

If Yuki was one thing, she was sympathetic towards Geto, though she disagreed with what he'd offered as an alternative to her life goal:

"You could solve the problem by killing all non-jujutsu sorcerers."



It was clear his retort was caused by the recent trauma he'd experienced... The death of Riko Amanai...

Sensitive to Geto's current mental state, she leveled with him.

"That's certainly an option, though I'd never be crazy enough to do it. Geto... do you hate non-sorcerers?"

It was surprising to Yuki that Riko's death hit Geto so hard, but as the man explained his feelings, it was obvious Riko's death was making him reconsider the path he'd been walking up to now. Yuki couldn't help but consider the implications if Geto used his power for evil, which is

what it sounded like he was considering... It wouldn't be a big deal if he weren't exactly like her: powerful, uncontrollable, dangerous, and even worse than her, he was best friends with the most powerful jujutsu sorcerer of all, Satoru Gojo... The destruction they could reek together would be unparalleled.

With that in mind, she couldn't simply leave it to him to decide for himself, so she reached over and put a hand on his back. The gesture itself was harmless; it looked like she was just being sensitive to his plight, but her true purpose was to use her innate cursed technique on him.



Star Rage. It was every bit as aggressive as it sounded, the ability to add weightless and invisible mass to her body to increase the destructive power of her attacks. Still, it had other, less traditional uses as well.

Her plan was simple and would only take a moment. As her hand made contact with Geto, she dove into his amygdala, searching for the trail of the negative emotion that was latching onto the memory of that moment and ready to pull it out...

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Yuki was trying to comfort him, but it was no use.

Geto could remember every ugly applauding face that he'd stood amid that day, all of them clapping mindlessly as his best friend carried the sheet-covered body of the girl they were supposed to protect.

'Should we... kill these guys?'

It was the question Satoru asked him before they'd left, the mindless clapping from those monkeys constant as he answered his best friend with the only answer he'd been trained to respond with.

'No, there's no point.'

The answer he'd given felt so wrong, and it was eating him up inside. They should've... they should've... **POP!**

Geto's eyes opened wide as the pit inside him suddenly vanished, the dark circles under his narrow eyes fading as his mood suddenly flipped. Yuki's hand left his back as she let out an exhausted sigh and slumped against the wall.



He wasn't sure what had happened, but he felt much better... but why? He couldn't help but analyze his thoughts like he'd been doing for days.

The memory of all the unfortunate clapping souls remained the same, but he remembered looking at them with pity. They were just bystanders unknowledgeable to the world that they lived in, and he'd thought about laying out the truth right then and there, but they hadn't been ready for that, and Riko's body still had to be recovered... He was glad his ideals had kept him...

"Nugh..."

Geto held his head and ran his fingers along his temples as pain skirted behind his eyes. Something was off.

Geto's pupils shook as more pain flared, a hot knife bouncing around inside his head as the heat diffused along his scalp in a pleasing tingle that sizzled his raven-rooted hair blonde.

"Geto, is something wrong?"

Yuki leaned forward as she tried to assess the man's pain, knowing full well that she was the most likely culprit, the dreaded feeling that she'd screwed up somehow following the question as she felt like she had lost something within herself when she'd detached the negative emotion from his memory.

"Mm... It's nothing, just a sudden headache, is all. I think it's already passed," Geto answered, sighing at the tingling the headache had left behind and rolling his shoulders as they began to feel tight.

Geto may not have noticed it yet, but Yuki could see plain as day that blonde was starting to streak amongst strands of black in ridiculous quantities, the blonde so bright and shiny that it could rival her own! Fuck! She needed to fix it and use... use... cursed spirit manipulation? Yuki's head throbbed. That wasn't it. She didn't have any cursed spirits that could alter the emotions of another, but she definitely succeeded in pulling something out of him so then why couldn't she remember what that was?!

****CRACK!* *CRACK!****

"Huh?!"

The loud cracks drew both their attention, but Geto's even more since they'd sent intense vibrations through his skeleton, his arms out to his sides as his shoulders looked unnaturally narrow in proportion to the rest of him.

"Heh, uh, sorry, Yuki, this never happens," Geto said with his face blazing red. Star Rage was acting up like never before, his body still shuddering as it tried to seize control of the innate technique that was acting on its own. Special grades were supposed to have complete control of their technique, and then some, which made it all the more embarrassing as Geto was sure Yuki was looking at him with judgment as his body convulsed, his torso jittering and wiggling as he stared down at his body to see the result of his compressing ribs and torso as the collar of his already baggy white T-shirt dropped even further down his chest, leaving awkward baggy folds where it'd had been filled before.

Seeing it jogged what little of it remained in Yuki's memory. The mass disappearing off Geto's body was being caused by Star Rage, HER innate technique, but she never had any recollection of using it herself, so how could it have been hers?! Yuki's throbbing brain tickled her scalp, her very bright blonde hair beginning to be darkened over with a wave of black as she watched the strands on her shoulders be coated by it. None of this was right...

“Geto! We have to find someone to help. Something’s happening to us!” She said concerned as she got in front of the stunned man and grabbed his round, narrow shoulders.

“N-no, it’s okay. I’ve got this under control, Yuki, i-it’s just my cursed technique. It’s uuuhhhhhnn~ acting fuhhhnnneeeee!” Geto’s voice quivered as he failed to control the cursed technique, the muscles in his arms trying to jump from his skin as they bulged before deflating to half their size, the twigs leaving the sleeves of his T-shirt swallowing them. “I-I j-just need to control it...” Even though he was trying his best, the hands he held in front of him were shaking like mad as his flow of cursed energy reached it, his digits twitching as his knuckles popped to stretch his fingers long, the blunt pads turning narrow and sharp with his nails while his palms compressed and pulled themselves slim. “Ohhhh... this is so embarrassing.” He groaned as Yuki watched the whole thing happen.

Yuki could tell that Geto was worse off than her, the man thinking that it was just a failure to control his cursed technique even though *she* knew it was something deeper than that, not that she could put her finger on what exactly *it* was... but her body was starting to react like Geto’s and the arms she was grabbing his small round shoulders with started to shake because of the sudden strain on her own shoulders.

“Uhhhh?!” Her hands shot across her body as she gripped onto both her shoulders and stepped back from Geto. It felt like they were being pulled apart, the uncomfortable stretch of her fair skin making her grimace as both her shoulders suddenly bounced out to each side to widen her frame. **“C’mon, not yet...”** she grunted as her scalp jittered, the skin flexing as her follicles sucked her hair shorter, the raven locks going from her lower back to her neck in five irritating seconds as she leaned against a wall and lamented her fate.

Seeing Yuki undergoing issues of her own actually relieved Geto. He already knew he was considered lazy by the higher-ups of Jujutsu High after his decision to travel abroad, and now, with his stupid cursed technique flaring up in front of a fellow special grade, he didn’t want to be deemed incompetent, too. Her struggle was his peace of mind as he gasped loudly, his waist pulling in so tight and so fast that it made him slump over his legs in shock. Geto grit his teeth as he struggled to return upright because of something in his lower back, his shrunken spine creaking painfully as it crackled and crunched forward.

“Oh, that’s better...” Geto said with a sigh as he tapped his lower back with his fist, his blonde hair flowing down in a gentle cascade to brush against it as he tucked some loose strands behind his ears.

“Ughhh..” Yuki groaned against the wall with her hands wrapped around her chest, watching the completely oblivious Geto start to look pleased and still uncaring of all the changes that were occurring to his body while she was more cognizant of hers. Her torso pulsed, jumping up a size as she struggled to contain her anger, hating every bit of what she was becoming, a fucking man of all things! While her torso grew, her breasts flattened, sinking into her chest as feminine fat turned to muscle. **“No... not... the... girls!”** Her hands scraped over her firm, pecs

as her body tensed, her arms swelling with muscle while her slim waist broadened to match her larger frame. Even her hands grew, the delicate fingers growing thicker and larger.

“Mnnnnuhhh~” Geto’s hands found his own chest as his nipples brazed against the cotton of his white t-shirt, the subtle pleasure of his areola widening causing his cock to harden as he subconsciously thrust his chest out to make them pierce his shirt.

As if the day couldn’t get any worse, now he was horny in front of his peer, his stupidly sensitive nipples forcing him to cover them as they thrummed with need. He just needed to focus... he just needed-

“**Get your hands off those! They’re... mine...**” He was surprised to find Yuki jump at him, her large hands on his own, pushing him flat against the wall in a jealous rage and gripping his chest as he moaned out in confusion.

“Huhhhh?! When I asked you what your type was earlier, I didn’t think youhhh’d be so forward! Ahhhhhn~” Geto moaned as Yuki’s strong hands grabbed his chest that was rushing to fill them, flesh piling behind his nipples while she groped, squishing them around as they bulged out and filled her hands with more to work with.

“**Nughh...**” Yuki growled while she grabbed at her breasts that had grown fully on Geto’s chest, her mind finding something completely wrong with what he’d just said, but unable to place why. These were her tits. She just knew it. But as she watched Geto’s red, pleasure-stricken face contort, seeing his narrow eyes widen, eyelashes grow, and jaw shrink... his face becoming more beautiful by the second while she felt her own doing the opposite... they couldn’t possibly be hers. Yuki’s growl became lower as she looked longingly at the body under her grip, the loose t-shirt doing a good job of hiding the curve of Geto’s slim waist as her touch made Geto moan cutely, Geto’s lips curling into an excited smirk as his lips swelled juicy and plump and nose narrowed and shrank. It honestly felt like a match made in heaven, a girly guy like him being manhandled by a manly-looking girl like her, even when it was just their first time meeting.

Geto didn’t know how far Yuki was going to go, but he didn’t mind her touch, even as her strong hands migrated down to his **Crack!** wide hips, the outline of his cock straining his black slacks. Geto watched Yuki pause as she saw it, a low whimper leaving her lips as another crack sounded out, but from her this time.

“**Well... *pant* don’t stop now~**” Geto cooed as he felt his lower body quiver, his ass jutting in his seated position as it squished under him while his thighs closed in on his crotch.



God, even Yuki just staring at his crotch made him want to burst, his rod feeling like it was wiggling in his slacks as he inched toward orgasm without even a touch. He'd never been one to ejaculate prematurely, but all that time abroad must've really done a number on his sexual longevity because, without so much as a warning, his cock tormented cum into his slacks, the hot sticky substance leaving in such copious amount it felt like his cock was shrinking, his balls pulling so tight they let out audible pops and made his stomach churn.

"Awhhhhhnnn~ ahhhhh!~"

****SCHLICK****

"Ohhhn, mmmm... Geto, and here I was thinking I was supposed to help you feel better hehe... Though it might not be too late..."

Yuki's pussy clenched as she came, the man standing over her making her cum with just a look as full control over her cursed technique returned. In a quick motion, she overpowered Geto, effectively switching positions with him as she pushed him flat on the bench.

She laughed as her pants and underwear slid off her hips, her oversized white shirt doing a good job of keeping her modest as she ran a gentle hand over his crotch, feeling the tiny package inside. Surprised by the small size, she was even more surprised by how quickly it

grew, the small thing gaining girth and length in moments as it plastered itself against the tight jeans Geto wore.

“Ohhhh, now YOU are definitely my type, hehe~” Yuki giggled as she straddled the man’s legs, undoing the buckle to his pants before yanking them down with ease thanks to the invisible mass she’d packed into her arms to reveal his rock hard that wasn’t contained by his... black panties?

Feminine clothes on such a masculine guy hit all the right buttons for her as she moaned and coozied her dripping pussy against the shaft of his member, lightly humping it as she shed her oversized T-shirt and tossed it to the floor, her breasts and erect rosy nipples on full display as she grabbed Geto’s hands and forced them to latch on.

“I’m sure this- ahhhhn~ will get your mind off mmmmm~ what’s been troubling you haaaaa~”

Geto only groaned in response, his eyes closing as his cock throbbed against Yuki’s flower. None of this seemed right, but that’s not what his body was telling him, his cock twitching as Yuki raised herself and impaled herself on it.

“Ohhhhhhhn~”

“Uhhhhh~”

They moaned in unison as Yuki started to rock back and forth, her soft breasts bouncing in his hands as he started to thrust back, enjoying the sensation enough to take his mind off Riko’s death and his inner turmoil.



“Yeaaaaahh, that’s iiiit~” Yuki moaned as she felt his dick penetrate her over and over again, tickling her sensitive insides and making her body heat up; her eyes starting to roll like it was her first time until she was suddenly toppled over by Geto’s sudden movement. She ended up on her back with Geto looming over her, his cock still firmly inside her as he ripped off his tight sleeveless shirt and threw it to the floor.

Yuki had little time to do anything but squeal excitedly as Geto started to fuck her like a real man, "***Ohhh- yeah, I- like- it- rough- uhhhhn~!***" she managed to squeak out in the brief moments when both their bodies weren't slamming into each other. Yuki could feel Geto slowing down, his thrusts becoming less quick but more powerful as his throbbing member twitched inside her. He was about to cum, and so was she.

Geto let out a grunt as he came inside, Yuki's body reacting with a shiver and a loud moan as she came with him, her hands gripping her breasts and tracing her buzzing body.

Both were left panting as Geto slid himself out, his face and chest sweaty as he gathered his t-shirt, slacks, and underwear that had been discarded on the ground while Yuki did much of the same, the sex between the two more of a stress reliever than anything emotional as they both sat naked for a moment, their clothes balled up on their laps and the only noise sharp breaths of air as they recovered.

"Well, Geto... I can say with certainty that it was an honor to meet you..." Yuki said while starting to slip her panties and jeans on.

"And I can say that you're definitely not as lazy and good for nothing as the higher-ups made you out to be," Geto responded with a slight smile while putting his clothes back on, forgoing the soiled underwear.

"Hmm. I appreciate that, Geto. It's a shame I can't stay longer... I hope your mind is a little more at ease now, at least?" she asked, working her sleeveless shirt over her head and mussing with her long blonde hair as it popped out of the high collar.

"Yeah... I guess I was just a little stressed. I realize now that the culprits behind Riko's death are the ones to blame and not just humans in general..." Geto couldn't help but think on where his mind had been only minutes ago... he was really considering killing all non-sorcerers...

It was a good thing Yuki had come around when she did...

