

Pop Sensation - Chapter 1

The Liberty Girls

Warning: The following is erotic content featuring *breast expansion*, *lactation*, and other minor fetishes. You know why you're here, so don't complain to me if it's not your thing.

Commission: The following is a commission for Patreon user *tahu1809*.

- *Madam Materia*

The harsh buzzing of Sam's morning alarm blared out, drowning out the sounds of conversation, bicycles, and summer cicadas coming from outside the window of his single room apartment. It had been a while since he'd needed to use it, having been more or less coasting on his savings for the past few months since he'd moved to the land of the rising sun. Like Phil's soil up on the windowsill however, they were drying up, which necessitated a job.

Forcing open his hazel eyes, Sam looked through his auburn bangs to the clock on his bedside table. Seven a.m., plenty of time to make sure things were tended to and get to the train on time. With a tired groan he rose up, stretching his arms up over his head and accidentally knocking the framed poster hanging above his bed.

"Whoops," he quickly turned to catch and straighten the twenty-four by thirty-six of "The Return of the King". "Sorry there Aragorn."

Crisis averted, he pulled off his blankets, tossing his legs off the bed, and got to his feet. The summer sun, shining through his window, tickled his bare chest as he started his morning rounds. "How you feeling today Phil?" he asked the small potted cactus, soaking in the light. "Thirsty?"

He dipped his pinky into the dirt about his prickly friend, careful not to disturb it too much. "Yup, hold on, I'll get you a drink."

With a half dozen steps he crossed the whole of his little apartment, to the small kitchenette where he kept the watering can by the sink. Setting it to fill, the auburn-headed American went for the fridge. Sparse would be putting it generously. There was a half-carton of milk, a nearly empty jar of apple jam, a couple of eggs, tub of margarine for cooking, a pair of pre-made sushi bentos, and a flan pudding he'd picked up last time the supermarket had a sale. His pantry wasn't much better, with a mostly eaten loaf of bread, rice, vegetable oil, a bunch of junky snacks, and of course, the staple of any Japanese, poverty-skirting diet, cheap ramen.

"Toast it is," Sam mused to himself, pulling out his jam and getting a slice of bread loaded into the toaster.

While that was cooking, he drew up the filled water pitcher and started making his rounds. "Morning Sue," he greeted the ivy plant hanging above the sink while he watered it. He gave her a quick inspection, spotting a few dead leaves on some of her lower vines. "Still reaching for Martin I see. I don't think you're getting enough light for that," the boy teased, plucking the withered bits and crumpling

them in his palm before sprinkling them into her pot. "You need a trim. When I get home," he promised before moving on to the ficus in the corner.

"Still teasing her Marty?" he tutted, bending low and pouring directly into the entwined plant's roots. "What am I going to do with you?"

With a small laugh, the auburn-headed man picked up the spray bottle he kept near his largest plant, giving Martin's leaves a good misting to go with the watering. "Wait till she figures out how high maintenance you are. I think you could make it work though," he offered with a kind smile.

Lastly, of course, the cute little cactus watching over it all from the window sill. "No worries, I didn't forget you Phil," he assured the oldest plant in his care, brought all the way from home when he moved. He only gave it a little, always careful not to overwater the more arid-acclimatized flower. "Oh, looks like you've got a bud. Gonna bloom this season, are we?" he was gentle with his touch, mindful of Phil's needles, obviously, but also not wanting to damage the delicate developing flower.

It was an excellent sign, proof he was taking good care of his plants, even with the limited space. "Let's hope it's good luck," he smiled and finished up tending to things in time for his toast to pop.

"There's my meal," he joked, rushing back across to catch it before it got too cold.

A quick spread of jam and it was immediately in his mouth, flopping up and down as he continued around the small apartment. He needed to get dressed in time to make his train ride, and he needed to make sure he made a good impression. Not easy for a foreigner in Japan, but on top of it, he hadn't gotten this opportunity on his own; it was a favor from a "friend" that owed him, Tobiyaishi. So, he had to bring his "A" game.

Chewing back two big bites, he started pulling on the dress pants to his suit. Thankfully it still fit well, even if he needed to, one-handedly, tighten his belt an extra notch. Not as bad as it seemed, he could afford to lose a few pounds yet from his pudgy frame. It was nice not to struggle with the buttons over his belly, as he awkwardly finished his meal with a few laps of his sticky fingers.

A trip back to the sink, to properly wash his hands, and next was his tie. "Round, round, under, away, and pull," he ran through aloud, tightening the sharp Windsor at his collar and finishing up by slipping into his jacket.

He cleaned up well, making sure everything was straight on his bulky frame. "Alright, Phil, watch over the place!" he joked, slipping his shoes on as he left out the door.

Checking his phone showed he still had good time yet to get to the station. "Ohayou Ramses-san!" his neighbor called as she swept the walkway of their building.

Like a switch in his brain went off, Sam swapped his thinking between English and Japanese. "Good morning Sato-san," he replied in the native tongue without missing a beat.

Miss Sato gave him a smile. "You are dressed up today, somewhere important to go?" the older woman inquired, pushing a line of dust over the balcony edge.

"Yes. I have my first day of a new job today," he flashed an excited smile back to her.

“That is good to hear Ramses-san,” she congratulated him with her pleasant tone. “I was beginning to worry about you.”

He gave a short laugh. “Thank you, Sato-san, your concern humbles me,” he gave her a short, polite bow. “I must get going though, it would be terrible if I missed my train on the first day.”

“Good luck,” she waved the boy off as he dashed down the stairs.

It wasn't a horribly long walk to the station, though being in full suit under the summer sun did make it a pinch uncomfortable. Every now and again, a cyclist would pass him by, giving him a small breeze that would air out his jacket and cool the light sweat forming beneath his woody bangs. By and far however, it was sweltering under the hot rays.

He was thankful for the shelter, standing in the shade on the train platform amidst a group of locals he towered over. The American hovered around the six-foot mark, leaving him a good half a head taller, minimum, from most people around him. Not great, considering his pale complexion, and the red-tinted brown locks covering his head, already made him stand out. Loading onto the train, he drew a number of ireful looks from people who clearly felt he didn't belong, if their muttering was any indication. There wasn't much for it though. It was part of what he'd signed on for coming here in the first place.

Ever since elementary school, Sam had always been good with language. His parents got him into a school that taught Spanish, and it had honestly been one of his favorite classes. Taking just a few steps into a different culture had left an impression, a desire to immerse himself in it, and it helped he had the right kind of mind that could shift into thinking in a different language without any difficulty. When he entered high school, he doubled down into cultural studies, first with French, easily finding similarities with the last language he'd learned, then with German, which surprised him with parallels to English.

The more he learned the more it inspired his wanderlust, the desire to see these other countries he was getting snippets of. By the time he was planning his career path, he was looking into jobs with the state department, hoping to travel the world. Unfortunately, fresh out of school, there was no way he was hitting the credentials necessary for government work. So, a backup and some general college were in order.

It was through college that Sam met Tobiyashi, or Tobi as he preferred; an exchange student from Japan. The two bonded pretty well, with Sam helping the foreigner with a good amount of his English work, and Tobi introducing him to some foreign anime, inspiring him to take on learning Japanese as a challenge. Unlike his previous languages, there weren't any parallels he could lean on, but he did have a native speaker to point out mistakes, and more subbed movies and shows than he could shake a stick at. He even started being able to pick out differences between the subtitles and what was actually being said by characters, which led to a small job, translating and subbing new imports for one of the local video stores.

A job that he enjoyed greatly, shifting his life path, to wanting to be an interpreter, or maybe an English teacher. Both were in pretty high demand out east, and with Tobi getting ready to head back home, there was an opportunity to sate that deep-seated want to travel, while getting his foot in the door. Regrettably it didn't quite work out to expectations.

His parents had given him a bit of a nest egg, which with his subbing money, and the remainder of his college grant, gave him a pretty good savings net to fall back on. His ongoing friendship with Tobi however, turned out to be the biggest strain on those finances. Every couple of days, his only real connection in the country would come knocking for a few thousand yen here and there for “emergencies”. Sam didn’t mind too much in the beginning, he had a few job prospects out, with some private and cram schools. When the only major experience on your resume was some low-key anime translation though, well... things fell through. And when they did, the American finally had to put his foot down on his friend's mooching.

It had become a bit of a sore spot between them, but Sam didn’t really have a choice. The debt between them was up to six digits, at least two months of rent, and without income...

At least Tobi seemed to be aware of his troubles, lining up this job opportunity with a friend of his family’s; in exchange for shaving off some of the debt, of course. Sam could handle the selfish aspects though, if this all worked out. Gazing out the train window, into the tall buildings of the city, he mentally prepared himself. The details of everything had been vague, little more than the company name, and the name of who'd be overseeing the project.

Kanaszuchi Kane, of Happy Light. As the train ground to a halt, letting him out to walk the rest of the way to the warehouse studio address he'd been given, that name kept in his mind. This first impression was going to be everything; his life here in the country depended on it.

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Standing in front of a grey, featureless building, Sam couldn’t help double checking his phone. Everything he could find online about them seemed to suggest they were a big company; they had their name behind dozens of different j-pop groups from over the past few years. He expected some sort of sign, or at least some branding, but no, this was it. This was the right place.

“Tobi, what are you getting me into?” he muttered to himself, his confidence wavering.

Pushing his way through the door, at least the inside looked more on the up and up. It was spacious enough for a light echo, if it weren’t filled with collapsed equipment, what looked like bleachers, and the rigging for a curtain. The majority of the free space was taken up by a stage, with five of the most beautiful women he'd ever laid his eyes on; even if they were dressed in awkward, stylized suits. They were busily going over notes, a curvy strawberry blonde in a sharp blue jacket guiding the discussion and giving directions.

Before the boy could take in anymore though, there was a thick fingered hand on his chest. “Can I help you, yankee?” a gruff voice pressed.

His hazel eyes followed the sound, to a stocky man squeezed into a garish white suit. A pair of expensive shades obscured his eyes, but the crease in his brow lent to the intimidation of the tree armed thug. The man only came up to Sam's nose, and yet the auburn-haired American didn’t doubt the man would bend him in half.

“Um,” he stammered softly, still internally cursing his “friend”. “I’m Ramses, Samuel. I’m looking for Kanaszuchi Kane, about a job?”

“Kanaszuchi-sama,” the man “corrected”, taking his arm off the boy to slick back his greased hair. “So, what did Kudo-kun tell you about what we do here?”

It was so odd to hear Tobi referred to by his last name. Sam couldn’t let that trip him up though; first impression. Hopefully his sweating wasn’t too obvious. “I performed some independent research, Kanaszuchi-san,” the harsh scowl he got from the man had him reeling, quick to correct the mistake. “Kanaszuchi-sama. Happy Light is a media organisation, with a particular interest in creating and managing pop idol groups,” after his fumble, that was the easy, and safe, answer. Especially with the girls on stage, a few of whom had shifted their attention from their reading to the goings on.

Scoffing, and taking a moment to straighten the collar of his shirt, the man got straight to business. “Here’s what you need to know. Number one, no touching the talent,” he stated it firm, and clear. Even shooting a glare through his glasses, initially into the taller man's chest before adjusting, to drive that point home. “You touch the merchandise, and they’re going to have trouble finding you afterwards.”

He was having enough trouble with finding a job, he wasn’t about to mess this one up. “Yes, Kanaszuchi-sama,” Sam gave a small bow of the head to show he understood.

There was no indication he even cared for the American's understanding; the thuggish man just went on with his introduction to the place. “These here are the 'Liberty Girls',” at their mention the strawberry blonde turned, giving Sam a look that almost screamed she was undressing him with her eyes, only to quickly shift into a dagger-sharp glare. “Girls, come here,” the boss ordered with a small gesture of his hand.

The five lowered their scripts, sauntering over in a cacophony of clicking heels. The lot were even more stunning from the front, possessing curves Sam would have thought inhuman, or fake, if they weren’t bouncing in the tight confines of their stage costumes. “Girls, this is your new historical consultant, Ramses Samuel.”

Historical consultant? One among the girl’s, her costume a white shirt, little more than a long-sleeved crop top really, under an open vest, gave a thankfully bow that had her dark brown hair pouring over her shoulders. “A pleasure to meet you Samuel-san,” she offered with dulcet toned words.

Before he could reply, Kanaszuchi was moving on. “Alright, foreigner,” a deliberate show of disrespect, as the muscular man tapped Sam on the chest. “This is Sasa-“

“We can introduce ourselves, Kanaszuchi-san,” the blonde of the group cut in, stepping up on her shapely legs.

Behind his shades it was clear the man was silently leering, and grinding his teeth to hold back any rebuttal. The blonde took the reins, marching right into Sam’s space and jabbing two fingers into the center of his chest. “Suzuki Sakura,” she declared, though all the taller man could pay attention to was the smell of bleach coming from her hair. “I’m the leader of this group, so let me put this in a language you’ll understand.”

She swapped to English, throwing Sam off for a brief second as he had to work and translate his own first language. "We do not need some yankee around, ogling us and telling us how to do our job."

The vested girl gave a small mumble, back in Japanese that had the auburn consultant performing a quick translation again. "We kind of do. We're swimming in historical inaccuracies."

The comment seemed to go ignored. Their "leader's" little outburst had everyone more or less doing their own thing; distancing themselves from what was happening. The tallest among them was idly browsing her phone with a single finger. There was a redhead done in twin-tails, arms crossed across her bust stubbornly, as if refusing to admit the action was difficult with her pert and perky breasts. And the last among them, hiding behind a pair of bifocals, was idly sliding her finger in and out from between her lips. It had to be the difference between their heights, seeing as the girl was under five foot, but it seemed like she was staring at Sam's groin.

What could he say? This girl, Sakura, was adamant, glaring up at him as he fumbled for some idea of what to say. He was still trying to wrap his head around the job title.

"Cool it Suzuki-san," Kanaszuchi came to his rescue. "He's here to cover the company's ass. So, whether you like it or not, you'll deal with it."

The blonde went flush, giving the American one last look up and down that before backing off and straightening her skirt. "She's the 'George Washington' of the ensemble," their manager filled in the bits the hot-headed girl had failed to in her short spiel, clearly having a bit of trouble with western naming schemes, "and handles the stage direction and choreography."

Questions just kept piling on. At the very least the girl's odd ensemble was explained. The tailed coat, the gold buttoned skirt, and the curls done into the sides of her long, light hair. Knowing what she was supposed to be, the "sexy George Washington" was more obvious; though, still very much bizarre.

"Next up," not wishing for another interruption the shaded man gave a nod towards the tall woman, still browsing through her phone.

"Hm?" she lifted her head, as if only noticing now that they were in the middle of something. "Oh, you can go ahead Kanaszuchi-kun," she waved her slender fingers at him, and went back to whatever it was she was doing with her phone.

He didn't seem to care for how casually she addressed him, but, biting his tongue, he pressed on. "This is Sasaki Asumi. Sasaki-san is the Liberty Girls' lead singer, and their 'Thomas Jefferson'."

At five and a half feet, Asumi was the tallest of the girls, blue-black hair hanging down almost to her mid-thigh, and cut in a fine square of bangs that framed her beautiful features. There was air of superiority to her, though not in the way Sakura tried, with chest pounding and shouting; it was just her seeming disinterest in everything going on. As the lead singer, her 'Jefferson' costume was the most extravagant. With layering in the sleeves that looked like white flowers blooming from the cuffs of her dark jacket, and a mid-length ruffled dress skirt, just open enough to show off some of her stocking-clad legs. It had to be cumbersome to wear, as every few seconds you would catch her fingers idly wandering to brush the fabric of her skirt off her thigh, or tug at her collar and expose a bit more of her impressive chest.

From the tallest to the shortest, the boss moved on. "Short stack" was the most accurate way you could describe the girl at first glance. Even with three layers working, a brown jacket, a scandalous vest, and the same type of modified crop-top as the more polite-speaking member of the group, she was clearly the most generously chested among the buxom girls. She was showing off a dark line of cleavage her costume did well to highlight, formed by breasts easily the size of her head. You were left to wonder if at some point the girl had been overweight, but her costume cinched into a sinuously small waist that made it hard to imagine she could have been.

As Kanaszuchi gestured to her, the girl just hid behind her bifocals, finger still in her mouth down to the second knuckle, and shook her head. The man needed no further prompting, happy to at least not have any back talk this time. "Watanabe Meiku. She's our 'Benjamin Franklin'."

So that made three founding fathers. Sam was picking up on the pattern, and the reason for a "historical consultant".

He expected a bit more about Meiku, but no. Taking a moment to fix his shades, the muscular man just moved on from the quiet girl, and didn't need to do more than look the redhead's way before she took her cue. "Takahashi Kazuko," she announced, stepping up to an imaginary rhythm that had her twintails dancing, and her poorly restrained chest moving in her top. "I'm our group's rapper, so they've got me portraying 'Alexander Hamilton'. Because the executives at Happy Light are a bunch of trend-chasing idiots."

You could tell the girl was full of energy, constantly moving as she spoke, and sending her costume into motion. It was made to move, with long coat tails that followed the flow of her hair, and blended nicely with an open front skirt. Her shirt rode high, showing off a soft, but tight core that showed she liked to take care of herself; even if the swell of her bust said otherwise, with how it was putting a strain on her buttons.

"They're also taking far too many creative liberties," the last girl was still mumbling unhappily. With the rest of the girls introduced though, attention finally dropped on her, and left them actually listening.

Kanaszuchi gave a small cough to ensure he had her attention. "Once again, that's what he's for," he gestured to Sam.

The girl blushed softly, darting a glance his way before taking a moment to re-compose herself. "My apologies Samuel-san," she gave him a small bow. "I am Kimura Keiko. I'm more of a dancer in the group than a singer, and they have me in the role of 'Paul Revere'," the way she said it held a note of contempt.

And really, Sam didn't blame her. He'd been trying to piece the Liberty Girls together from the initial introduction. Washington, Jefferson, and Franklin were the big three, pretty much anyone knew them. Hamilton broke that, but was still a founding father, and dumb execs or not, at least people would know of him from the Broadway show. Revere though? Sam was an American, and it took him a solid minute to even remember who that was. Would any Japanese person even have an inkling?

"So that's the girls," adjusting his sleeves, the stone-faced manager started for the door. "I'll be back to pick them up tonight, with your contract."

Whoa, contract? The boy barely knew the details of the job, and Kanaszuchi was talking like he'd accepted. "I thought-" was all he got out of his mouth before the tight suited man was gone, leaving him alone with the Liberty Girls.

Well, he was here, and, everything considered, he wasn't in a position to be turning down a job. Sam took a moment to look around the room, hunting for anything that may have been left for him to use as reference, or at least familiarize himself a bit more with the project. Such was not his luck however.

"I know what you're up to, pervert," the "leader" Sakura broke the temporary silence, drawing his hazel eyes her way. "You were probably looking around just now to find the blind spot for the cameras, waiting for your moment to have your way with me. Filthy degenerate."

She covered her body as she spoke, or rather "covered". One arm curled under her bust, highlighting just how impressive and full it really was, while her legs were defensively crossed in such a way as to show off her hips. She had the kind of body you'd see on a pornstar; mature in just the right ways.

And it had Sam reeling from her accusation. "W-what?" he stammered, scrambling for some kind of defense that wouldn't make matters worse.

"Don't try to deny it. I've seen you staring, groping me with your eyes, since you came in."

He was now, not groping, but there was a reason! She was doing nothing but drawing attention to herself, giving a fake shudder that let her shoulders shimmy and leave her breasts rolling over her planted arm. They were certainly impressive, not as crazy as Meiku's, but even one of his large hands would have trouble handling one of them without soft boob slipping over the edges of his palm.

"Samuel-san has been a perfect gentleman since he came in here, Sakura," Keiko cut off any further slander sitting on the tip of the blonde's tongue. "I don't know what's gotten into you lately."

"I know what's gotten into her," the redheaded Kazuko stepped in. "Just because you need a railing Sakura, doesn't mean you can go taking it out on Samuel-san."

The call out changed the flow of the accusations, the blonde suddenly on the back foot. "I-I do not-" she stuttered defensively.

The shorter, twintailed girl wasn't done with her yet though. "Oh please, we've been hearing you all week in the showers Sakura. My dorm is next to yours, so I've had a front row seat, listening to your moaning and screaming all night."

Red tinted the girl's cheeks. "I have not-" she continued futilely, turning to the other girls for aid. "Asumi, help me?"

Hearing her name, the elegant woman briefly looked up from her phone, only to give a careless shrug and return to what she was doing.

"Meiku," Sakura jumped to the last member of the group with her plea, though it quickly turned into a demand, "you've been watching this deviant all along, tell them he's been perverting on me!"

If anything, it was the opposite, as the buxom girl looked up from her seeming fixation on Sam's crotch to their leader. "Um," she pulled the finger from between her plush lips, dragging out a small string of drool in the process.

"Don't let her bully you Meiku," the energetic redhead defended fiercely. "Only I can boss you around, and only for sweets."

"Um," Meiku just repeated, looking almost vacant behind her glasses; like she was in deep thought about the situation. Her eyes though just wandered, looking over Sam once more, as her spit slicked finger started back for her mouth.

This was not how Keiko had expected things to go, watching two of her squabbling group mates trying to pull everyone into their argument. It honestly wasn't what Sam was expecting from a first day either, not that he even expected this to be his first day. Hopefully he'd given Martin enough water.

"How about, we all just sit down for our first history lesson?" the vested girl suggested, her hands raised up cautiously between the two. "Samuel-san is just here for his job after all, let's let him do it, and we can make judgments from there?"

The man among them couldn't deny that stung a bit. For Keiko to go from defending him as a gentleman, to a statement like that. He couldn't really blame her all things considered, he was a translator that was somehow supposed to be a historical consultant, something he had a rudimentary ninth grade knowledge of at best. "Yes, lets," he agreed, trying to take some control of the situation in spite of everything.

There was a long table with snacks and water, probably for the girls during breaks, but more importantly there were folding chairs set up. The auburn-headed American walked over, the small gaggle of Japanese girls following along, and plopped himself into a chair. The Liberty Girls followed suit, taking their seats and arranging them into a small circle around him before settling down, each in their own way.

For the first time, since she stepped down from the stage, Asumi put her phone away, sitting straight, hands in her lap, and giving her full attention. Kazuko flipped her chair around, straddling the back and leaning over it; without regard for her bust once more, as the soft little handful orbs pushed up towards her chin. Clearly Sakura wasn't quite over her opinion, dropping herself hard in her seat, arms stubbornly crossed and, again, highlighting her impressive chest for him.

The other two settled in, and Sam jumped to his first stalling tactic. Figuring out how to admit he, as their "historical consultant", couldn't piece together their theme. "So, I've been mulling it over for a bit, and I can't quite pinpoint the exact um... subject matter of the Liberty Girls."

Keiko visibly rolled her eyes, letting out an annoyed sigh. "I knew this would happen," she muttered, the complaint falling on deaf ears. "I told them, there are a dozen better figures than Paul Revere. I could have played the obvious villain, Benedict Arnold, but no. They wanted to get that dumb throwaway line in."

Ignoring the grumbling, Sakura turned a small leer his way. "It's the revolutionary war, idiot. I thought you were a yankee?" she called him out.

He wanted to come back with some snide remark about how racist that was to assume just because he was American that he should know. The only problem was as a “consultant” he probably should have been able to figure it out. Revere's biggest claim to fame was his midnight ride to warn “the British are coming!” As Keiko said, just a throwaway line, but one that a real historical expert would have picked up on.

That she knew that much though gave him a little hope. “You seem pretty knowledgeable Kimura-san,” Sam complimented the vested girl. She seemed surprised, pausing in the middle of a stretch to look at him as he continued. “Maybe you could share what you know with everyone, so that I'm not retreading things unnecessarily?”

Everyone turned their attention to her, causing the tone-bodied girl's cheeks to go pink. “Oh um...” she straightened in her seat, taking a moment to adjust her skirt over her fine, dancer's legs. “I'd be happy to Samuel-san.”

She set about a lecture, starting with the basics, though occasionally taking small tangents to elaborate on smaller details that even had him learning something. It was telling though, that from the very beginning Sakura had taken out her stage directions and was idly scribbling down notes. He'd figured a lot of this would have been stuff they knew already when they picked the theming, but even Asumi was listening intently, trying to hang on to each bit of information her lead dancer was telling her.

Kazuko on the other hand, couldn't look more bored, leaning heavily against her chair and trying to find literally anything more exciting to do. She patted at her legs, shuffled her feet, hell Sam even though she may have been grinding against her seat at one point, before the scraping of the legs interrupted Keiko's talking. “Sorry, keep going,” the redhead apologized, struggling to keep her disinterest from her delivery.

Rude as that was though, the man among them still preferred it to what Meiku was doing. Without the height difference from standing, there wasn't any denying that she was staring at his junk, sucking away on her finger. She wasn't the only one either. Every time there was a short lull in the lesson, Sam would catch the blonde leering at him, her gaze slowly drifting down his body to rest right where her bespectacled bandmate's was. Maybe Kazuko was right, and she was just sexually frustrated?

Either way, there was nothing he could do about it. He wasn't about to test and find out what Kanaszuchi meant about “having trouble finding him” if he touched any of them. So, crossing his legs, the auburn-haired man turned his full focus to Keiko, not wanting to tempt that Sakura might add “he was openly trying to tempt me, the pervert” to her complaints.

A half hour of history later Sam definitely knew two things. First, the Paul Revere portrayer really knew her stuff. Which played into the second, he was really going to need to do his research if he was going to bring anything to this job. She probably would have gone on another hour if she'd been allowed, but their leader cut things off cleanly.

“Alright, that's enough learning for today, we've got to get to practicing. This is our last week before our debut,” Sakura reminded them.

For all their previous animosity, Kazuko was the first to agree. “Finally,” she let out, pushing up to her feet.

With everyone dispersing back to the stage the American got up with a small stretch. If that was his job for the day, that wasn't so bad. He could head home and get a head start on research for tomorrow. The girls seemed busy, going over their directions and starting to set up again, so as much as a polite goodbye would have been nice, he figured just slipping out would be best. He was wrong.

"Where do you think you're going?" he heard Sakura's spiteful voice call out from behind him.

Stopping in his tracks the tall man looked over his shoulder to her, catching the icy glare the woman gave as she stood firm, hands on her curvaceous hips. "Um, home Suzuki-san?" he answered, trying to keep his tone away from anything she could take offense to. "If the lesson is done for the day, I figure I'm not needed."

"Uh, no yankee," the blonde was quick to scold him. "You're our consultant Samuel-san, which means you need to stay and watch the whole practice to make sure we're not making any big mistakes in our portrayal."

"So, pretty much all of it," Keiko mumbled to herself, idly straightening her skirt; the biggest offender to their historical accuracy.

Whether the Washington portrayer was playing him, looking for another chance to back him into a corner, he couldn't tell. Kanaszuchi had also said he'd be returning after the practice, with his contract. Part of Sam had just assumed it would be for tomorrow; have today to see if he liked the job, then if he came back tomorrow, they would work it out.

"My apologies," he replied with a polite bow. It made enough sense for him to go along. Returning to the snack table and taking his seat back, he let himself get closer; sitting next to the water but not daring to take any yet.

Asumi took her place at the only mic stand, doing a few small vocal warmups as the others got into place on the lower part of the stage. Sakura tested their mics, clipping them above each of the girl's busts, as high as it could fit on their jackets; or in Keiko's case, on her vest. After a quick sound test, that came out modestly over the PA, they were ready to go.

For as unique as their theme was, there was no doubt great talent behind it. The minute their lead singer opened her mouth it was like listening to an angel. Her voice was more beautiful than any instrument, hitting every note with perfect pitch that sent a shiver down his spine. No wonder she was so aloof, with such a voice she could probably have struck it on her own as a solo act.

There was a theatrical nature to their production, with Keiko off to the side waiting for her cue. One could imagine with the lights, and the proper stage setting, this would really be quite something. Even as is though, Sam was stunned. The three girls currently sharing the stage sung backup, proving without a doubt they could hold their own next to a diva like their lead. Every now and again, Kazuko would step up with a rap rebuttal to something the tall singer belted, commanding the stage with the energy of her dance moves and the power of her voice. The role as a lead singer Jefferson's foil really suited her.

Then things kicked up for the second act, with Revere's midnight ride. It was... out of place. A lot of Kazuko and Asumi's back and forth was about the Declaration of Independence, which Jefferson drafted, so that made enough sense. It was over a year after the midnight ride though, which really

threw off the production. To someone who knew the facts anyway, most of their audience probably wouldn't be any the wiser.

Finally on stage, the athletically built Keiko demanded attention. The way her body moved, her toned legs carrying her on high energy dance steps across the stage. She flowed, her less flashy costume, compared to the others anyway, really letting her body do most of the work. With the bounce of her firm bust, the outlines of her thighs against her skirt.

Despite all of Sakura's accusations earlier, the boy was acutely aware that, now, he was staring; admiring the grace with which the lead dancer carried herself. He quickly pulled himself from it, turning away with a light flush of embarrassment in his cheeks. It was natural of course, I mean, they were some of the most gorgeous girls he'd laid eyes on. She'd been the one sticking up for him though, what would she think if she caught him? Or worse, the blonde caught him.

The buxom general Washington stepped up, taking her small turn in the spotlight as she danced in tandem with Keiko and took a temporary lead on vocals. Soon enough Kazuko and Meiku joined them, which added another little tick of historical inaccuracy. Franklin was a diplomat, not a military man like the other three she was side by side with.

Honestly, the geeky boy wouldn't normally care about such a thing, but Asumi was still up on the raised part of the practice stage as Jefferson, and he was supposed to be their historical consultant. Come to think of it, the more he watched, the more he kind of realized the extremely-busted character was just kind of tacked on. Meiku didn't play any major parts, for either of the mismatched events they were portraying in their high energy pop routine. She was just kind of background, and Sam couldn't help feeling a little bit sorry for her.

Their rehearsal wrapped up in a flashy sequence, declaring their freedom, and themselves as the Liberty Girls, then immediately Sakura dropped into coaching mode. "Okay, that sounded pretty good. Kazuko, you were a little off mark during the dance routine."

The redhead stuck out her tongue in reply. "I wasn't the one singing over everyone, Sakura," she countered.

"I'll give it a listen and see, I have to make a quick bathroom run anyway," Keiko offered in her role as mediator.

Shouldn't they have someone already listening for things like sound levels and mixing though? Looking around, the boy didn't see anyone else. There wasn't even a separate room where tech staff could be listening in, the place was like an open gymnasium with only a supply closet and a bathroom; as far as he could see anyway. With their success, he'd have figured Happy Light could afford it easily, and it wasn't like the Liberty Girls were B-rate talents, they sang like seasoned performers.

It struck him as odd. Maybe he was mistaking reality with what you saw in movies, or television; or hell, maybe it was a cultural difference? Either way, it didn't feel right.

"So, how was it Samuel-san?" Kazuko's voice surprised him, breaking his train of thought.

She was right in front of him, busy cracking the cap on a water bottle and seemingly paying him little heed. From this closeness he could see the beads of sweat on her body, giving her the sheen of a workout that honestly didn't look bad on the short girl's body. "Um... fine?"

The slow, sensual movement of her throat as she drank was the only sound between them for a small moment. "You sound hoarse Samuel-san. Take a drink, and answer again," the redhead handed him a fresh bottle from the table, pressing it into his chest in the process and giving him a pat on the shoulder.

He obliged. As the cool refreshment passed over his lips the auburn-headed man realized just how parched he really was just *watching* them work. He'd polished off half the bottle without pausing, letting out a relieved sigh when he finally stopped for breath. "Thank you, Takahashi-san," he gave her a small bow.

"Don't mention it," she took another sip of her own. "The table's for employees, so feel free to partake. Don't starve yourself," she turned her dark eyes to him, at this closeness their rich chocolate colour was more visible, and watched him take a couple of edamame to snack on. "So, how is our routine? Any major changes you'd recommend Samuel-san?"

It was glorious to have some veggies, even if they were just a bar snack, so he took a moment to savour and finish chewing before replying. "There are some timeline issues, which Kimura-san covered in today's lecture, but otherwise I enjoyed it."

Kazuko nodded, tapping her chin in thought, her other arm stubbornly crossed over her bust. He could tell from her face, she may have been regretting her ignorance during the lesson.

"Why so concerned Takahashi-san? You didn't seem particularly interested in the history aspects," the boy inquired, munching on another bean.

"I'm the lyricist. If there's a problem with the songs, it's my job to fix it; ensure that everything matches the rhythm, and sounds good," the pigtailed redhead explained.

Another job Sam had expected someone else to be in charge of. Were they all just that multitalented that they were doing this garage band style? "Well, you've got that down Takahashi-san. The songs are amazing, and your performance of them on stage was honestly breathtaking."

A smile creased her painted lips. "Thanks Samuel-san," she offered, bumping him with her elbow playfully. "So, what needs fixing? I can probably have it sorted out, and it'll be in the routine by tomorrow!" the girl declared proudly.

He explained the discrepancies, the idol hanging off the words and advice this time. It reminded him of something he learned in school: there were different kinds of learners. Kazuko just wasn't someone who absorbed from lectures, she was a direct problem solver. A girl who learned by doing.

It was nice, a small reminder of what he wanted to do in a career. Maybe this job could work out?

Keiko eventually returned from her restroom trip, fixing her skirt with a soft tint in her cheeks. That was Kazuko's cue to return to work, the girl giving her teacher a soft bow before skipping back to

the group. From his seat, Sam could even hear her expressing his concerns to the group, bringing a smile to their history buff's face that she flashed his way.

The girls ran through their routine again, unchanged, as obviously adjustments would take a little time yet. Honestly, it was just some rearranging of scenes, so it wasn't bad to get practice in for the dance numbers and lyrics they had. Whether Sakura's mic was turned down, or she was singing a little more softly, he wasn't exactly sure, but she had taken the advice given. They were a good team under it all.

They didn't really engage with him much the rest of the day. There was a break for lunch, where the blonde was still giving him the occasional side eye, and Meiku was still blankly ogling him while sucking on her finger. Other than though, it was quiet for him until Kanaszuchi got back.

The burly man pushed his way into the warehouse, straightening the lapels of his garish white suit as he did. There wasn't much fanfare, Sam sitting at the table, nibbling on one of the last onigiri, as the girls were huddled up on stage with their notes. "Girls," he called for their attention.

They turned at once, and Sam couldn't help a small, pitted feeling in his gut at the look Sakura gave him before hopping up to go to her boss. "Kanaszuchi-san," she put on an offended whine, her arms once more doing their false modesty routine, framing her bust as she spoke. "Kanaszuchi-san, the pervert--"

Raising his thick fingered hand, he cut her off. Even with those sunglasses hiding a good chunk of his face, you could see he wasn't in the mood to put up with the blonde's shit. He gestured the others over, and, grim in attitude, asked simply, "So, how was the yankee?"

To Sakura's annoyance, he continued to cut off her attempts to interject, insisting the other girls speak first. Kazuko was first to answer with a lax shrug. "Samuel-san was alright. Took a while to adjust, but he's a good addition. Helped put with a few clarifications."

"Samuel-san was a perfect gentleman," Keiko was next to add, knowing where their leader was trying to go with this nonsense.

Asumi shared the sentiment with a nod, having returned to her phone, and Meiku was able to pull her gaze from the American long enough to give their boss enough of a look to communicate her agreement. With that round of universal acclaim, Kanaszuchi turned to Sakura, adjusting his sleeves before speaking. "What were you going to say then Suzuki-san?"

She was in a corner, without a way out. So, with a pout, turning her head to shoot another of her mixed glares at Sam, she surrendered. "Samuel-san was fine," the girl muttered stubbornly, awkwardly shifting her legs.

The sense of relief that washed over the auburn-haired boy was probably only matched by the grin of satisfaction of the thuggish man's lips. He faked a cough, returning to his stern expression, and pulling an envelope from inside his jacket as he waltzed across the room to where the boy was sitting. "Your contract, Ramses Samuel," he slipped it onto the table, along with a pen.

Sam opened it up, pulling out the folded bit of paper and getting a peek of what else was inside. His eyes went wide, as the crisp edges of some high denomination bills crested the edge of the paper

container. Four zeroes, it was a ten-thousand-yen bill, and from the feeling of it there was more than the one inside, maybe ten if he had to guess?

“A sign on bonus,” the boss explained, with an obvious note of cockiness in his voice. “It’s about what you’ll be making each week Samuel-san.”

Each week? He couldn’t help himself, pouring out the envelope into his hand. He could barely believe it, one hundred thousand between his fingers. He could cover his rent for two months with this, and still have some leftover for a nice dinner and a full fridge. And this was weekly?

Ever scrutinising, the American opened the contract. It was right there, in black in white, a hundred thousand a week to be a happy Happy Light employee. Far from his dream job, but for that kind of pay, he could coast comfortably until he found what he was really after.

Kanaszuchi pushed the pen across the table, within the boy’s reach and breaking him from his mild stupor. “Well, Ramses Samuel?” the man suggestively pressed him.

Without any more thought, Sam took up the pen, scribbling down the Japanese approximation of his signature onto the corner of the page. His new boss reached once more into his suit jacket, pulling out a stamp no bigger than a tube of lipstick, and marking Happy Light’s seal overtop their new historical consultant’s name. It was all official.

“Good choice yankee,” the shaded man took the contract, leaving Sam with just the envelope and his bonus. He then fished out a set of keys and tossed them onto the table in front of him. “You’ll be opening the rehearsal space from now on; be sure to arrive early so the girls aren’t waiting for you to start their practice.”

It was his job to open? That was fair, considering what he was getting paid, and what he’d actually done for the day. “Of course, Kanaszuchi-sama,” he replied, putting the money back into the envelope, and slipping the keys into his pocket.

“We’re understood then,” he gave a wave to the others. “Alright girls, time to get back to the dorms.”

There wasn’t any argument, the Liberty Girls falling into line. “It’s going to be so good getting out of this costume,” Kazuko breathed a sigh of relief.

Mentioning costumes had the girls idly picking at their work clothes. Of note their lead singer was idly running a hand up her hip, and along the dipping curve of her waist. Keiko in contrast ended up patting her skirt and immediately flushing pink in her cheeks.

“Um, I need to go to the bathroom before we go!” she exclaimed, hopping off on with heavy clicks of her heels towards the restroom.

Odd, but there were other things to think about. Sam pulled out his phone, pulling up the schedules for the train. “Am I free to head home Kanaszuchi-sama?” he made sure to ask, after this morning’s earlier blunder.

The man gave him an uninterested wave. “Just make sure you’re on time tomorrow Samuel-san.”

He intended to be. The boy tucked his bonus under his arm, giving the girls a half-hearted wave goodbye on his way out. He had to hurry, because if he managed to catch the next train then he'd be able to make a trip to the supermarket before he got home.

Laden with groceries, Sam made his way up the stairs to his apartment. The sun was getting low in the sky, casting warm hues of orange across the balcony where Miss Sato was idly watching. "Ramses-san," she greeted him with a warm, aged smile. "I have never seen you carrying so much, your first day went well then?"

"It had its bumps Sato-san," the boy replied, giving her a smile of his own. No amount of money could really outweigh the stress Sakura had put him through with her antics. "But yes, I got the job, and a bonus for a good first day."

"Wonderful to hear. Perhaps now you will put some weight back on those skinny bones," she teased him with a chuckle.

He laughed along with her. "I am quite sure I don't count as skinny Sato-san," the American replied, giving his belly a pat as he fished for his keys. Not an easy task juggling a half dozen grocery bags.

"You are a tall boy," she pointed out, playfully holding her arm up, and barely reaching his six-foot height with her petite stature. "Tall boys should be bigger Ramses-san."

"I'll do my best Sato-san," he promised, finally getting his door open. "Have a good night Sato-san," he offered with a small, awkward, bow; propping his door with one foot, and trying not to lose his shopping.

The older woman came over, holding the door for him. "Have a good night Ramses-san."

He was thankful for the help, getting everything inside and slipping his shoes off as the door closed behind him. Just like it was stepping out, hearing Miss Sato talk to him, a quick look at the comfort of his home and the switch in his head swapped back to English. And with it, the high of payday wore off.

With a tired sigh the auburn-haired boy hauled everything to the counter, spotting Sue hanging over the sink. "Sorry I'm late," he apologized, starting to get the more urgent produce into the fridge: fresh milk; eggs; a few sushi lunches. "I had to deal with an... interesting individual," one he realized he would have to deal with tomorrow, and if she was the first to arrive; with just him there?

Nothing to do but hope for the best. He had a contract, and obligations to the company; not to get into the part where he seriously needed the job. Dealing with Sakura was just the cost, and as he rolled a fresh jar of mixed fruit jam and a box of Pocky out of his shopping bags, he decided it was worth it.

It only took a couple minutes to put everything away. Regardless of his newfound finances, he was still weary. Who knew how long this gig would last? He hadn't spotted any sort of end date on his

contract; they could drop him at the end of the week after the girl's debut. So, beyond what he spent to fill the fridge, everything had gone directly into the bank to shore up his safety net. Well, everything but enough for some snacks.

With a smile Sam collected his Pocky and a bag of chips, bringing them over to the bed and hauling out his laptop. A pre-opened tab had his current anime fascination ready to go, as he pulled up another and got to work with some research. If he was going to be good at this job, he at least needed to be able to bring something new to the table tomorrow.



When Sam woke to his alarm the next morning, a part of him wondered if maybe the whole of yesterday had been a dream. There weren't a bunch of buxom, beautiful singers in an American Revolution themed pop group. He didn't have a job, working as a historical consultant for a big music company. His burly thug boss hadn't threatened him, and given him an envelope full of money for taking said job. It honestly seemed absurd the more he thought about it, but he pushed himself out of bed and saw the bright packaging of his snack splurge still in his wastebasket; and the warehouse keys on his nightstand.

Nope, it was real.

Shutting off his alarm, he gave Sue and Marty a good watering, and popped in some toast while working on packing a bento. He didn't want to be just gorging on the girl's snack table after all, and some real food would be just what the doctor ordered. He was finished up just in time for the toaster to pop, and jammed up his slice with the new spread he'd picked up. There was no describing how good fresh flavours were in his mouth after just staying above water for so long. He almost lost track of the time, and had to rush out the door to catch the early train.

Miss Sato caught him running, cleaning the balcony as usual. "Have a good day Ramses-san!" she called to him with a wave. The tall boy waved back, nearly tripping in his rush to get to the station, and getting a small laugh from the elderly woman.

With time to spare Sam finished his breakfast waiting for the train, checking for crumbs on his shirt when it finally rolled in. It was a typical ride, even a half hour earlier. A little more breathing room, but there were still the comments and the sidelong glances. They poured off downtown, and on long, jogging steps he rushed to get the warehouse stage open.

The place certainly had a different aura about it without the girls or Kanaszuchi there. There was none of the discussion over notes, no muttering from Sakura, none of the clicks from Asumi's phone. All he could hear was the dull dropping of his shoes against the hard floor, echoing back to him.

Nothing to do but wait. He made his way over to the snack table, currently barren, with the chairs folded up and resting against the wall. Was he supposed to set them up? It couldn't hurt, so setting down his lunchbox he pried himself open a chair. In time to be interrupted by a knock on the door.

One of the girls? They gave a second knock, not bothering to check and see the door was unlocked. If nothing else, Sam came to the conclusion it wouldn't be Sakura; the blonde wouldn't have hesitated to burst in on him.

Crossing the warehouse, he opened the door for whoever it was, and was greeted by a small team of individuals. They wore simple uniforms and aprons, marked with the Happy Light logo over their chest. "Catering," the woman at their head stated, pointing back to the cart they were escorting. "Kanaszuchi-san said to expect someone new."

"That would be me," the American nodded, backing away to let them through. That answered one question. They filtered in, immediately getting to work setting things up with professionalism, even avoiding moving his bento out of the way.

As he was about to close the door, another person arrived. Asumi stepped through the portal, already slowly tapping her way through her phone. "Morning Sasaki-san," the boy offered kindly.

It took her a moment to pull her attention away from her phone. "Oh," she seemed almost surprised to be being addressed. "Good morning Samuel-kun," she replied politely, before returning to her phone.

That was about what he expected, he couldn't lie. He couldn't be that much younger than her though, could he? With catering busily preparing things, it was basically just the two of them there. It couldn't hurt to keep talking, get to know the siren-like singer a bit better. "You spend a lot of time on your phone Sasaki-san," he noted as politely as he could manage, in the hopes of not offending her. "Chatting with fans?"

Once more she paused before answering. "Um, no," the elegant woman replied, almost embarrassingly, as she lowered her phone and adjusted a stray strand of her long dark hair.

He hadn't meant to be rude, or make her uncomfortable. "I'm sorry Sasaki-san, I just assumed. You've got such a beautiful voice I couldn't imagine you not having fans from high school or something."

"I doubt I would still have fans from back then," Asumi told him, trying to get back to her phone.

That surprised him. "It can't have been that long ago," Sam reasoned. "I mean, you must still connect with your friends on Facebook or something. Right Sasaki-san?"

The question just seemed to bother her more, the lithe girl turning away from him, shutting him out before she spoke. "Face book. That is the one for sharing your life, yes?"

It was his turn to pause. Facebook was almost synonymous with the internet in some places, it was hard to believe someone didn't know about it. "Um, yeah I suppose that's as good a description as any for it," he mused. "It's a social media platform."

"Is it like the instant telegram one?" the dark-haired girl asked.

Telegram? It was such an outdated word it took him a minute to register in his brain what she was asking. "You mean Instagram?"

"Yes," she confirmed, holding out her phone to him. "The company would like me to take 'selfies' to post to that one. Keiko has helped me with taking the pictures, but I cannot find them."

That was it? She was just looking for pictures? “Okay Sasaki-san,” the teacher in him from yesterday shone through, “show me what you’re doing, let’s see if I can’t help.”

If he knew the mess he was getting into, he might not have offered. There was a full minute of the curvy girl standing next to him, one finger on the screen, browsing around in search of something. All without saying a word. She would get into her app list, pause, her dark eyes scanning the screen, only to not find whatever it was she was looking for and eventually round back to her home screen to start over. She passed Instagram at least four different times, cluing him in to the fact she really didn’t know what she was doing.

“Here,” he reached in, stopping her cycling and tapping the app. He wasn’t sure why he expected anything other than the login screen that greeted them. “We’ll have to log in to post anything Sasaki-san.”

Gingerly she tapped the box, awkwardly typing in the information with a single finger. They were answered with a glorious red “incorrect password” notice when she finished, causing her to turn to him. “It did not work,” she pointed out the obvious, leaning on him for guidance.

Once again, he was simply stunned. “Sasaki-san, do you *have* an Instagram account?”

She only responded with a blank stare, one that let him see the hints of blue hidden in those deep irises. Thankfully they were saved from the awkwardness by another of the Liberty Girls bursting through the door.

Unlike Asumi, who’d arrived already done up in her Jefferson costume, Kazuko hopped in on her toes, looking like a completely different woman. The girl’s bright red hair was pulled back in a tight ponytail, out of her face, keeping it from hiding any of what she had on display.

“Morning Asumi, Samuel-san,” she greeted, adjusting a heavy-looking bag over her shoulder. A pair of white workout shorts tightly hugged her shapely rear, while a matching sports bra was so stretched over her chest that he could make out the hard outlines of her nipples. It struggled to keep her in up top, soft, squishy flesh pouring out over the sides and neck of the ill-fitting garment.

Considering all he’d seen yesterday, Sam couldn’t tell if she was just stubborn, or in denial about how big she was. Either way, it couldn’t have been comfortable. Or maybe it was very comfortable? Seeing how rigidly her little nubs were tenting the almost sheer fabric.

The taller of the two women gave a small chuckle, wearing one of the first smiles Sam had seen on her lips. “I should have guessed you would convince them to let you run the way here Kazuko,” she shook her head, making her shining black hair dance around her. “I hope you weren’t too much of a pest.”

“Guilty,” the redhead playfully stuck out her tongue in response. Her breaths slightly laboured, soft red tinting her cheeks, and the healthy sheen of sweat from her run, left her positively glowing.

Despite it all however, the energetic girl was rocking her hips back and forth on, setting her curvy body in motion and her ruby ponytail flowing in waves. “My driver still followed me the whole way here,” she shook her head with a laugh and opened up her bag, fetching a water bottle and tossing a small towel over her shoulder.

“Oh, Samuel-san!” she dug back into the main pocket, coming out with a small stack of sheets, “I made some changes to the script based on what you said yesterday. Think you could check them over?”

It took him a moment before he could respond, needing to pull out of his stupor at the girl’s getup. “Sure Takahashi-san,” it was his job after all, as their historical consultant. Plus it got him out of potentially having to try and run Asumi through password recovery.

“Cool,” she grinned widely, giving him a pat on the arm. “Let me know if there’s any problems before I share the revision with the other girls,” and with that she skipped past them, making her way to a nice open spot of the practice space for some post workout stretches.

The dark-haired lead singer didn’t seem to mind too much, wandering her way over to the stage and resuming her attempts to figure out her phone. The caterers were finishing up, opening up the table once more. A quick scan and Sam spotted his little lunch, tucked out of the way, in the corner of the table, by the staff. A perfect spot to sit down and look things over. Just a cursory glance of Kazuko’s changes as he sat down showed the girl had taken what they’d discussed to heart, and he couldn’t help a small swell of pride at that.

While he was going over the script, the next member of the group arrived, Sam only catching her entering from the corner of his eye. The over-buxom Meiku wandered in, carrying with her a small bento, not dissimilar to the boy’s own. Behind her glasses she wore a light smile, far from the vacant finger sucking of yesterday, and immediately her dark eyes set to searching for Kazuko.

The two caught each other, and the redheaded runner broke into a wide grin, bouncing on her toes with eager excitement. From where he was sitting, he couldn’t quite hear what they were saying, but through their body language he was able to piece together a little narrative.

The shortest of the girls greeted her friend, and was met with a tight hug. Kazuko’s hands wandered, cupping the girl’s fat bottom, though the real show was their breasts docking. Not even her costume’s dual vest and coat could stop Meiku’s over-large tits pushing up towards both their faces. After a few seconds however, the runner shot up, rubbing the back of her head in what he assumed to be an apology. Considering the sweat he could still see, glistening on the sun kissed skin of her abs and neck, he had a pretty good idea for what.

Whatever the reason for the apology however, Meiku didn’t seem to mind. After a few words, she opened up her little bento, and any awkwardness the affectionate redhead had was immediately replaced by a look of childlike wonder that filled her face. Her fingers dipped into the offering, coming out with a beautifully decorated confectionery, possibly a cupcake? It was hard to tell from this distance, especially as she brought it to her mouth for a big bite.

If what Asumi had said was true, about the girls needing to take selfies for posting, then right here was the perfect, million hits, shot. Kazuko lit up with pure, innocent bliss; a small smattering of icing, probably buttercream, spotting her lower lip as she savoured the dessert. It was adorable, the girl undoubtedly speaking praise between chews, as she wallowed in delight of her treat.

With another little hug, and a pat on the bottom, they parted, the redhead filling her mouth with the rest of her dessert while Meiku started her way towards the table. The moment her dark eyes caught sight of him, one hand slowly lifted from her little bento, and her index finger was lewdly slipped

between her lips up to the second knuckle. Just like yesterday, she was back to unabashedly staring at him from behind her spectacles, looking him up and down, fixing on him and his crotch as she approached.

Maybe he could pull her back? Kazuko and Asumi both had ways to crack through the surface, maybe he could manage the same with Meiku? “Good morning Watanabe-san,” he greeted her with a wave as she placed her box of desserts on the table, still staring at him. “Did you make those yourself?”

His address gave her pause, but it had the intended effect. Slowly her finger popped from her mouth, and she spoke. “Um, yes.”

“Do you enjoy baking Watanabe-san? Those looked really good,” Sam complimented, to keep his momentum going.

That got a smile on her plump lips. “Yes. Very much,” she answered more confidently than before. “I made them for Kazuko, you will have to ask her if you can have one Samuel-san.”

“I just might,” he replied, still vividly remembering the look on the redhead’s face when she took that first bite; as well as something she’d mentioned yesterday. “So, Takahashi-san has a bit of a sweet tooth then?”

The change in her was visible. “Yes,” the girl replied, her smile dimming, and her tone becoming once more distant, as she’d resumed ogling him. Her spit-slicked digit went back between her lips, lightly dragging across her thick kissers.

He’d lost her, but at least he knew how he might be able to get her to open up more in the future. It wasn’t much, but it was progress.

“I’m so sorry Samuel-san!” the boy was startled by a sudden new voice beside him. He’d been so focused on talking with Meiku, he hadn’t noticed Keiko come in. The vested girl was now bowing low, her long, dark brown hair having poured over her shoulders, and was creating a perfect little window to where her breasts were squished together in their attempts to pour out of her top.

With pink in his cheeks, Sam pulled his hazel gaze up from the sight. “What are you sorry about Kimura-san?” for the life of him, he couldn’t think of anything the girl had done to warrant needing to apologize.

She rose up, the swell of her luscious handful rolling back into their place within her shirt. “Yesterday, the things I said,” she answered, her own eyes drifting away from him awkwardly. “You didn’t deserve to be treated like that Samuel-san; you were a perfect gentleman. I should have stood up for you firmly, instead of playing the middle ground.”

That was it? “It’s not your fault,” he replied. “I was honestly fretting all night about dealing with Suzuki-san today. I can only imagine what it was like going home with her after all that.”

“She calmed down once we got back to the dorms,” the athletically built girl explained. “I think Kazuko’s right, Sakura’s just frustrated in... that way,” she trailed off with a shy blush.

“Hard to believe, considering her looks,” it slipped out from his thin lips before he’d even had the time to think about the implications. Immediately his face went red, as he struggled to backpedal.

“N-not that you aren’t all absolutely gorgeous,” that wasn’t any better, contributing towards digging his own grave. “I-I just... It’s difficult to imagine her having any trouble finding a boyfriend. Or girlfriend,” he quickly added, trying to avoid another potential pitfall.

All the while, Keiko was giggling under her breath. “It’s more a matter of lack of opportunity than anything else,” she explained.

There was a small chance to save himself, something he remembered hearing about through the grapevine. “Is Happy Light really that strict about it?”

Once he mentioned their company, she collected herself, clearly looking contemplative of something before she finally spoke up. “It’s complicated. They don’t want any major issues or leaks that could affect our debut this weekend, so we’ve been pretty much limited to the Happy Light compound,” she answered as clinically as she could manage.

“That’s an understatement,” Kazuko interrupted, stepping in to fetch another treat from Meiku’s little box. “You’re the first guy they’ve let be around us for more than ten minutes Samuel-san. Well, who wasn’t Kanaszuchi-san or some hired security goon anyway.”

That was difficult to take at face value, but from the awkward silence that fell over Keiko, the girl idly rubbing at her arm, it was probably true. “That sounds horrible,” was all the tall boy could really say.

The redhead just gave a shrug. “It’s just part of the job we signed up for,” she stated flatly. “If you can’t handle it, you can always leave,” and with that, bit into her second cupcake with a delightful little smile before slipping away with her bag to change.

A harsh way of looking at it, but it made sense. Everyone who ever talked about the music business always said it was cutthroat. No matter how exceptional the girls were, there were probably others waiting on their heels to take their place. Hell, with the number of groups they had under their belts, Happy Light probably had a few already lined up themselves.

“It’s not as bad as it sounds,” the history buff defended. “Once we finish with the debut on Sunday, things will lighten up.”

Any further conversation was cut off as the front door flew open, slamming into the wall and filling the hollow space with a bang that drew everyone’s attention. Sakura stood there in the doorway, positively aglow and wearing a grin on her painted lips that Sam could only describe as “flirty”. It made his heart sink, terrified of what kind of ideas were buzzing around in her head to have her so confident.

“Morning girls,” there was a lilting giggle in the blonde’s voice, and an excited bounce to her step that set her body moving. “Morning Samuel-san.”

“Morning Suzuki-san,” the plain boy offered back nervously as she continued her approach. He had nowhere to run, in his seat with his copy of their script to go over.

Thankfully, Keiko was there to defend him. “You’re chipper this morning,” she pointed out, making sure to put herself between the buxom troublemaker and the American.

Sakura just smiled. "I know," she replied simply. "I don't know what it was, but last night, while I was masturbating, it was just like," she made a lewd little pop sound with her full lips, before returning to her flirty smile, "and all the tension just... melted away." she sighed blissfully, raising her arms over her head in a lazy, and provocative, stretch.

A shocked silence fell over the room, those present not entirely sure they'd seriously heard the girl openly talking about jilling off; especially after the huge fuss she'd made yesterday over accusations of it. Both Keiko and Sam had gone red in the face, Asumi was looking up from her phone, neutral in expression save for how wide her eyes were, processing what was said, and Meiku seemed to have buried her finger deeper into her mouth while she listened. There was no correction though, no "gotcha" moment where the strawberry blonde let them off the hook for the joke. She just continued on like she'd stated something as simple as the weather.

With clicks of her heels that exuded a seductive control, she walked right past her bandmates, plopping herself down in Sam's lap and laying one arm over his shoulders. He was suddenly trapped, cut off from the other girls with his heart hammering anxiously in his chest. All her antagonistic ploys from yesterday, and Kanaszuchi's threat about "touching the talent" were at the forefront of his mind. Hadn't she said something about there being cameras? He could feel the colour draining from his face, but he was simply too dazed to react in any meaningful way.

And then she spoke to him. "I'm sorry for how I acted yesterday Samuel-san," her voice was a sultry whisper, cutting through the blaring sound of his own heartbeat. Her free hand touched his neck, trailing over his exposed skin and down his chest. "I was just a little pent up, taking it out on you. Can you forgive me Samuel-san?"

She was getting closer, that smell of bleach less invasive than yesterday, but there were bigger things demanding his attention. Her heaving breasts were spilling over the edges of her jacket, pouring through the opening of her neckline towards him as she continued to lean closer. The fact he noticed, that his eyes were wandering to focus on anything that wasn't her, only seemed to egg her on.

"He forgives you!" suddenly the blonde was being pulled off of him, yanked by the collar by a freshly costumed Kazuko.

Her arms slid off him, one leg brushing along his own until she was forced to her feet. "I don't know, I think I could give a little more apology," she suggested, lacking yesterday's subtlety as she openly gazed at his cock and licked her lips.

Dammit he was hard. After contact like that, there was no helping an autonomic response, leaving him to just cross his legs and turn away with a flush of embarrassment. Not to mention, fear of what would happen if Kanaszuchi found out about this little incident.

"We have practice to get to," the redhead reminded their leader, turning her attention to Sam. "Do the revisions look okay Samuel-san?"

Right, the script. "They look good Takahashi-san," he said, slightly stilted as he offered it back to her.

She gave a nod that set her fresh twintails moving. "Alright, I made a few changes everyone," she offered, handing out fresh copies for the other girls.

Keiko was certainly pleased, looking over the revisions as everyone gathered for their pre-practice prep. Soon they were in their little huddle circle, as he'd seen them yesterday. "Alright, we should have this down in a few hours," Sakura told them optimistically, before shooting a lustful smile the American's way. "Then maybe we can have a little fun?"

He had no intention of finding out what she meant.

Sam was lucky the new routine order had the girls busy for the rest of the day, what with the way Sakura kept undressing him with her eyes throughout rehearsal. He wasn't the only one to notice the blatant ogling either; so to prevent a situation leaving the thirsty blonde alone with him, Kazuko stayed late. The two stayed until catering returned for their trays, and when they couldn't wait any longer a pouty Sakura and her redheaded bandmate headed out with a polite wave, and a "See you tomorrow Samuel-san."

Somehow, this new version of the lead girl left him even more restless through the night. Had he known how the rest of the week was about to unfold, he might have not slept at all. The opening Wednesday went about the same, he arrived with his lunch, let catering in, and the girls filtered in one at a time; thankfully someone was looking out for him, since Sakura arrived alongside Asumi, giving him someone to corroborate any shenanigans the blonde might try to pull.

For as much as he was catching her lustful gazes though, it wasn't him that got the brunt of it. Once everyone was ready, and after a brief history lesson, they got to practice and all chaos broke loose.

Keiko came in on her cue, stepping up and being met halfway by the lusty troublemaker. She was off her mark, openly crossing with the Reeves portrayer and grinding herself against her leg. The brown-haired history buff tried to keep her composure, perhaps hoping it was just a misstep, but no. As she continued forward in her dance Sakura followed, leaning in and rubbing her barely contained breasts up the girl's lower back.

It was enough to interrupt the scene, the background music still going as concern was raised. "What the hell Sakura?" Keiko cussed her out, flush in the cheeks. "I'm the dance lead for this part, why are you all over me?"

"I made some changes to the choreography," the more buxom woman answered with a sultry purr, stepping closer and pressing their bodies together. "Figured to make the show a little more eye-catching. Don't you like it Keiko?" she put a tempting whine to her ask, making sure her poorly constrained tits were tweaking against the shorter girl's nipples.

Kazuko was quick to jump in. "You're making choreography changes when we have four days left until the premier?" she practically shouted, stomping her dance heels up the stage.

Unfortunately, the bouncy brunette lacked the same fire. She was red in the face, gaze darting up and down between the blonde's eyes, staring through her with that same lustful expression she kept shooting Sam's way, and the hefty chest squishing up against her. "Um, I-" she stammered nervously, her thighs pressing together. "Bathroom!"

And with that she shoved the larger girl aside and darted full tilt to the restroom. There was a short silence, where you could hear nothing but Sakura's flirty giggle before the other girls descended on her.

"That was cruel, Sakura," Asumi stated firmly, one arm curled under her bust.

Sam had yet to see Kazuko go quiet, but she dropped to a barely audible whisper to address what happened. "Yeah. You know how Keiko gets. Why would you agitate her like that?"

"Oh, calm down," the provocative blonde simply dismissed them, "it was just a little fun."

A little fun? Even the boy, over in his seat at the table, unaware of entirely what was going on, knew whatever had just happened was a bit much. A girl didn't rush off to privacy like that for nothing, and when Keiko finally returned to them a few minutes later, there was redness to her cheeks that made him think perhaps she'd been crying.

The argument went on until Sakura conceded to keep the current choreography, though she was still rubbing up against her co-stars whenever the opportunity arose. The whole ordeal resulted in a wasted day for all of them, with tensions that ran high for the rest of the week. That wasn't the only growing problem though.

It wasn't until Thursday that Sam started to take notice; with how often the blonde was flaunting herself to him it was inevitable. Her Washington costume had never been modest, or subtle, but she was spilling out of it. Those pornstar quality breasts were now stuffed into her top, at first mistakable for wearing a push up bra with that deep line of cleavage. Closer examination however, the way they freely bounced, disproved that theory; she was braless.

By Friday her soft boobs were pushing through the neckline of her jacket, and there wasn't any further ignoring it. The girls didn't even get into practice, hell, Kazuko hadn't even changed out of her workout clothes yet, when the altercation started.

Her buxom tits were bouncing their way around the room, threatening to pop out of her outfit with each step and drawing everyone's eyes. "Sakura, use some body glue, or get your costume let out a bit tonight. We don't need you slipping out on stage at the debut," the redheaded member of the group chastised, trying to keep her annoyance with the girl this past week out of her tone.

A smile spread across her leader's lips. "You're one to talk Kazuko," she was quick to counter, waltzing over on her heels to tower over the shorter girl. Her actions were deliberate, leaning down so they were at an even eye level, and forcing perspective down her tight cleavage. "I mean, just look at this," she reached a delicate hand up, grabbing one of her bandmate's tightly compressed boobs in her hand and squeezing, causing more of the athletic girl's soft titflesh to further spill out of her bra, "still forcing yourself into an old school running uniform."

The girl's cheeks went red as her hair, and she violently slapped the blonde's hand away from her. "Fuck you!" she cussed, adding a shove that sent her harasser back a step.

Sakura was unfazed, meeting the feisty girl with a grin that showed she wasn't above the escalation. Sam was left to look around, waiting for Keiko to step in and intervene, but she still seemed to be apprehensive about everything that happened Wednesday. Asumi had looked up from her phone,

though didn't seem in any rush to get involved with the feuding pair, and Meiku had retreated to her usual fair of sucking on her finger vigorously as she nervously watched things unfold.

"All you have to say? It's almost like you're doing it on purpose," the instigator continued to poke, before the boy got up and put himself between the two.

He was careful, putting a hand on each of their shoulders and separating them. "Hey, that's enough you two. It's been a long, stressful week, so how about we all calm down, and you girls get one more practice in before the weekend?"

The delivery was stern, and even, leaving no room for argument or rebuttal. There was a lot the tall, auburn-haired man could tolerate, but, like with Tobi and his financial situation, when the foot came down it came down hard. He refused to budge, even as Kazuko glared through him, and Sakura was subtly sliding herself under his hand with a flirty smirk.

It was a three-way game of chicken, but eventually the wound-up redhead relented without another word. Picking up her bag, she stormed off to the bathroom to go get changed; the way she held her pack to her chest, her chin rested on it in an attempt to hide her face, it was obvious she was upset. And yet, her "leader" didn't seem to care.

"Oh, Samuel-san, so you can be a little forceful," she purred, still slowly shimmying to get his fingers closer and closer to the opening of her costume, and her exposed chest.

With the conflict averted he removed his hand from her, to her pouty dismay. "I would just like to have a calm day, and then go home and enjoy my weekend Suzuki-san."

He didn't stay for her reply, walking away from her and towards his seat. She made a fuss, but the other girls had his back. They were just as exhausted, just as stressed from the week, with their debut right around the corner; there wasn't patience for the rowdy blonde's nonsense.

The group managed to make it through a troubled practice. After all the stumbles this week had brought, fixing historical problems, dealing with Sakura, it had come together. They were obviously still nervous, but they seemed ready for the stage this weekend. Per usual he had to wait for them to leave so he could lock up, and the blonde hovered as long as she was able before her driver arrived. It left just him and Kazuko at the end of the day, who to his surprise approached him.

"Hey, Samuel-san," her voice wasn't as rugged as usual, making her seem almost vulnerable.

It took him a second to reply. "What is it Takahashi-san?" he asked, setting down his little half-packed bento kit.

She crossed her arms over her chest, that same stubborn, and now somehow defensive, pose she was prone to. "I wanted to say thank you. For helping out with our routine, and," she paused, tightening her grip on herself, "for stepping in today."

The boy gave her a smile, happy to have just that small bit of appreciation from her. "Most of it was just doing my job," he explained, rubbing the back of his red-brown hair nervously. "And the extra, well, you've stood up for me enough times Takahashi-san; it's only fair I'd do the same."

Her lips curled into a smile, and she loosened up, giving him a little punch in the arm. "You don't deserve Sakura harassing you Samuel-san, you're too pure," she teased him.

It didn't exactly feel like a compliment, but he knew it was just the redhead's normal bluntness at work. Considering what he knew about the girls' situation, he also sympathized with his harasser to a degree. "Things will be better after the debut. You'll all have a little more freedom when things lighten up."

"We've got to get through the debut first," she reminded him, shuffling on her feet.

"Hey, you're going to do amazing," he reassured her. "I've watched you all week, and you'll knock 'em dead this Sunday Takahashi-san," he wasn't sure how well the idiom translated, but he meant it. They were the best idol group he'd ever heard, no matter how weird their theming was.

His words must have carried the honesty in his statement, because Kazuko's face broke into that same pure, innocent smile he saw when she ate Meiku's desserts. Then she caught him by surprise, hopping forward and wrapping her arms around him in a hug.

The boy's arms flew out reflexively, still petrified of Kanaszuchi's threats, as the foot-shorter girl rested her head on his chest. He was so accustomed to Sakura's lewd advances he wasn't sure how to react to such an innocent one. "Thank you, Samuel-san," she offered in a dulcet whisper.

Slowly he managed to relax, letting his hands fall down to rest on her back; as appropriately as he could manage with the girl in her workout clothes. "Hey, I mean it. You girls are fantastic."

With her fiery personality rekindled she broke off, patting him on the arm. "Alright, enough buttering me up," she scoffed at him playfully. "I'll tell you how it all went on Monday Samuel-san."

"I look forward to it Takahashi-san," he replied with a smile, watching her skip away to jog back to the dorms for the night.

That little praise lasted him through the train ride home, the American smiling as he brushed off the usual comments of the evening about his appearance. Sam was in such a high mood he'd almost forgotten to check his bank account, to see if he'd been paid. Squished among the evening bodies of the other passengers in the car, he fished out his phone, and with some careful thumb work opened up his banking app.

His joyous smile widened into a grin, seeing all those fresh zeroes in his account. He thought about doing a grocery run, but he was still coasting fine from Monday's trip. The cautious part of him wanted to save, increase his safety net further, and he would definitely do that with some of it. Riding off the high of such a good day though, there was only one proper thing to do. After all, it'd been some time since he was able to splurge on himself.

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"Evening Phil," the man walked into his apartment with a couple of colourful bags, "Sue and Marty behave while I was at work today?"

Walking past the sink he checked on the hanging ivy, testing her soil and looking for any dead leaves. "Seems like she's pretty thirsty," he joked to himself, setting the watering can to fill and tossing his new acquisitions on the bed; a handful of crisp, still in plastic, manga novels, and a new game he'd been putting off picking up since it dropped.

It felt good to finally be able to afford it without putting himself too much into worry. Hell, it was amazing to be able to have such luxuries at all. He wasn't even sure where he was going to put all the new books he'd bought. Maybe he'd need to get himself a bookshelf next?

Something he had plenty of time to think about. After a long week of work, he had two whole days all to himself and, as he scooped up the full can and tended to Sue, he knew he was going to enjoy them.

That wasn't to say a part of him wasn't disappointed. He'd seen the girls' routine countless times now using just the practice stage equipment, a part of him wished to see it finally all put together; with the lights, the proper sound mixing, and all the extra little bells and whistles as they finally got to perform for an audience. Happy Light hadn't given him a ticket to the show or anything, but that didn't stop him maybe getting one himself.

The ivy watered, he set his pitcher aside, pulling out his phone and doing a quick search for the Liberty Girls' performance. To his dismay he found the venue they'd been booked at, but there weren't any tickets available; just a notice saying the organizers were giving them away privately. Thinking on it, no one had said the debut was a public thing, and with their unusual concept it made some sense their first show would be for investors and other high-profile individuals.

Disappointing, but it wasn't a total loss. It seemed likely the performance was going to go online at some point next week, and he had no doubt, if he asked, that a proud Kazuko would point him towards it. Maybe they could all go over it on Monday? For historical checking of course.

Tonight though, tonight was for him. Heading to the fridge he pulled out a prepackaged sushi box, too eager to get into his new presents to waste time with cooking, hopped onto his bed, and cracked open the first volume of his new manga series.



In spite of a late night, Sam woke up bright and early at his usual leaving time; surrounded by his new books, and laptop open to an instance of his new game. He couldn't remember when he'd passed out, but from the aches in his body, and the tiredness in his eyes, he hadn't gotten a full night's sleep. And yet he was awake, and he knew he wasn't about to get back to sleep.

Sitting up, he stretched off the stiffness, taking care not to knock his poster in his grogginess. It was strange. The boy knew it was his day off, and yet he found himself feeling the desire to go to work. He'd have just written it off as habit, but no; he was disappointed he wasn't going to the warehouse. Was he coming to enjoy his job? Or maybe after getting to know them for a week, he'd started to view the girls as friends?

Whatever the reason, he was up, and he had the day, so it was time for a decent breakfast. He greeted the cactus on his windowsill, giving his soil a quick check, and made his way to his small kitchenette. "What to make?" he mused.

It was second nature to want to just toss in some toast, but he fought it; somewhat. He still pulled out two slices of bread, setting them aside as he whisked up some eggs and milk into a light custard for some French toast. The sweet smells soon wafted through his little home, and with a small square of butter and a dollop of strawberry jam, he had a pretty little breakfast. Just a shame he didn't have any maple syrup to make it perfect.

Something he'd have to possibly pick up on the next shopping trip, a thought that felt foreign to him. Things like real syrup had felt like a luxury for so long it was weird just to be considering it. Regardless, he had a warm breakfast to eat; one too sticky even without that caramel coloured nectar to eat on the bed, so he picked a nice spot on the floor to dig in.

He knew he wasn't as good as Meiku, but still, the moment his homemade meal touched his tongue it was a small taste of heaven. No need to rush, he could just enjoy the fruits of his labour. Maybe he could try and find the time to make this on a weekday, and bring it to share with the short stack baker and the redheaded sweets enthusiast? Such ideas however, just had him wishing that he was there with them. Hopefully they were enjoying their day off before the show.

With his meal done, Sam was left in the position of not knowing what to do with himself. There was his manga, still scattered over the bed, but the idea of burning a day on them just didn't feel fulfilling. Plus he'd probably get through them all and have nothing for later. Best to spread them out and properly enjoy them.

Wandering around his small place he gave Sue and Marty soil checks, touching up the ficus with a few little sprays of water, and made sure his dishes were clean and put away. Then the boy went for the quick shower he'd skipped out on the prior night. Since he hadn't really been home, there really wasn't much to do. Maybe he could help out Miss Sato?

Slipping into something semi-presentable the American stepped out into the world, listening for the sound of the little old lady doing her rounds. As usual, she found him first. "Up early Ramses-san?" she called out from the ground level, a long spouted can in her hands as she watered the shrubbery around the building. "Were you called into work?"

"No Sato-san," he replied with a small smile. "Did you need any help around the apartments?"

The elderly woman chuckled. "These old bones would certainly appreciate it Ramses-san," she replied, waiting for him to come down and handing over the can.

He put his green thumb to work, checking on the small trees scattered around the building, all the while the pleasant Miss Sato followed him along. "Thank you, Ramses-san. You have quite a gift for this," she complimented as he plucked dry leaves, crumpling them into the dirt to recycle the nutrients.

"It's just a hobby Sato-san," the boy replied, snapping off a dead twig and collecting it under his arm for the trash later.

She gave a coy little smile. "Do you treat your job with the same diligence as your hobbies Ramses-san?" she asked in obvious tease.

That got him thinking back to his work, back to the girls and the pride he felt when he managed to break through teaching each of them. "Yes," he replied warmly.

"To speak with such light in your voice Ramses-san, you must enjoy this new job of yours."

The more he thought of it, the more his mind was wandering to them. To Kazuko's fiery attitude, Sakura's shenanigans, but mostly he kept drifting to conversations he and Keiko had been having. It had become almost a game between them. Whenever they had a minute, not combatting altercations or practicing, he would try to bring her a new history fact he managed to find. Time and time again she was able to call out where he'd found his information, even occasionally able to point out a book or source that corrected the details.

At this point, he had to assume she knew he wasn't any sort of professional consultant. Hell, he had to wonder why they needed him at all when she was such an expert. The way Kanaszuchi had put it on his first day, that he was just there to "cover the company's ass", appeared like the most likely reason. Keiko didn't seem to mind either way though. If anything she seemed happy to have someone around the other girls listened to about the historical aspects.

And the kindly woman was right, he did enjoy it. "Yes, I believe I do Sato-san," he admitted.

"I think there may be more to it," she continued to call him out, pointing to his cheeks.

He was blushing. He'd barely even noticed the heat in his cheeks what with the warm sun beating down on them. Quickly he turned away, flustered and fishing for an excuse. "I-it's nothing like that Sato-san!"

The old woman just gave a chuckle. "I am sure," she let him off the hook. "Would you like to come have some lunch Ramses-san? You have worked quite hard this afternoon."

"Oh, you don't have to Sato-san, I was happy to help."

It was a series of cultural nuances. He had offered her a favor, helping with the plants and the grounds, thus she needed to repay him with a gift; the longer she didn't, the greater the gift owed. And it wasn't like he didn't want lunch with her, to the contrary, spending his afternoon meal with someone to talk to sounded lovely. It was still a gift however, which meant it was also customary for him to politely refuse first, three times, before accepting. Not to mention it was an invitation to her home, which meant he would be expected to bring his own gift.

So much social dancing. As any American will tell you: when you want something, refusing three times takes an eternity. He made it through though.

"If you continue to work this hard without eating properly, you are going to get skinnier Ramses-san," she warned with her fourth offer, ever the concerned mother type.

He gave a small laugh. "Alright Sato-san, I would certainly enjoy the company for lunch today. Just let me slip into my apartment to freshen up," and put together an appropriate gift to visit her home with of course.

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Eventually the weekend came to an end, and Monday rolled around with bright sunshine and the sound of his alarm. Back to the routine: the goodbyes to his plants, the hasty toast breakfast, the rush to the train station to get to work. And the woody-haired boy couldn't be more excited. Despite searching the prior night he couldn't find anything about the Liberty Girls' show, so he was eager to hear about it from them first hand.

He was surprised to see a car parked out front of the warehouse when he arrived. Sam's first thought was it was probably Kanaszuchi, an idea that made his heart sink a bit. What if he was there to lay him off? But as he walked up closer, the boy was relieved to see Keiko sitting by the door; for a moment at least.

The dancer's expression was dour, her legs pulled up to her chest, inadvertently giving him a bit of a look up her skirt. "Kimura-san," he piped up with a blush, letting her know he was there as he tried to keep his gaze up.

Her brown eyes shot up to him. "Samuel-san," she replied, then, as if suddenly realizing her position, shot up to her feet flustered, straightening her costume's skirt. "I-I didn't see you arrive."

"I only just did," he replied, running his fingers through his bangs, feeling the sweat on his forehead. "You're here early Kimura-san, is everything alright?"

That sad expression returned to her face, and she let out a heavy sigh. "Not... not really," she admitted, rubbing nervously at her arm.

A laundry list of things ran through his head, none of them particularly good, but without more to go on he could only guess. "What happened?"

She looked over to the car, to where a stocky looking driver was peeking out at her. "I'll tell you when we get inside Samuel-san," she offered, stepping aside to let him at the door.

He wasn't about to argue. Unlocking the door, he let them in, hearing the car start off as soon as she was safely inside. "Happy Light still keeping a tight watch?" he didn't want to make too many assumptions, but that one was the lightest considering the circumstances.

"Yes," Keiko answered curtly, crossing her arms under her bust. "The debut... it was a complete disaster," her gaze drifted away, her voice on the verge of cracking from just how upset she was.

Sam could hardly believe it. "How? You all practiced so hard."

Once more she sighed, turning back to face him; though her eyes didn't make it up past his chest. "We never even got on stage yesterday," she explained. "We were all set up, ready to go, and then..." the girl had to pause, taking a breath to collect herself. "And then Sakura's costume broke. Her jacket buttons, and her shirt just," lacking words she cupped her breasts, miming them pouring out through the low-cut neckline of her own top and inadvertently making a show of her cleavage he couldn't help but be drawn to.

Tearing his stare away he jumped in. "Takahashi-san was worried about that," he noted matter of factly to keep the story on track.

"It wasn't just a slip Samuel-san, the buttons literally burst off and flung across the stage," she continued to mime the actions. "There was no salvaging it. Kazuko was pissed, they got into a tussle, and the show had to be called off."

That was practically the worst-case scenario. There wasn't any recovering a first impression, and with a cancellation not only the day of, but hours if not minutes before they were supposed to go live... "So, what happens now Kimura-san?" he asked, fearing for them both.

Her disappointed expression became mixed. "We all expected that was it, but Happy Light is giving us another chance," she told him, re-crossing her arms under her bountiful bust. "They haven't told us when they're rescheduling the debut, they obviously can't until Sakura's costume can be repaired and resized, so we're just kind of in limbo without her until then."

"That sucks," was all the auburn-haired boy could really muster, as he tried to keep his worries down for her sake. He could only imagine how rough it was for her and the others.

Keiko just nodded, her dark brown hair pouring over her shoulders. "Yes."

A knock on the door interrupted them, signalling the arrival of the catering team. At least that was a good sign. If Happy Light were still splurging on the caterers there was hope yet he and the girls were fairly safe.

In spite of the staff being hard at work, an awkward silence fell over the rehearsal space. Keiko was deep in thought, probably trying to figure out what they were going to do today, and taking the occasional bathroom trip while she waited for the rest of the band to arrive. He didn't want to keep bothering her with it, so just retreated to a seat at the edge of the table, sitting on his history fact to hopefully cheer her up later.

Eventually Meiku slipped in, as the catering staff were on the way out. She was tight in her posture, shoulders arched in to make herself as small as possible and a look of obvious distress on her luscious features. Things that only got worse when she noticed Kazuko had yet to arrive. She stood lost, a bundle of nerves as she hugged her little bento of desserts into her overstuffed chest. Her dark eyes hadn't even found Sam, but she was already popping a finger between her lips and sucking on it.

He couldn't think of anything to do. There was still such a gap between him and the short stack member of the group that he had no idea how to approach her and keep her open enough to talk. He could try to ask about the dessert today, but it seemed wiser to wait for Kazuko and hope she might be able to ground the poor girl.

Once more silence settled in like an oppressive fog, keeping them all separated. It made time feel thick, each second dragging on with the span of several. All of them were desperate for a distraction from reality.

"That moron," Kazuko's voice boomed even louder than the door she kicked open hard enough to slam it into the wall. "She couldn't just listen for once in her damned life, shit! I need another lap."

The redhead was already drenched in sweat, the white of her running gear soaked enough to be almost sheer. As she turned in her frustration however, she was met by Asumi, towering over her by almost a head and stopping her with a hand. "No more running," she stated firmly, "you will hurt yourself Kazuko. You cannot help to fix this mess if you are stuck in a hospital bed with Sakura."

Sakura was in hospital? Nobody other than Sam seemed surprised by that fact, leading him to wonder why Keiko hadn't shared that part with him. Had the "tussle" between the rapper and her leader been that severe? Regardless of the reason, knowing that little fact it was obvious why tensions were so high among them.

Despite gritting her teeth, Kazuko was paused by the lead singer's statements, straightening herself and letting out an annoyed grumble. She was right, and the runner wasn't about to argue with that. "Alright Asumi," she nobly accepted her fault, "I'll go get changed, and we'll... figure out what to do today."

She hoisted her bag, stepping off towards the bathroom to dress. It was hard not to stare at the only bit of major movement in the room, though the American did his best to resist. He could see the pink of her areola through her skin tight, sweat stained top, and didn't really want to be accused of noticing such a detail on her ill-confined chest.

Thankfully it was easier to keep his eyes on Asumi. She wasn't on her phone, one arm instead curled under her own impressive bosom, while the other held her chin in thought. It was almost like a new side of her and, thankfully, Sam was much better at approaching her than he was the curvier Meiku.

"So, Suzuki-san's in the hospital Sasaki-san?" he asked the graceful woman, rising to meet her.

The dark-haired woman paused, acknowledging his question and mulling it over. "It is a complicated matter Samuel-kun," she told him, not meeting eye contact. "Did Kanaszuchi-kun not inform you about it?"

He shook his head in reply, sending his reddish bangs waving out of place. "No, I haven't spoken to Kanaszuchi-sa-" he had to catch himself, on the off chance somehow it got back to his boss he'd used the wrong honorific, "Kanaszuchi-sama, since I met him last week."

She raised one of her delicate brows at that. "Well Samuel-kun, it is a bit of a long story. If there is time, I will explain it," she offered.

The hazel-eyed boy looked around, to the other members bubbled off in their own issues, Kazuko still getting dressed. With all that sweat it'd take her a good while to dry off and get into costume. "There's time now," he wished he had a little more leverage, but he was only their historical consultant. "If something's happened to Suzuki-san, I should know. I'm a part of this project, even if only a little one."

Asumi once more paused, drinking in what he had to say. Or perhaps stalling, it was difficult to tell. Faster than expected however, Kazuko emerged in her Hamilton getup, bouncing on her toes and ready to go. "Alright, let's figure out what we're doing today," she rallied the girls, pulling all of their attention.

The dark-haired singer gave him an apologetic look. "Apologies Samuel-kun, I will tell you when we break for lunch," she promised with a small bow, and moved to join her bandmates.

Together the four settled into discussion. Without their leader they were a tad disorganized, but, considering her behaviour the week prior, they were more or less prepared. Kazuko took a headstrong approach, suggesting they should go through their parts of the routine until their Washington was back and ready to join them. Something, it turned out, they wouldn't be waiting for long.

As they were getting ready for their first run through the door to the warehouse was unceremoniously cast open. It was hard to recognize who was standing there, the bright light making their blonde locks glare as they cascaded down her back. Once she stepped in, a sultry sway to her hips, strappy heels clicking against the floor, and the whole of her hyper voluptuous body set into fluid bouncing motion, her identity was clear.

"Sakura," Keiko was the one among the girls to pipe up, an obvious note of concern in her voice.

She wasn't in costume, instead garbed in a dress that dangerously skirted the line between club wear and lingerie. Not that Sam was an expert on this sort of thing, but it was the type of dress he imagined one wore when they were looking to get some; with little regard for modesty.

The fabric was so thin there was no mistaking the full shape and shade of the blonde's nipples through it. She wasn't wearing a bra, and it wasn't too far of a stretch as to why. She was huge. Whatever growth spurt had been hitting her last week hadn't slowed in the boy's absence. Sakura's prior perky melons were now whorish monsters, dominating her chest and lithe frame. They were each large as her head, at minimum on par with Meiku's monumental tits, and they swayed hypnotically as she moved.

While the most attention grabbing of the star's changes they were far from the only ones. Her prior plump lips looked bee stung, painted a shimmering pink and thick as the boy's fingers. The flowing little number was leaving nothing to the imagination, hugged tightly over her wide hips and cut high enough you could see the fresh thickness of her thighs. Most unusual and striking though were her eyes. He hadn't noticed until she turned that undressing gaze his way, but her normally dark eyes had taken on a pinkish hue. From his experience with cons, his first thought was colour contacts, but they were reacting far too naturally to the light for that to be the case.

"Hey girls," the hyper-sexualized blonde waved to her bandmates. "What do you think of the dress? Cute huh?" she gave a spin that raised her skirt enough to give a peek at her lack of panties, and sent her boobs bouncing when she came to a stop.

They seemed stunned at the statement, the fiery redhead of course being the one to finally speak out for them. "The dress? You're supposed to be in bed, waiting for tests," she hissed.

Asumi's gaze was on the girl's bare arms, her pristine, unblemished skin. "You did not even stay for bloodwork Sakura," she pointed out with calm authority. "Kazuko is right, you should not be here."

The leader just waved their concerns off. "Look, I'm fine," she stepped up onto the stage with them, repeating her behaviour from the prior week by walking close to the other girls and rubbing against them as she passed.

“You like my dress Meiku,” she kneeled down to her bandmate, simultaneously giving her a down shirt view of her hefty cleavage while pointing her plush ass out towards Sam. “I can tell. I wonder what you'd do for a dress like this? It would look pretty cute on you after all. Would you suck a cock? I'd bet you wouldn't even hesitate to suck a cock for a dress like this.”

Every time it seemed like the blonde reached the extent of offense, she managed to take another step further that left her bandmates reeling to recover and respond. The meek finger sucker was clearly overwhelmed, only managing to let out a whimper around the digit stuffing her lips.

After last Friday's confrontation, Kazuko wasn't about to waste a second in stepping in. The redhead threw herself between the harasser and her target, shielding her friend behind her. “What the fuck Sakura?”

Keiko wasn't sitting down either, after the temptress had pulled similar with her. “That was wildly out of line,” she added, contributing to the barrier. Even Asumi joined in, making a three-woman wall between the two curviest members of the group.

“Oh, lighten up, it was just teasing,” Sakura responded laxly, rising back up straight with a bounce. “You should all be glad I'm here, fully clothed, and ready for the stage.”

“I would be happier had you stayed with the physician Sakura,” the lead singer shut that statement down.

Their lead dancer had her own opinions. “That outfit isn't stage ready; you look like you could fall out of it any moment,” she chastised before dropping to a mumble, “not to mention it isn't period accurate for our performance.”

After sitting on the sidelines through the altercation Sam rose, stepping up on stage to add to the defense. “Suzuki-san, I don't know what happened at the debut, but everyone has been concerned.”

She gave a giggle, flashing her pink hued eyes at him. “Awe, you were worried about me Samuel-san?” she teased him, turning her hyper sexed body to face him.

He flushed at the sight of her, of her huge tits jutting towards him, their nipples hard and pointing accusingly. “I think it would be better if you went back to the doctor Suzuki-san; at least until your costume is repaired.”

“They're just making adjustments,” the woman purred, stepping in closer and pressing her body to him. “Until then, I've got the okay to practice in casual wear.”

Asumi gave a leer, one of her hands idly running over the small exposed section of her waist her costume offered. “I would hardly consider whatever that is to be 'casual wear',” she pointed out.

The accusation only seemed to encourage the blonde, a grin spreading on her painted lips. “Jealous that you don't get to wear something showier on the stage Asumi?” she taunted, turning to the dark-haired woman.

There was always generally a barrier between the graceful lead singer and the provocateur, so Sam had yet to see anything really get under her skin. With just a simple question however, she seemed

to have. Asumi was pink in the cheeks, awkwardly looking away as her hand tightened over her bare midriff. Was she actually jealous of it?

“Maybe you could see about the costume department making a few adjustments later?” Sakura continued to agitate her for another moment before bouncing to attention. “Right now though, I am late, so it looks like we'll have to skip the history lessons and get right back to practice. Once my costume is done they'll be putting us back on stage, so let's not waste any more time.”

No matter how much they wanted to protest, there really wasn't anything more they could say. So, after a brief pause, the group followed their leader's orders and got to practicing.

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It was just as bad as the prior week, with Sakura blatantly rubbing up against her co-stars and making a show of it all morning. At least once the hyper-buxom girl slipped in her strappy heels, falling into Keiko during their routine and forcing a small break so the brunette could visit the bathroom. She also obviously tossed a grope at Meiku that made the short girl freeze and threw off the whole run.

Lunch break couldn't come fast enough, giving everyone a moment of repose. Despite Asumi's promise, Sam figured he wasn't about to hear about whatever Sakura was supposed to have been hospitalized for. Nor was he about to press the matter as the lot of them stepped off the stage.

Immediately the blonde made for the refreshment table, grabbing two onigiri in her slender fingers and taking them to her mouth for a huge bite. It was frankly unnerving to watch. She wolfed both back in seconds, leaving Sam sitting and stunned with his little homemade bento.

Once they were down her throat her eyes turned to him, and she snatched the chopsticks right out of his hand to steal herself a bite of his lunch; the largest piece of the chicken he'd prepared the night before, along with a good ball of his stick rice. “Hey!” the boy protested, reaching for his utensils only to be met by the thief shoving her tits in his face.

“You really are a good cook Samuel-san,” she purred, as he removed himself from her cleavage with a full-face blush. “You should share more.”

He couldn't respond, still flustered over her bold actions. She returned his chopsticks, dots of her pink lipstick now marring their wooden surface, and popped back a couple edamame before turning to her bandmates. “Got to freshen up girls,” she offered a grin with an obvious level of mischief to it. “Be back in a sec.”

The lot watched nervously as she sauntered into the restroom, an air of tension once more settling around them and trapping them in a hush. They exchanged some looks, silently wondering amongst themselves what should be done, and after a few moments Keiko spoke up.

“I think we should talk about 'The Injection',” she told the other girls, instantly drawing their attention. From his place on the sidelines, Sam couldn't help noticing the inflection when she said the word, a name more than a generalized noun; and his interest didn't go unnoticed.

The meek Meiku pulled her finger from her mouth. “W-what about Samuel-san, won't he hear?” she whispered, the fact he could make that out proving her point.

The tallest among them turned over her shoulder, her long dark locks flowing over her back and outlining her form. “I am not sure now is the best time,” she advised her bandmates.

“I’m on the verge of a breakdown, with everything that’s been happening to Sakura,” Keiko’s voice quivered as she spoke; more than just nerves, a legitimate terror was gripping her.

The twintailed Kazuko raised her hands, punching into her palm in a classic hero pose. “If Samuel-san says anything, I’ll break his jaw,” she threatened. There was real weight to it too, causing the boy to fight down a flinch that would have revealed he was eavesdropping.

That seemed to settle the matter for them, as Keiko let out a sigh. “Sakura literally grew out of her costume, and she’s been like a completely different person. The nurses told us to keep an eye out for weird personality shifts when we were first given ‘The Injection’, but we’re supposed to have been *way* done developing by now.”

There was an awkward moment where they shared concerned looks, before the redhead chimed in. “She’s not the only one. Meiku hasn’t been able to stop teasing her lips for over a week now,” something the girl was in the middle of doing, her index finger buried to the knuckle between her plump kissers.

She quickly withdrew it, flushing self-consciously and hiding her hands in her armpits to stop herself from the lewd action. “W-we all started feeling stuff after ‘The Injection’,” she defended, Sam catching the fact she was once more staring at him from the corner of his eye. “They said it was normal!”

“It’s been getting worse though, hasn’t it?” their lead dancer asked, her legs awkwardly fidgeting and rubbing her thighs together as she shifted in stance.

Asumi gestured out to their historical consultant, repeating her prior stance. “Is now *truly* the best time?” there was a level of urgency in her words, going further than potentially protecting their privacy.

Her plea went ignored as the short stack carried on. “I can’t stop thinking about...” she paused, going redder in the cheeks as she struggled to even get the word out.

“Fucking?” Kazuko filled in for her, causing the buxom girl to tighten up with a small squeak before her finger found its way back into her mouth. “Yeah, that’s what I thought,” the runner’s tone was pure disappointment, as she watched her poor friend quiver with barely restrained arousal.

He wished he were a part of this, able to voice the dozens of questions buzzing around in his head. What the hell was “The Injection” they were talking about? Personality shifts, developing, all this about sex... There was so much he was out of the loop with, and unable to ask.

It had him so distracted he barely noticed Sakura come up behind him, pressing her breasts against the back of his head as she reached over him to nab his chopsticks once more. “You seem tense Samuel-san. I could help you with that,” she told him, voice laced with raspy seduction as she stole another bite of his lunch for herself.

There was no mistaking the obvious smell of sex emanating off her, filling in an idea of what she'd been doing in the bathroom in his head. It had an odd sweetness to it, and left him momentarily paralyzed as he tried to process everything that was going on.

"No, you won't," Kazuko came to his aid, peeling the top-heavy blonde off of him, much to her dismay. "You came here to practice, so let's practice."

Sam's curiosity failed to fade over the rest of the day. That collection of characters, "The Injection", floating about his subconscious as he took the train ride home. The sounds barely meant anything anymore, they were just a broken-down piece of the whole puzzle as he tried to guess what hiragana, katakana, or kanji made up the name to research. It was so consuming the boy didn't even greet his plants on his way through the door.

He immediately went for his laptop, minimizing his usual leisure and his history facts for Keiko and opening up a fresh page in Japanese. He tried every combination of the spelling that he could, time and time again coming up with nothing. Adding "Happy Light" to the equation brought the same. He even made the attempt of just trying to search the symptoms the girls had described. Nothing, nothing, nothing. Such a thing as they were discussing just didn't exist.

Was it some sort of shorthand, a nickname for something else? The only ones who knew, who he could ask, were the Liberty Girls, and they didn't seem willing to tell him. Maybe he could go to Kanaszuchi? Though Kazuko's warning, not to mention the stocky man's own penchant for threats, didn't make that a particularly promising option. Especially if it was something secret he wasn't supposed to know about.

Perhaps it was better to just try to forget it, and not put his job or his safety at risk? A quick look at the clock told him he'd already lost an hour down this rabbit hole, and the grumbling in his tummy told him he needed to eat; especially after Sakura had stolen the better half of his lunch. It wasn't easy, but he was able to settle his mind enough to cook up a little something, with leftovers for his bento lunch tomorrow, and ensure Phil, Sue, and Marty were properly watered. Then he drifted off into a troubled sleep.

The next day at the rehearsal stage wasn't any better. To the contrary it was continuing signs of escalation. Sakura had her refitted costume, though it was easy to see the thing was tight around her chest. She also decided to introduce a change to the choreography, unlike the last time presenting this one to them during discussion.

There was obvious trepidation from the other girls, though none of them were ready to jump up and argue. They were still reeling from the weekend's events. Not to mention, as far as Sam knew, they still didn't have a rescheduled date for the failed debut. There really wasn't much to do other than go along.

Watching it was something else. The hyper-sexed blonde was all over them, performing moves that had her grinding up against them, groping them brazenly, or up in their faces to dock her massive tits on their own. The rehearsal needed to be stopped more than once. Kazuko was breaking into a shouting match over half the suggested moves being impossible or outright inappropriate. Whenever a move involving Keiko got too touchy, whether it was the blonde performing it or another girl just following their choreographer's directions, she would rush off to the bathroom halting any further progress. Even Asumi, normally away from all of it, was down with the rest in the new choreography going red-faced from having her costume ruffled, or a hand tracing over any exposed bit of skin her costume showed. Not to bring up that every altercation had Meiku reduced to whimpering finger sucking until one of the other girls could snap her out of it.

It was a mess, and it was a wonder why they were even putting up with it this much. Was it to do with her hospital trip? The girls' overall demeanor had dropped since Sakura's "return", so it was definitely probable. Despite his efforts none of them wanted to talk about it when Sam brought it up during the lunch break; even when Sakura was distractedly stuffing her face with anything she could get her hands on. Could it have to do with that thing, "The Injection"?

No, he needed to stop thinking about it. He hadn't found his answers and the girls had made it quite clear they weren't going to tell him. The best he could do was sit, watch, and intervene himself if things got too out of hand. Something bound to happen at this rate.

The girls were quieter when they started to filter in on Wednesday, leaving some hope that maybe yesterday's problems had been sorted out back at their dorms. Regardless, Sam was still petrified of being alone with the provocative blonde, so was thankful when most of the other girls arrived first. Still in her slightly small workout clothes, Kazuko was frustratingly doing her stretches, while Meiku was voraciously sucking on her finger; not wishing to interrupt her friend when she was in a mood. Keiko was just sitting on her own, in silent contemplation while they all waited for the last two members of the group to arrive.

It wasn't too long later that, with her usual cocky grandeur, Sakura made her entrance; tailed closely by the much more sophisticated Asumi. And what followed would set the tone for the day.

"Alright, everyone is here, so where were you Sakura?" the dark-haired woman questioned her sternly, crossing her arms under her pert bust to show she wasn't going to allow the girl any chances to continue dodging her inquiry.

The extra-buxom Washington wasn't about to either, teasing her curls as she waited for the room's attention to fall fully on her. "You wouldn't believe me anyway," she taunted, a grin on her painted lips. "The studio had me give a lap dance to a foreign investor last night."

Her straight faced, positively bragging delivery didn't leave room for doubt. Once more she'd managed to, with only a statement, strike the lot of them with shocked disbelief. Most affected was Kazuko, who was clearly racking her brain on the matter from how distant her look was.

Keiko could tell what was on the athletic redhead's mind, putting voice to her friend's thoughts. "That's impossible, right? We're not allowed to leave the compound."

There was a short pause before Kazuko got out an answer. "Sakura's room has been uncharacteristically quite the past few nights."

With Asumi's insinuation that was a good amount of evidence to support the outrageous claim, and all the implications behind it. As they all stewed on it however, the blonde just let out a miscreant giggle. "Amazing, you should see the looks on your faces," she goaded them, implying the whole thing was some sort of joke to her.

If it was a prank though she wasn't done, sauntering away from the dumbfounded singer and over to the only rival to her curves in the room. "Wonder what you would do if they asked you to do something like that Meiku?" she teased, kneeling down to meet her eyes, huge bust resting on the shorter girl's shelf of cleavage. "You'd probably jump at the chance just to have the musky smell of a man right there. You'd probably end up sucking his dick between those fat lips of yours, you seem the type."

This made the second time this week Sakura had singled her out, using some of the same accusations, and just like the prior time the bespectacled girl was left quivering nervously. In seconds Kazuko was beside her, shoving the bully from her repeat victim. "That's enough Sakura!"

"Oh, get off your high horse Kazuko, you know we're all thinking about it in some way or another," the blonde smirked, not even bothering to fix her top after her little stunt.

"The rest of us aren't trying to start shit," the runner hissed back through clenched teeth.

The buxom troublemaker closed their distance, engulfing the smaller woman's tightly confined breasts with her own monsters. "It's just a little playful ribbing. Maybe you're just envious Kazuko?"

The redhead didn't back down. "You've got nothing worth being envious of, cow."

Sam got to his feet, ready to jump in as he watched the heat rising between the two. Before he could however, Keiko was stepping up to be the mediator. "Both of you, stop it!" she did her best to physically separate them, only really managing to get Kazuko stumbling back a few steps. "We were all in this together, sisters."

"You're right Keiko," Sakura agreed, "and I'm just trying to help my sisters loosen up a bit," she wagged a finger at the rapper of the group, chuckling behind a small grin. "It's not good to be so wound up after all."

More provocation, but the fiery runner kept her cool. "If we ask for help, then give it," she spat, picking up her bag and heading to the bathroom to change.

Crisis averted for now, the consultant returned to his seat. The voluptuous instigator backed off, and soon enough they got into another bothersome practice. None of it though would compare to what was about to unfold.



Thursday rolled in, making Sam realize just how exhausting this week had been. His first week had been bad, sure, but there had been those moments of light that made it all worthwhile. He wasn't even the target of Sakura's harassment, not to the same degree anyway, and yet it was taxing to constantly be on that tense edge, waiting for it to all boil over. At least the day started good.

It seemed like most of the choreography issues had been worked out. They had rolled back to something closer to their original routine, whether from the girls working it out or from studio interference the boy couldn't be sure, though the thick figured blonde was still bumping into her stage mates. To a degree it was deliberate, as usual, but the clumsiness of some of her moves hinted that she wasn't aware of just how big she was. Something her straining buttons supported.

The top of her outfit was stretching to its limit. When she'd come in this morning, approaching Sam in order to snag some food overtop him, he was almost certain he'd heard the poor garment creaking, struggling to keep her in. He could clearly see the holes for her jacket buttons, pulled so wide he was left to wonder how she even got into it in the first place; and could only imagine the issues her skimpy shirt was having beneath the hardier article.

What could he say though? The last time Kazuko had brought up the girl's ill fitting costume it was a whole ordeal, and he could see from her current expression, and the way she was covering her own modest bust, she saw it now, but wasn't about to get into that fight again. He didn't want to imagine what the blonde might say or do if he brought it up. *"Oh Samuel-san, staring at my chest? Naughty pervert."*

Not something the boy wanted to get into. So, like the rest, he just let it lie until it became too much for any of them to ignore.

They were going through their rehearsal, singing their parts, when a loud pop sounded over their intercom-boostered voices, followed by the clattering of a handful of small hand plastic bits. Sakura's buttons had burst, letting the full glory of her enormous tits bounce out into the cool air; pink, puffy nipples so big Sam could have palmed them hard and on display.

He watched as her pink-tinted eyes gazed down. She didn't stop, or cover herself like one would expect. No, instead she let out a giggle and went on with her dance steps as if nothing had changed, pendulous breasts swaying and pulling her around with each step. As the other girls realized what happened they all froze, leaving the blonde bouncing about on her own to the background music until she noticed she was the only one still going.

"What's the problem girls?" she asked with a wry smirk on her face, arching her back to push her bare chest out and show she knew exactly what was wrong.

Meiku was in her place in the back, flush from the neck up, and was the first to speak up. "Your um... Sakura," she pointed a finger to the girl's bust, while another was nervously approaching her mouth.

"What about them Meiku?" the provocative leader replied, reaching her hand up and taking her oversized melons in her hands. They couldn't even begin to contain them, but that didn't stop the blonde from showing off, kneading huge handfuls of the doughy flesh that was flowing over her forearms there was so much of it.

“You’re exposing yourself Sakura!” Keiko chipped in from the sidelines, though “exposing” didn’t properly describe the indecent display the woman was putting on. “Do you have *any* self respect left? What if that were to-“

“No one was talking to you,” the top-heavy temptress spat over her shoulder with a glare, as she sauntered across the stage to the anxious short stack.

Like yesterday the leader knelt down, resting her tits on the shorter girl’s as she let out a meek whimper. Those pale orbs were up in her face, making her cheeks go redder, and forcing that finger to bury itself between her lips.

She wasn’t the only one bothered either, Sakura’s breaths were coming out hot and heavy, her wry smirk becoming a malice grin across her plush lips. “I’ll bet you’re jealous Meiku. Having the biggest rack in the group was your only bragging right, but now look how we compare!” she teased, pressing her huge chest further into the girl to show off the difference.

With nothing holding them back, it was obvious. The blonde was huge, dwarfing her bandmate by a number of sizes that weren’t there only a few days ago. Meiku obviously looked, her eyes drifting downward to the mammaries dominating her field of view, and letting out a high whine around her digit.

“Maybe you’re hiding just how big those tits of yours are?” the instigator went on, reaching up and wrapping her hand over the front of the bespectacled girl’s costume. “How about we do a more proper comparison?”

Kazuko rushed in, grabbing the over-buxom woman by the back of the collar to pull her away. “Get away from her!”

Immediately Sakura’s hand came up, catching the redhead across the cheek with a slap that echoed in the open room. There was a second of pause while the girl tried to process what had just happened, but then the fury in Kazuko’s eyes was unmistakable. She took hold of her attacker by the hair, her other hand poised for a strike of her own.

Sam jumped to his feet, rushing the stage to try and separate them. Meanwhile Keiko took the more protective route and stepped in to try and pull poor Meiku out of the situation. Sakura refused to release her grip of the short stack’s costume, forcing the intervening pair to have to pry the trio apart. The boy’s height and size gave him an advantage over the squabbling pair, but that did nothing for the Franklin costume.

As he pulled the scrapping girls away there was a loud tearing, leaving Keiko falling on her firm rear, with Meiku landing in her lap. The poor girl was scarlet, the front of her top ruined to reveal her own heavy breasts; plump cinnamon nipples, puckered excitedly from everything going on, topping each jiggly sphere. The girl just looked down, letting out a high-pitched whimper as her free hand struggled to figure out where to go.

“Shit, it’ll be alright Meiku!” the lead dancer tried to console her, reaching around to grab the frayed edges of the vest and struggling to have it meet over the girl’s squishy mounds.

Getting Sakura off her initial prey had only served to give her a second hand to go at Kazuko with. The two of them were shouting expletives, the topless inciter making attacks at the running girl's costume, while weakly trying to defend slaps and claws at her exposed assets. She managed a grip on one of those ruby pigtails, evening the playing field of their hair pulling and swerving them around the stage.

Sam got a hand on each of them, though attempting to get them apart was like putting himself between two scrapping dogs. "Enough you two!" he tried to reach out to them, hoping maybe this could be sorted without further violence.

He may as well have been screaming into a hurricane. The feud between them had been growing for two weeks, almost as fast as the blonde was. There wasn't going to be any stopping it without full intervention. For as much as he wanted to remain neutral he knew there was a far better chance of coming out of this on Kazuko's side, so put his full effort into trying to restrain the hyper-curved menace.

The nerdy American was about as far from a fighter as one could get, but he had the advantage of raw size. With the redhead's seeming experience, after realizing he was helping and cooling off from her initial anger, they were able to subdue the girl, each taking an arm to hold behind her back. Once they had her she let out a provocative moan, turning over her shoulder to Sam with those otherworldly eyes.

"Finally decided to manhandle me Samuel-san," she purred, that sweet scent of arousal coming off her once more in waves.

He wasn't about to humor her with a response. Keeping firm he tried to figure out what they were going to do with her. Behind him Meiku was breathing heavily, squirming with one hand rubbing at her inner thigh while Keiko continued to try and salvage her modesty. It was no good, the more petite brunette's slender hands sinking into pliant boob as she struggled to tie a knot with the remnants of the top.

Her wrists continued to tweak the girl's nipples, unable to properly see exactly what she was doing with the wriggling girl in her lap. Slowly the short stack's little vocalizations around her finger started to intensify, growing in volume until she let out a lewd moan. Everyone turned to her, her face going red as she squeezed her eyes shut, jammed her hand in between her legs, and with one final scream of ecstasy she came.

It was unlike anything any of them had ever seen. Those already huge breasts seem to swell with firmness, just before they erupted with high pressure milk that sprayed across the stage. The quarreling trio were right in the line of fire, a warm blast coating Sakura's back while the two holding her were both soaked from head to toe by the sweet liquid.

In the silence that followed, the forgotten member of the group could be heard. Asumi was ahead of the rest of them, on the phone and calling for help. Whether it was the police, an ambulance for whatever just happened to Meiku, or some division of Happy Light, he couldn't tell. The only thing on his mind was the flavour touching his tongue from the milk dripping down his face and over his lips. It was one of the most delicious things he'd ever tasted.

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It took a few minutes for anyone to arrive, and when they did it seemed to be Happy Light's private doctors, along with a few thuggish members of their security team. Meiku and Sakura were immediately taken out, and the rest of them were brought back to the business' main building on their compound. Sam had never been, but it was almost like its own little sub community. He watched as Asumi and Keiko were taken to a large complex, likely where they lived. Apparently they had deemed Kazuko potentially injured in her scuffle, because she was led to some sort of medical facility instead.

Which just left him, guided by a couple of stocky lads into the offices. He was led to an HR department rep who proceeded to ask him questions about the incident. The historical consultant gave as much detail as he could remember, leaving out his lingering thoughts on the girl's milk, then he was told to take Friday off as administrative leave, and that he would receive a call once the matter had been sorted out.

Once more that fear for his job, his security, was with him. He was paid, but it was hard to bring himself to go on a shopping trip not knowing what was going to happen, not only to him, but to the girls. He tried to get rest, distract himself with his plants, his manga, but it only came to him sparsely. It was the longest three-day weekend of his life, and he was pretty certain he'd probably lost a couple pounds from the stress.

Monday morning the call came in, and regardless of the news it would bring at least it brought some relief. "Ramses Samuel," he answered, trying to keep his anxiety from being too obvious.

"It's Kanaszuchi Kane," his boss' thuggish voice came through. "I'd like you to meet me at the Happy Light compound, I'm sending a car to pick you up."

A chauffeur? The boy wasn't about to complain. If anything the fact they were shelling out for a private ride was a good sign. "Thank you, Kanaszuchi-sama," he replied with a nod, only to have the line dropped after.

It wasn't a long wait, though it surprised him to see the company car accompanied by a large moving truck. "What's that for?" he ended up asking his driver, only to receive a curt "Not important," as he was escorted into his vehicle.

They left without the truck, leaving Sam to wonder more along the quiet drive to the compound. It took a few minutes, and he expected like last time to be going to the offices. Instead however, he was driven to the front of the medical facility.

Before he could ask if this was correct, his door was opened and he was being led inside by another couple of Happy Light's hired muscles. It was a very clean place, nice sterile walls and floors, a welcome desk run by a rather cute pair of receptionists. All the trappings of a proper hospital, at least on the surface. If this was where Kanaszuchi wanted to meet him, he wasn't in a place to argue; though it did give him a case of nervous butterflies. What if it was here because Sakura had fabricated some sort of assault charge over his restraining her?

They didn't seem to be going to a visiting area, so that fear was slightly quelled. It was a droo in the bucket next to his other anxieties though, as he was guided down to the exam rooms. The first one on the left was opened for him, and he was let in to where the white-suited Kanaszuchi was patiently waiting for him.

"Kanaszuchi-sama," he gave a deep bow to the man, already hearing his heart thumping hard in his chest.

His thuggish boss didn't seem to care, gesturing to an empty chair at the side of the room. "Sit," he ordered simply, his tone low and difficult to read.

Sam didn't hesitate, hurrying over and planting his butt. It was then he noticed the nurse in the room with them, clad in her uniform smocks bearing the Happy Light logo loud and proud. She was dipping into a case, carefully retrieving from it a large syringe filled full with a shimmering purple-pink fluid and carefully capped for safety. He felt the urge to ask what it was, but, deep down in his gut, the boy was sure he already knew.

"So, yankee," the man's stern face twisted into a wicked grin that gave him every bit the look of a traditional oni, "have you ever thought about a career in show business?"