

Abduction Induction

Siggy Commission for Nalil

Back during the days of Japan's tumultuous Sengoku period where civil unrest and near constant warfare between rival clans and warlords were commonplace, a secretive sect of individuals skilled in the arts of espionage and deception. From field reconnaissance to sabotaging critical infrastructure, the Ninja played an important role in many fields that demanded their expertise. Although they started off few in number, the fires of total warfare that engulfed Japan during those dark days would lead to a surge in their numbers when competent factions vying for total control began employing large numbers of the clandestine troops to carry out their dirty work.

Despite the value of their skills however, many would view the Ninja with disdain. Citing their acts as dishonorable and cowardly, akin to worms slinking around in the dark with poisoned knives and deadly weapons at their disposal. But once the light of the sun shone upon them, they were weak, easily dispatched with the comparison holding true for the majority. For in a profession that had one constantly dancing close to the enemy, death was an inescapable end for many a Ninja.

Over the years however, the golden age of the Ninja would begin to wax and wane with the end of the Sengoku Period, slowly whittling away further and further until eventually, no records remained of their involvement in major offenses or incidents in Japanese history. While many would leave their profession in the hopes of a better life elsewhere, fewer still would stick to their calling, remaining steadfast and loyal despite their degradation in power and fame, reduced to menial roles like bodyguards and spies instead of the more engaging spots they used to occupy on the battlefield. Supplanted by new organizations and left to fester, the remnants of these secretive clans were eventually disbanded, their service to a bygone era fulfilled.

Nowadays the deeds of the Ninja were twisted and shaped into daring tales and misunderstood interpretations, the result of a modern society that had, with the exception of a few, all but forgotten the true face of the shadowy soldiers they portrayed as beautiful women and dashing young men wielding superhuman abilities and otherworldly magics.

Unbeknownst to many however, the tall tales of remarkable individuals with mastery over the shadows and ancient magical powers were more than just the result of imagination when there indeed exists one such clan of Ninjas, a clan that unlike their brethren, had survived the millenia since their abandonment by those who used them like cannon fodder when war was rife and life was scarce.

Rumors spoke of this mysterious group as being composed entirely of women, bewitching beauties with no equal elsewhere in the world who used their innocence and sex appeal to sow trust and favour in the hearts

of anyone unlucky enough to be their target. Whether they were men or women, the members of the clan knew the weaknesses and strengths of any one individual, strumming away at their heartstrings like a Cupid.

Of course, officials and experts on the matter of Ninjas had been quick to dismiss the idea of an all female clan of Ninjas. Relegating the idea to preposterous rumor and misinterpretations of Ninjas masquerading as geisha and prostitutes. Oh how little these people knew of the truth behind it all...

To this very day, the clan has done well to integrate themselves into a modern society that saw their profession in a new light, and it was in this new, yet familiar line of work did they find solace. Instead of daimyo and the shogunate, there were VIP's, Presidents and so many other people of power to serve. And just like before, they strove to fulfill the wishes of their employers if and only if they could seek them out first through an ancient rite that had only recently been uncovered, allowing for the hibernating clan to make contact with the outside world after years of cold sleep.

But unlike before where they only had the interests of a nation to serve, the world was now looking to tangle with them, meaning their current numbers just weren't up to standard. Not like that was a problem when there were so many fresh souls out there, ripe for induction. While they were indeed looking for members...the clan's process of recruitment was a tad bit more...*drastic*...when compared to other Ninja clans of old, something a group of foreigners wandering downtown across the neon lit streets of Tokyo would soon find out for themselves as a pair of eyes lock on to them, gazing over each of the three men's faces before vanishing in a plume of obfuscating smoke.

Wherever the trio went, their invisible stalker remained close at hand, keeping track of their movements, listening in on every foreign word that bled from their mouths and memorizing their individual appearances if they ever split up before an opportunity revealed itself. While the shady figure could simply cast a spell that masked their presence from the rest of the people they mingled about with, they saw no challenge in such an easy approach. While others in the clan might disagree and take quick measures to secure new blood, this particular member relished in the thrills of the hunt; tracking, sizing up the prey and then descending from the shadows to deliver the finishing blow. Being descended from one of the original heads of the clan that operated long before the Sengoku Period, it was no wonder they took great import in performing their duties to the letter.

By the time the evening skies begin to fill with starlight while the streets empty themselves of ordinary people retreating back inside their homes, the Ninja's efforts bore fruit in the form of her targets entering what looked like a sleazy hotel, probably taking advantage of the lower than average costs while spending their money elsewhere, and as expected of such accommodations, the three slept together in one room. Ripe for smash and grab tactics that would leave them helpless and stupefied.



With the targets in one place and one final step remaining, the hooded figure undoes the singular strap keeping the obscuring garment together, revealing a bodacious woman clad in attire that consisted mostly of fishnets that did little to cover up the immodest contours of her shapely figure. Everything, from the crack of her plump buttocks to the meaty folds of her heaving bosom sagging down on her chest was free for all to see with what looked like an altered mockery of a kimono providing much needed decency over her privates.

The living embodiment of the tales that spoke about the fabled clan whose members were bewitching harlots whose strength and efficiency rivaled that of a hundred men.

With a bevy of archaic weapons hanging off the skintight sash around her gorgeously thin waistline; an ornate, highly modified arquebus, a matching tanto and katana, and a small pouch. Crimson eyes

gazed over each of these implements, wondering what use they could offer in this scenario. Tranquilizer pellets? Potent anesthetics to lace her blades with? The possibilities were endless.

For a split second, the unfeeling eyes of the elite Ninja widen ever so slightly before returning to their usual lax state, forgoing her weapons for the pouch as dexterous fingers dip inside before fishing out three slips of rectangular paper whose age showed in the yellowed tatters and flayed edges, upon which mysterious symbols and a script that clearly wasn't Japanese were painted on. An Ofuda that, unlike the ones used by exorcists, radiated a malicious aura that clearly held ill fortunes for whoever or whatever would end up on the receiving end of the corrupt talismans; the very thing she would and should be using to capture her targets and render them null as per the new orders of her clan. She couldn't resort to the tools of old unless necessary, for now, these would have to do.

“時々、我を忘れて...” (Sometimes I forget myself...)

Vanishing her deadlier armaments before they could distract her from her mission any further, the resolute Ninja leaps from her scouting position atop the roof of a neighboring building, casting her sleek silhouette against the backdrop of a full moon before landing without a sound and never wasting a movement as she immediately leaps into a running position, bounding across the roof before fading through the musky

ventilation as a cloud of ethereal powder, seeking out the odors and scents of the men she had singled out and familiarized herself to over her hour long hunt until finally coming upon the three of them laid out flat in a messy room that reeked of alcohol and unwashed clothes. Forcing a response from the otherwise level headed Ninja, clearly disliking the state of the room that likened it more to a pig sty than one for human habitation.

“このような愚か者は、物事を複雑にするような愚かな心を持たずに奉仕するのが良いのです...今回、私の判断は正しかったようです。” **(These fools are better off serving without their idle minds complicating things...it seems my judgment was sound this time.)**

While this was far from her first gig, the many individuals the Ninja and her kin had inducted into the clan ever since the mandate for new blood had been decreed were decent folk whose only error was being at the wrong place at the wrong time, catching the attention of Ninja like her who were in charge of scouting potential bodies, looking for that ripe 'factor' only they could see. The stronger that factor, the greater the resulting product became.

And said product was created through direct contact with the ofuda held tightly in the Ninja's grip as she rematerializes from the faulty air conditioning, patting herself down before staring down her prey, oblivious to the intruding presence in their midst and the fate that awaited them all. While she held her reservations about their broader net of targets and the resulting innocents caught up in her clan's efforts to repopulate, this was one particular case she was willing to relish in as she walks soundlessly toward her targets, releasing the talismans from her grip as they begin to hum with eager energy, sensing the three fresh host bodies nearby to begin the process they were made for; Fleshcrafting.

Originally derived from the arts used by Ninja to easily don disguises for infiltration purposes, the otherwise simple act of putting on convincing garments had been improved upon by long forgotten magic practitioners working under the employ of Ninja clans to elevate the art altogether from ordinary to extraordinary.

But this particular clan wasn't satisfied with such parlor tricks that only lent one the outer appearance of another. Intrigued by the idea of 'becoming' them entirely to supplant key positions more easily, ancient magics considered demonic in nature and untrustworthy would be put to the test, resulting in the power hungry heads straying off their initial goals, leading into many branches of research and trials that would spawn the trademark tools and spells, marking their dark descent into the annals of history to be forgotten, decried by all as a monstrous cult rather than a respected Ninja clan...but in a modern age where results mattered more than reputation, they were thriving.

And as she watches the talismans pick and choose from the warm bodies beneath them, the thought crosses her mind on whether or not she had once been someone else entirely before she became the way she was now.

A portly businessman? A naive high-school student? When you were a part of a group capable of using magic that could bend wills and alter bodies, nothing was out of the question. But even if she hadn't always been the veteran Ninja she thought she was, the thought didn't bother her much at all. Shelved the thrill, the freedom of scouting Japan's myriad cities at night and meditating come morning in a reclusive spot close to nature's embrace. And while she might disagree with some of her fellow Ninja, she had people in the clan she held close to heart even if she never directly displayed her emotions upfront. If someone else had indeed been twisted into becoming her, then all she could do was mutter a silent prayer. She had no intent on betraying her clan, much less leaving this life of hers. She was *Tsubaki* (椿), one of the clan's elders, and that was all she needed to know about herself.

But the same couldn't be said for the three foreign men still knocked out cold before her from a mix of exhaustion and intoxication. While Tsubaki was free to do as she saw fit, the majority of the clan's newly inducted members were basically mindless dolls to be ordered around. While they had the skills, talent and strength necessary to complete whatever task was given to them, the girls were subservient almost to a fault. So until they learned to grow independent, they would be responsible for fulfilling orders by the clan's modern day clientele; ranging from drug Lords to important figures in international governments while having most of their mental faculties sealed off until they tempered their urges. Outside of self mutilation and orders that would bring jeopardy to the clan and their employers, they would obey without question...once they did however, then that meant they would soon be ready to be inducted into the clan's inner circle; a sisterhood of sorts which Tsubaki was already a member of for millenia. Despite her youthful vigor and virile young body, the Ninja was close to a few hundred years in age...or at least, that was what her memories told her.

“そして、この分野ではメモリは最後の信頼材料になる.....。” (And memory would be the last thing to rely on in this field...)

With her word said and done, the dark room begins to light up with an ominous magenta glow emanating from the three ofuda as they settle atop their chosen targets before plunging downward and slipping through the men's bodies as if they were immaterial, vanishing into their chests to begin the process of Fleshcrafting that would leave them unrecognizable from head to toe, stripped of their identities and given new ones to make them proper Ninja of a new age. The moment the talismans and their cursed magics had transferred over to their flesh and blood forms. Their fates were sealed.

As Tsubaki enters into a meditative sleep with keen eyes and ears on the lookout for potential disruptions, the three unconscious bodies on the floor would begin to contort and shift, filling the silence with the subtle crunching of restructuring bones and the grossly squashing of malleable flesh moving to take on new textures and hardness. Everything from their genetic makeup to the organs roiling inside their melting forms would be given new purpose in randomized forms the magic would deem suitable for them.

And with deep baritone grunts and groans giving way to soft yelps and girlish moans, Tsubaki eagerly awaited the rebirth of the three pigs before her, making sure to keep a mental image of the men before they were lost to the ravages of the magic currently running amok in their veins...

FRANK was the first in line ahead of the others when it came to the physical changes. Being a large Caucasian man in his late thirties who never skipped out on a day at the gym, the loss of height and muscle mass was immediately apparent when the massive man had shrunk a good head or two in size in addition the sun kissed browns of his hairy hide being washed away under a growing tide of peachy smooth skin tinted an oriental yellow wrapped around lean bones and tender muscle adorning a physique that no longer held any hint of the brute strength and battle hardened brute Frank was supposed to be as supple fat and the untainted hide of a reclusive maiden bleaches it all away. While it came as no surprise to anyone that such a thuggish looking man would come bundled with his own brooding backstory, that past would serve no purpose in the new life intended for the imperiled criminal, something Frank could feel even though his mind was locked away in deep sleep. Unable to do anything but groan in an increasingly waifish alto as his scraggly face soon begins to smoothen out to match the feminine allure the rest of his body had taken on with most of his muscle traded in for lean curves and a petite physique complete with dainty limbs and plump proportions in all the right places.

By the time a small pair of nubs that marked the start of pert tits flowered into existence atop Frank's chest, the man's memories were already more than halfway through being rewritten by the invisible hand of the ofuda, implanting new memories and experiences within the dwindling American, convincing him of a life lived in seclusion amongst a family of like minded sisters bred for the singular purpose of bettering their clan as a whole through their services that reached all around the globe while slowly losing track of ever being a grunt in a drug trafficking ring. Instead of firing guns willy nilly and evading the police, Frank remembered training to endure strenuous conditions through the clan's underground dojos that were able to simulate all sorts of climate and environmental conditions. And when the memory of the criminal's worst crime came into play, the tables were turned when Frank suddenly found himself strapped down to a bed on all fours, wondering what was going on before something warm begins to prod at his dripping folds...now that didn't sound quite right...

But with the flick of a switch at the back of her mind and a sputtering flow of lubricant from a newly formed snatch devouring what remained of Frank's former testes beneath a cute twitching clitoris that was once a man's cock, *Hanako's* (花子) nerves calm as the soothing sensation of having her body used countless times over the course of many years sets in, breathing nice and slow as her small but firm set of B cup breasts finish their growth, jiggling ever so slightly atop a tight navel between broad hips men loved to grapple whenever she held one close while long curvy legs buckle at the knees as tingling innards tighten up in Hanako's erotic reverie, reliving the many times she slept with those who asked for her services while eliciting an excited trill from between soft pink lips franing the lower portions of an innocent visage, dull turquoise eyes slowly coming to grips as ridiculously smooth chestnut brown hair begins to cascade down

around her tender face and nubile young body cleansed of years of drug and nicotine abuse. Being a serious, stalwart individual, Hanako was only ever called upon to serve in roles that fit her calling; tutoring, bodyguard detail, scouting, espionage etcetera. At first glance, it seemed she was simply a generic Ninja made to fill the ranks on a whim.

But the interests of this new generation were...*varied*. Something Hanako could attest to when her clients over the years had only gotten more perverse and grabby with her. But the more peculiar of these people and her latest contract holder held an interest for a bodyguard that could double as a willing girlfriend, not a simple trophy girl, but one that would gradually learn to love and appreciate her Master not as her employer but as her soul mate. And that was what Hanako had been created to serve as; some rich man's designer girlfriend ready to fill that lonely spot in his life over the course of a budding romance while wondering just what sort of man her client was as mission briefs and intel flow naturally within her newly formatted brain emptied of anything related to its previous life as some two bit criminal.

And while Hanako slowly begins to rouse from her slumber in the leftover, ill-fitting garments of the man that had given her shape, **EDWARD** would be the next one up on the chopping block. Being the complete opposite of Frank in everything but mannerism and profession, the man was a spindly thing that would make one instantly assume he was a teenager filling boots that were far too large for him. Except Edward was just as, if not more skilled and active than the former Frank was at making a living in the criminal underworld, participating in more gigs while amping up his drug palette with the more daring stuff that even his seniors wouldn't dare take too much of.

But a life of senseless violence and abuse held no interest in the eyes of the great ancients behind the power of the ofuda, they had seen many tyrants like Edward in the past and wanted nothing more of his ilk. Instead, they looked to shape him into something softer; mellow in temperament and as caring as a loving mother, pumping gelatinous mass into his scrawny body that swamps diseased flesh and brittle bone spurred on by years of recklessness, healing stunted limbs into fuller proportions while a gaunt, bony torso snaps and shifts, replacing thin lines with the rolling hills and gradual dips of a mature figure filled with plump fat and toned muscle that begins to sag and extend in places where they shouldn't be doing so on a man's body.

Except by the time Edward's neck snaps into a thin, narrow pillar supporting the motherly visage of a buxom Japanese maiden that had since replaced his rat like features with slant sultry eyes and pert pillowy lips, the sonorous moan of a woman in heat serves as a message that Edward was no longer a man as her back arches inward to the tune of a soft splat followed by the growing splotch emanating from what was clearly the bulge of a freshly formed labia pressing up tight against the wet denim weave, shaping a delectable camel toe between equally soft thighs struggling to tear free of their suffocating prison.

And much like her predecessor, Edward's tormented visage relaxes as her gelled hair loosens up into a neatly kept bob cut with an attractive branch draping down across her sleeping face, shining with unparalleled

luster only matched by the beads of sweat rolling down the creamy skin that coated her immense double D's, filled with warm, sweet mother's milk just waiting to be ejected from the swollen pink nipples that topped the heaving mammaries, tenting what remained of Edward's popped blazer that just wasn't enough to stand against boobs of such immense size. But Edward was no longer a name the newly aged up Ninja knew, not when there were so many new memories flowing through her alcohol soaked brain.

Much like Hanako, *Megumi* (メグミ) was slowly being indoctrinated into believing the new memories filling her head as her very own. Vapid red eyes rolling around in her skull as brief but lasting images of intoxicating conditioning training and suggestive acts flash her by. Unlike Hanako, Megumi's training was meant to turn her into a graceful warrior, prioritizing brute strength and deception over relentless speed and endurance. While her fellow Ninja trained in the use of standard melee weaponry like katanas and tantos, Megumi preferred the Nodachi; the Japanese equivalent to the greatsword and an immense lug that could deal incredible damage in the right hands while hindering less experienced ones that would only flounder under its weight. By learning to let herself conjoin with the heavy weight of the nodachi, Megumi was quick in becoming a master of the weapon, performing inhuman feats that even the other supernaturally gifted members of the clan weren't able to, clenching her twitching hands as they toughen up in response to her memories settling into place, lending her flabby arms much needed girth and firmness so they weren't outmatched by the rest of her body's amazing physique, combining an equally amount of supple fat and warm, brooding muscle around a saintly face to paint the picture of a dangerous woman that could hurt as much as she could love. With her memories ingrained and her former life discarded, the buxom Ninja's erratic breathing finally settled into a steady rhythm as the powers that govern her begin to fill her in on what her next assignment would be and the individual that would hold her contract that was on the comparatively milder side of things when compared to Hanako's.

In essence; it was a protection job for a man who had survived a brutal attempt on his life that ended with the loss of his entire family. Left with nothing but a private penthouse in Japan and a note detailing how one could come into contact with Megumi's clan, the desolated man had come to them in an effort to gain their assistance to both protect and aid him in his bid for revenge, knowing it wouldn't be long till they came for him to finish the job. It was enough to make the maternal Ninja frown a little in her sleep, feeling genuinely saddened for the man she was now tasked with protecting.

かわいそうに...家族全員を失って、どんなに悲しいことでしょう...愛する人たちがすべていなくなり、灰になった...。(Poor soul...how sad he must feel to have lost his entire family...all those loved ones gone, reduced to ash...)

But alas, he was just one man out of many thousand others who had suffered ill tidings. If this was enough to make Megumi depressed, then she wouldn't be the renowned Ninja she was today would she?

Settling her raised back onto the couch before flipping over the side in a lazy heap that gave Megumi the air of an adorable clutz, the glow within the room begins to dim with only one man left unchanged sleeping in a seated position on the musty couch, gritting his teeth even while asleep in a bid to resist the fate that had befallen his companions as they slept around him, not as foreign men, but locally bred and raised Japanese women that, if awoken, would undoubtedly turn against him with their renewed strength and supernatural abilities gifted to them by the dark magics that had also indirectly birthed them into the world, all with a little twist of the mind and a tampering of genes.

TED, unlike his friends, was something of a changed man. Having once walked the same path Frank and Edward now strode upon, he was the self appointed mentor figure of the two, reining them in when things got too hot while trying to get them to quit while they were ahead before things took a turn for the worst akin to a father that couldn't hope to rehabilitate his two rowdy sons who seemed dead set on driving themselves to self destruction.

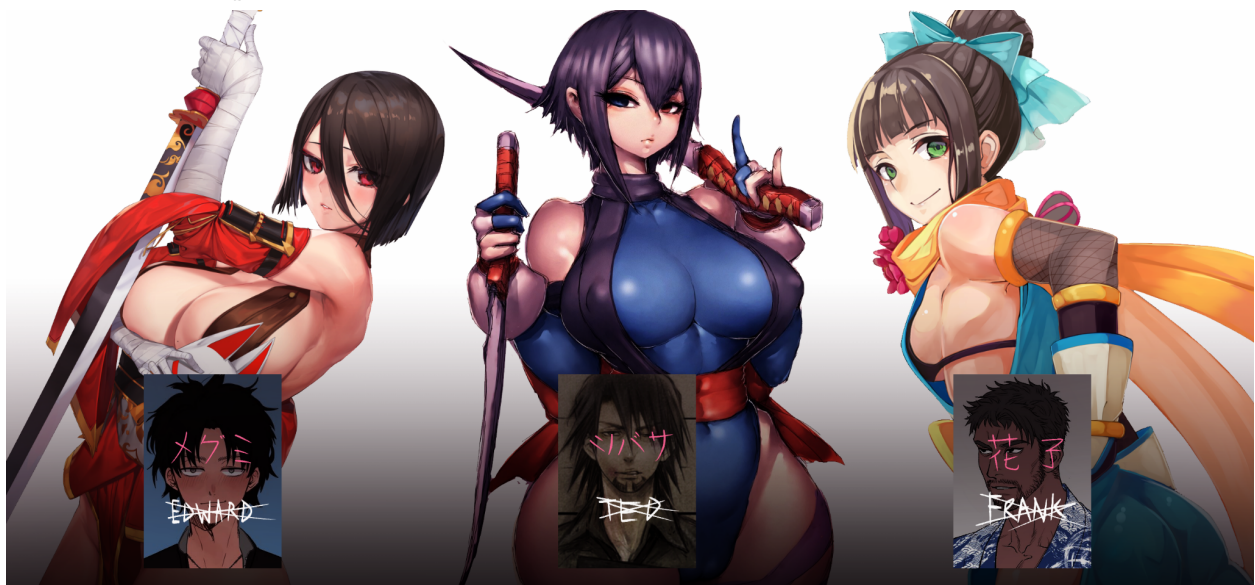
Sure, they were criminals who've committed some of the worst acts against mankind, but they were still his friends. And who was he to judge when he had done the same in a bygone age, even if he was now supposedly a new man living a better life? While he could leave it all behind, the memories, the guilt and the pain couldn't simply be forgotten, and neither did he plan on doing so either. He treated it like a painful reminder of how pear shaped things could get in that dark bottomless pit, to never set foot in it again.

But it wasn't enough to staunch the magic of Tsubaki's clan. Little by little, the middle aged man's body was beginning to undergo the same changes that had birthed Hanako and Megumi, trembling in his seat as cold sweat beads his vibrating flesh; losing the grays of aging skin and the sag of weathered meat for the firmness of radiant smooth porcelain colored a vanilla peach and the solidity of healthy muscle and baby fat filling the in between. Letting out a soft yell that cracks into a tomboyish cry midway through as Ted's broad shoulders crunch inward while the bulge of his Adam's Apple pops into oblivion, leaving the soft, whimpering vocalizations of a young adult woman in the prime of her youth escaping gradually healing lips that trade cracks and dried flesh for pert cocksuckers and a natural moistness coating it all. Ridding Ted of the beginnings of his beard while his chest ripples and contorts, pulled on by invisible hands that twist and knead on inert nipples, filling them with vigor and youth while ass begins to build behind them, shredding his simple shirt as it grows. By the time a large set of breasts that were a cup size or two smaller than Megumi's were molded into existence, the wet sound of flesh slapping against flesh signaling the birth of Ted's new bosom was akin to the bells of defeat being rung by the losing side of a war, knowing they stood no chance in resisting. But the magic was relentless, for such a hardy foe to even think of resisting, for Ted, there would be no such thing as mercy.

Throwing his head back all while his hair blossoms into a spiky yet smooth head of dark raven purple, the rest of Ted's grimace morphs to match the gruff voice of a young woman grunting and coughing against the physical and mental strain being placed upon her body as heat begins to build up around her from all the

biomass being pumped inside of her which, unlike Hanako and Megumi, was mostly musculature and toned flesh with just enough fat to soften the voluptuous figure taking shape from Ted's skeletal appearance while aging bones harden in preparation for the arduous task ahead of them in the deluge of memories and sensations flooding into Ted's mind like a brutal tsunami, all while melon crushing thighs begin to form around the man's dwindling manhood, fading in tune to the memories of old being replaced by a harsh regimental lifestyle forced upon a naive little Japanese girl who would then grow into a relentless fighter whose natural beauty still showed through the rough tones of her muscular body; steaming pecs adorning a sensitive tummy, the powerful arms and legs of an amazess coated in warm skin whose gentle nature could only be felt by those who shared her allegiances and a chubby yet menacing face whose slant eyelids lent her a perpetual sultry stare, blushing furiously as her ass plumps up into a comfy cushion just in time for her pants to rip apart from the growing expanse of her muscular legs and juicy pussy, spraying a tiny jet of precum that stains the sofa formerly occupied by Ted, now saddled in by a complete stranger who looked completely at home with the rest of her transmogrified friends as the magical aura finally leaves her, allowing *Tsubasa* (ツバサ) to recover from her accelerated metamorphosis leaving her erotic body soaking in sweat and other unmentionable juices. Moaning every so often as her stupefied mind slowly awakens from her slumber in the midst of her new purpose settling in, feeling too irritated and aroused to sleep.

Raised from young to be a master of all, the clan had wasted no time in grooming Tsubasa on all the different sects of the Ninja clan and their professions. From the normal foot soldiers like Hanako to the more specialized task forces Megumi belonged to, Tsubasa had been raised to master all of their techniques and job details. She could woo a man just as easily as Hanako could while displaying the same if not better mastery over heavy weapons than even Megumi. And the fact that she was supposed to be their junior made it an all the more impressive feat...if it all weren't a fabricated lie that is.



But the trio of freshly changed women believed in that lie, and as Tsubasa's own mission takes center stage in her head. Tsubaki awakens from her meditation, forcing her newborn sisters to leap into action as their

magic grants them new attire to better fit their buxom bodies that were also in line with their new profession as Ninja of Japan's most fearsome clan operating in the shadows. Unaware and uncaring of the former lives they had been forced to give up in exchange for these virile young bodies that were leagues ahead of their old ones. And with their sexual orientations switched to match the sheer womanly sex appeal each girl radiated, they would be sure to embrace their roles with unabashed glee...all except for Tsubasa, whose contract holder stood apart from her brethren.

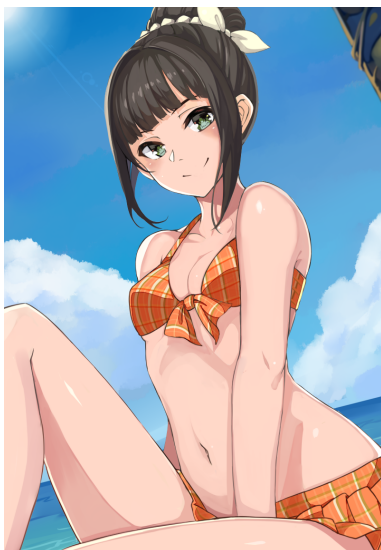
“花子, メグミ, ツバサ, 皆さんは、自分の職務を理解していますか?” **(Hanako, Megumi, Tsubasa...you are all aware of your duties, correct?)**

Bowing their heads in unwavering allegiance, the trio reply as one, eliciting a smile of satisfaction from Tsubaki. As expected of the clan's all powerful magic, the former men now saw her as one of their idol's; a head of the clan itself, one of the inner circle standing before them.

“はい、椿様、そうです。” **(Yes Master Tsubaki, we do.)**

“そして、それぞれのクライアントに会いに行き、自分の義務を果たす。” **(Then go, go to your clients and fulfill your mission.)**

Without another word, the three Ninja depart, vanishing in different plumes of smoke, resolute and determined to do their part for the betterment of the clan. Leaving Tsubaki well and alone in the vacant room before the glare of the rising sun against the window signals an end to her current shift as a slow yawn escapes her emotionless maw. A simple nap was all she would need to fix this fatigue, and soon enough, she would be up and about, looking for more fitting souls to induct into the clan and fulfill their ever growing number of contracts coming in from all over as more and more missing peoples reports continue to crop up, with authorities relegating the cause to abductions by criminal groups like the barely functional Yakuza.



Elsewhere across Japan and beyond however, the three Ninja would begin their tasks with joy and fervor.

Hanako's first day at her client's beach resort in Hawaii had been a blast for the young woman, taking every moment with gusto after having taken on one too many jobs involving combat at a daily level. And while she had expected someone snobby and perverted like her many previous contract holders, the Ninja had been pleasantly surprised to know that the man, going by Ajay, was nothing of the sort. Meek and embarrassed to be around a beautiful girl in a bikini, the way he displayed himself was unlike the rich man she had envisioned him to be, easily sparking a strong friendship between the two as they strode around the resort together

without either one laying their hands on the other. And while she was technically being paid to do this, a flutter in the maiden's tummy was enough to display her weakness when it came to matters of the heart. Faced with Ajay's naive innocence, she could not wait for the day when she could have him all to herself once they got to know each other just a little bit better~

As for Megumi, the dotting Ninja would begin her first few days getting to know the lonely soul she would be guarding until his revenge was satisfied. Under the allies of Kenji, the man had been cold and distant when she first arrived at his equally dark and desolate estate, barely batting an eye in her direction as he came to welcome her inside. But once the doors were sealed, he had left Megumi to her own devices, not even noticing the adorable pout she had on her face for being treated as such. With nothing to do in such a suffocating enclosure, the prim lady had taken it upon herself to tidy up the place while turning it into a lavish home; doing the futon, cleaning up the scaffolds, replacing and cleaning out worn tatami mats. It had initially drawn the ire of Kenji who insisted Megumi cease her antics lest she draw unnecessary attention. But the lady had her way with words, and soon enough, even Kenji would begin to mellow in the face of Megumi's unrelenting love as her home cooked meals and cheerful voice struck at his heartstrings, reminding him of the wife he had lost.



But that was a role Megumi was more than willing to fill, even if it meant taking things to the next level with her client as she prepares her body for the matrimonial ceremony every couple would inevitably partake in, disrobing in Kenji's bedroom after his lust for another body to keep him warm overcomes his brooding isolation. And if anyone dared intervene on her client's work? Their bodies would be torn asunder under Megumi's unrelenting ferocity to protect Kenji, just like she had before with all her previous contractors.

And last but not least was Tsubasa, who had found a curious job as the bodyguard of a socialite's daughter, a rather simple and mundane task when compared to the other eccentric tasks her sisters had been given. And considering she was supposed to be the most strongest and capable of the three, the deflated Ninja couldn't help but feel hurt, like an invisible hand had slapped her on the face for a mistake she had unwittingly made in the past. Was it something with one of her previous jobs? Had she forgotten to fulfill one of Lady Tsubaki's tasks? Whatever the case was, it seemed as if this was her punishment.



That is of course, until the first night came with the seemingly innocuous young girl, while her family had hired Tsubasa, the contract ultimately fell into their daughter; Christine's hands, giving her complete control over Tsubasa who had no choice but to obey her every whim...and it didn't help that the lady she was supposed to protect was also a raging lesbian with a lust for the domineering role, specifically requesting a tomboy guard when her parents had asked her what sort of person she would like watching her 24/7. Until her contract was satisfied and her client was safe, Tsubasa would have a long road ahead of her kneeling before someone less powerful than she was. Not like she could or would make a fuss about it, she had been through worse for much longer and as strange as it seemed, their nightly rows together in bed were beginning to stir a longing for such depravity within Tsubasa's tempered mind. Imagining Hanako or even Megumi kneeling in her place with her own hands around the reigns...

By the end of their respective contracts, the three girls would be forever changed, growing away from their predestined roles as obedient dolls through experience and resolve that allowed for them to make better decisions and even ones that overruled the orders of their masters if it meant a better outcome.

And very soon, they would join the same woman who had seen fit to forcefully induct them into the clan on that cold dark night, prowling the streets of Japan's populous cities in search for more blood to convert and souls to enlighten to the joys of being one of them; a modern Ninja adapted to the settings of an advanced society...more or less~

THE END