in the hopes Rosemi would comprehend. Rosemi, unable to respond with a word, just nodded and moaned loudly again. Selen took it to heart and moved her hips back and forth at a steady rhythm, only ratcheting up the pace by a bit. She still wanted to be gentle with Rosemi, to make sure that she didn't break. But Selen had already noticed that any fatigue or feelings of tiredness she'd been experiencing had completely disappeared.

Is this something else that happens when you're sleeping with an Alraune? Selen thought to herself. She felt clear-headed and energetic like she'd taken a dose of coffee and the caffeine had jumped straight to her brain. *If that's the case, I have a feeling this won't end with just one orgasm.*

Selen pushed in with a little bit more force than before, earning an even tighter squeeze around her shaft and a squeal of joy from Rosemi. Selen smiled and placed her lips over Rosemi's nipple, the tip of her tongue poking and prodding at it. Rosemi's voice grew louder and her back was already beginning to arch while her arm fought against Selen's grip to no avail; her already waning strength was no match for Selen.

She's going to cum already? Let's get her there.

Inhaling a deep breath through her nostrils, Selen began grunting with her thrusts as she gave more force and moved faster. She could feel the physical sensation of bottoming out against Rosemi's inner walls and it only made her own climax approach all the faster. With Selen's increased pace came Rosemi's inability to do anything except writhe and scream in ecstasy, her other hand gripping the bedsheet as tightly as she could while Selen guided her cock in and out of her.

Though Selen still considered this moderate speed, it was more than enough for Rosemi as she was now.

Selen felt her tail twitch in response to the sensation of Rosemi's pussy tightening more than they ever had and it was only then that she realized that Rosemi's orgasm had already hit her while Selen was still thrusting in and out of her.

Oops. It was too late to do so but Selen slowed down her pace anyway, tightening her grip around Rosemi's wrist and gently kissing her neck again. She could feel Rosemi's body twitching and quivering from the force of her orgasm. Against her better judgment, Selen gently bit down on Rosemi's collarbone. Rosemi's back arched even further in response. Her mouth was open, saliva still running down past her lips, and she was no longer producing noise. A silent scream came from Rosemi as her legs, wrapped around Selen's hips, clung weakly to Selen's body.

Well, now I know what Alraune pollen smells like. The room was now thick with the smell of sex and mixed in with it was a subtle floral fragrance, something that made the inside of Selen's nose tingle. She could recognize it now and it was all over Rosemi's body. The flavor was mixed in Selen's mouth, the result of having kissed and licked Rosemi all over.

As Rosemi's throat finally produced a tired and breathy moan, Selen pecked her on the lips again and smiled. "You okay, Rosemi? Are you alright?"

"...Selen...no fair..." Rosemi's words came in between tired gasps and breaths. Her chest heaved, her shoulders rising and falling. "...you didn't...you didn't cum..."

Selen's cock twitched inside Rosemi's still-trembling pussy at hearing that. "Yeah, you came first so I didn't wanna overwhelm you-"

In a motion that surprised Selen, Rosemi gently reached out and wrapped her free arm around Selen's neck to pull her closer again. She frantically mashed her lips against Selen's, legs locking around Selen's hips desperately. A growl emerged from Selen's throat as she fought back, dominating Rosemi's mouth and pushing her head down into the mattress while sending her cock into her body as far as it would physically go. Selen's tail coiled and wound itself around Rosemi's ankles, keeping her legs locked in place.

Rosemi couldn't even scream anymore as Selen began thrusting with force and speed. She couldn't even think. Her voice leaked out in hoarse, throaty moaning that intensified in volume for a split second after every thrust.

Her world was blank. All she could feel was her insides being churned up, her mouth occupied by Selen's tongue, her wrists made helpless by Selen's hands, her breasts toyed with, every nook and cranny being stimulated by the dragon hovering above her. A squeak exited her lips, disappearing into Selen's mouth, as another orgasm came and went in the span of seconds.

Selen was tired of waiting, no longer stopping to let Rosemi's hypersensitive body rest in between climaxes. She was dead set on reaching her climax now. Selen's voice began leaking out as her own pleasure rose rapidly. She'd already been feeling really good ever since penetrating Rosemi but every thrust felt dangerously good and addictive. She growled again, this time louder, as she began pushing her cock inside Rosemi as far as she could without hurting her.

Rosemi struggled to verbalize anything coherent, but Selen didn't need words to understand when Rosemi's insides tightened over and over again. She knew that Rosemi was cumming over and over and the sensation on her cock only felt better and better each time it happened. Selen could already feel her climax approaching. As if reading her mind, Rosemi gently pushed Selen's face away.

"I-inside, Sele-nngh~ Please, do it insi-nnah~" Rosemi's voice was failing but she managed to get those words out.

It was all the encouragement Selen needed.

Selen snarled as she drove her cock into Rosemi one last time, euphoria overtaking her body as she finally reached her orgasm. It felt way better than it ever had and the volume of it was copious; Selen was able to sense her cum overflowing out of Rosemi's lower lips and spurt out with how much she'd ejected. She held Rosemi in place tightly, thrusting her hips in small motions as her orgasm continued. When it finally ended, Selen's entire body untensed and she took a deep breath. She could still feel small spurts escaping the tip of her cock and pooling inside of the girl beneath her.

"...Rosemi?" Selen whispered, caressing Rosemi's cheek.

Rosemi didn't say anything. Her eyes opened and Selen realized that they were glowing in the dark, brighter than anything else in the room. They shone with an orange light, something that Selen wasn't expecting. Wordlessly, Rosemi pushed against Selen's body again. Selen obliged, backing up and allowing her dick to slip out of Rosemi. On her knees, Selen's eyes widened as Rosemi crawled on all fours over to Selen and placed her lips on the tip of Selen's cock unprompted. She opened her mouth and slowly began sucking off Selen, the saliva and mix of juices stimulating beyond belief.

"Where did you-ugh~!" Selen was cut off as Rosemi suddenly took the cock down to the base in a single motion with seemingly no effort, cleaning it up of every fluid it had been coated with, and then taking her mouth off it. The shaft was shiny and dribbled with saliva, a string of it still attached to Rosemi's lower lip.

"...until you're satisfied, Selen~" Rosemi whispered again in that deep, sultry voice that Selen didn't know Rosemi had. Rosemi laid on her back again, arms outstretched towards Selen and beckoning her to approach once more. Her pussy still dripped with their mixed juices. Her mouth opened invitingly. "Don't stop until you're satisfied~"

Selen no longer remembers what happened after that point. All she remembered was how delicious that night tasted.

Chapter End Notes

And we're approaching the end of this arc, everyone! This one gets a little epilogue at the end, coming soon hopefully. Thank you so much for following this story! All of your support is touching and means a lot to me! I took some time on this one because I

felt like I wanted to make sure that I was satisfied with how I portrayed the great Rosemi Lovelock-sama. It took some time before I felt okay with the results. Go figure, perfectionism lol

Fun fact: every time I tried to write the Rosemi smut, my friend would protest at the idea because it felt wrong to lewd Rosemi. In a way, I see where it's coming from lmao

Anyway, updating this soon is going to be a bit challenging because my major exam is less than a month away. With that said, major spoiler alert: the LunarFairy arc is coming up next and I can't wait to write it! Hope to see y'all soon!

Our Love, Our Rules

Chapter Summary

After sleeping with Rosemi, Selen feels a pang of guilt for not approaching things better. At the very least, she wants to do things properly. Finana and Rosemi feel the same way, too.

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry this got delayed. Persona 5 Royale ate me up LMAO

In all honesty, this chapter was also a long time coming for a lot of reasons. Exams, my own insecurities while writing it, and I also needed some rest after having passed said exams. I also gave myself a week off because I needed to get into a better headspace. Also, yes this chapter is like 10k words even though it's the ending of the lunarrose arc lol

No seggs in this chapter but a lot of talking, some emotions, etc. I hope y'all enjoy it regardless!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

I've really done it now, huh?

Selen reached out, the tips of her nails resting on the outline of the mark she'd left on Rosemi's back. The morning sunlight shone through the window, casting a gentle beam into the bedroom that lit it all up. Witnessing the rise and fall of Rosemi's naked shoulders and back felt like Selen was lying next to a moving painting. There had been little time to admire it last night but looking at her now, Rosemi's skin was smooth and soft almost like the flowers she associated herself with.

On her nape, very close to the shoulder blades, was the mark that Selen had left. She didn't remember leaving it there, but it was the same one that she'd left on Finana as well. It resembled a bite mark, but the skin indentations were shallow; the grooves of the mark seemed to glow with the faintest purple aura, visible only if one were to squint and get close like Selen was doing now. Not thinking anything of it, Selen reached out with her hand and gently traced her fingertip across the lines of the mark.

...does this mean that Rosemi is also considered, like, my mate or something? The thought made Selen wince. She'd never studied or learned the specifics of the mating culture and habits of dragons under the presumption that she would never have to for a very long time. Even her current relationship with Finana had yet to spur Selen into doing her research, a fact that she was beginning to regret. *Maybe I should ask mom or Elira how this whole marking and branding thing works. I keep doing it without knowing anything about it. It feels a little irresponsible of me to keep doing this without really understanding what's going on.*

The thoughts were accompanied by a tinge of guilt. That guilt was accompanied by the thought of

Finana. Selen hadn't been sure of how to process what was going on last night and now that the deed was done, Selen felt bad and she knew why; at least, to some extent. Piercing through the foggy mist of drowsiness around her brain was a clear needle of remorse that felt unpleasant to the chest. It made Selen feel murky and the back of her neck cold.

I know that I did what I did because Rosemi told me that she wanted me to do it...and that she'd already talked to Finana. In my mind, at the time, everything seemed like it was okay. But now that I think about it...I'm such a fucking idiot. Selen tried to exhale the bad feelings out of her chest, but they lingered. *It would have been so easy to just call her or text her or something to make sure, or to talk to her...or something. And now I've gone and had sex with someone else...will she really be okay with it?*

Her lips tightened. *I don't want to hurt Finana, but I've done something I can't take back and I never made it clear with her if she was really okay with it or not. And...knowing how we've been...it probably isn't okay.*

Selen only found herself growing more and more confused as the puddle in her head was deepening into an ocean of unpleasant thoughts and realizations. That storm was disrupted by the sudden sound of rustling, accompanied by Rosemi turning over in her sleep to face Selen which made the half-dragon girl blink. Her forehead bangs fell across her face, slumping onto the pillow, and her lips opened briefly in a cute exhale. Rosemi was cute; that much was pretty much a given fact that no living being would dispute. But seeing her sleeping face now and rosy cheeks now, alit with sunlight, made Selen smile without meaning to despite her inner monologue. The dragon felt a compulsion and her body acted on it; her hand reached out and tenderly cradled Rosemi's chin with her fingers, being careful not to apply too much pressure and accidentally wake her up.

I know I did what I did for a reason. Selen scowled, pointing the bullets of remorse at herself. *But I never meant to hurt anyone even if it was not the right way to go about things or the right way to do any of this. I...I know that I just wanted to help Rosemi. That, in and of itself isn't wrong. But...if Finana finds a reason to hate me over this, what am I supposed to do?*

The sleepy groan that left Rosemi's lips a half-second later told Selen that poking at her while she was asleep with such delicacy was futile. Rosemi's eyes slowly opened but remained half-lidded. As the two girls made eye contact, a sweet smile slowly spread across Rosemi's face while the light pink blush on her cheeks became a healthier and darker red. She blinked once and the light from her eyes seemed to grow brighter. Rosemi nudged her body closer, hesitating after inching forward once as if she was slowly processing the situation she was in and remembering the events of last night. After a few seconds of silence, Rosemi continued to move her body closer to Selen's until they were touching, Rosemi choosing to lay her forehead onto Selen's. "H-Heya~" said Rosemi, her voice weak and still hoarse. It was feeble and shy, also a symptom of having just woken up. While she spoke softly, the lingering embarrassment in her voice squeezed the heart to hear.

"Morning, sleepyhead." Rosemi's pure and unbridled cuteness chased the bad thoughts and feelings out of Selen's head in that moment. It felt like the cloud inside her chest was lighter, if only a little. Selen let out a giggle and poked Rosemi's soft cheek with her finger again. Rosemi puffed her cheek out in response, earning another yet soft laugh from Selen. "Come on, I'm hungry. We need to make breakfast, Rosemi."

"...I want pancakes." Rosemi groaned not unlike a five-year-old, shaking her head and nuzzling her forehead into Selen's like a cat. "With maple syrup. And bacon."

"I mean, sure, but...do you even have that in the house?"

“You bought some in the groceries yesterday, didn’t you?”

“Rosemi, I was going to take that home to use that for the *dorayaki*.”

“Please?”

Selen sighed and pushed her hands into the sheets to force herself off the bed, belatedly realizing that her top was unbuttoned and that she was wearing no bottoms. Rosemi was worse off; since she’d entered the bedroom last night wearing nothing but a towel, Rosemi was naked with no clothes in the room readily available to throw on. Deciding that beholding Rosemi’s naked body in the morning would not be the best idea for both her sanity and dignity, Selen swiftly buttoned her pajama top back on and picked her pajamas off the floor while looking at anything else in the room instead, sticking her leg into one of the pant legs as she spoke. “Come on, Rosemi, get up. I’ll get started on the pancakes so go get dressed. I don’t know where you keep your clothes so I can’t get them for you, Rosemi.”

Rosemi simply turned around again, groaning, and pulled the bedsheets back onto her body like a blanket. She buried her face into the pillow behind her head, making her voice sound very muffled and hard to understand. “The pajamas are in the fourth drawer from the top-”

Selen reached out and closed Rosemi’s lips with her fingers, laughing as Rosemi’s eyes shot wide open in shock. “No, don’t. I’m not getting your clothes for you, Rosemi. Go get dressed while I make breakfast.”

Rosemi groaned sleepily and rolled her eyes as if to complain but after making eye contact with Selen, she caved in. Taking Selen’s hand off her mouth, Rosemi managed to groggily push herself up into a seated position and begin rubbing the sleep out of her eyes. Her bedhead was pronounced, hair sticking out every which way. She yawned, covering her mouth, and stretched her arms outwards with a high-pitched squeak. Seeing that, Selen nodded in satisfaction and left the bedroom to walk back downstairs to the kitchen. She glanced at the doorway that was still covered in vines. Rosemi had yet to get rid of them, so the vines hadn’t withered in the slightest. Looking at them now, Selen realized that many of them were thicker and larger than she remembered; some were as thick as the roots of a young sapling and some of the largest vines were so large that they reminded Selen of the trunks of fully-grown trees.

Selen decided she wouldn’t question why the plant matter was black and not brown or green or any other color more plant-like. The freshly acquired knowledge that Rosemi was a demon explained it away enough and digging more into the whole demon affair felt like a can of worms Selen wasn’t ready to open quite yet, at least for today. Walking past the door and the vines covering it, Selen entered the kitchen and immediately got to work. Thanks to having spent some time in the kitchen yesterday for cooking practice, it only took moments for Selen to find the tools and ingredients she needed to get started. Cracking some eggs, mixing batter, and throwing some coffee into the coffee maker was quick work; before long, Selen felt her brain waking up to the smell of fresh and warm pancake batter and still-brewing coffee. The combination couldn’t have been better for activating her still-drowsy brain and she found herself licking her lips before long.

As her brain came alive, it got back to thinking. Thinking returned Selen to her thoughts from earlier; the impact of everything that had happened within the past 24 hours finally began to feel like it was sinking in. With more of those thoughts, anxiety soon followed. Selen tightened her grip on the frying pan in her hand as the thoughts flooded her brain.

I’ll have to talk to Finana later about this whole situation. I guess it’s my fault that we haven’t really talked about...well, anything. Selen let out another sigh as she began pouring some of the pancake batter into the pan, spacing them into three evenly sized circles. Selen reached for the egg

tray nearby, cracked two eggs that she was holding between her fingers, and then poured them into a small bowl while the pancakes cooked. *We kinda just...went to each other whenever we wanted each other. Or...I dunno, whenever we needed each other, I guess. Are we...are we girlfriends? Is Finana my girlfriend? Is this a relationship? Like, an actual relationship? We never even talked about it. We just kinda...did things like we were in one.*

Oh God, I can't believe we never even talked about that.

Oh God, I'm an idiot.

Selen clicked her tongue as she continued cooking, her tail waving back and forth restlessly behind her while her head wings extended and retracted unbeknownst to her. She glanced back once to make sure that her tail wasn't about to knock over a chair or any other pieces of furniture behind her. Seeing that there was nothing, Selen returned her attention to the pancakes in front of her and let out a large sigh that crumpled her shoulders.

...what am I supposed to say, though? How do I start a conversation like that? What do you say? What do people say when they talk about that kind of stuff?

Selen sucked her lips inward, biting on them lightly as she poked at the pancakes with her spatula in hand. Her thoughts traveled back and forth like this as she finished the first batch of pancakes, slapping them onto a plate in a delicious golden-brown stack and setting them aside. Starting the next batch, Selen threw some slabs of the bacon into the pancake batter as per Rosemi's request and got to work. The smell of bacon made Selen's stomach rumble. It helped to distract her from the barrage of feelings and thoughts that threatened to overwhelm her at the moment and Selen appreciated having something to do to keep her occupied.

It didn't take very long before Selen heard footsteps tottering down the staircase in the living room. It was quickly followed by Rosemi's voice, excited as could be. "Ooh! Making bacon pancakes~ Get some bacon and put it into a pancake~! Let me make some pancakes after you're done, Selen! I have some molds in the kitchen!" Rosemi, excited, dashed into the kitchen with her eyes sparkling from excitement. She immediately made a beeline for the drawers, almost tripping over her own feet in the process.

"Sure, sure." Selen's scowl got beaten back by Rosemi's energy and the lunar dragon couldn't help but smile. It was a breath of fresh air, seeing all the poorly hidden anxiety and concern that Rosemi had been trying to mask yesterday completely gone. She took her hand off the frying pan and walked around Rosemi to check the coffee maker. "By the way, how do you like your coffee?"

"Two teaspoons of sugar and two teaspoons of creamer, please." Rosemi reached into one of the drawers and triumphantly fished out a mold that was shaped suspiciously like a muscular gingerbread man flexing his biceps. She held it high in the air like a trophy before brandishing it in Selen's face. "Sugar's in the third cupboard, creamer's on the shelf to your left, next to the Earl Gray teabags. But also look! I saw this one yesterday! Doesn't it look neat?!"

"It's definitely, uh...something I've never seen before." Resisting the urge to make a joke about teabags and deciding to ask no further questions about the mold in Rosemi's hands, Selen nodded wordlessly and laughed while pouring the coffee out into two mugs. Rosemi idly hummed the melody to her theme song to herself with a smile while she finished cooking the bacon pancakes Selen had started. Stacking them onto their own tower on a separate plate, Rosemi got to using her mold to prepare her own pancakes. The pancake came out exactly as the mold indicated: a pancake in the shape of a person with broad shoulders and bulging round biceps. Pouring the coffee into a mug with a handle in the shape of a cat's head, complete with tiny ears jutting outward, Selen took a sip of the coffee to assess its taste.

“Rosemi,” she called out, offering the mug out to the flower girl that was pouring out the pancake batter to make her second bodybuilder pancake. “Taste it and tell me if this is how you want it.”

With both hands occupied by the pan and spatula, Rosemi carefully leaned forward and placed her lips against the mug. Selen wasn’t expecting it but after a second passed, Selen tilted the mug down slightly to allow Rosemi to drink from the mug. The sound of a slurp, followed by the sensation that the weight and pressure of Rosemi’s mouth were relieved from the mug, told Selen to stop tilting it any further lest the contents spill out onto the kitchen floor.

“Yeah, that’s good. Hey, Selen~?” Rosemi cut a small piece of the pancake with her spatula and offered it to Selen. “Your turn. Can you taste this? To check if it tastes okay.”

Selen dipped her head and bit the piece of pancake off the spatula. She chewed and swallowed it. It tasted like a pancake. “Uh...it's a pancake. I dunno what else to say except it...tastes like a pancake. Tastes good, I guess. Did you do anything different to it?”

“Nah, that comes after. I still have whipped cream and stuff in the fridge.” Rosemi nodded, satisfied, and flipped the pancake like a burger patty. She giggled excitedly as she flung it into the air and caught it with the pan again. She began doing this repeatedly, juggling them like a circus act, while Selen watched with an amused grin.

“Make sure you don’t hit the ceiling with one of those, Rosemi.” Selen warned as she poured the second cup of coffee out. She glanced up at the ceiling of the kitchen; while it wasn’t a low ceiling by any means, it was also certainly within the range of any happy accidents if Rosemi decided to put too much of her back into a pancake flip. “I don’t want to clean your ceiling.”

Rosemi’s expression grew smug. She scoffed with the energy of a haughty princess, taking the pan off the stove, and walking over to a nearby drawer with the pan still in hand. With her free hand, Rosemi pulled out a plate and flipped the pancakes gracefully onto the plate. “Ha! My dad’s teachings never went to waste, oh ye of little faith!” Rosemi beamed, looking extraordinarily proud of herself.

“Yeah, yeah. Come on, let’s get everything ready.” Selen laughed again at the whole act, placing her hand on Rosemi’s head and ruffling her bedhead. It turned into an even bigger mess of pink fluff. “Unless you want me to pour you raisins for your cereal too?”

Rosemi recoiled at the mention of raisins. A second later, a realization seemed to hit her and Rosemi stuck her tongue out at Selen. “No raisins in this house, Selen! Ha! You can’t threaten me with that!”

“So, what’s the raisin bran cereal I saw in the third cabinet over there, then?” Selen pointed with her tail towards a small drawer in the corner. “That your dad’s?”

Rosemi’s facial expression flashed between confusion, denial, and then a brief glimpse of a horrified face that could only be described as the face of ‘what-if-my-dad-bought-cereal-with-raisins-in-it’. Ignoring the crisis Rosemi was going through, Selen took the plates of pancakes and set them on the kitchen table for them to eat. Setting up the table took only a matter of a few minutes before Selen was treated to the unusual sight of Rosemi happily biting into a bodybuilder-shaped pancake with a pompadour of whipped cream on its head. Selen snickered, seeing Rosemi with some whipped cream lingering on her lips like a white mustache.

“Rosemi, come on.” Selen tore a paper towel from the dispenser on the table and leaned forward to wipe off Rosemi, who groaned as Selen cleaned her face up. “Don’t get whipped cream all over your face.”

“Better than my pajamas.” Rosemi retorted, taking the paper towel from Selen and patting the tip of her nose to clean it as well. “Thanks for cooking the bacon pancakes, by the way.”

“No problem.” Selen nodded, smiling.

As she put the coffee mug to her lips and just began to drink some of it down, Rosemi tilted her head. “...by the way, what’s bothering you, Selen?”

Selen almost choked on the coffee, unprepared as she was for the question. “W-what are you-?”

“I can tell. You had this face when I woke up.” Rosemi continued to look intently at Selen, a mix of concern and curiosity in her expression. “You don’t normally make that face so I figured something was bothering you.”

“N-no, it’s nothing.” Selen lied. She didn’t know what else to do. “The sunlight coming from your window was bright, so I squinted, probably.”

Rosemi furrowed her brows for a split second before nodding in agreement, her facial expression returning to her usual cheer. “Yeah, sorry. Sunlight’s good for me and it helps me wake up in the morning. You should’ve told me though; I could’ve put the blinds up so that you wouldn’t have been bothered when you woke up.”

Selen shrugged. “Uh...I don’t think I had the time to mention anything like that last night.”

“O-oh.” Rosemi’s face flushed. “Speaking of that, um...thank you again for agreeing to, uh...do this for me, Selen.” Her embarrassment kicking in, Rosemi began poking at the food on her plate instead of eating it. “I’m glad that you were okay with it. And I hope that it was okay that I talked to Finana about it without telling you beforehand. I had a hard time, uh...bringing it up, I guess.”

Rosemi sipped her coffee sheepishly, a faint blush still visible behind the mug she held close to her face. “I know that it was kinda weird for me to ask but...I mean, I asked Finana because I realized that she was probably one of the best people to approach when it comes to talking about anything lewd or sexual. I thought that maybe if it was her, she’d know what I was asking about. Also, I felt like I was supposed to ask her. Cuz, y’know, she’s like your girlfriend and everything.”

Upon hearing the word, Selen blinked, and all her body movements paused for a split second. The nagging feeling at the back of her head intensified, enough so that Selen knew that it showed on her face. The reaction made Rosemi blink in surprise. “Um...I didn’t get it wrong or anything, right? Finana is your girlfriend, right?” Rosemi asked, tilting her head again. “Based on what Finana and I were talking about, you two have been doing this kind of thing with each other for quite some time so you’ve been in this kind of relationship for a while now, so I thought...”

“Uh...” Selen trailed off, averting her gaze. Her tail swished through the air restlessly while Selen swished the coffee in her mug around. “...I guess so.”

Rosemi blinked again, confused. “Wh-what do you mean, you guess? You’re either in a relationship or you’re not? Or is it, like, more complicated than that?”

Selen leaned back into the backrest of her chair, sighing loudly. She knew she couldn’t dodge the topic. “...I guess it’s more complicated than that.”

Rosemi’s expression morphed into one of concern. “Should I not have asked? Are you guys having a fight or something?” From concern, her face quickly shifted into one of terror and panic. “Oh my God, was it a bad idea to do what we did last night? Am I a homewrecker?”

“No, it’s okay.” Selen shook her head, putting one of her palms to her forehead. “We didn’t fight or anything, Rosemi. It’s just...” Selen trailed off into silence again, staring blankly into the contents of her coffee cup. She continued swishing it around as her brain fumbled for the words to say what she was thinking and feeling but it was all like a salad in her brain that hadn’t been tossed. None of her thoughts were organized enough to articulate clearly and her feelings were too muddled and confused to make clear sense of it all.

Rosemi, recognizing that this was more serious than she thought it would be, kept quiet and waited for Selen to speak.

“I, uh...I never really gave this much thought to the whole thing until everything between last night and now. I guess I...” Selen trailed off again. Another pause entered her sentences. Rosemi remained quiet and patient. “...I never thought I’d be in this kind of situation so...”

Though her panic abated for now, Rosemi raised an eyebrow. “I mean...you’ve done things...a **lot** of things with her that you’d normally only do with a significant other, right? Apart from...y’know, the sex.”

Selen blushed a bit at the emphasis Rosemi placed in her words. It forcibly brought back a lot of memories of the many nights she’d slept with Finana, some of them because they needed each other and other times because they wanted each other. But the question also elicited memories of the intimacy they shared outside of those moments, times when they’d cuddle or hold hands or do other things that sex friends wouldn’t really be doing with each other. “...I mean...yeah, we have...I guess.”

“Yeah, there’s gotta be more than just, y’know, lewd things, Selen.” Rosemi cleared her throat, an attempt to divert the train of thought elsewhere. “I mean, you guys have done other things, for sure. You’ve spent time with each other off-stream, right?”

Selen didn’t spend a lot of time wracking her brain to answer that question. “Yeah, we have.”

Rosemi’s confusion didn’t die down in the slightest and Selen’s answers only made it worse. The flower girl leaned forward a bit, scratching her head. “Wait, so...do you guys, like, just play games? Or do you, like, go out and do things together? In fact, have you gone on dates with Finana?”

Selen shrugged in reply. “I mean...I guess so. Well, first of all, what counts as a date?”

Rosemi felt a part of her soul crumble a little bit at the question. Hiding her dismay at the realization that Selen’s self-awareness was not what she assumed, Rosemi cleared her throat. She hoped that it would keep the disbelief out of her voice. “Well...I guess anything can be considered a date as long as you two agree that it’s a date...I guess...maybe you can, like, tell me stuff you did together?”

Selen looked up at the ceiling idly, her gaze fixating on random points of the interior decorations from the fluorescent lightbulbs to the corners of the room. Her eyes darted around from family portraits to the saltshaker and the Skippy Peanut Butter Jar on the far counter. “Um...we went on dates, yeah, I guess. We’ve gone shopping...? We watched some movies once cuz Finana wanted to see something in the theaters when it was airing, I forget what it was called...we also sometimes go grocery shopping together sometimes...”

Dates. 100%. Yes, those are dates, Selen. Rosemi resisted the temptation to speak her mind and just nodded along to Selen’s account, trying to keep a neutral face. “And how many times have you watched movies together?”

“Uh...off the top of my head, I couldn't really say. But...” Selen raised her hand up to her face and began counting with her fingers, silently mouthing the numbers as she went. “...probably at least five times, we've watched movies in the theater. Not counting the times we've watched stuff at my place or hers, I guess.”

“...okay.” Rosemi was only more and more baffled by what she was hearing. “Okay, other than going on dates. What else? Did you do anything like buying each other special gifts or something? Y'know, like how you'd buy Valentine's stuff for each other. Does anything come to mind?”

“Um...” Selen leaned forward, her eyes returning to the half-finished coffee in her mug. After some seconds of silence, her eyes seemed to refocus as something came to her and she looked back at Rosemi. “I mean, yeah, I got her something that I figured she'd like for Christmas. She did the same for me. We got, like, matching friendship bracelets or something.”

“Uh huh. Anything else?”

“Yeah, uh...I remember making chocolates for her on Valentine's because Finana said she wanted to try some homemade Nutella brownies. We traded chocolates that day. She ended up making cookies for me, I think. Yeah...yeah, they were milk chocolate. With nuts or something. That counts, right?”

Right. 'Friendship' bracelets. Chocolates on Valentine's. Movies. Shopping. Rosemi was having more and more difficulty trying to shake off the slight frustration she was getting from listening to Selen talk about this. *This is the same person from yesterday that was telling me about being honest and keeping myself from thinking things that could overcomplicate things, right? This is the same Selen Tatsuki that told me she's honest about how she feels, right?*

Rosemi couldn't name the feeling she was experiencing at this moment, but it reminded her of the time she was reading Fruits Basket and she wanted to reach into the page to slap the main protagonist across the face with all the force needed to create a sun.

“Okay. I think I understand, Selen.” Rosemi closed her eyes for two seconds and then opened them again. Their eyes met again and Rosemi's gaze was more intense than it usually was, the difference catching Selen off-guard. “Or maybe I don't understand it at all. How have you not had this conversation with Finana at this point? It's been more than half a year since you started...whatever this relationship is, right?”

Selen felt a sting at the words. She felt a mix of embarrassment and shame dig into the back of her head. “...yeah, you're right about that. I...I don't really know why if I think about it in hindsight. It...it never really came up.”

Rosemi shook her head. “I don't think this is the kind of thing that just comes up in conversation, y'know? The things that you and Finana do together, they aren't the kinds of things that people would do if they didn't...y'know, if they didn't like each other a lot.”

“You're right. You're...you're right about that.” Selen exhaled, leaning back into the chair again. She pushed her legs against the ground, the chair now tilting backward on two legs. Now that the conversation had finally reached this point, Selen could feel her pulse pounding under her skin. “I just...I dunno. It just felt like we never really needed to talk about it.”

At a loss for words initially, Rosemi opened her mouth and then closed it. She wanted to put her thoughts together before attempting to articulate any of them, so she took a moment to reorganize her thoughts again. “...Selen, is it okay if I ask you...like...y'know, what exactly is your relationship with Finana? Like, what did you agree on? What do you normally do together?”

Y'know...stuff. Describe it. Cuz I feel like these are questions you shouldn't be struggling with, y'know?"

Selen felt her heart drop.

What is my relationship with Finana?

It felt like it should have been a simple question.

It should have been simple and yet Selen didn't really understand why finding an answer to it was so difficult. In racking her brain to find answers, Selen felt a cold pit forming in her gut at the thought that she'd been neglecting this discussion the entire time and that doing so may have hurt Finana without her realizing it. It was troubling beyond compare.

Have I just been ignoring Finana's feelings this whole time? Selen felt an unpleasant chill run through her body when that notion surfaced. *Is it because I never initiated a conversation about this? Is this my fault? Finana has a hard time asserting herself in conversations sometimes...so was it my job to do that?*

"I...After the time we did it on my birthday," Selen gulped saliva down her throat, trying to steady her thoughts. "We eventually agreed that Finana would be my partner since I needed someone to help me deal with my urges at the time. I already told you about the whole thing with my mating season urges so Finana and I settled into a mutual agreement in taking care of each other's bodily needs. Finana had her seasons too so it kinda worked out that way. We...we never really set terms beyond that, if I think back on it. We just...helped each other whenever mating seasons needed it."

Every kiss that Finana had ever sweetly planted on her cheek, every single embrace that they'd shared, and every second they'd spent with each other within the past few months were beginning to hit Selen like a freight train. "...beyond that, though, Finana and I act like we're in a relationship even though we've never really talked about it like this. We don't go to each other just for sex, we spend time with each other outside of it."

Selen thought back further. "...it also doesn't feel the same as before when we were just friends, before this whole thing. The way we spend time together...it feels different. Like...like we're more than friends, I guess."

"And how do you see it, Selen?" Rosemi leaned in, gazing intently at Selen.

"...I don't know what these feelings are called, Rosemi. It's not like I'm an expert and I don't exactly have the experience under my belt to say that I know what I'm feeling right now. But..." Selen breathed out a sigh, setting down her mug and gripping her big dragon fingers with her smaller human hand's fingers. "...at the very least, I know Finana and I act like we're girlfriends and do all the things that girlfriends would do with each other. We never really put that label on it. Maybe I was too scared to approach a topic like that. All I do know is that I enjoy the time we spend together doing what we do. And if that enjoyment means that I like her **that** way...then I guess...I guess I do..."

Oh, thank God, at least she's not totally dense. Rosemi kept herself from audibly breathing a sigh of relief. Now that Selen seemed to be on the cusp of finding the words to describe the truth of her relationship with Finana, the flower girl couldn't help but smile. *Maybe it's that kind of thing where you're perceptive of other people's problems but you're bad at applying your own advice to yourself.*

"I don't think you need to be scared, though, Selen." Rosemi offered with a smile. "I mean...why

were you scared?"

"...I don't really know. I...maybe I thought that things would change too much if I brought it up. And I...I like what I have with her right now. I didn't want to hurt her but...maybe I just didn't want to do anything that might change the way things are."

"Let me put it this way, Selen. I...this is really embarrassing to say so don't make me say it again." Rosemi felt the heat rush to her face as she got to her feet. She stood up and dragged her chair until it was side-by-side with Selen's and sat down, enough that there were only a few millimeters between the two of them, and she reached out to place her hands over Selen's hands. "Uh...that thing I said about you and Finana; that you guys are doing things that two people wouldn't normally be doing if they didn't like each other a lot. Selen, I..." Rosemi paused, her face scarlet enough to mistake it for a stoplight. "I...I didn't want to do what we did last night with anyone except you, okay? What do you think that means?"

"...um...you, uh...it means that you like...me? Like, uh...like you like me **that** way?"

Rosemi nodded, trying to make sure her tongue didn't trip over itself, or she'd bury her face into the soil outside of her house like an ostrich. "I can't really say for sure that the way I feel isn't being influenced by my pollination season or whatever, Selen. But...I know enough about myself to know that everything I felt last night and everything I feel right now...they aren't lies. And they aren't spur-of-the-moment feelings, either. That's...that's what I think, at least."

She was no longer certain of how she could express it in words. Rosemi looked up and met eyes with Selen. Doing so made Rosemi want to look away, but she did her best to fight back that feeling. Rosemi took Selen's hand and gently pressed it over her chest. Selen could feel Rosemi's heart punching away at the inner walls of her body, her heartbeat like a kick drum. Selen could feel the heat of her body, warmer than a sunset. "This is how you make me feel, Selen. I'm not really good with words so this is the best way I think I can explain it. Just being here next to you like this makes my heart race and being able to talk to you like this, right now, brings me more energy than drinking the coffee you made me. You told me yesterday that being honest is the way to go. So...I'm being honest with you. About all of this. So...be honest with me, Selen."

Rosemi's eyes were intense as they fixed on Selen's. She lowered Selen's hand from her chest and placed it on Selen's knee. "Is it okay with you, Selen? Is it okay if I continue to feel this way about you?"

On the verge of opening her mouth to give Rosemi an answer, Selen felt the words stop at her throat again. She closed them, her eyes fixed on Rosemi and wanting to convey a response but her lips trembling desperately. "I..."

Suddenly, Rosemi smiled and giggled. The sudden laugh caught Selen off-guard, silencing her attempts at speaking. "I know what you want to say, Selen. And I agree. You wanna talk with Finana first, right?"

Selen felt the wind being knocked out of her. She laughed and hung her head, sagging her shoulders. "Am I really that easy to read right now?"

"I could tell you've been thinking a lot about something this morning, Selen. From the moment I woke up. I guess you're the type of person that can't help but let it show on your face when you're really bothered by something." Rosemi reached out and poked Selen's cheek with her index finger. "...to tell you the truth, Finana and I have talked about it a little bit when I brought this whole thing up with her. So, I think that you two should work it out before we talk about this again."

Selen nodded slowly. "...yeah." The phrasing made Selen blink in realization and she glanced at Rosemi. "Wait, before we talk about this **again**?"

Rosemi smiled sheepishly, her cheeks glowing scarlet. "Well...uh...I still don't really wanna do what we did last night with anyone else, Selen. But I don't want to do that with you unless you and Finana are both sorted out and you're both okay with it, y'know? I also feel bad about it, honestly. I feel a little like Finana forced herself to say yes because I was asking her for help and I didn't know what else to do. I didn't mean for this to get in the way of what you two have, y'know? I won't ask you to do this again if you or Finana really aren't comfortable about it, Selen."

"But what about you, Rosem-"

Before Selen could say anything, Rosemi transferred her index finger over to cover Selen's lips to shush her. "Stop thinking about someone else before you think about yourself and your own problems for once. I'll be fine. Trust me. I'll figure things out for myself if that's how it'll be, y'know? You have something else to deal with."

"You're...yeah, you're right about that." Selen sighed and got to her feet. She glanced at the wall clock. It was still ten o'clock. "Okay, I should have enough time. She's probably awake by now."

Rosemi giggled. "Gonna talk to her now?"

Selen nodded. "Yeah, I will. I need to clear up a lot of the air between me and Finana. It's my fault that things are so confusing for me now and if anything I did led to hurting Finana...then I have to own up to that." She let out another sigh before flashing a grin at the flower girl. "Thanks, Rosemi, for making me realize that. I owe you a lot. I really do."

"No problem, Selen." Rosemi stood up as well, tiptoeing and leaning in to kiss Selen on the cheek. Selen, not expecting it, took a step back and placed her hand on the kissed cheek with widened eyes. Rosemi just giggled at the reaction, unable to contain a smile brighter than the sun outside. "Once you've got that sorted out, we still have to talk about how this whole...three-person relationship thing is gonna work out. So...uh...good luck and let me know how it goes?"

Selen felt the blood rushing to her cheeks at Rosemi's kiss. She stared at Rosemi for a few seconds, fumbling for something to say. "Uh...um...yeah, I'll, uh...I'll let you know how things turn out."

I need to go to Finana now. Selen felt that single overwhelm every other thought in her head. She made a beeline for the living room and Rosemi followed closely behind. Rosemi waved her hand towards the door. The roots and vines that had been holding it shut since yesterday wilted and disintegrated, allowing Selen to open the door and run outside. With a final wave of goodbye, wings sprouted from Selen's back and she took off into the sky. Rosemi felt her ears pop with Selen's departure, the sound of the lunar dragon casually breaking Mach One a bit too much for her eardrums at ten in the morning.

"...oh, I forgot to let Selen borrow some clothes...she's still wearing the pajamas I gave her, right?"

Finana didn't feel like getting up from bed yet. Her eyes were glued to her phone screen, still lingering on the messages that she and Rosemi had exchanged. She scrolled through them up and down, letting out a heavy sigh. She left the messaging app and found herself scrolling through her messages with Selen. Rereading their messages to each other was something she liked to do sometimes, though Finana never admitted that to Selen and was pretty sure that she'd get bullied to

oblivion if she ever found out. But she couldn't help herself sometimes, especially when things got busy, and they stopped being able to see each other.

Rereading them brought her a little bit of joy.

Now, though, rereading them hit Finana a little differently.

...was this really for the best? Finana scrolled through the messages idly. Her fingers and toes were cold, and she couldn't tell if it was normal or if it was from the anxiety she knew she was feeling in her chest. It was like a weight pushing her down, preventing her from getting to her feet. *Fuck, I'm such an idiot. We should've talked a long time ago and now...it's not like it's going to go in that direction where Selen now has someone else, so we no longer have to spend time with each other...right?*

Finana's thumb paused, and the message log stopped at a moment where Finana and Selen had said 'good night' to each other a few nights ago. Reading it now felt bittersweet.

...it isn't going to go like that. I know how Selen is. I know that Elira told me to be patient with her...but...

Nothing seemed to shake her anxiety. Finana let out another sigh, locking the phone and letting her hand lay limp on the bed again. She stared at the ceiling, her mind a muddy mix of feelings and thoughts.

This sucks.

The ring of the doorbell surprised Finana. After all, Amazon didn't say that anything was going to be delivered today. She wasn't expecting any guests either and there were no special occasions of note for today. She blinked, looking in the direction of her front door and staring, trying to decide if she should believe what she heard or if it was just an imaginary sound.

Just as she was about to lie back down, a second ring doorbell dispelled those thoughts.

Who's there? Finana wondered as she walked over to the closet and quickly threw on a hoodie and some sweatpants so that she wasn't exposing too much of herself to whoever the unexpected guest was. "Coming!" Finana called out as she made her way to the front door.

She opened it and blinked again. She blinked twice more. Then thrice.

"...hey."

"S-Selen?" Finana couldn't hide her surprise. Selen stood in front of her, hands on her knees and bending forward to catch her breath while sweat dripped from her chin and ran down the sides of her face. Both her head-wings and the wings sprouting from her back were lying limply at her side, the larger ones slowly shrinking back into Selen's body to hide them once more like she usually did. Selen looked up at Finana and met eyes with her for a moment, letting out an exhausted laugh, and promptly lost her balance to fall backward onto her rear. Finana stepped forward to try and catch her, but her reaction was too late. Her hands caught empty air instead. "A-are you okay?! What are you doing here? Wait, how did you get here?"

Did she fly here? Finana's gaze flickered to the wings that retracted back into Selen's body as Selen hit the ground butt-first. She also noticed that Selen was wearing pajamas that were torn and crumpled beyond belief, the back of the top almost completely absent. *From Canada? How fast was she going?*

Selen clicked her tongue and fought to catch her breath, rubbing her butt with her hand. After a few long seconds of heaving her shoulders, Selen looked up at Finana again and let out another tired laugh. "...I wanted to talk."

"You could've just called me, y'know," Finana said, shaking her head. She offered a hand for Selen to take. Finana pulled the lunar dragon to her feet. She kept her hand locked with Selen's since the dragon girl still looked a little wobbly.

"Nah," Selen wiped the sweat from her forehead with her other hand. Her grip tightened on Finana's hand. "I wanted to talk to you. And...I...I wanted to see you. Sorry if this was out of the blue."

"Uh...well, I won't say no, but you flew here, right? How fast were you going?" Selen's words sent a wave of mixed feelings through Finana's body, and she fought to change the flow of the conversation to hide any excitement and anxiety she felt. "You should probably take it easy. Your clothes are a mess."

"Oh, fuck, these are Rosemi's. I didn't mean to break them, fuck." Selen looked down at herself, realizing that the pajamas were in tatters, and made a remorseful face. "Guess I gotta pay her back for them after all."

"So, you did come from Rosemi's place."

Finana didn't mean to say it but it escaped her lips before she could keep them closed.

Selen nodded, averting her gaze out of habit before realizing that she was avoiding looking at Finana directly. She corrected it promptly, looking back to make eye contact with Finana. "...yeah. I...uh...that's part of what I came here to talk to you about. And...uh, other things. Are you... are you free right now?"

Oh god, we're doing this now. I'm so not ready. Holy shit. After a moment's hesitation, Finana stepped forward and took Selen's hand in hers again. "...yeah. We can talk. My little sister is here, by the way, so we'll have to talk in my room."

Selen nodded in agreement, choosing not to comment on the change in Finana's tone of voice and volume. Finana tugged Selen by the hand and carefully led the way into the house. Tiptoeing to make sure she made no noise, Finana quickly and quietly pulled Selen up the stairs and to her bedroom. Ushering her in, Finana pushed Selen inside and swiftly closed the door behind her. With the click of the door lock, Finana let out a sigh of relief and leaned her weight onto the door.

"Uh...is it bad if your sister saw me here? Is now a bad time or something?"

Finana shook her head. "Not really, no. But I figured since this seemed...y'know, serious, I thought it was best if we had the privacy. She doesn't really come to my room so we should be good for now."

Selen nodded in understanding. She looked around the room and walked over to Finana's bed, sitting on it. There were no other chairs in the room apart from the gaming chair in front of Finana's desk and Selen knew that sitting on the floor for the conversation she was about to strike up was not ideal.

"So? What did you wanna talk about, Selen?" Finana turned to face Selen while leaning her back to her door, trying to hide the anxiety in her voice. She didn't succeed very well; moles and hints of her unease could be seen in her face despite her attempts at remaining calm and normal. It was an

unusual situation as it was; Selen coming to Finana's house all of a sudden, Selen asking to talk in a serious voice and with a serious face that Finana had never seen on her before and knowing that Selen and Rosemi had slept together last night. All these things added up in her mind to make her uneasy.

To say that she wasn't anticipating something bad happening would be a lie. But she knew not to let those thoughts run rampant and get the better of her.

Selen had been to this room a few times over the past months, but this was the first time she'd been nerve-racked and tense while she was here. Selen nervously tucked her tail behind her; her body was as restless as her heart was and it could easily be seen in the way the tip of her tail was flailing and flicking itself back and forth. Selen was already sweaty from the flight here but now she could feel sweat forming on her back.

Silence. It was a silence that, to Selen, felt heavier than an entire planet on her shoulders. Selen wasn't sure how to begin the conversation and her jaw felt more rigid than metal. The softness of Finana's mattress beneath her rear failed to register in her brain. Now that she was finally here, Selen could feel her brain lagging and her tongue tying itself into knots in an effort to form the words she wanted. Selen took a deep breath, eyes fixating on the air in front of her. She couldn't look at Finana while talking. Not yet, not while she was trying to start the conversation. "...I, uh... I wanted to talk about...well...us. I wanted to talk about us, Finana."

Finana blinked, stunned. She felt cold droplets of sweat beginning to form and trickle behind her head. A few of them formed around her nape, making the room feel far colder than it really was. "Sure, uh...what do you mean by that?"

Just be honest. Be straightforward. No dancing around it. I can't just tell Rosemi to be honest and then be a hypocrite by dodging the topic. Selen tore her eyes away from the space in front of her to make eye contact with Finana. She felt her spirit shrivel up a bit when she did. She didn't let that stop her. "...um...first of all...I wanna say I'm sorry."

Hearing those words caused alarm bells to ring in Finana's head. Her voice grew quieter, a desperate attempt to hide her agitation. "...sorry for what, Selen?"

"...um...you already know about what happened with Rosemi last night."

Finana made a small nod with her head. "...yes, I do."

Selen swallowed her saliva. "Last night, Rosemi told me that you two had talked already and that you gave her some sort of go signal for...well, what Rosemi and I did. I, uh...I chose to believe her when she said that but I...I should've talked to you about it before I did anything with her."

Finana didn't say anything, blinking once while maintaining eye contact with Selen. She kept her mouth shut, waiting for Selen to continue her train of thought.

The lunar dragon's tone grew remorseful. "...listen. I realized that you and I...we never really talked about...y'know, us. We never really, uh, had a conversation about what **we** are, and I...I realized that I might have been hurting you if we didn't communicate and it turned out that the way you saw this was different from the way I saw this. I..." Selen paused. She took another moment to collect her thoughts. She didn't want to mess up the words now, not at this moment. "I don't want that. And, to be honest, it's my fault that I didn't really bring this up before."

Finana almost opened her mouth to say something. But again, she kept her mouth zipped. She just nodded, a cue for Selen to keep talking. Finana kept her eyes trained on Selen's profile, trying to

ascertain what Selen was going to say next from the expression she was making and the look in her eyes.

To Finana, Selen looked scared. Apologetic.

“...Finana, I...I want to be blunt with you.” Selen looked down at her palms, squeezing them and rubbing her hands against each other as she spoke. It helped to calm her nerves if only by a bit, to move something while talking. “I, uh...I never talked about this because it felt like we were...like we were in a relationship or something like that and we never had to talk about it. It was like we understood each other without having to say anything explicitly, y’know? You...you get me; you kinda understand me on a level that no one else does and I felt that I also understood you that way too, so it felt like we knew what we wanted from each other without ever having to say it. Basically, I just thought we get each other. But that isn’t an excuse and I’m sorry if it sounds like I’m using it as an excuse for not honestly communicating with you about our relationship and all of this.”

Selen adjusted her position on the bed. Her tail was dragging itself across Finana’s carpet, winding itself around Selen’s own leg and tightening its grip on her calf from her own anxiety. She looked up to face Finana, her head wings scrunched up and tucked so deeply into her hair it was like they weren’t even there. She tried to speak and when the words didn’t come out, she clicked her tongue and bit on her lower lip hard enough to draw blood, much to Finana’s panic and confusion. The sharp pain helped a bit in clearing Selen’s mind and allowing her to continue talking. “...I...I like the relationship that we have, Finana. And I don’t want it to end. But I feel like doing what I did with Rosemi last night is crossing a major line that I shouldn’t have, even if you did agree to it. I should’ve talked to you about it and it’s not good that I didn’t. And...well, I didn’t wanna hurt you by doing that without telling you so...yeah.”

“...is that what this is about?”

Selen blinked at the question. Finana’s tone of voice was that of genuine bewilderment with no hint of anger. Confusion ran through her head. Selen didn’t know how to process the expression on Finana’s face. She could only reply honestly if a little sheepishly. “Um...yeah?”

“...and?” Finana prodded.

“...what do you mean?” Selen knit her eyebrows, confused. “That’s what I wanted to talk about.”

Finana shook her head and took a step forward, her fingers clenching the sleeves of her hoodie behind her back. “I mean...you like what we have? Does that mean you...you wanna keep it that way?”

When Selen nodded, Finana couldn’t keep a smile from pulling the corners of her mouth upwards. A wealth of frozen emotion of tension rose from within her chest, threatening to make her choke on air. “Oh my fucking God...don’t scare me like that, you fucking dummy. I thought you were gonna...y’know...with the way that you were talking...” Finana paused, trying and failing to keep a few tears from leaving her eyes. Her breathing stalled for a moment, hiccupping as she fought to regain composure. “It...it sounded an awful lot like you were leading into cutting me off or breaking up or something, y’know? And then I was wondering what I did wrong and what I did to make all of this happen and then...I was thinking how much of it was my fault and then...”

“...oh my God, I’m sorry. No, that’s not-” Selen acted on her first instinct. She stood up and walked over Finana, raising a hand to wipe away the tears on Finana’s cheeks, her own emotion being provoked by Finana’s honesty. She reached out and gently cradled Finana’s face with her hands, using her thumb to brush aside the tear that was still lingering in Finana’s eye. “I wasn’t

planning that at all, Finana! I-I love what we have! It's just...I just realized that I might've done wrong by you and that I could've hurt you and I didn't mean to hurt you if I did and-"

Finana hushed Selen, placing a finger over the dragon's lips. She giggled, still sniffing. "Okay. Hang on, Selen. Listen to me first, okay? Before you start going on and on again." Selen nodded her head.

Finana nodded. She closed her eyes and after taking a deep breath, began speaking with a little more calmness to her voice. "Selen...to be honest with you, I've been talking to my mom, and I also talked to other people about our situation. I've been talking with Nina for a while, I talked to Elira...I was really looking around for people who could help me figure things out in my head. To be honest, relationship advice about our situation is pretty rare. I had a hard time thinking about all of it." Finana lowered her hand from Selen's lips and placed them onto Selen's hands, tucking her fingers in between Selen's fingers and holding her hands tight. "Through talking to other people, I learned an important lesson. I...I eventually realized that you and I are going to be alive for a very long time, right? I'm the descendant of a dragon god and the heir to the Ryugu Palace. You're a lunar sky dragon. We're gonna be alive for a very long time. We're not human, basically."

Selen nodded again. She was unsure of where Finana was going with this, but she didn't dare interrupt.

"...we're not normal people, Selen. And...well, neither is Rosemi. She's a demon. None of us are human, so..." Finana tilted her head, a small laugh escaping her lips. "If you think about it, there isn't really a need for us to follow any kinds of standards when it comes to our relationship, Selen. I've been trying to read things online, ask some of my human friends too for their advice and their opinions but...none of it really helped in the end. I realized that other people and other relationships don't need to be the basis for what you and I have, y'know? We don't need to play by anyone else's rules. That's what I realized after talking with so many people about this whole thing."

Finana leaned in suddenly, tiptoed, and kissed Selen on the lips. With no warning and no indication in the conversation that she was going to do that, Selen felt her brain shut down for three seconds. When the kiss ended, Selen knew that her eyes were bulging out of their sockets and blood was rushing to her face. She stared at Finana. "...wait, what-?"

"How do you feel when I kiss you, Selen?" Finana asked.

"Uh...soft?"

"No, you idiot," Finana lightly slapped Selen's shoulder. "I mean...how does it make you feel? Y'know, are you happy? Anxious? What do you feel?"

"...I like it. When we kiss...I like it." Selen replied, feeling her face growing hotter and hotter. Admitting that was not something she expected to do when she got here. "Happy...I guess."

Finana nodded. "You kissed Rosemi last night, right? How did you feel when you kissed her?" When Selen fell silent, Finana smiled reassuringly. "Just tell me, I'm not going to get mad. I'm asking you this question so I can make a point."

"Uh..."

"Did you like it?"

Selen felt like she was being trapped by the question, but she knew that lying would defeat the

purpose of this conversation. "...yeah. I did."

Finana closed the distance between her and Selen, leaning her forehead on Selen's chest. "I had a long think about all of this, don't get me wrong. And I think that's also on me. Don't blame yourself for our lack of communication because...well, I was doing too much thinking and I also didn't start any conversations about our relationship. The way I see it, we both made the same mistake. We're both at fault so...maybe we can call it even?"

Selen didn't know how to respond to that. Finana nodded her head when she said that so Selen just mirrored Finana and nodded her head as well.

"So...the way I see things now...if you like both me and Rosemi, there isn't anything wrong with that. We're not asking you to choose between us or anything like that if that's what you were worried about. Rosemi and I aren't going to get into some stupid catfights and hate each other or hate you. Monogamy or polygamy aside, I'm just talking about us. The relationship. Does that make sense?"

"...um...I think it does..."

Finana sighed and looked up to make eye contact with Selen. "...I'll just make it really simple, then. I'm not mad about you sleeping with Rosemi. I gave both you and her an okay signal. But... yeah, we should've had a talk about this sooner. But starting this conversation is tough. You didn't do it and neither did I so it's both our faults. So...it's okay. And I'm okay if this whole relationship thing includes Rosemi."

Selen couldn't believe what she was hearing. Every single emotion was mixing inside her chest and threatening to make her heart burst. "...but...is that really okay? Like...is that actually okay with you?"

Finana laughed quietly. Her cheeks began to grow darker red. She moved even closer until their bodies were in contact with each other, her arms reaching around to embrace Selen. "Yeah. Yeah, I think it is. Selen, I...I love what we have. I love playing games with you...I love spending time with you...We spent Valentine's and Christmas together and we hang out on our off days when we have the time. I know that we never really had a label but when it's just the two of us together, I feel a certain kind of way that I've never really felt before. I know how I feel and...I guess you're right. I had an idea that you felt the same way. I love what we've had up until now. It's been fun and it makes me happy. It's not like I won't be jealous if you start showing affection for other people. I'll get upset and angry just like a normal person if things don't work out or if communication falls flat but for me, you matter more to me than all of those little things that might get in the way. You're..." Finana's cleared her throat, her facial fins twitching up and down restlessly. At this point, she was blushing so hard that the scales seemed to be turning as red as her cheeks. She was glad that the height difference made it impossible hard for Selen to see Finana's face with how close they were right now. "...you're my first girlfriend. And I...I wanna make this work. I wanna make us work. So...what about you? Do you...do you wanna make us work, Selen?"

Selen knew that she felt like crying in that moment. She just couldn't tell if she would be crying from joy, relief, confusion, or some other emotion she couldn't name. Most probably, a mix of everything. "I-I do," she stuttered. "I...I really do, Finana."

When she heard that, Finana's smile beamed brighter than the sunlight shining through her bedroom window. She immediately tiptoed to kiss Selen again and this time, Selen returned it happily. Selen wrapped her arms around Finana and the two remained like that for a while. When they finally moved their faces from each other, Selen took a deep breath and smiled. "...I don't

deserve you, Finana.”

“My mom told me that it doesn’t matter who deserves whom, Selen. All that matters is that the heart wants what it wants...and...uh...mine wants you.”

“God that’s so fucking cheesy, Finana.”

“Fuck you, I don’t know how else to say it right now.”

A knock on the door right behind Finana startled them both. “Uh...sis? Mom said that she’s coming over so that we could go out to eat lunch...um...that’s all I wanted to say.”

Silence took over again. But this time, Selen could only see Finana’s pure mortification. The mermaid turned to Selen and cringed. “...oh my God, I think she heard everything.”

Selen stifled a laugh, placing her hand on Finana’s head and patting her comfortingly. “...uh...I should probably go, then. Talk to you later?”

“Yeah, I’ll call you later.” Finana sighed, sagging her shoulders. “Are you gonna fly back home?”

“Of course. I’m not paying airfare; I didn’t even bring my wallet.” Selen said, grinning. “Oh...uh...I’ll talk to Rosemi too. Y’know. About, uh...this whole thing.”

Finana giggled. “Sure. Just don’t strain yourself, okay? And don’t overthink it, too. That’s a habit we both need to fix.”

“I’ll do my best.” Selen unlocked the door and waved goodbye before running downstairs. Making a beeline for the front door, Selen quickly took off with a loud whoosh of wind that could be heard even from Finana’s bedroom.

God, that was exhausting. Finana thought to herself, allowing her body to collapse onto the bed again. She was no longer anxious and much happier than she was an hour ago but she was also far more exhausted.

A voice came from outside her bedroom. “Hey, sis? So...girlfriend?”

“Yeah, girlfriend.”

“The same one that mom wants to invite to the Ryugu Palace?”

“I don’t wanna talk about that yet, please. Just let me take a nap before mom gets here.”

Chapter End Notes

And so we reach the end of the lunarrose arc! Y'all are insane for reading this fic so much. Thanks for sticking around to see it grow and develop. I hope you've enjoyed it up until this point.

And yeah, you guessed it. It's been a long time coming but next chapters will cover the lunarfairy arc. Hope to see you soon!

Helping out a Homie

Chapter Summary

Some time has passed since Selen stabilized her relationship with Rosemi and Finana. On a slow night, Pomu suddenly finds herself at her wit's end and desperately needs Selen to do her a favor.

Chapter Notes

THE LUNARFAIRY CHAPTER UPDATE IS REAL!!!

As you can tell by now, my upload schedule has been pretty inconsistent. I kinda march to the beat of my own drum. Also, Persona 5 Royale and Ghosts of Tsushima have gotten in the way. I've also been trying to make sure I'm not forcing myself too bad with these chapters. The last thing I want to do is to force them out and end up dissatisfied with them, yknow? I hope you readers stick with me despite how I am lol

1 year later...

“...dang. So that’s how it all happened?”

“Yeah. That’s...uh...yeah, that’s how it started. With me, Finana, and Rosemi.”

“Y’know, Selen, I know I was the one who asked but it’s kinda embarrassing to hear you talk about that kind of thing for real. I was expecting you to just joke about it and talk about it the way you talk about everything else but you actually talked about it super seriously so I was like...no way, do I get to hear **serious Selen**? For free?”

“Oh, shut the fuck up, Pomu; you’re the one who asked so why are you focusing on that? Of course, I’m gonna talk about it seriously! Serious stuff actually did happen, if it hasn’t dawned on you yet!”

Pomu snickered. “Yeah, yeah, I know.”

It was already dark outside, moonlight shining faintly through the windows. The duo was in Selen’s living room, Pomu sitting on the couch with her laptop on her lap while Selen lay next to her. Selen’s head was a few inches away from Pomu’s thighs while her tail drifted lazily in the air, bobbing back and forth like a flower in the wind. Selen’s eyes were fixed on Pomu’s laptop screen, staring idly at it without processing what Pomu was working on. Selen yawned and her tail tensed to follow suit, laying itself against the backrest of the couch while Selen nibbled on a stick of chocolate pocky. The bowl of snacks, conveniently littered not only with Pocky but other biscuits and sweets, was just an arm’s reach away between both of them. An assortment of snacks and goodies lined the bowl from chocolate chip cookies and gummy worms to salted potato chips and fruit-flavored candies.

Pomu reached over to the bowl and drew a few gummy worms out of the pile, placing one of them in her mouth and returning the rest. She chewed on it as her other hand continued to type on the laptop, her eyes darting back and forth between the different items onscreen. “So? What happened after that? You guys talked it out, I guess? I mean...if there was some big falling out or something between the three of you, I think the rest of us would have heard of that by now.”

“Yeah, we were fine,” Selen replied, fishing out a chocolate chip cookie and beginning to nibble on the edges while she continued to talk. The wings on her head flared open slightly as she spoke. “Eventually, the three of us had a few conversations and laid out more specific terms and things like that so that our relationship with each other was clearer. Basically, we’re kinda...how do you say...it’s kinda weird...I’m not really sure how to explain it even after all this time...”

Pomu shrugged. “I’ve got time for weird. I’ve still gotta finish my schedule for next week and reply to my manager on Slack for my projects, y’know?” Though she wasn’t nearly as efficient given that she was typing with only one hand, Pomu didn’t miss a beat as she continued with her work. She glanced at Selen, the relaxed fairy wings resting behind her springing to life for a moment and flapping for a brief moment. “Besides, it sounds interesting. And also, I can’t believe you didn’t think to ask me for help or advice or anything. I thought we were bros, man.”

Selen rolled her eyes and offered her half-eaten cookie to Pomu, holding it close to the fairy’s mouth. After a split-second of confusion, Pomu leaned over to bite off a portion and chewed while staring at Selen as if trying to tell her that she was waiting for the story to continue. Selen relented. “Basically...uh...initially, the three of us agreed to keep things between the three of us while we sorted ourselves out and got used to being in this...uh, triple relationship. But after some months of it and things were going well, Rosemi brought up the question of whether our relationship would eventually grow to include more people. I guess it was a fair question because of, y’know, the way things happened.”

“Huh. Do you plan on stealing more hearts, Selen? Is a three-way not enough for you?” Pomu teased with a shit-eating grin.

Selen’s reaction was to sigh and lightly whack the side of Pomu’s head with her tail. Pomu recoiled but otherwise didn’t react, giggling smugly at the reaction. “That wasn’t the plan but...we all had some conversations with different people and consulted them about it. I talked to my mom, Rosemi talked to her mom, Finana talked to her mom and dad...after a lot of debate, we basically agreed that we’d keep things between us three for now and if anything involving another fourth person were to come up, we’d talk about it. We decided that honest communication was the most important part.”

Pomu whistled, still grinning. “Keeping the door open for some more ladies in your life, I see how it is.”

“Can you, like, shut the fuck up and process what I’m saying for once?” Selen attempted to lightly smack Pomu again with her tail but the fairy casually leaned to the side and avoided the tail swipe. She stuck her tongue out at Selen who made a face back at the fairy in response. “Anyway...that’s kinda how it is. I even talked to Elira about it, to be honest.”

“Yeah, she’s definitely an expert in this field for sure. Not going to her would be a mistake in this case.” Pomu said, nodding her head vigorously with what seemed like pride in her facial expression. “So you’re basically arranging things the way Elira and I arranged our stuff, then? That’s what it sounds like to me.”

Selen sat up and adjusted her position, leaning her back onto the couch and shifting so that she faced Pomu directly. “Yeah, I guess. If it does, it does. I don’t really know the specifics of how her

relationship with you works and I didn't ask any questions to find that out, so..."

Pomu shrugged. Her typing speed slowed, and her voice softened somewhat. Selen picked up on the change of demeanor and took note to not say anything careless. "I mean, there's Millie, there's Enna...and there's Petra too, but she's also kinda weird because she flirts with Elira but Reimu also exists and also flirts with Enna so that's a completely different can of worms...Petra aside, there's kinda more than one person in Elira's life, y'know? Like it or not, I'm a bit late to the party. Millie and Enna have known Elira way longer than I have so sometimes, I got the feeling like I didn't fit into Elira's life the way they did or I was intruding on a place I didn't belong."

Pomu eventually stopped typing and glanced at Selen, a serious look on her face. "That was one of the tons of things we discussed when we finally got to talking about it. In the end, we kinda came to the same conclusion that you guys did. Enna's a songbird-demon-angel-thing, Millie's a half-demon and half-human or something, I'm a fairy, Elira's a dragon, and Petra's a...penguin...that can live long? Or something? I dunno. But basically, yeah. A lot of us can also grow really, really old. So...y'know. Like what you guys decided: we're keeping things kinda open but also...not. It's weird. But it's the kind of weird that you're dealing with too."

"Makes sense. Whatever keeps you guys happy is what works for you guys, I guess." Selen shrugged her shoulders before nodding her head. "I guess it also works out well enough if the people involved really care enough for each other and are...y'know, patient."

"Exactly." Pomu puffed her chest out in satisfaction, a gummy worm hanging from her mouth. She slurped it up like a ramen noodle before continuing. "Well, Millie and Enna are also kinda gay disasters for each other too so that also helped us sort things out easier. Elira did say that if I ever took an interest in other people, she was okay with it too as long as we talked about it. But for me, I don't need to get into all that as long as I have my dearest Ewiwa."

Selen let out an exasperated groan and cut Pomu off, holding the tip of her tail up against Pomu's lips like a finger to shush her. The last thing Selen wanted to hear was yet another one of Pomu's gospels about her own sister. "Anyway, that's that. Is that all you wanted to know about all of that? You're not gonna start asking me any more questions about this, right? When I invited you over to hang out while we do our work, this was not what I had in mind."

"Pretty much. I always meant to ask about your situation because I heard about a bit of it from Elira but I never ended up asking Finana or Rosemi. And speaking of which," Pomu pushed away Selen's tail and offered her a salted potato chip from the bowl. "They're taking a bit of a break this week, right? I heard that it has something to do with Elira but she never filled me in. She only told me that she'd be gone for a week. What's up with that?"

Selen leaned forward and ate the potato chip out of Pomu's hand before leaning back into the couch and chewing. "Elira's headed back home because mom asked for her help with some things in Celestia. Elira's the older sister between us two so she's considered the direct heir or something to the Pendora household. That's why she gets roped into this kind of thing a lot where she helps mom with a lot of the political stuff that our family's involved in. Finana's also going to that same thing in Celestia because she's the eldest princess of the Ryugu. I think she mentioned something about helping her parents out so I think it's probably like what Elira does. Rosemi's thing is completely unrelated to all of that, though."

"I usually forget that they're princesses and stuff. Oh, wait. You didn't mention Rosemi. What's Wosemi-sama doing right now, then?" Pomu's already-slow one-handed typing speed from switching her attention between Selen and her laptop slowed even more. It seemed like she would finish her schedule at a snail's pace and it seemed likely that she would end up rushing back home

to finish the rest. That, or she'd sleep here at Selen's place to save herself the trouble. It wouldn't have been the first time. "I don't think she's involved with anything Celestia-related, right?"

Selen shook her head. "No, Rosemi apparently got a visit from her mom and got whisked away to Paris. Rosemi said that she didn't know why at the start but she messaged me yesterday to update me. Apparently, her mom wanted someone to help her with the interior decoration of some house or something that they have there. A property that her family owns in...Bordeaux, I think that's what the name was?"

"Dang, so fancy-schmancy. I bet Nina would kill for some wine as a souvenir if she found out Rosemi was there." Pomu whistled again, impressed. "Maybe if you ever actually take a vacation, you should ask her to hook you up somewhere so that you don't have to pay for a hotel room."

"Maybe." Selen snickered. "That would be pretty cool, but it hasn't really crossed my mind. I'm perfectly fine just staying at home."

"And gaming? Selen, please touch some grass. Rosemi doesn't have to be the only plant-related thing you touch, okay?"

Selen attempted to smack Pomu but the fairy dodged her tail again with a smug grin, earning a glare from the dragon. Selen sighed, deciding that hitting her wasn't worth the effort, and just leaned back into the couch cushions. "It's fine. This week's actually pretty bad for me anyway so it's not like leaving my house for that long is a good idea, to begin with."

"Why, what's up? Did you pick up Ember's allergies? Is this the beginning of the real NEET Selen arc?"

"No, it's because I've already been in heat for a few days now. The timing of that being this week is also pretty bad too."

Hearing that, Pomu stopped typing and glanced at Selen. They met eyes and when Pomu realized that Selen hadn't been joking, she purposefully put a few inches of space between the two of them. "You...what? You don't...seem like you are. You're not fucking with me, right?"

Selen raised an eyebrow. "No, I'm not. I'm just better at dealing with it than I used to be. My hormones and stuff were all over the place because of the sudden changes that happened when I first grew a dick, like how I told you earlier. But now, and probably thanks to Rosemi and Finana, I'm more in control."

Pomu looked her up and down again. Selen felt somewhat conscious since Pomu's eyes seemed to scrutinize her lower half a little longer than the rest of her body but she couldn't tell if it was her imagination or not. "Well, okay then. I already know how...uh...bad it can get for dragons when they get horny." Pomu didn't need to specify; Selen already knew what she meant, and who she was talking about, so she didn't bother asking either. "But what about this week, specifically, is so bad? Are you extra-extra-extra horny with a bit of down-bad on the side?"

Selen glanced behind her, where the window was, and fixed her gaze on the gibbous moon that was shining brightly through the glass. "The last time mom and I talked, she warned me about lunar eclipses and stuff. She said that lunar dragons go through weird changes when a lunar eclipse is near and that I need to be careful. I don't remember the specifics, but I think there's a lunar eclipse happening later this week, so yeah. My mom said that in the last eclipse, some lunar dragons lost control of their instincts and were forced to hide away for a while so that they didn't hurt anyone. But the thing is, other lunar dragons in the past have been unaffected by eclipses. For some others, the lunar eclipse can make it hard for them to switch between dragon and human

form. Things like that. It's case-by-case so I don't know what's gonna happen to me until it does."

"Does that rule also apply to solar eclipses? Is that gonna happen with Elira?"

"Probably? But I never asked so maybe you should ask her to ask our mom. And I think a solar eclipse hasn't happened since Elira joined Nijisanji so yeah, makes sense you wouldn't have seen it."

"Think you can hold out until your girlfriends come back from their trip?" Pomu asked, a layer of sincere concern masked by a smirk.

"No choice. It's fine, I'll just take care of myself until they get back. It's not the first time I've dealt with this on my own and it probably won't be the last." Selen retorted. One of her head wings rose, the tip pointing at Pomu's laptop. "By the way, are you done? You've been making your schedule for the past hour and I know for a fact it shouldn't take this long."

Pomu laughed and spun the laptop around so that the screen faced Selen. The schedule that was previously visible on her screen was no longer visible, instead replaced by subreddits and chats in Japanese with a DeepL translator window minimized to ¼ of the screen's size situated in the top right of the screen. When Selen raised a confused look at Pomu, the fairy grinned. "Summer Comiket is coming up soon so I was doing some digging to see what goods might be showing up. I heard that a lot of good stuff from different circles I'm following might make it to the convention this year so I was thinking I might ask a friend to drop by and buy some of the stuff there for me... but so far, everyone's either too busy to make the trip or they're too busy with their own lives in general." She hung her head in defeat, frustration visible on her face. "Man, you're so lucky IPN lets you boss him around. I need a friend like that in my life."

Selen's eyes scanned the laptop screen, noting the presence of a limited-edition series of physical copies of lossless Touhou remixes signed by Beatmario right next to another open window with some images of Revolver Ocelot figurines. Another minimized window displayed what seemed like a catalog of *doujinshis*, both NSFW and SFW. A Windows Sticky Note was also on the screen with a long list of *doujinshi* names and their respective prices. "...well, it says this one is gonna be on sale tomorrow and the other ones...these are over the course of the next few days. And this one's on sale right now, isn't it? I can't read Japanese but I can read numbers, at least. That's a date. Isn't that today? Or am I just high?"

Pomu's expression shifted from one of frustration to one of alarm when Selen said that. She grabbed the laptop and stared at it, disbelief in her eyes. "No fucking way! I was just looking at this earlier! What the fuck?! What do you mean, it's on sale now?! Wait, what the hell is going on?!" Quickly licking her fingers clean and wiping them on a paper towel from the table, Pomu began typing with much more speed and precision than Selen had ever seen from her. Half a minute had passed of silence interrupted by nothing but the speed of Pomu's keyboard before she cursed to herself. "Goddamn it, they decided to sell it early before Comiket so they set up their own thing in Akihabara instead. Fuck, it's gonna sell out and I haven't been able to find someone to go shopping for me! Agh, what do I do?!"

"Maybe you can ask Shu to teleport you there or something?" Selen proposed, pulling one of the gummy worms from the bowl of sweets and tugging at it playfully with her teeth while she watched her friend panic beside her. "Didn't you tell me yesterday you had a plan to go to Japan?"

"My plan was to ask Elira to fly me there so that we don't have to spend money on tickets because airline tickets are expensive and I wanted to spend as little money as I could on airfare. I thought it would be okay since Comiket was supposed to be next week." Pomu dug her fingers into her head as she spoke, her eyebrows knit tightly and a desperate scowl on her face. Her typing speed began

to increase even further, various social media apps like Messenger and LINE being opened and swapped between at a breakneck pace. “But because she’s in Celestia for the rest of the week, that’s not happening anymore. And I can’t just go to Shu right now! It’ll take too long for me to get to him; by the time I do, the thing will probably be sold out!”

Selen clicked her tongue. “Fuck, that sucks. It’s not like you can just buy it off someone after it’s over, right?”

“If I do that, they’re gonna jack the price way up since it’s limited-edition goods! I do not want to pay more than half of my paycheck for this stuff. Agh, why the short notice change?! You’re gonna get ratio’d on Twitter, dumbasses!”

Selen felt like she wanted to laugh but she sensed that if she took the opportunity, the fairy next to her looked like she was in the right mood to dropkick her out of spite and she didn’t feel like taking that risk. Instead, she reached for a pocky stick and offered it to Pomu. As it reached the fairy’s lips, Pomu quickly snatched it out of Selen’s fingers and nibbled it out of existence. Selen reached for a pocky stick of her own and ate half of it before continuing to speak. “...I guess that’s just how it is sometimes. It sucks but you’ll just have to fork up the cash when you manage to find some offers online or whatever. Not much you can do about it now, right?”

“...ugh, you’re probably right.” Pomu let out a frustrated grunt and fell back onto the couch, reaching for her phone and continuing her lightning-fast typing on the virtual keyboard. “Let me just ask if Elira can make time somehow. I know I shouldn’t but I can’t think of any other possible solutions right now.”

“Hmm...well, maybe she’s done with whatever she has to do for today. I guess it’s worth a try. If she teleports back, she’ll probably show up in the basement here, after all.” Selen shrugged her shoulders, glancing in the direction of the door leading to the staircase connected to her basement. “That way, you have no time to waste if she does show up.”

“Oh, hang on, she’s calling me.” Pomu said. The phone in her hand began to ring and Pomu immediately picked up; she stood up, tossing her laptop over to Selen as she did, and began walking to a more isolated spot in the house while Selen sighed and continued nibbling on the snacks from the bowl. “Hey, Ewiwa? Hi~ Sorry, is this a bad time?”

Selen, not expecting it, caught the laptop with the grace of a rotund seal trying to move on asphalt. Her head hit the table next to her and she let out a high-pitched squeal of pain, rubbing the back of her head to soothe it away. Selen shot a dirty look at the blonde fairy, sighing when it was clear that Pomu wouldn’t turn around to see it, and placed the laptop on her own lap.

...how the fuck does she have reception in Celestia that lets her call Pomu here on Earth? Selen looked in the direction of Pomu again, who was huddled near the window and looking outside while she was talking, and noticed that the phone was glowing with the light of a faint magic circle. Deciding that she needed no further answers, Selen glanced at Pomu’s laptop screen and shook her head in pity. Refreshing the page showed the stock of items already dwindling drastically. *Well, if anyone’s gonna think up a way to get Pomu halfway across the world in time for this, it’s probably gonna be Elira. If she were here, she’d probably set up a portal or something and take care of it in no time. I wonder who else might be able to help?*

Selen leaned back into the couch’s backrest, idly munching on a gummy worm as she gave it more thought. *Rosemi...well, she’s not here. And also, I don’t know if an Alraune can do something like that. Shu would definitely be able to, but I think he’s preparing for a collab tomorrow so that’s a no-go. Hmm...Nina’s a former goddess, maybe she could do something? Oh, Millie’s a witch, too. Maybe she could-*

The sudden sensation of a flat object being pressed into the side of her face cut off Selen's train of thought. She recoiled, jerking her head to the opposite side and looking toward the source of the foreign feeling only to see Pomu holding out her phone. Pomu glanced at the phone and then back at Selen, wiggling the phone in a gesture to take it from her. Selen took it and put it to her ear. "Uh...Elira?"

"Hi, Selen!" Her sister's voice was clearer and more understandable than she expected from a phone call from a place that isn't on Earth. Elira's voice made Selen groan inside: it was the kind of voice that Elira only put on when she was about to ask Selen for a favor. "You doing okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine." Selen looked back at Pomu, trying to get a grasp of what was about to happen. Selen noted the glimmer of hope in Pomu's eyes. "Uh...what's up? Did you figure out a way to get Pomu to Japan within the next hour?"

"Kinda..." Elira sighed. Her voice sounded tired and a little hoarse. "I can't help her out myself right now because I still have a lot of things to help mom with. She's been stuck with a lot of meetings here between representatives of the realms so I'm helping her out with the paperwork side of things. That, and I also have some parties to attend as the representative of House Pendora. You know how it is."

"Sounds like the usual political stuff, yeah." Selen waved her hand dismissively without meaning to when she heard that. "I'm totally not cut out for that stuff. I'm glad that you went instead of me."

"It'd be nice if you help me out sometimes, y'know. Some of the Pendora branch families have been asking about where you were. They keep asking about you every year but you never show up to any of the parties anymore. They wanna know if the Second Princess is doing okay." Elira's tone was softer, more encouraging. "Besides, you're not that bad at talking to people, you know. I've seen you stream. Parties like this could use someone like you. Someone who actually laughs, for once."

Selen shook her head, an expression of distaste forming on her face. "Almost everyone that goes to those parties are just trying to get close to you, me, or mom. I hate that. Also, they're, like, a few centuries or millennia old or something so they can't tell a good joke for shit. But anyway, that's not why you asked Pomu to hand the phone over to me, right?"

Selen heard Elira's nervous laugh through the earpiece. "No, you're right. We can talk about that some other time. I was kinda hoping that..." Elira trailed off for a second. The pause lingered for some time before Elira managed to get the remaining words out. "...y'know, maybe a certain awesome dragon racer could get her there in time?"

"Elira. It's on the other side of the planet. It would take Ember a few hours to get there. You know that. Whatever they're selling, it'll be gone by the time we get there."

"I know. But there's a way to get her there way quicker. A way that only the fastest dragon racer in all the realms can accomplish? The one that has so many trophies that she started throwing them away because there's no more room in the trophy room even though mom insists on keeping them because she's amazing and super cool?"

Selen sighed deeply, so much so that she felt like she'd let go of half of her body weight's worth in air, and hung her head. She knew where this was going now and she didn't like it one bit. "...Elira..."

"Pretty please, Selen? I'll owe you big time!" Elira begged a bit harder this time and Selen knew

her sister well enough to tell sincere desperation from crocodile tears. “Just this time, please? I promised to take her but I can’t right now!”

Selen glanced at Pomu again and finally understood why Pomu was staring at her with eyes full of hope and her hands clasped together like she was praying to God. “...fine,” Selen grumbled, pinching her nose bridge. “You owe me for this.”

“Thank you so much, Selen!” Elira cheered on the other end of the line while Pomu clapped enthusiastically. “I’ll owe you big time, I promise! Let me know how it goes!”

Selen rolled her eyes and ended the call, grumbling obscenities to herself under her breath at a volume low enough that Pomu couldn’t clearly make out what she was saying. “I owe you too, Selen. I’m so sorry, I wasn’t planning on this. It happened so abruptly that-”

“Yeah, whatever. It’s fine.” Selen got up from the couch, cricking her neck and puffing her chest out to stretch her shoulders. “They’re selling it right now, right? I hope you’re ready to go right away. Got your wallet and stuff?”

Pomu nodded, swiping her handbag from the couch as she followed Selen to the front door. “No problem here, everything’s with me. So? How does this work? Elira said this was the only other way this would work out. Do you have a teleporter or something in your basement?” Pomu couldn’t hide her confusion when she realized that Selen had already opened the front door and was just about to walk out. “Wait, where are you going?”

Selen paused and looked back at her with a confused face, her hand on the doorframe and one foot already outside. “Uh, we’re going to Japan, aren’t we?”

“Y-yeah? How, though?”

Selen beckoned with her hand for Pomu to follow her. Pomu did so, closing the front door behind her. Before Pomu could take any step further, Selen had already walked out onto the grass. Pomu was about to follow her when suddenly, Selen began to transform. Pomu blinked, stunned as Selen’s form grew larger and changed drastically in front of her eyes; her body grew far bigger, her wings sprouted, her tail grew thicker, and she stood on both her front legs and her hind legs. Pomu felt shockwaves and vibrations trembling as the ground beneath her shuddered with the weight of the lunar dragon’s true form. Selen let out a small roar and groaned while she stretched her wings out, much like how a person would stretch their arms outward. The lunar dragon flapped her wings once and Pomu felt the wind buffet her face; the force of it threatened to send her off balance, the ribbon in her hair flailing around from the gust of wind. Her feathery wings, now several meters in length, cast a long shadow across the front lawn as they expanded and blotted out the sky. She yawned, a deeper and much more intimidating sound now that she stood five meters tall, and then turned her neck to look at the fairy that was staring up at her. “Like this.” Selen’s voice was deeper and hit a different part of Pomu’s ears than it did normally, sending shivers up her spine.

“O-oh.” Pomu didn’t know what to say at first. She’d never seen Selen’s true dragon form and had only seen Elira’s a few times before; the fairy was mildly impressed at how graceful she looked, especially with the moonlight reflecting off her purple scales. She didn’t want to let the compliment slip for her mouth, though; Pomu knew that Selen would hold it against her for the next week or two if she did. “Wait, we’re gonna fly there? How are we going to get there in less than an hour?”

“That’s why we’re not flying on Ember.” Selen replied, lowering her body to the ground and pressing her wings against the grass. With her head, she beckoned for Pomu to get on her back. “Ember’s my best dragon mount but he’s still too slow. It would probably take us a few hours if we

used him to fly to Japan. That's why I'm doing it, not him."

Pomu stared at her, skepticism entering her expression. "You're telling me you can fly us to Japan before they sell out?"

Though Selen was no longer in her human form, Pomu could swear she could see Selen's typical smug smirk on her snout. "Come on. We're burning moonlight. Hang on tight and don't let go."

"You don't have a saddle?"

"Of course not, no one rides me."

"Well, no one except Finana and Rosemi, that is."

"Shut up and get on my back, Pomu."

Pomu laughed to herself, deciding not to ask any more questions. Hesitantly, she grabbed onto Selen's feathery hide and managed to pull herself up and climb until she reached Selen's back. Unsure of where to hold onto, Pomu dug her fingers into Selen's feathers and tightened her grip around the base of Selen's shoulders. Selen allowed a few seconds to ensure Pomu wouldn't slip off before she flapped her wings once and jumped into the air. Pomu felt her stomach leave the ground when that happened and she tried not to cry out. She failed at this, letting out a surprised yelp that only made Selen laugh.

"Don't worry. Just make sure to hang on tight. Getting there in under an hour means that I need to go really fast. Even if you fall off, I'll be able to circle back and catch you before you hit the water. Just a warning: your ears will pop. A few times, at least. Also, make sure to tell me if you're about to vomit. I don't want that on my back."

Barely managing to process what Selen was saying, Pomu just nodded and clung to Selen's back tighter. As Selen slowly began to pick up speed, Pomu could see the ground beneath her slowly fading into a mess of colors and her stomach turning upside down in her body like it was on the spin cycle. "Wait, Selen. At least tell me before you start going really fast, okay? I need to mentally prepare myself."

"Oh, no problem. Three...two..."

"Wait, Selen, that's not what I--"

A powerful boom echoed across the night sky and clouds parted from the force of the lunar dragon's wings flapping. A sound akin to a passing jet plane echoed throughout the sky, followed closely by a high-pitched scream and a string of curses that no one save for the two of them could hear.

"And...that's the last of 'em," Elira whispered to herself as she pressed a stamp into a piece of paper and sighed.

"Thank you so much, honey." Elira could hear her mother's voice from the bathroom amid the sound of the shower water hitting the ground. As she spoke, Elira could hear the flow of water suddenly stop: a sign that her mother was already done with rinsing herself. "You can go ahead and rest, now. I can handle the rest of the papers for tonight. We've also got a long day ahead of us tomorrow so you need to make sure you're rested. There's going to be a lot of parties we need to attend this time." The bathroom door opened and Elira saw her mother walking out, steam from the bathroom following closely behind. Her hair was bundled up into a towel and she was wearing a

thick, fluffy bathrobe. “How did you find today’s events? I hope they didn’t drain you too much.”

Elira paused for a moment before shaking her head. “Today wasn’t so bad. The last time I came back here...I think it was four years ago? That was more tiring than today.”

“That makes sense.” Her mother nodded in agreement. “There were many people looking to marry into the Pendora family. You had more suitors than usual, if I recall. You must have had a difficult time with all of them. Unfortunately, I’m certain that they aren’t so keen to give up this year. You won’t be seeing suitors until tomorrow’s party, I think.”

Elira nodded her head and stood up from the table, stretching her arms and her back. The wings on her head also flapped and wiggled as she stretched. A groan escaped her lips when she heard a cracking noise from her bones; a sigh of satisfaction soon followed it and Elira walked over to the nearby bed, falling face-first into it. The feeling of full, fluffy, and soft bedsheets on her face soothed her tired spirit. Elira felt the temptation to fall asleep right then and there. “...god, I get why Selen hates coming here. All of this is so exhausting.”

To that, Elira could hear her mother laugh softly behind her. “I can’t blame her. The last time she came here with us to the parties, she had to wear a big dress and everything. I remember her complaining every night for a week until the parties were over.”

Elira turned over and sat up to look at her mother, smiling. “Yeah, she wouldn’t stop complaining. I think she looked really pretty, though. It’s a waste that her dress is just collecting dust at home. She looked so beautiful when she was wearing it! I think one of the suitors also came to her and she was complaining to me that same night about wishing she could punch him in the face.”

“Maybe it is for the better that we don’t force her to come with us, then.” Elira’s mother laughed again, this time more heartily. “That’s true. By the way, you were going to ask me a question, honey?”

Elira nodded her head. “I haven’t brought this up in a while but it’s about Selen’s...uh...anatomy problem.” Her mother smiled knowingly but nodded along, covering her mouth with her hand to conceal her amused grin while she gestured for Elira to continue. “It’s already been more than a year since then. Shouldn’t she have gone to normal by now? So far, Selen told me that nothing’s changed and that she’s gotten used to it, but...it’s still weird that she can’t switch back. Is there a bigger problem than we know?”

Her mother shook her head. “She doesn’t have stable control over her human form like you and I do so I’m fairly certain it’s related to that. As time goes by, Selen should be able to freely change her human form’s body parts as she pleases like how you can. I see no other way around it. The last time she tried to induce change in herself outside of mastering her own body transformations, her hormones went out of control and she went into intense heat.”

“So it’s just a matter of time, then, hm.” Elira nodded, resigned. “Well, it doesn’t seem like she’s suffering from the same problems she did before, at least. There are people around now that can help her out.”

To that, Elira felt her mother nodding her head with satisfaction and approval radiating from her widening smile. “I’m glad for that. She’s refused to show any interest in getting a mate for so long, I was a little worried. I guess all’s well that end’s well. Back when I was her age, it was common to have at least two or three mates. Most dragonkin have at least one mate even when they’re that young.”

“You’re just different, mom.” Elira gave her mom an incredulous look but shrugged and laughed

softly.

Elira's mother raised an eyebrow. "While we're on the topic...I noticed her earlier at one of the parties. Ryugu, right? The heir to the Ryugu throne? I recognized the name from the time you were telling Selen's account of what happened. That's one of Selen's chosen partners, right?"

Elira nodded. "Yeah, that's her. Why, what's up? Is there something about Finana that you need to ask about?"

"Oh, nothing. I was just wondering...is it alright for her to be here?"

Elira tilted her head questioningly. "What do you mean?"

"The lunar eclipse is tomorrow, on Earth, no?" Her mother replied. "Much like how solar eclipses affect solar sky dragons, lunar eclipses will do much of the same to lunar sky dragons. The effects aren't consistent between dragons, either. Some go on a bloodthirsty rampage, some hibernate for the whole day with no memory of doing so, others require intense sexual gratification, and some remain locked in either their human or dragon form for the entire period of the eclipse without being able to revert to their previous form, and some even end up unable to use their own mana. I already warned Selen but she didn't seem worried when I brought it up with her previously so I thought she already had all the bases covered. But..." She pursed her lips together, concern evident in her eyes. "...given that the Ryugu heir is here, I'm concerned if there will be anyone to stay by her side if anything goes wrong. Worst-case scenarios are possible, after all."

Finana's here...and Rosemi's in France. I'm here in Celestia. The only person that's with her right now is Pomu. Elira swallowed a gulp of air as her mind sifted through what she knew. Selen will be okay. She's always okay. But I should probably check up on them in case. I wonder if Pomu will be able to handle it. If Selen gets violent, I don't think Pomu would be able to restrain her even with nature magic...and if it's anything else...

Elira's mother noticed her daughter's expression and smiled reassuringly. "Don't worry, honey. The lunar eclipse is still tomorrow. Selen should be feeling some of the effects tonight already but the worst of it will only happen when the moon is actually in the sky. You won't be able to check on Selen until we come back from Celestia later this week but if someone's with her, things should work out, right? And if things do get really out of control, I'll excuse us from the party and teleport us straight to her. So don't dwell on it. Let's go to sleep; we'll need the energy for all the events we need to attend tomorrow."

Elira nodded. As she walked over to the bathroom, the thought of the next day made Elira grumble. "Mom?"

"Yes, honey?"

"Can I just tell the suitors that I'm already dating someone?"

"If you tell any of them that the First Princess of House Pendora is dating a fairy, a half-demon witch, a demon-made-angel, or a flightless bird-"

"Okay, mom, I get it!"

Slipping

Chapter Summary

Selen is stuck chaperoning Pomu, ferrying her to and from Japan while the lunar eclipse approaches.

Chapter Notes

Yes, I'm alive and still working on this HAHA

Credits and love to Alpha142 for helping me edit and refine the chapter!

Akihabara, the anime-lover's mecca. It was undoubtedly a place that Selen had always wanted to visit. The many pictures on the internet of storefronts full of merchandise from every franchise imaginable were certainly a temptation no one who liked any form of *anime* or *manga* could resist. The people wearing maid outfits and handing out flyers were genuine and not just something you'd see in the typical slice-of-life series. The lines of people all queued up for limited edition figurines or goods were as discouragingly long as one would expect, and the streets paved with *gachapon* machines felt like they had been laid out specifically to tempt Selen into spending more money than she should. In some ways, it was almost one's duty or responsibility to journey to the Electric City at least once in your lifetime; bonus points if you brought back merchandise of your favorite series.

It was too unfortunate that Selen was too tired and preoccupied to care.

"Ugh..." Selen groaned as silently as she could in the hope that she would not attract the attention of anyone walking by. With no walls or objects that she could comfortably place her body weight against, Selen was hunched over with her hands on her knees in her best effort to keep herself propped up against gravity. Though each bag did not carry anything particularly heavy, the combined weight of the goods was working in tandem with the fatigue that was working its magic on Selen's mind and body. She groaned again as she pushed herself back into a neutral standing position, trying not to resort to crouching in the middle of the sidewalk and drawing attention to herself. The last thing she needed right now was the scrutiny of the passerby, making her feel even more self-conscious.

God...my head...

Selen put a hand to her temple and applied pressure, feeling the artery in her head throb violently. Placing another finger on her other temple, Selen began to massage her head hoping that her headache would go away. She felt woozy, slightly dizzy, and exhausted. Managing the flight from Canada to Japan this quickly had not been a simple task; in fact, it was the first time in a while that Selen had ever pushed herself this hard while flying. She was beginning to regret agreeing to chaperone the blonde fairy, who was currently having the time of her life chatting up the artists and salespeople inside the store. She could hear Pomu's voice from outside and the lunar dragon hung her head to sigh, resigning herself to tolerating what she was going through; Pomu was very

happy right now, and hearing so much glee and excitement in her voice almost made up for Selen feeling ill enough to book a suite at the nearest hospital.

Almost.

Selen continued to massage her head as it throbbed on and on. Her attempts to suppress the pain felt futile as the headache worsened with time. Every single source of light seemed brighter to her than usual, the neon lights of some street signs almost blinding enough to force Selen to avert her gaze. The passerby's unrelenting deluge of chitchat and hubbub assaulted Selen's ears, making her flinch and recoil every time a loud sound wracked her brain. Resisting the urge to spit a vulgarity, Selen took a deep breath in an effort to calm herself down and suppress her symptoms. This didn't help matters at all because Selen's sense of smell had also gone awry for some reason. Though she could usually pick apart the scent of different people with relative ease and organize them in her head, She currently couldn't do that at all. Some smells seemed fainter than dust on the wind, while others were magnified to the degree that it was uncomfortable.

At the forefront of these scents was the smell of the people passing her by. Hormones, body odor, musk; all these different smells seemed far more potent than Selen could ever remember her smelling them. They invaded her nostrils like smoke, overwhelming and dizzying.

Fuck...I can smell...God, I don't want to smell the fucking sex around here...

Selen couldn't get around it, choosing to pinch her nose with her free hand to try and lessen the exposure. Having never slept with a man, Selen only knew the smell of women when sex was in the air. She was used to it, in a sense, but she was not a fan of the intensity of the smell that she was perceiving. Now, what seemed like even the faintest traces of feminine appeal were strong enough to be distracting. With every different person that passed by, perfumes and natural body odors were mixing into concoctions of smells that were too tantalizing for Selen to be comfortable with. She could taste it all on the tip of her tongue, which was too stimulating. Selen didn't like it one bit.

She didn't want to admit it but being exposed to the city this late at night, surrounded by the sights and smells of the nightlife, made her hornier than she wanted to admit. As much as she wished she could force her growing erection down, it was an exercise in futility. Selen removed her hand from her head, whipped out the phone in her pocket, and began to desperately search through the apps to search for something that could take her mind off what she was feeling. Anything to keep her preoccupied.

"Selen~!" Pomu skipped out of the store, grinning from ear to ear with at least three more shopping bags in tow. She skidded to a stop in front of the lunar dragon. "I got everything I needed from this one! Come on, I've only got a few more things to go!"

Selen groaned, throwing her head back and trying not to teeter and fall backward when she did. It would be embarrassing if she lost her balance right now. "Pomu...aren't you done with getting the limited-edition stuff? I saw your shopping cart earlier, it was not that big. Are you just shopping now?"

To that, Pomu tutted while wagging her finger from side to side and clicking her tongue all the while. "No, no. Selen, I know, this is probably your real first visit to Akihabara, so you probably have no idea, but the number of limited-edition things here and the number of items you can't find anywhere else is insane. Coming here for anime and game merch is like going to Italy for pizza or going to Canada for the maple syrup. Every opportunity to buy something needs to be treated like it's a once-in-a-lifetime thing! Even if I come back here someday, there's a good chance I'm never gonna see any of these again! Might as well snag 'em while we're here."

“Sounds to me like you’re just looking for excuses to check some items off your bucket list for Akihabara shopping. Look, Pomu, I know you’re enjoying your time here but remember that we haven’t even canceled our streams tomorrow, and we still have to go back home and sleep.”

“You think I don’t know that? Oh, ye of little faith. The day after tomorrow, I have a very important meeting with the staff! I can’t afford to miss that for the world!” Pomu said with a cheeky grin, folding her arms across her chest. “Don’t worry, we won’t be here for much longer. But...that said...” Pomu suddenly changed her tone of voice completely. She knew she was shorter than Selen and used it to her advantage, giving her an upward gaze while tilting her head. “...I do need to ask you for a favor.”

“Stop that. It’s gross. Talk how you normally do.”

“You’re no fun, you know that?” Pomu scoffed, returning to her usual tone of voice. “Okay...just gonna be honest here, Selen. One of the limited-edition items I really wanna buy is going to go on sale tomorrow-”

Selen sighed. “Oh god, please. Pomu, please.”

“I know I said I’ll owe you big time, but this one’s the last, please! Cross my heart and hope to die, stick a needle in my eye! Girl scout’s honor!” Pomu clapped her hands together and bowed like she was praying to a shrine. “Come on, Selen! Please! I really, really, really can’t miss this one! I’m actually gonna, like, cry if you say no!”

Selen scowled. “Pomu, we have lots of work to do this week. If we had a break day or something in between, it’d be easier. But you’re asking me to do a lot right now. I don’t know what you think I was doing to get us here but flying us from Canada to Japan in under an hour is fucking exhausting.”

“...I know.”

Pomu’s voice softened considerably, enough that it gave the lunar dragon whiplash just hearing it. She sounded crestfallen, so much so that Selen almost took back what she said immediately. “I’m sorry for springing this on you. I know that you’re going through a lot right now and I’m asking you to do me a big favor. I know. It wasn’t supposed to be like this, y’know? I had a plan and everything. But...I dunno. Plans change. Things go wrong. Murphy’s Law, y’know? I just...if I could ask someone else and stop bothering you, I would, Selen. I’m sorry. But...”

“H-hey...I never said I was bothered by it.”

“You don’t have to, Selen. You already told me that you’re going through a lot of things this week and you don’t have control over any of it.” Selen had never seen Pomu look genuinely ashamed and lost before, but here she was with a facial expression so vulnerable that it tugged at Selen’s heartstrings even if she didn’t want to admit it. Pomu’s eyes lowered until she was staring at the concrete, and her ribbon was drooping down sadly like they were ears. “I just...don’t know who else to ask, okay? And if you really don’t want to...then...”

Selen made an exasperated noise, readjusting the position of the bag straps slung around her shoulder, and stared Pomu down. But despite how she looked, Selen knew what her answer would be. Selen had never seen Pomu sincerely ask for favors like this before and the number of times she’d seen the blonde fairy look so distressed could probably be counted on one hand. The desperation in her voice, the dramatic cherry on top, was making it incredibly hard to refuse her; Selen was pretty sure that if she asked Pomu to get on the floor and put her forehead on the asphalt like she was a newly inducted nun praying at the Notre Dame, she would do it with no questions

asked.

“...fine,” Selen grumbled, pinching her nose bridge. “Fine, okay? I’ll fly you here. Just make sure to come to my place on time. You have a meeting the day after tomorrow, and I still have streams and meetings, okay?”

Pomu’s depressed face lit up like a lantern on New Year’s. She leaped forward and hugged Selen, practically tackling her with the force she’d used, and squeezed her tight. “Thank you so much, Selen! I promise I’ll make it up to you somehow!”

“Yeah, yeah. Whatever,” Selen pushed her fingers into her temples, trying and failing to assuage the pain of her pounding head. It was like her brain was repeatedly expanding and shrinking against the inner surfaces of her skull. “Anyway, are we done here? I still have to fly us back home, y’know. Over a whole ocean?”

“I’ve just got a few more items I need to grab tonight, and then I’ll be good. I can snag the rest tomorrow.” Pomu glanced at her phone, rechecking her shopping list of items and nodding her head when she saw that she remembered correctly. “The next place we’re going to is this neat place that’s, like, underground. Kinda like a basement, but instead of a mancave, it’s full of merch. You should grab something while we’re here, y’know. Not every day you get to shop around Akiba.”

Pomu had already begun walking to the next destination and Selen traipsed behind her, hunching slightly from the weight of all the bags of merchandise she’d been saddled with. “I can fly here whenever I want, really. I can come here another ti-”

Distracted, Selen wasn’t prepared for the glare of the headlights from a passing taxi sending painful bright light into her eyes, forcing a growl out of her throat. She squinted, blocking the rays of sunshine with her hand, and twisted her neck so that she could look away. Selen swayed, almost losing her balance, and then violently righted herself before she could fall to the ground. Selen felt her elbow brush against something unexpectedly soft when she recovered her footing, and she turned to see what it was, only to be met with a glare from a passing salarywoman in a black coat that was covering her chest with her arms. Realizing that she’d bumped into the woman’s breasts, Selen bowed her head apologetically and walked faster to escape the lady’s irritated gaze.

Her body had recognized the sensation before Selen had consciously become aware of what she’d done; her softening erection had begun to stir again against Selen’s will, and she clicked her tongue audibly. She stuck her hands in her pockets after readjusting the straps of the bags on her shoulder again to keep them from slipping off and falling, trying not to let her frustration show on her face.

God, my mating heat is getting worse and worse. Rosemi and Finana aren’t coming back until next week, too. Selen exhaled slowly through her nostrils in an effort to calm herself down so that she could think with a clearer head. Fuck...why the hell am I so sensitive now? It wasn’t like this before. The last time it got like this was when I first got a dick...

...wait...

A thought occurred to Selen, and she immediately glared at the sky to verify if her suspicions were true. Selen only felt her mild anxiety intensify as she saw no lunar eclipse looming over her head.

Damn it, that means this isn’t the worst of it yet. Selen fought back the urge to growl. She didn’t want anyone else around her, much less Pomu, to see her irritation. Well...if it feels this bad already and the eclipse is happening this week, I should be able to keep control when it does actually happen. I just gotta focus and not let it overwhelm me. Should be fine. Should be fine...

Selen pulled her phone out of her pocket with the intention of checking when the lunar eclipse was going to take place and furrowed her eyebrows when she realized that she had no service in Japan. While it seemed like there were a few Wi-fi networks close by, all of them were locked by passwords and Selen was as fluent in reading Japanese as someone who'd bought a subscription to Rosetta Stone and forgotten about it. Her Duolingo skills weren't enough to remember all of the *hiragana* and *katakana* she was staring at, much less the *kanji*, and Selen decided that she'd check again after she got home.

She did, however, notice that the time on her phone read 12:09 AM. It was already past midnight at this point and Selen felt herself sweat a little bit.

"Pomu?" Selen blurted out. "We have to stream in a few hours. Do you think we could hurry it up?"

"Fine, we can do the window shopping tomorrow. Or, if you're G, we can do it next week when Elira's back. She can fly us instead."

"Stop making sky dragons your personal taxi service and just ask Millie or Shu to teleport us, please."

"Fine, fine." Pomu reached out and grabbed Selen by the hand and began to tug her along. "Let's book it, then!"

Pomu broke into a run, much to the mild surprise and annoyance of the other people on the sidewalk that were forced to clear a path for her, and tightened her grip on Selen's hand to make sure that the lunar dragon wouldn't let go or slip away. Selen wasn't expecting Pomu to do this and nearly tripped over her own feet before beginning to jog behind Pomu, struggling to keep up without falling flat on her face.

"Pomu, wait! Slow down or the bags will fall!"

"Don't drop those, Selen! There's no point in making you carry them if you follow them! You've got the arm strength of a dragon, don't you? Put your back into it!"

"I'm not your taxi and I'm not your pack mule so stop pulling me before I-grk!"

Selen had never wanted to learn the taste of Japanese asphalt firsthand. But sometimes you learn lessons you never asked for.

The Next Day...

Beep beep beep beep!

Beep beep beep beep!

"...ugh..."

Beep beep beep beep!

Beep bee-!

Pain.

Throbbing, intense pain.

Selen growled, rolling over and slamming her hand onto the screen of her phone to silence the alarm with enough force to make the support beams under her bed creak. The sound had succeeded in forcefully rousing her from her sleep while accompanied by a pounding headache painful enough to simulate the feeling of being squeezed by a hydraulic press; it was the same headache plaguing her since her unplanned trip to Japan last night, much to her chagrin. It had only worsened since she'd gotten home in the wee hours of the morning, enough that Selen had seriously been considering calling her manager to request if she could cancel the stream she'd planned for the day. But in pondering her options, she had chosen not to postpone any streams if she could help it. Instead, Selen had powered through her stream earlier today with the power of a little magic and Aspirin.

The price of that was feeling so spent that Selen had no choice but to take a nap right after she'd finished her work so that she would feel better before she chaperoned Pomu halfway across the world again. Like the medicine, the nap had done little to placate the headache. Selen couldn't help but let out a groan, shifting her position in bed to get more comfortable and placing her fingers to her temples before pressing inward. Of course, it wasn't like she expected the headache to just magically disappear but it was disheartening nonetheless that it didn't help her in any way.

Fuck, I need to take more medicine or something.

Selen mumbled a string of curses under her breath as she began forcing herself out of bed. As she cast off the blanket covering her body, she was confronted with the other problem that had been troubling her since she'd come back from Japan: an erection that wouldn't go down. Selen tensed up as her dick chafed uncomfortably against her underwear and pressed against the sweatpants. She pushed herself up and got to her feet, but with every stray movement she made, the tactile sensation of her skin against cloth was amplified tenfold. With every slightly unsteady step she took on her down the stairs and on her way to the kitchen, Selen felt electric shocks tingling from her groin and tailbone all the way to her fingers and toes that forced her to fight down groans of neediness. She rushed to the drawers and the fridge, gulping down another dose of Aspirin with a glass of water and letting out a sigh. The sensation of the cool water going down her throat helped to clear her mind some.

I'd better not be fucking sick; this is not the time. Selen pressed the back of her hand to her neck to check if she was sporting a fever; a few seconds passed, and she could only conclude that while she was slightly warm to the touch, it wasn't enough to say that she had an actual fever. She did the same with her forehead, and the result was unchanged. Not willing to believe it just yet, Selen walked over to her cupboard and checked her temperature with a thermometer. The reading came out to 37.7 degrees Celsius, an annoyingly ambiguous measurement. Deciding that it wasn't a big deal, Selen clicked her tongue and returned the thermometer. She leaned onto the counter, closing her eyes and taking deep breaths. *Okay...I don't think I'm sick. If it's just a headache...if it's just a headache and the horniness, I should be good. As long as it doesn't get any worse, I can keep myself under control. It should be fine. It should be fine...as long as Pomu gets here on time and we go there and get out quick, there shouldn't be any problems and it should be fine.*

...actually, what time is it?

Selen again pulled her phone out of her pocket to look at the clock: 5:23 PM.

Fuck, didn't Pomu agree to meet me at-

The doorbell rang at that moment as if answering Selen's thoughts. The lunar traipsed over to the door and opened it by a crack, only to be greeted by Pomu's eager smile. The fairy stood a few inches in front of the front door with her hands behind her back, bouncing up and down on her

heels excitedly. When their eyes met, Pomu stifled a laugh. She took a step forward and leaned in slightly. “sup, sleepyhead. Get attacked by a raccoon lately?”

“Wha-?”

“Mirror, Selen. You look like a hedgehog owned by Sega before his movie redesign.”

Ignoring the blonde fairy’s quips, Selen opened the door and allowed Pomu to step inside before walking to the bathroom to glare at the mirror above her sink. Surely enough, Selen’s hair and even the feathers of the wings on her head were ruffled and jutted out like a porcupine on a bad hair day. She let out a quiet laugh despite herself and stuck her head out of the bathroom door to holler, “Pomu, give me a second to wash up before we head out. Is that okay?”

“Sure thing! Mind if I play a game on your PC while I wait?”

“Go ahead, I guess. Just don’t do anything to fuck up my stuff.”

“The only thing I’m gonna fuck up is your Apex rank. I hope you like being a Bronze gamer.”

Selen rolled her eyes and closed the bathroom door as Pomu snickered and waved her hand goodbye before ascending the stairs to Selen’s bedroom. Thankfully, one of her bath towels was here in the bathroom already so she didn’t need to spend time getting a new one. Selen began removing her clothes while doing her best to ignore the sensations produced by fabric rubbing against her dick; it was awkward to do anything since her cock was erect, almost painfully so, and refusing to return to flaccidity no matter how much she tried to pay it no heed. Neatly folding the clothes into a pile and placing them on top of the toilet lid, Selen stepped into the shower and turned it on. As she let the hot water splash against her face, the brief sensation of droplets striking her shaft’s surface made Selen groan quietly. She did her best to ignore it while she began showering herself, and she could, for the most part. Shampooing and using conditioner on her hair were fine. Still, as she began washing her body with soap, Selen started to get a sense of impending doom the closer her hands traveled to her lower half.

Selen’s hands stopped as they brushed below her belly button. For a moment, she briefly considered not washing down there. But she dispelled the notion as quickly as it had come; she hated feeling sweaty for any length of time so the thought of leaving dirt to accumulate didn’t sit well with her. Hesitantly, Selen began to rub the soap against her dick and shivered when she felt her own fingers wrapping around its base. Selen inhaled and exhaled, trying to focus on cleaning herself and ignore the tingling sensation traveling up and down her spine while her hands did the work. Without her meaning to, her breathing grew erratic. Her tail began slapping itself against the wall impatiently from the stimulation she was receiving, the signal that her body wanted more. Selen didn’t want to indulge in it, not while Pomu was in the house, but her conviction wavered as she stared at her rigid dick as it twitched.

...if I take care of myself now, I’m not going to get hot and bothered while we’re over in Japan. Plus...I’m pretty sure that if I do this, I won’t be as fucked up and sensitive as I was last night.

Selen felt like the angel and the devil were battling it out in her mind while she weighed her options, her thumb and index finger still wrapped around the base of her cock. The temptation to allow herself some pleasure was strong, and she felt the devil winning out in the argument taking place in her head. Selen’s fingers closed around the base of her shaft, and right before her hand began to move up and down along her length, she caught herself and stopped before she could start stroking.

She knew herself well enough; if she started now, she wouldn’t stop until she was satisfied. Worse, Selen knew she wouldn’t be satisfied with just one round. *I...I can’t. Not while Pomu’s here. I...I*

have to hold out. I'll just jerk it after we get back. It should be quick, anyway. As long as I fly us there and back here fast enough, it shouldn't be a problem. Selen removed her hand from her dick, silently regretting that she hadn't taken the opportunity to masturbate earlier on in the week, and continued to clean and rinse herself while minimizing the number of times she touched herself. Finishing up quickly and drying herself with her towel in a hurry, Selen wrapped a smaller towel around her head and made a beeline for her bedroom.

Sure enough, she walked inside to find Pomu sitting in her chair with her eyes fixed on the screen. The sound of gunfire was audible, and Selen cracked a smile when she heard the loud bang of a sniper rifle from the headphones on Pomu's head and saw the fairy scowl at the screen a split second later. Noticing her, Pomu glanced at Selen. "Hey, Sel-" she began, her sentence falling apart as her gaze fell and she saw the bulge from Selen's towel. Pomu decided to face the computer screen again instead, exiting Apex Legends and logging into her Twitter so she didn't have to look at Selen's bulge. "Um, madam, you're on the premises with a blunt weapon. If you do not put it away immediately, I may have to contact the authorities."

"You already know I'm in heat, Pomu. Just ignore me and do whatever." Selen said, trying to remain casual. She walked over to her closet, thumbing through clothes to wear. "Besides, I can't exactly control it right now. If I could, I would."

"You could just...I dunno, whack the beaver real quick? Choke the chicken for a few minutes?"

"No. What the f-?!" Selen glared at Pomu with a raised eyebrow. "Fuck no, especially not while you're here in the house."

"I can just plug my ears for thirty minutes, y'know. Unless you finish quicker than that. I mean, you are the fastest dragon rider, right? Wouldn't surprise me if you're the fastest shot in the west, too."

Selen reddened, biting back the urge to fling the fairy through her bedroom window. "Stop talking, please. Don't make me regret agreeing to fly you to Japan."

"I'm just saying," Pomu shrugged. "Besides, the quicker you take care of yourself, the sooner we can go there and be back before dinnertime. Look, if you take a while to do your thing, that's fine too. That's probably what keeps the ladies happy, anyway. But I can't exactly wait outside your house for an hour while you get your rocks off, Selen."

"Pomu. Can you, like, shut up and wait outside, please? Just go to the living room or something. I'm not going to jerk off. Just give me a minute to throw on some clothes."

"Damn. If you finish in under a minute, I can only imagine how Finana feels. And what about poor, poor Rosemi?"

"Take the door, or you're going out the window."

Pomu complied with a snarky grin and a shrug, closing the bedroom door behind her. Selen sighed and fished out one of her black Sanrio t-shirts with a print of My Melody on the front along with a pair of blue jeans and a black windbreaker. As she donned the clothes, she noticed Ember sitting near her chair, tilting his head with a curious look on his face. After putting on her jeans, Selen approached him and knelt to gently pat Ember on the head. "I'm gonna be gone for a bit tonight, okay? Watch the house while I'm gone."

Ember yelped and nodded his head, using one of his wings to salute her. Selen laughed, ruffled the fur on his head, and closed the bedroom door behind her before making her way down the stairs

and meeting Pomu who was standing just outside, next to her front door. The blonde fairy was leaning against the wall, scrolling through her Twitter feed on her phone; as Selen closed the front door behind her, Pomu stuck her phone back into her pocket and looked the lunar dragon up and down. She sniffed audibly and frowned. "...well, you don't smell like you rubbed one out."

"Can you not? I told you I wasn't going to do it, and I didn't. Can we drop it?"

"Yeah, yeah. By the way, I have a question. What happens to your clothes when you transform into your big dragon form? You're still wearing them when you go back to your regular form. Do they go into some weird interdimensional pocket thing like how it does in anime? Or does it melt into your skin or something? Are you casting some kind of magic?"

"That's...that's a long story. Can we talk about that some other time? We're burning moonlight, Pomu, and my headache's worsening just by listening to you."

"Headache? You okay?"

Selen nodded, morphing into her dragon form and lowering her body so Pomu could get on her back. The fairy's wings emerged from her shoulder blades, and she flew herself onto Selen's back, tightening her grip around the base of the dragon's neck. Pomu gently tapped her hand against Selen's hand twice, the signal that she was ready. Selen flapped her wings once and jumped into the sky, regretting it instantly as she felt the ache in her head intensify significantly. The pain distracted her enough to forget to flap her wings a second time, and Pomu let out a yelp as they dropped a few meters before Selen regained stability.

"Hey, Selen! Are you sure you're okay?" Pomu rubbed her hand against the side of Selen's neck. "Do you need to rest a little first?"

"...no, I'm fine," Selen growled, gritting her teeth and flapping her wings even harder. "As long as I get us there quickly and we come back quickly, we should be good. I'll get us there quickly, just like how I did it yesterday."

Pomu pressed her palm against Selen's body, trying to see if the dragon wasn't feeling well. Unsure of what to do, Pomu glanced up at the sky and noticed that the moon didn't look the same as it did last night.

Almost like a part of it was blotted out.

That's what a lunar eclipse looks like, right?

The flight to Japan was more leisurely this time since Selen could make room in her schedule to account for the intercontinental journey. There was no need for her to make the journey within one hour, unlike last night, so she was able to fly past the borders without straining herself too much. Even with Selen feeling lightheaded, warmer, and horny beyond imagining, she'd reached Akihabara just shy of a two-hour flight while threatening to dunk Pomu into the salty seawater and barely avoiding accidentally falling into the ocean twice. After landing on the rooftop of a random building and gliding down into an empty alleyway, the duo found themselves in the thick of the city once again.

Selen bit back a curse, observing that the crowd was thicker than it had been yesterday. The city's lights were blindingly bright this time around, and the smells were more intense than they had been last night; the wings on her head extended to act like a visor, blocking the light from directly striking her eyes so that she didn't suffer from a sensory overload. Her headache was no longer as

prominent as it had been earlier. Instead, overwhelming dizziness was beginning to take hold and she didn't like it one bit.

Fuck...it's even worse than yesterday. The same smells that had been assaulting Selen yesterday were back; worse still, they were even more stimulating than ever before. She covered her mouth with her hand and coughed, trying her best to mask the scents that were threatening to overwhelm her; as she took a step closer to the street, Selen felt the wooziness affecting her gait and she wobbled. She leaned her weight against the wall beside her, exhaling and inhaling slowly to regain her bearings. *I hope Pomu finishes up her damn shopping soon. I feel like I'm gonna fucking pass out if I stay here for too long.*

"We're back, baby!" Pomu exclaimed with a hearty laugh, her hands on her hips and her chest puffed out. "It's a good thing you landed us next to *Animate*, Selen. That's where I'm gonna get the first item on the list: a limited-edition signed copy of the first Metal Gear Solid game for the PlayStation signed by David Hayter and Mr. Kojima himself!"

"A signed copy of...? Can't you get that kind of thing on eBay, Pomu? Why are we coming here to Japan for it?"

"Of course, you can get it off eBay if you're going to let some chump scam you out of a few hundred or thousands of dollars for it! But this one's special; the reason I'm getting this one in Japan is that the signed copy also has a signature from the Japanese voice actor too! I managed to snag a good deal on it after haggling last night over Line. I'm gonna meet him here so that we can make the exchange." Pomu showed off a smug grin. "Don't worry, it should be a quick grab-and-go. Come on, follow me!"

As the two of them walked out onto the street, Pomu's smile disappeared, and she pointed up at the sky. "By the way, Selen...I only noticed it right before we left your house but...is that what I think it is?"

Selen looked to where Pomu was pointing, saw the moon in the sky, and scowled. It all made sense now to her, seeing the moon black. "...no wonder I feel like shit. Of course, the eclipse is tonight." She mumbled in a low voice, her eyebrows furrowed.

Pomu looked Selen up and down worriedly, ignoring the bulge still visible in one of Selen's pant legs, and took a step toward her. "You said that the lunar eclipse was gonna do something to you, right? Are you okay? How do you feel?"

"...like shit, to be honest." Selen sighed, doing her utmost to ignore the lightheadedness and the stimulation from her hardening cock pushing against her jeans like it was trying to free itself. "It's...it's getting harder and harder to think. I'm...also horny as fuck, too, which doesn't help. Honestly, I wanna pass out right now. It'd be nice if you didn't make me carry all your bags tonight."

"I won't, don't worry." Pomu reached out to press the back of her hand against Selen's forehead, noting that the lunar dragon was a little warm to the touch. "...do you need to rest somewhere first? If you're really not feeling good, I don't wanna-"

Selen shrugged off Pomu's hand and took a step back, shaking her head. "No, it's fine. Let's just go already. The sooner we get your merch, the sooner we can head back. Sound like a plan?"

"Um...sure," Pomu muttered, beckoning for Selen to follow her.

The *Animate* building that Pomu had mentioned earlier was some tens of meters away from where

they stood. The duo walked together quietly until they reached the front of the building; seeing the entrance, Selen stopped and walked over to the wall next to the doorway, leaning her weight against it and closing her eyes while pinching her nose bridge with one hand. Her head-wings fanned out as wide as they could to block sources of light from every direction, covering Selen's entire head in a feathery purple cocoon. Some people gave her strange looks as they walked past, but Selen couldn't care less anymore. "I'll stay here. You go in without me."

"O-okay," Pomu nodded her head before hurriedly walking into the building. Though Selen could no longer see Pomu, thanks to her wings serving as a shield against the lights from the buildings around her, she could hear the fairy's voice before she'd left, and it sounded guilty.

Pomu dragged me out here so I really want to blame her, but my stupid ass couldn't say no to her so it's my fault as much as it is hers. Selen kept her thoughts going in the hope that having something to focus on would help her tolerate the dull headache and the dizzying sensory overload she was feeling right now. *I mean...I guess we can't do much about this situation now that we're here. Please, Pomu, just hurry it up so that I don't have to deal with this for much longer. Fuck, I can't believe I forgot to check if the eclipse was today or not. Goddamn it. All I had to do was look up.*

As Selen leaned her head against the wall, she sighed and closed her eyes. Selen was beginning to feel faint. She felt far more lightheaded than she ever had; vaguely realizing that she was teetering and beginning to lose her sense of balance, Selen stopped covering her face with her head-wings to catch herself from falling. She leaned more of her weight on the wall behind her. For a moment, her vision blurred; Selen shook her head vigorously to try and stay conscious.

What irritated her the most was that somehow, despite her lightheadedness, the lust wasn't going away.

...fuck off, lunar eclipse. Selen glared at the sky. *I...I think I really need to jerk one out soon or I'm gonna lose my mind. But...fuck. No, I can't.* Selen growled to herself, frustrated. *I don't know how to speak Japanese and I'm not about to ask Pomu to help me buy a Tenga or whatever so I can use it in some public toilet. I need to deal with it. Just an hour or so, Selen. It's gonna be fine. You can do this. You can do this...god, if Rosemi or Finana were here right now...if they were here, this would be so much easier...*

The sound of some footsteps interrupted her thoughts.

Selen could vaguely sense that there was someone standing a few meters away from her that was taking apprehensive steps in her general direction. A few seconds passed by and Selen could tell that the presence was still there. Curiosity won her over, and she turned to look in the person's direction. Standing a meter to her left was a young girl in a maid outfit. When the girl spoke in fluent Japanese as Selen had expected, the lunar dragon just shook her head and said, "No Japanese. English only." She was expecting the girl to walk away after hearing that but instead, she inched closer and handed out a flyer. Unable to think of what else she could do, Selen took it in the hope that doing so was all that the girl needed so that she would walk away.

"...um...our maid café is down the street if you would like somewhere to sit down and rest..."

Just my fucking luck. She knows English.

Usually, when it came to complete strangers, Selen found that one of the easiest ways to deal with them without being impolite was not to maintain eye contact and look somewhere else instead. Often, just staring at a different body part or pretending to look at the person's face was enough. But Selen couldn't even bring herself to stare at any part of the girl in the state that she was in. Her

eyes wandered to the girl's exposed thighs, the knee-high white socks she was wearing to complement her blue-and-white frilly dress, the slight blush on her cheeks, and her shiny pink lips. When the two of them made eye contact by accident, the girl gave a cute customer-service smile, and Selen forced herself to look at the concrete beneath her feet.

Not good. I can smell her.

A faint flowery scent on a passing breeze; Selen could tell it was the girl's perfume.

She could feel her body reacting.

She could feel her body telling her what it wanted.

She could tell her body liked the smell.

Her body wanted to taste more of it on her tongue.

Selen could feel her dick getting even more erect. She bit her lip until she drew blood and the pain helped her stay lucid.

N-No.

No, I can't.

I'm not going to fuck this girl. I don't know her. She's a stranger.

I just need to beat my meat when I get home after Pomu's done here.

But this maid can't stay here or I'm gonna lose my mind.

She glared at the maid, baring her teeth and thumping her tail against the wall aggressively. The girl backed off immediately, wide-eyed, and ran back into the crowd until Selen could no longer see her retreating figure. Selen breathed a sigh of relief, untensing her shoulders and laying exhausted against the wall while ignoring the stares of the strangers around her. She felt a little bad for scaring the girl off, but as dizzy and disoriented as Selen felt, it was the only thing she could think to do. Selen crumpled the flyer in her hand and stuffed it in her pocket; the maid's scent lingered on it and she didn't need to smell it again.

"Selen?"

The dragon girl was relieved to finally hear Pomu's voice, turning to face her. "Finally. You're done. Can we...uh...can we move on?"

Pomu nodded, patting her handbag. "Yeah, I'm done here. The next place is a bit far so we need to walk a little bit if that's okay with you."

"Yeah...that's okay."

Pomu's eyebrows knit. She placed her hands on her friend's shoulders and lifted Selen's head by the chin to get her to make eye contact. Her worries only increased as she noticed the lunar dragon's eyes seemed glazed over and unfocused. "S-Selen? Are you okay? You don't look so good."

"I told you...I'm fine..."

As Selen pushed herself off the wall to start walking, she felt the world spin and her knees buckle

underneath her.

End Notes

This is my first time writing a fic at all in a very long time so feedback, both positive and constructive, is welcome!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!