

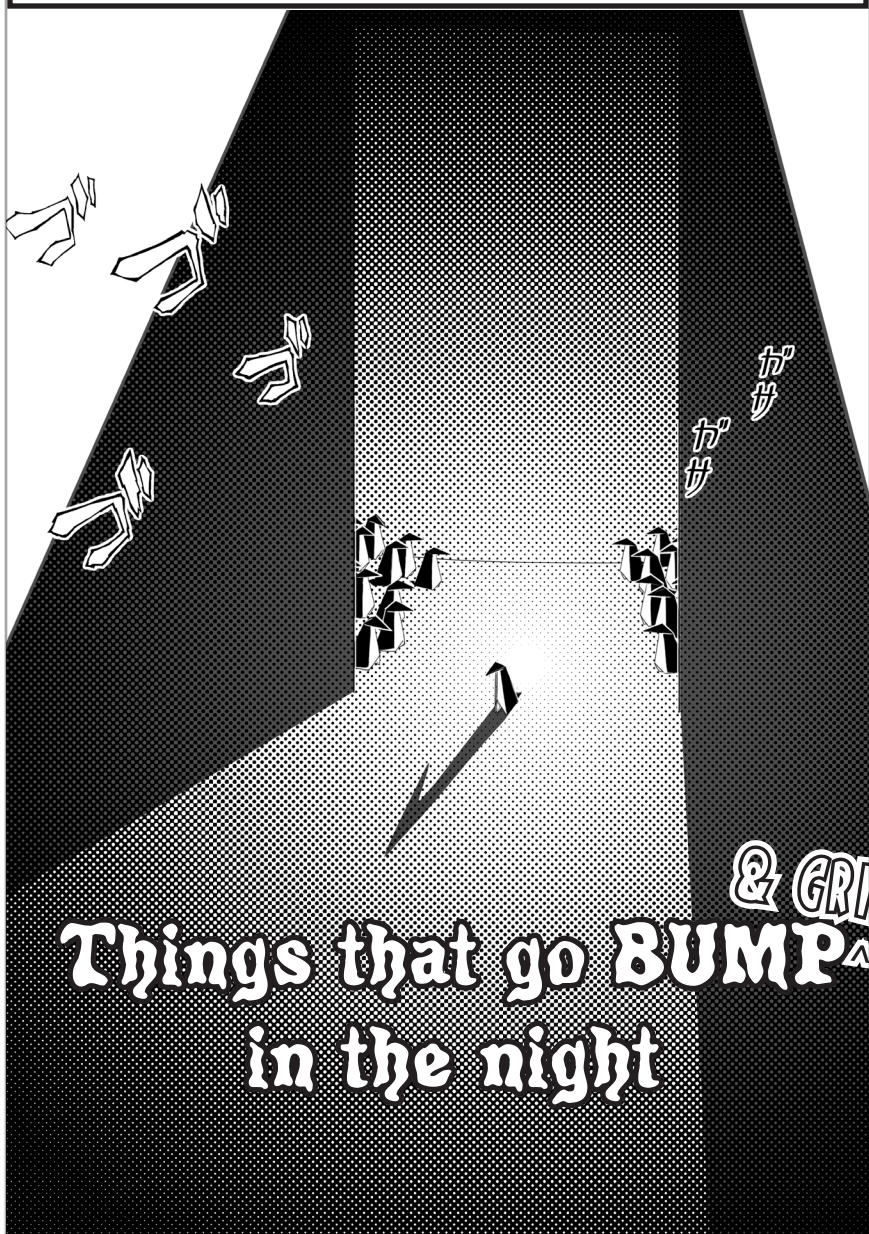
P

TOKU SLIDE PRESENTS:

AKIGE

?

CELEBRATING 3 YEARS OF NONSENSE, KINK, AND BIRDS



Things that go **BUMP**[^]
in the night

& GRIND



The BIG DUCK

Fowl of Extra-Ordinary Proportions

DIRT EVENT!

EVENT!

I NEED CRABS NOW

metsuboujinrai net

FASHION LEADER

Are you not seduced?

Swanboatarcou

Swanboatarcou

SEEDS

SEEDS

Bw-gadg!

Bw-gadg!

Eh?!

Eh?!

suspected penguin

suspected penguin

BIRDS 4 LESS

BIRDS 4 LESS

SALE DoDo Stock up & Save!!!!

SALE DoDo Stock up & Save!!!!

BIG BOOK OF BIRDS

BIG BOOK OF BIRDS

BIG BOOK OF BIRDS

BIG BOOK OF BIRDS

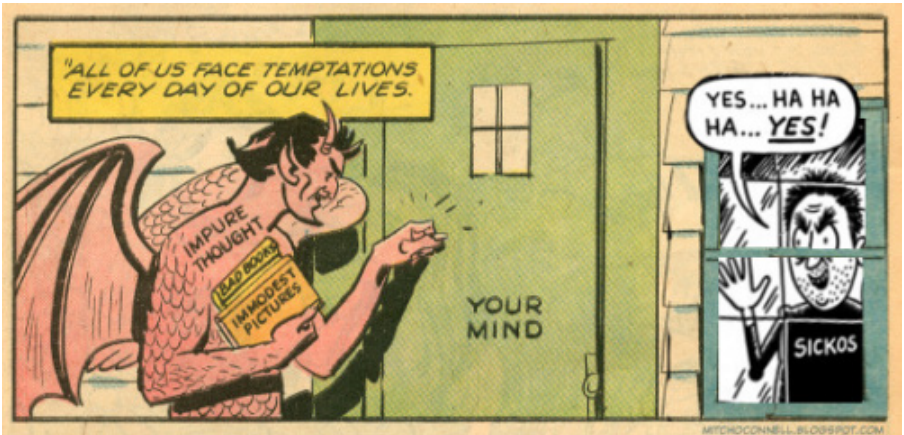
PAKIGE 2

A celebration of 3 years of Toku Slide!

Featuring ART
FICTION
AND CRAFTS!

A Foreword:

3 years huh? Fuckin' wild. And we're still here being a bunch of disgusting kinksters or some shit. There's some wonderful stuff in here and I am so glad I could put together another volume of PAKIGE. Thank you to all Kinklings, whether you have a piece in the book or not. You're delightful and I'm so glad to know you. Wuv, Neck!



Meme shamelessly stolen from:

<https://radetzkymarch.tumblr.com/post/675146933758738432/mudw-erks-bringing-you-more-bad-books-and-immodest>



CONTENTS

Convergence by PockySquirrel	1
Pakige, Ooh Pakige! by Lucy	5
Hibiki Illustration by Spillingdown	8
Scratches in the Dark by SleepySapphire	9
^ Illustrations by Tobe	12-13
Only The Full Moon Knows by Yuuto	14
Zi-O Illustration by Spillingdown	17
CRAFTING CORNER by Aquabluejay	18-19
Bonk in the Night w/ Illus. by Aquabluejay	20
Pakige 1 Ad	27
A Little Less Lonely Together by Tobe	28
Mighty Puzzle Squad by Aquabluejay	30
Kanzaki Siblings Illustration by Spillingdown	31
Ankh Illustration by Spillingdown	31
4th Meal by Neckspike	32
????	38

Notes for digital edition:

Many of the fics here are also available on AO3 in the Pakige 2 Collection! Everyone loves comments:

<https://archiveofourown.org/collections/pakige2>

Due to covers and such Craft Corner is actually page 22 of the PDF and is a single landscape letter sized page. Print that to make your own crafts!

Some of my fuckups made it into the physical edition but are fixed here. Those are even more exclusive now lol! Please enjoy this second volume of absolute nonsense and in-jokes.



Convergence

by PockySquirrel

Rating: E

Series: Kamen Rider (manga)

Pairing: Ichimonji Hayato/Hongo Takeshi

It was still pitch-dark out when Hayato woke, groggy and uncomfortable. His legs were tangled in the sheets and a thin, sticky film of perspiration clung to his skin. And he had a raging hard-on.

He had been dreaming, fueled by memories of a man with a tall, strong body and a serious expression. His subconscious had run wild with the idea of him, speculated what it would be like to experience that strength in a lover's embrace, what it would feel like to be the focus of his laserlike attention. Under normal circumstances, it would be easy enough to turn dream into fantasy, and lull himself back to sleep with a nice, relaxing orgasm. These were not normal circumstances.

These were not normal circumstances because the object of his attraction was Hongo Takeshi. The body occupying his fantasies had been destroyed by Shocker, what a waste. And the man's consciousness, preserved in his extracted, glass-encased brain, had been joined with Hayato's. Which meant, as Hayato was quickly realizing, Takeshi was aware of their shared body's state of arousal, and he had seen *everything*.

That was awkward.

And yet, something about the idea appealed to him. Takeshi shared his senses, felt everything he felt. The idea of sharing this with him was titillating, but only if Takeshi wanted it too.

Did he? Hayato probed their connection for the answer. Takeshi's emotions felt foreign to him. That was different from when they fought together in this state, experienced rage and fear and exhilaration in complete unison. But this was a slow-churning swirl of guilt and shame and anxiety that Hayato was wholly unaccustomed to. And desire. Takeshi *wanted*, and simultaneously



insisted that he shouldn't. Was that his desire, Hayato wondered, or was he simply being dragged along by the needs of a body that wasn't his?

Well, there was only one way to find out.

Did I wake you? he asked. Talking to Takeshi in this way almost felt like talking to himself, and he kept his 'tone' light.

Takeshi thought through several possible responses in rapid succession. Hayato politely ignored all of them.

I'm sorry, is what he finally settled on. *I didn't mean to look. I wasn't trying to.*

Hayato shrugged and focused on untangling himself from the bedding. *I pretty much gave up on privacy when I let them link our brains. But I'll admit this isn't something I accounted for. I'm sorry if it made you uncomfortable.*

Despite his embarrassment, Takeshi's awareness remained fixed on Hayato's cock. Telepathy was a funny thing. Hayato wasn't actually hearing Takeshi clear his throat; Takeshi presently didn't have a throat to clear. But it was certainly the mental equivalent thereof.

Ah... are you going to..?

There it was. The closest thing to an invitation Hayato was going to get. A smile played across his lips.

Only if you want me to.

He brought a hand to his thigh, close but not close enough to gratifying his arousal. Takeshi felt the anticipation, the warmth of skin against skin, and his presence grew tense.

Because I want to, Hayato continued. *I want you to feel what I feel. Will you let me?*

Any reluctance Takeshi had crumbled, loneliness and desperate desire winning out over guilt and shame.



I want to feel it, he admitted. *Please.*

Hayato wasn't inclined to keep him waiting, and Takeshi's reaction as he finally touched himself turned the familiar feel of his hand wrapped around his own cock into something extraordinary. He moaned aloud, in spite of himself.

How would you touch me if you were here? he asked.

I am here, Takeshi replied wryly.

Hayato let out a short, breathless laugh. *Smartass. Don't be pedantic.*

The banter at least seemed to have Takeshi feeling more comfortable, and he took his time considering his options. Hayato followed the thread of ideas with interest.

Slow at first, Takeshi finally directed. *Gently.*

You like to tease?

It's better when you have to wait.

Hayato did not agree with that. It felt ridiculous to be this worked up already, but the feeling of Takeshi's mind buried in his was having more of an effect on him than he'd expected. It didn't even feel like jacking off anymore. Takeshi watched through his eyes, felt what he was doing to the body they shared, down to the smallest details. The sound of his increasingly harsh breathing, the smell of his sweat. And Hayato, in turn, felt Takeshi's emotions, his pleasure, in tandem with his own, mirrored and doubled by their connection.

Your hands are soft, Takeshi observed. His 'voice' seemed fainter, likely from the effort of concentrating.

Softer than yours? Hayato wondered, wishing he could compare for himself.

Yes. Faster, please.



Hayato obliged, realizing with dismay that this would be over sooner rather than later as he did.

You're close? You're really enjoying this. Takeshi seemed surprised.

I am, Hayato affirmed. This feels better with you than it does alone. More intense. But I don't want to finish until you're ready.

I'm ready. Let me feel it.

Takeshi's consciousness melted into his the same way it did when they fought, radiating wonder and gratitude, lust and relief. Hayato tightened his grip, quickened his pace, and after a few strokes was careening over the edge, bringing Takeshi with him.

As he steadied himself in the aftermath, Takeshi's thoughts drifted into his.

Do you always make so much noise?

Hayato laughed. *Only when it's good. I can't wait to do this with you when you have your body back.*

It was the wrong thing to say. Hayato winced as Takeshi's mood crashed.

My body... when it's rebuilt, it'll be even less human than it was before. I don't know if I'll be capable of—

*Stop, Hayato interrupted. For God's sake, you're a brain in a jar and we **still** managed to get each other off. I am telling you, I will find a way.*

Takeshi didn't answer, but that didn't keep Hayato from knowing he believed him.



Pakige, Ooh Pakige

by Lucy

Rating: E

Series: Avatara Sentai Donbrothers

Pairing: Sonoi/Momoi Tarou

Other characters: Kitou Haruka, Saruhara Shinichi

A Tale of Tarou and Sonoi (narrated by Saruhara Shinichi)

By sparkling moonlight
Momoi Tarou bathes nude
Sonoi watches.

Intercepts Tarou
Kisses the man's peachy lips
Tarou says: "Wait, what?"

Sonoi must, with
Great hesitancy confess
His love for Tarou.

When Sonoi asks
If Tarou shares his feelings,
Tarou does not faint.

More kisses exchanged
Hands wander across Tarou's
Delicate torso.

Gently, Sonoi
Lies Tarou upon the grass
And sucks his willy.

Tarou, delighted,
Allows further touches and
Grips Sonoi's hair.



Sonoi removes
His fashion leader's outfit
Tarou is impressed.

Tarou soon begs for
Sonoi to please insert
His manhood within.

Sonoi will ask
“Have you any lubricant?”
Tarou nods his head.

Reaches in pocket
For a small bottle of lube
He carries always.

No time to dither,
Sonoi wets his fingers
And gets down to work

Between moans, Tarou
Declares Sonoi the best
Lover of all time.

After hasty prep
Sonoi asks for consent
Tarou will agree.

Sonoi enters
The peach's inner cavern
Tarou: elated.

Their bodies entwined,
The only sounds heard include
Gasps, cries, sweaty skin.



Before long, they reach
A spectacular climax
The two kiss, breathless.

“That was pretty good,”
Tarou declares with a smile.
Both know this is love.

Sonoi, relieved,
Says “at least you didn’t say
I did it all wrong.”

“I was quite impressed,”
Tarou says, as he dresses,
“Next time, I will top.”

Sonoi forgot
To ask Tarou why he bathed
Nude in the first place.

“You seriously wrote fanfic about what Tarou got up to with Sonoi?!” Haruka said.

“I have written an artistic interpretation of factual events,” said Shinichi.

“And you used the word ‘willy’ in it?! What are you, five?”

“I have censored the word I originally used. You’re under 18,” said Shinichi.

“It doesn’t matter! Don’t write about stuff like this! It’s creepy!” said Haruka.

Shinichi said, “I don’t think it’s any creepier than Tarou walking into Donbura and announcing he spent most of yesterday evening ‘getting railed by Sonoi beside the river.’”

He kind of had a point there.



Pitch written by Kitou Haruka and sent to her editor:

Momoka, the beautiful and charismatic captain of the school manga club, falls in love at first sight with Haruki: the hot, yet oblivious, delivery boy who arrives at her door one day with a package. She invites him inside for some of her beef stroganoff, which everyone in the neighbourhood raves over. Love is blossoming, but then she discovers Haruki is already sleeping with some flashy foreign girl. Momoka is heartbroken! After some contrived misunderstandings, the other girl goes back to America or wherever she came from, and Haruki and Momoka kiss. Flash forward five years where Momoka has graduated from college, become the most successful mangaka in Japan, and marries Haruki who now owns the delivery company.

Response from editor: *We have spoken about this before, Haruka. You'll have to come up with something a lot more original if you want to be taken seriously in this industry.*



by Spillingdown



Scratches In The Dark

by SleepySapphire

Rating: M

Series: Kamen Rider Ex-Aid

Ship: Graphite/Kujou Kiriya

Other Tags: spicy monster time

The overhanging clouds cast dark shadows as they passed by the little window over Kiriya's bed. The moon was brighter than usual that night and whenever her rays managed to peek in it created a little glowing box on the floor, just in front of his bedroom door. Other than that, his room was nice and dark; perfect for sleeping, if not for the peculiar scratching noise that suddenly came from under Kiriya's bed. He opened his eyes and sat up slowly, scanning the room for any telltale rodent-shaped lumps that could be scurrying around in the dark.

Nothing, of course. It wasn't as though Kiriya expected to see anything, either. He was alone in the apartment with just himself and the cool evening breeze that had come with sundown. Kiriya laid back down again, his arms and legs attaching themselves around a big, chunky serpent with wings. He sighed into cheap neon purple fluff, something feeling off as he tried to lull himself to sleep.

The breeze?

Kiriya sat up again, looking to the window that was ajar.

The window... it hadn't been open earlier, had it? Not when Kiriya had come out of his bath and prepared for bed.

Kiriya threw the blankets off and stood, barely setting his foot down on something soft and fleshy. Immediately, the bed shook, and the fleshy object retracted with a loud hiss as Kiriya jumped. "Holy shit!"

"You-!'" A voice under the bed cut themselves off, hissing in pain again. Kiriya dropped to his knees and peered under the bed.



“You okay, Graph? Sorry about that.” A pair of glowing eyes narrowed towards him from the darkness in response, and Graphite huffed.

“How am I to be the monster under your bed who ravages you in your sleep when you step on my tail?” Kiriya shrunk back a little, his hands clasped together in a silent prayer for forgiveness as he grinned, head still tilted to look under the bed.

“I’m soooooorry. It was an accident, I promise! I’m still waiting helplessly for you!” Kiriya reached under the bed, groping around in the darkness for Graphite. Something warm and leathery circled around his wrist and shot out of the bed, dragging Kiriya back and to his knees with a surprised gasp, his arm restrained above his head. He stared downwards, still only able to see Graphite’s eyes glowing from under the bed.

Kiriya licked his lips, a tingle running down his spine as he felt the appendage squeeze around his wrist, lifting him further up while aided by a second that had slipped behind him, pushing him forward and back up onto the bed. “Eh?? Graphite?”

Kiriya was slammed against their pillows face first, his other arm quickly pinned at his back, wrist to wrist. It took him a few moments to shake off his confusion as a third of Graphite’s tails slid down his spine slowly with intention.

“You’re waiting for me; helplessly. Are you not?” Kiriya gave an eager nod into the pillow as the long length of Graphite’s tails continued to constrict around his arms, almost painfully, and several more slithered out from the darkness and up along the sheets, wrapping around Kiriya’s calves and ankles to keep them apart.

There was a gentle huff of amusement beside Kiriya’s ear, and the tail that had been moving down his back suddenly slipped around the front of his hip, giving a teasing flick at the tip of Kiriya’s half-hardened erection. “Already?”

Kiriya jumped, his face burning as he hardened further. Graphite’s voice was free from malice, and Kiriya suddenly felt hot breath



against his ear. He moaned into the pillow, wiggling his rear playfully.

“P-Please, Mr. Scary Dragon...”

“Quit that.” There was a snort in his ear, and the warmth beside him pulled back slightly as Graphite huffed again. Kiriya grinned and peeked up as he felt the bed dipping beside Kiriya’s shoulder as he set his chin on the mattress from the underside.

Anyone else might have been horrified to see such a monster creeping out from under their bed, but to Kiriya he was just darling Graphite. Even when he tried to pretend he was scary for a spicy role play, he couldn’t manage it because he’d end up getting too eager thinking about how it felt to have the weight of Graphite’s massive body pinning him down, tails wriggling and fangs nipping—

“I fail to see how you’re affected so.”

“Shhhhh. It’s hard to explain!” Kiriya wiggled his face out from the pillow, making kissy lips towards the massive face that loomed over him from the darkness. A long tongue briefly flicked across his cheek, before Graphite suddenly disappeared from Kiriya’s line of sight. The tendrils loosened, and Kiriya suddenly found himself flipped onto his back. Kiriya couldn’t help but let out a breathless laugh, leaning into the claw that trailed delicately up his jaw, pausing at his lower lip.

“You humans are beyond my comprehension... but I find ourselves compatible, so-- Hgn-- ” Kiriya’s tongue licked along the tip of Graphite’s claw, and Graphite suddenly jerked away. Kiriya barely managed a smirk as one of Graphite’s tails suddenly slid between his lips. Soft scales pressed gently against his mouth, firm enough to silence him without leaving a bruise. He wriggled halfheartedly, enjoying the feel of his muscles straining in Graphite’s hold. Over him, he could see Graphite’s eyes glowing in the darkness once again as a comforting and familiar weight settled over him.

“You’re rather needy, aren’t you? I’ll take things from here, Lazer...”







Scratches in the Dark by Tobe



Only The Full Moon Knows

by Yuuto

Rating: E

Characters: Sonoi/Momoi Tarou

There was a soft sound in the darkness. A bump, a muffled curse.

Then everything else was forgotten as Sonoi pressed Tarou against the closed door, their lips meeting with something much like urgency. Fingers wrapped around whatever piece of clothing they could find, each dragging the other as close as possible.

They didn't make it more than a few steps into Tarou's small apartment before they wound up on the floor in a heap with yet another loud thump.

Hopefully Tarou's neighbors would not come knocking to complain, Sonoi thought to himself. His hands drifted down to grasp the other man's ass, unable to keep his hips from bucking upward against Tarou's tempting body. He heard Tarou's soft groan, half lost in the kiss, then Tarou's body pushed against Sonoi's in response, and it felt as though he were on fire.

Everything was lost in the frenzied kisses, the way they rutted against one another, until they each came with low animalistic growls, fingers tightening around clothing and digging into the skin beneath.

They managed to drag themselves up off the floor, stumbling across the floor toward Tarou's room, still unable to break contact with each other. Lips, tongues, and teeth; soft moans that grew louder and more desperate with each passing moment.

Sonoi's hip bumped into the small table where Tarou ate his meals, and it took all of his willpower to keep from pressing Tarou against the piece of furniture and ravaging him until he were a shuddering mess.

As tempting a thought as it was, they did not have everything



they needed in this room. He did not wish to harm Tarou with no preparation at all before they lost themselves in one another.

Besides, Tarou's bed was only a short distance away.

They both seemed to have more trouble than usual, making it into Tarou's room without bumping into the door frame, tripping over the other's feet in their haste. Tarou found himself abruptly landing on the mattress, barely managing to sit up far enough to reach his bedside table, fingers scrabbling for the bottle of lube and a condom, before Sonoï's hands deftly relieved him of every stitch of clothing, and Tarou happily surrendered to the other man.

Sonoï had been a fast learner, Tarou thought to himself, unable to keep from gasping as the other man began to prep him, Sonoï's lips seeming to eagerly swallow every sound that was wrested from Tarou's lips.

Their being together like this was forbidden—they were enemies, and Sonoï always made his intention to defeat Tarou quite clear—and yet, they continued to seek one another out, unable to keep from finding a bit of relief in one another.

Tarou was tugged onto Sonoï's lap—the Noto always seemed to enjoy having Tarou ride him, just as much as he enjoyed making Tarou squirm beneath him. Tarou was fine with either, but this way, he couldn't help but tease Sonoï just a bit. The deliberate slowness as he lowered himself onto Sonoï's cock, hearing the other man's breathy gasps, those vibrant blue eyes locked on him, Sonoï's hands on Tarou's hips.

It always started out in that teasingly slow manner, but sooner or later, one of them would become impatient, and Tarou would feel Sonoï's nails digging into his hips, and then Sonoï's length would be fully inside him. There would barely be time for soft sounds of surprise before one of them would begin moving.

Secretly, Tarou loved when Sonoï wrapped his arms around him, pulling him flush against his chest. Having Sonoï lose his composure, thrusting up into him as if they didn't have a moment

to lose, the soft creak of the bed frame as they moved... it all never failed to bring Tarou to the brink much sooner than he would like.

But there was just as much appeal in the times that Tarou took his time, moving his body with deliberate slowness, looking down at Sonoi in the dark room, barely making out his features but knowing that he was slowly coming undone with each motion of Tarou's hips.

Sometimes, Sonoi would become impatient if Tarou teased him for too long, and would take over. Other times, his hands moved across Tarou's body slowly, worshipfully, even as soft sounds of pleasure were wrested from his lips.

Tarou didn't know which he preferred.

Afterward, they would lay in a heap, panting as they came down from their orgasms. Tarou usually dozed, but even now, he still was uncertain if Sonoi slept. He had woken on occasion to find Sonoi simply observing him, fingers brushing his hair away from his eyes, a murmured apology for waking him.

It was a surprisingly intimate side to Sonoi. But Tarou had felt the other man's fingers on his skin as he dozed, as if he were committing Tarou's body to memory. Sonoi never held him, never anything as casual as an arm around Tarou's waist. Perhaps that was too much for Sonoi to consider.

Tarou couldn't help but smile at that. Sex was fine, but the simple act of holding your partner was taboo?

But perhaps it was. Sonoi was one of the group who fought against vain, greedy humans who had lost themselves to their darker sides. Perhaps he was afraid of becoming too much like them, if he lowered his defenses too much.

And they were still enemies.

At some point before dawn, when Tarou inevitably fell into slumber, Sonoi rose from the bed, retrieving his clothing, and left the apartment. He told himself every time that he could not do this



again.

And yet, only a handful of days would pass before he found himself before Momoi Tarou once again, found himself in Momoi Tarou's bed once again.


“How does he hold such power over me?”

He was no closer to finding an answer.

Perhaps just one more visit... perhaps that would make everything clear.

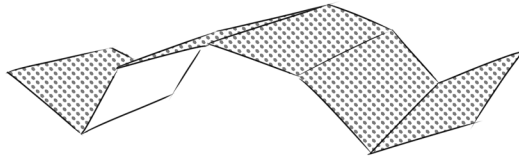


Craft Corner

By Aquabluejay 

Make Your Own: Coffee Kaito's Photo Book

1) Cut along dashed lines.
Using a ruler and knife
is recommended.



2) Fold between pages,
creating valley and
mountain folds
as shown the
diagram above.

3) Optional --
Use a toothpick
to glue the
spine and
press under
weight.

Printing on
cardstock
110LB Index 199
g/m² or similar
is recommended
to get correct
thickness.



1.5 in plushies/SHF



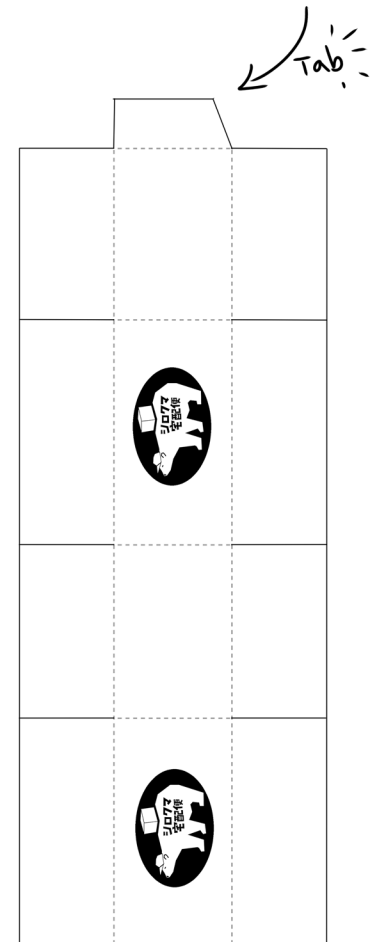
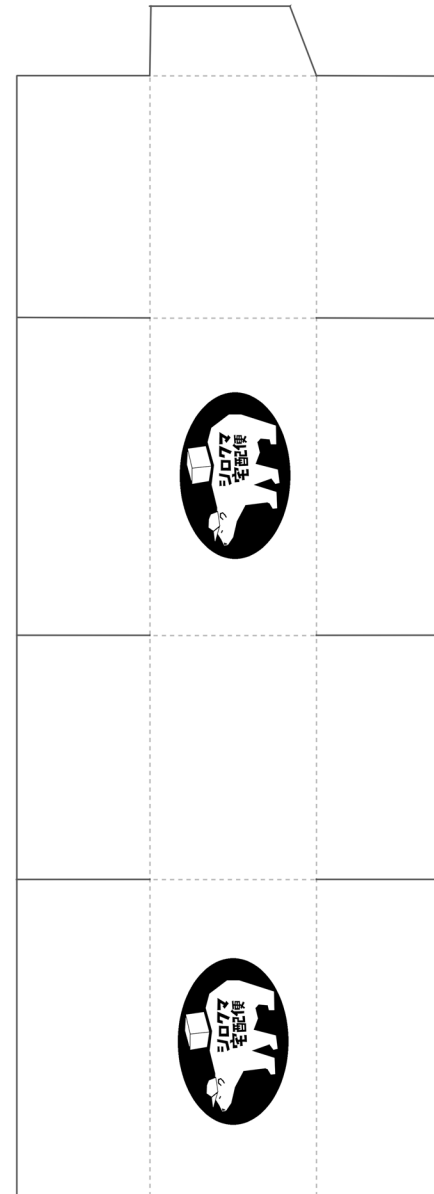
1 in Change Heroes

Make Your Own: Shirokuma Express Box

1) Cut all solid
lines.

2) Mountain fold all
dashed lines.

3) Glue tab to inside
of opposite end,
then glue bottom
flaps to
form a bottom.



Bonk In The Night

by Aquabluejay

Rating: T

Characters: Kito Haruka, Inuzuka Tsubasa, Goshikida Kaito, the juuto cop

Other tags: ominous origami, Haruka typical violence

Haruka was heading home when she ran into Tsubasa. Or more accurately, he ran into her. He'd sprinted around a corner while casting panicked glances over his shoulder rather than looking where he was going.

It was later than Haruka was usually out. She was heading home after a party. The Donbrothers -- most of them since the little black doggy continued to be a mystery and no one liked Jiiro -- had gone out to eat together celebrating another victory.

Tsubasa yelped in surprise as they collided, switching to hurried apologies, grabbing Haruka's elbow to help her up. He was already getting up to run again before he recognized her. He was obviously on the run from the cops again, and to Haruka's eyes, looking more tired than she'd seen him since the time he'd been ill at Tsuyoshi's. He was plainly in need of a rest. Didn't the cops ever call it a night? Weren't they human too?

At that moment a strange, animalistic growl from around the corner did seem to call that into question. Tsubasa stiffened, eyes flicking around, preparing to run off again, but -- oh was he concerned about leaving her there?

Hardly sparing a thought for what good manga material the situation would be, Haruka grabbed Tsubasa's arm and yanked him after her. He stumbled along in surprise for a moment before settling into a run beside her, easily keeping pace with his much longer legs despite his fatigue.

They were only a few blocks from Cafe Donbura. She knew where Master kept the spare key hidden outside, having had to open or close by herself due to circumstances a few times. She



yanked Tsubasa down an alleyway -- a shortcut.

Haruka retrieved the spare key from its hiding spot among the potted plants decorating the alley and let them in, locking the door behind Tsubasa. She skipped turning on the lights, not wanting to attract any attention to a business that should be long closed for the night in case their pursuers should come sniffing around.

Haruka stepped farther into the cafe, moving confidently through the familiar space despite the darkness. Tsubasa lingered near the door where the city's glow filtered through the figured glass of the sidelights.

That was, until she realized with a sudden chill, that there was something inside the cafe with them.

Tsubasa was accounted for, still behind her shuffling awkwardly by the door, but the glass and metal canisters shelved on the back wall glinted in the faint light. Something was shifting in front of them -- a black shape, invisible but for where it blocked or revealed the reflections.

The cafe was Haruka's workplace, so naturally she was not only familiar with its layout, but maintained a mental list of all the objects on the premises which could be used as bludgeoning implements. She'd compiled it her first week in the cafe, and by her second she'd developed a ranking system scored on accessibility and lethality. There was a cast iron table bell at the end of the counter which rated very favorably in both categories.

Darting forward, she felt for the edge of the counter, then grabbed for the bell. It was one of the many antique curiosities scattered around the periphery of the cafe as decor, for display rather than use, but it was solid metal and heavy. The weight was a comfort in her hands as she turned swiftly towards the lurking threat, weapon at the ready.

Haruka took a savage swing at the intruder, hoping to incapacitate them before they could react. Her blow connected and the figure collapsed into the shadowy void of the floor.



Pressing her advantage, Haruka lashed out again, driving a kick blindly into the impenetrable shadows. Her foot met what felt like flesh. She kicked again, harder now that she knew she wouldn't just bang her toes against the counter. Her efforts were rewarded with a pained cry.

Tsubasa flicked the lights on. Haruka squinted against the sudden brightness, backing away from potential retaliation as her eyes adjusted.

“Master?!?” Haruka squeaked in surprise.

Crumpled on the floor before her was the cafe owner, Goshikida Kaito. Far from his usual unflappable self. Blood was running down his face from his hairline. He lay on his side, barely conscious. He blinked heavily against the lights and the blood running down his face into his eye.

“Master? Master?! Say something!” Haruka demanded.

Kaito's eyes shifted a little but didn't focus on her. She patted her hands over him, checking for other injuries. He flinched at the sudden contact but didn't react further until her hands found the place over his ribs where she suspected she must have kicked him. Gasping, he recoiled, pressing his back to the counter wall. He curled into himself, panting, pulling in pained little gulps of air.

When he shifted, something fell from Kaito's breast pocket, scattering on the floor. It looked like several origamis. Haruka picked one up to inspect it. It was a crumpled black and white bird -- a penguin she thought, before it was smacked out of her hand.

“Eh!? What are you doing?!” Haruka cried at Tsubasa, who had come to kneel behind her. Instead of answering, he grabbed her by the soldiers and dragged her away backwards.

“What's the matter with you?!” she demanded angrily.

Tsubasa tried hurriedly to explain about the origami cranes and Natsumi but he knew it just sounded crazy. The origami bird lay there, completely innocuous. When it continued to do nothing evil



for several more seconds, he relented.

“I... sorry... I thought... Nevermind,” Tsubasa said. Haruka looked at him uncomprehendingly.

Before she could consider turning the bell on Tsubasa to coerce some real answers, they were distracted by the cafe owner’s voice.

“Nnn- no. No!” Kaito stuttered out brokenly. His eyes had regained some focus and he stared up at them in glassy horror for a moment. Then he threw himself forward, fingers scrabbling over the floor as he gathered up the scattered penguins in panic. He stuffed them back into his pocket with more haste than precision until all but the one Tsubasa had swatted out of reach had disappeared. Finally, he slumped over again, both hands clasped over the pocket as if to hide it. But they’d already seen.

Haruka and Tsubasa watched the cafe owner with alarm. They scooted cautiously closer again.

“Well, I think he has a concussion,” Haruka ventured. Tsubasa nodded dumbly beside her. A concussion seemed a safe bet, at minimum. Meanwhile his own suspicions were rising again. What did all that mean? Or had Haruka simply knocked all sense out of the poor man?

Haruka considered her option. They’d have to call an ambulance for Kaito, there didn’t seem to be any way around it. But what would she tell them? That it was an accident? That someone broke in and they just found him like this? Perhaps he tripped in the dark and hit his head... No, that wouldn’t explain the other bruises he’s likely to develop.

Should she say it was a burglary? The blame could easily fall on Tsubasa. She didn’t want to make things worse for him but she really didn’t want to get in trouble either. Oh no, what if Master fired her for this? She didn’t think he’d press charges but she had snuck in after hours... Maybe he wouldn’t even remember what happened when he came to his senses... Maybe she should have hit him a little harder to be sure.

Before Haruka could settle on a course of action, her train of thought was interrupted by a snarl. She and Tsubasa turned towards the sound. That cop from before stood -- well more sort of hunched like some sort of animal -- in the doorway. Tsubasa was all too aware that this officer was dangerous, and quite possibly inhuman. He prepared himself to protect Haruka, searching for an exit not blocked by the ominous figure.

Suddenly Kaito was on his feet. He rolled his neck and his body followed, lurching upright in a way that was somehow at once both jerky and fluid and completely unnatural. The sound of joints cracking that accompanied the movements was enough to make Haruka's skin crawl.

Kaito drew himself up, lowered his head and tipped it to one side at an angle that a human spine certainly should not have been capable of, and fixed one eye on the intruder. Blood was still running down his face, making for a terrifying sight.

Then he made a sound. Not like a human, but rather like a bird. It was a metallic, gakkering sort of caw that resonated from deep in his chest. It was not a human sound at all. Not a sound a human should be capable of.

The not-cop snarled but shifted, looking less menacing suddenly. Kaito gave the cry again, harsher, scolding, and he tossed his head to the other side. The bluster seemed to go out of the definitely-not-a-cop-thing and it turned and slunk away, growling half heartedly as it retreated.

With the intruder dealt with, Kaito turned himself. He walked with a strange gait, back to the counter. He climbed onto one of the barstools before pulling a stack of square cut paper towards himself and beginning to fold. He no longer acknowledged them at all -- not when they called his name, or even when Haruka waved a hand in front of his face. One after another, he turned out origami penguins. As each one was completed, he placed it upright on the counter and immediately began another. And another. And another. A small army of penguins began to form beside him as they





watched.

After a while, the available space within arms reach was full. The addition of each new penguin began to jostle the previous ones until penguins began to shower over the edge of the counter and fall to the floor.

It was at that point Tsubasa grabbed Haruka by the arm and ran, yanking her after him out the still open front door despite her protests. He'd rather take their odds with the not-a-cop thing outside than stick around to see what happened with whatever had scared it off.

Tsubasa stopped running eventually, when they were both gasping for breath. Haruka yelled at him for dragging her away without asking but in the end, she didn't go back that night. Kaito didn't seem like he was about to drop dead, he'd gotten up and... started folding those birds on his own... that probably meant he was going to be fine...right? Unsettled, and exhausted, Haruka hurried and caught the last train home instead.



The next day Haruka had a work shift scheduled. She hadn't heard anything from Kaito otherwise so she trepidatiously made her way to the cafe.

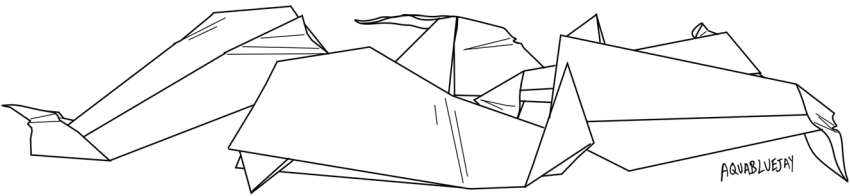
When she arrived, the cafe owner was behind the counter as he usually was. The only sign that anything had happened was a small band aid peeking out from beneath Kaito's bangs. He skillfully dodged her attempts to question him as he always had, changing the subject or simply meeting her with silence and a raised eyebrow. She couldn't decipher the dark look in his eyes when she alluded to what happened, or if he even knew what she was talking about. It was a small comfort that it was exactly how he'd always been, the mysterious bastard.

There was no origami anywhere. Haruka even looked in the trash. Briefly, she thought she'd found one while sweeping under

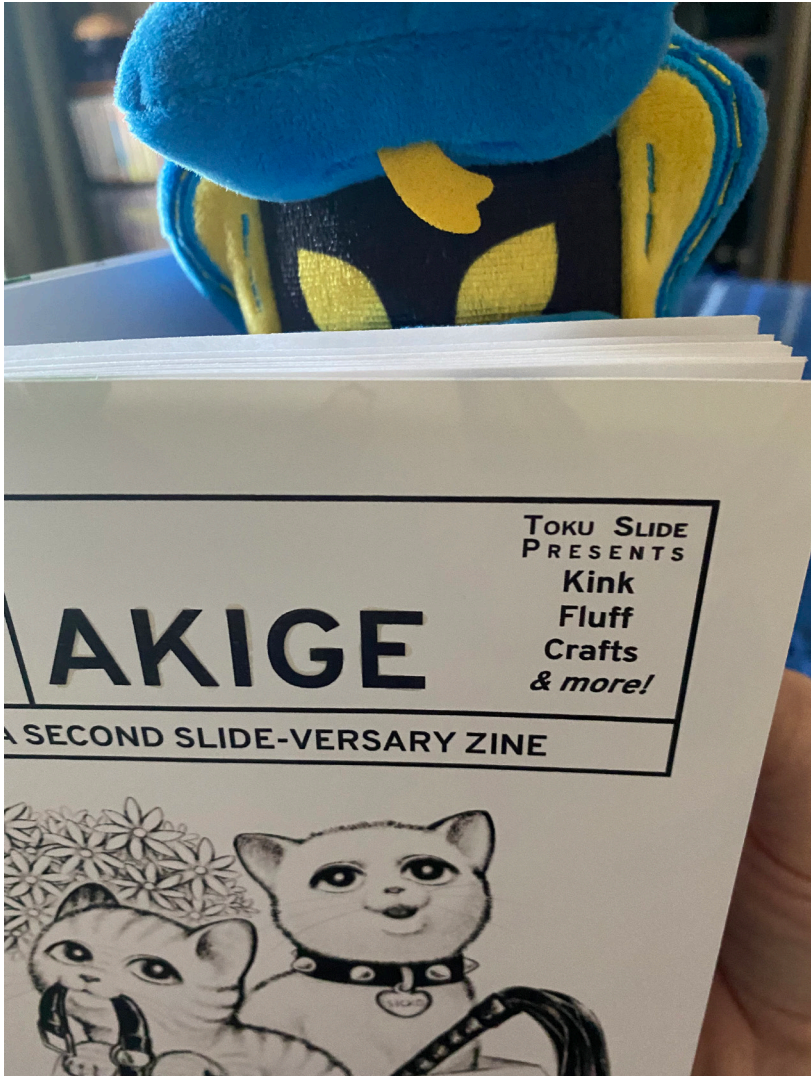


a table but upon closer examination it turned out to only be a discarded receipt from some place called Capitola, bizarrely listing the purchase of diving fins and a cappuccino.

The bell was the only thing out of place. It was nowhere to be found. In its former place at the end of a counter, a new sign had appeared, announcing that a personalized signature from the hero himself was free with any food or drink purchase, with a little pointing hand indicating the photo books stacked beside it.



Praise for volume 1!



“Rabu rabu kov rabu rabu rabu!”
-some kind of creature or thing

A Little Less Lonely Together

by DroppedAllTheseOreos

Rating: G

Characters: Gaon, Goshikida Kaito

Kaito rolled over, blearily asking to sleep for just a few more minutes. His eyelids fluttered for a moment, but whatever woke him up seemed to stop or go away. Kaito breathed in deeply, then snuggled into his pillow, ready to fall back asleep. He took in a few more slow and steady breaths, his body feeling heavier and heavier with each one.

Just as he was on the brink, something on his bed shifted its weight and Kaito's body slid towards it, his thigh bumping against something solid.

Humming curiously, Kaito opened his eyes again. He rolled over towards his window as he realized whatever was in his bed must've been what initially woke him up.

After a few blinks, Kaito's vision cleared to take in his bedroom, barely lit by moonlight seeping through the window. And hovering above him ominously, a dark silhouette, with two green eyes glowing down with a soul piercing stare.

Kaito jolted up in surprise, barely managing to clap his hands over his mouth to muffle his scream.

The figure above him flinched as well, and it crouched down, letting the light hit it to reveal...

"Gaon!" Kaito whispered harshly as he sat there in shock.

The kikanoid flinched, claws tightening in the sheets. He looked ashamed, but Kaito wasn't sure if it was from getting caught or something else.

Kaito turned the other way, checking on Zyuran and Vroon, who were fast asleep in their usual spots. Okay, so hopefully no fights broke out that Kaito had been passed out for. He met Gaon's



eyes, reflecting the moonlight in a cat-like way.

“Is something wrong, Gaon?”

Gaon looked away, shrugging and shaking his head.

“Can’t sleep?”

Gaon shrugged again. “Guess so. I feel... restless. I thought I’d get some air on the roof. Nothing really feels like it’ll help, but that seems like the best option anyway.”

Kaito hummed thoughtfully. “Only restless? Or is there something to it?”

The words seemed to strike a nerve, Gaon’s shoulders rolled up defensively and he crouched further down like he was getting ready to pounce away.

A playful smile spread over Kaito’s still sleepy face, “Well, since you won’t tell me anything, guess I can’t do anything about it. I might’ve offered to let you sleep up here next to me, but it sounds like you need some space right now.”

Gaon’s tail went rigid as his head perked up.

“I feel alone! I don’t know why, I know everyone’s here but I’m lonely for some reason!” He said in a rush, just barely keeping his voice down to keep from waking Zyuran or Vroon.

Kaito’s body shook with quiet laughter as he patted the bed next to him, and scooted over to give Gaon room.

Gaon shuffled a little to change his aim and pounced right into Kaito’s chest, immediately curling up against him. He bumped his head under Kaito’s chin a few times, then nestled in, burying his face against Kaito’s neck. Kaito chuckled, but as he looked closer, he realized Gaon was hugging himself tight, almost tucked up into a ball.

A sudden pressure weighed on Kaito’s chest. He was pretty sure he was at least familiar with what Gaon was feeling. Because even



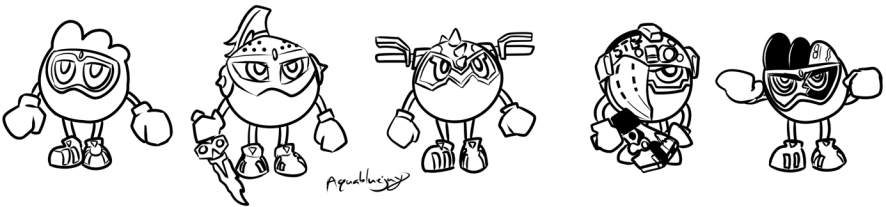
with all his new, wonderful friends around him every day, he still missed his parents because it wasn't exactly the same. Kaito wanted to give him some reassurance, even if it wouldn't help much. He knew he appreciated it when everyone offered whatever they could to help him get his parents back, so if he could return even a little of that kindness to Gaon now, Kaito would do it.

He slowly wrapped his arms around Gaon, but the kikanoid tensed at the contact. Kaito stopped. For a moment, they both stayed frozen like that, until Gaon removed his head from Kaito's neck. Soon, he came face to face with those green eyes again, staring into the depths of him. After a moment of watching Kaito silently, Gaon tucked his head back under Kaito's chin, then stretched out to press their bodies flush.

Taking that as a cue to keep going, Kaito finally wrapped his arm around Gaon's shoulders, pulling him in even closer.

"G'night, Kaito," Gaon mumbled, his voice tiny even in the silence of Kaito's bedroom.

Kaito squeezed his arm around Gaon a bit tighter, and planted a little kiss on the top of his head, "Good night, Gaon."



Mighty Puzzle Squad by Aquabluejay





by Neckspike

Rating: E

Series: Kamen Rider 000

Other tags: Monsterfucking nonsense

It was a whiff of desire that woke him. So rich and repressed it straddled the border between ripe and rotten, wafting across their little room in the strange hours where midnight was long gone but dawn was still an eternity away. The kind of desire that did things to the human body he wore as well as stimulated his hunger for medals.

His eyes opened but he made no move to leave his nest. The bed was still.

No, not quite. Hushed, labored breathing. Surreptitious movement under the blanket.

Curious. It was just the two of them here and Ankh was used to Eiji containing about as much desire as Chiyoko's sewing tin contained cookies. It might smell faintly of the treats depicted on the lid when opened, but whatever petrified crumbs might still be hiding among the spools and pins weren't even worth considering.

Eiji made a stifled sound and froze. Ankh remained still, looking through his eyelashes to make it seem as though he was still asleep. Hurried rustling. Eiji emerged from the covers and tiptoed quickly towards the door.

He barely had time to register the thump of bare feet hitting the floor before he was spun around, slamming into the door with Ankh's scaly talon gripping his face.

Ankh leaned in close, inhaling deeply next to Eiji's neck. The desire was so thick it was almost sickening, like opening the sewing tin to find it inexplicably overflowing with buttery sweet cookie dough on the verge of going rancid.

Even if he couldn't read human desires, and he could, the little



sounds Eiji was making in his throat and the way his breath hitched when Ankh's fingers moved told him enough. Humans were so ridiculous.

And Ankh was so damn hungry.

"Ankh." Eiji whispered, distorted by the claws squeezing his cheeks.

"Shhh." Ankh hushed him. Without the ability to make a Yummy even this much desire wouldn't amount to many medals, but it would be something. At least the detective's memories of all those porn movies might turn out useful after all.

Or not. Eiji, with impressive self-control, pushed him away.

"You want this."

"I can't." Eiji's face was flushed up to his ears, eyes focused on the ground. Boxers tented prominently. "That's not your body, I can't do that to the detective."

"Tch." Ankh scowled. It was maddening to be practically stewing in this desire and let it all just drain away in the bathroom. If he could only make a Yummy there would be no problem, but every effort left him with nothing but a burning sensation in his arm and no charged cell medal to show for it. He could see the damn coin slot in that beautiful idiot's forehead.

Without thinking about it he tried anyway. A lance of burning pain shot down his arm.

But it was there, burning between his fingers. Just one cell medal. All he needed.

Eiji turned to look and the medal struck home before Ankh was even conscious of flicking it. He stepped away as Eiji's body jerked and the Yummy burst forth.

It was tall, with the lean but sculpted body common to the men in the detective's porn movies. Those men weren't blue, though. Nor did they have scaly black claws for hands and feet, or half of



a human face (the half with very kissable lips) peeking out of the feathers on a towering neck that tapered up to a mildly deranged looking peacock's head. The large cock looked on par, though.

“Eh?” Eiji managed to squeeze out, staring dumbly up at the Peacock Yummy.

It struck a pose, room spanning tail fanning up behind it with a shivering sound like a breeze through bamboo. Eiji's face flushed beet red.

“Oi!” Ankh yelled from his nest, swatting blue and green feathers out of his face. “Just fuck him already! And put your tail down so I can see!”

“EHH?? AN—” Eiji's protest was cut off by the Yummy pulling him into a kiss, pressing their bodies together as its scaly hands caressed his back. Ankh could see him melt into the touch, smelled his desire spike to nearly suffocating levels as the peacock's blunt claws dragged down his skin. At least the stupid creature had lowered it's tail. Ankh flicked the lights on so he could see better.

Ankh watched as it scooped Eiji off his feet in a princess carry only to deposit him on the bed two steps away. Eiji was enraptured. Lost in his own desires as he kissed the monster back, hands roaming it's muscular back and clutching fistfulls of iridescent feathers as though it might get away from him if he let go. He laughed when it peeled his boxers off, gasping and cooing at the careful brush of claws against tender skin.

It was different from watching the detective's movies, somehow. Not just because those didn't usually contain monsters. Or because they were recorded and not happening live in front of him. The movies had better angles, definitely, but that wasn't it. Eiji, as stupid as he could be, wasn't bad to look at. His voice wasn't bad either, the way he was begging as the Peacock Yummy slowly worked its slick cock into him was very stimulating.

“Ahhhn, Ankh... more...”



If only that idiot would stop calling that stupid thing by *his* name, it pissed him off even as the sound made his dick throb. Stupid humans. Stupid human bodies.

But, the medals were jingling down. This would be one big haul he didn't have to fight for and try to snatch off the ground. He shoved his irritation down, let the idiot have his stupid fantasy. Tonight he would FEAST!

And as long as the medals kept coming, he might as well let them keep at it. The Peacock Yummy seemed content to methodically pound Eiji into the bed until the fool finally had his fill. In the meantime his borrowed body was simply begging for release.

He pressed his aching cock head against the center of his Greed palm, biting his lip at the sensation as it was swallowed up. Inside was hot like flesh and he manipulated his medals to apply just the right amount of pressure, simulating a stroking motion as they rolled up and down his shaft in unison. It was a good trick. He purposely lost himself in the sounds Eiji was making over there, trying to match the Yummy's pace with his own.

As though it was on the same wavelength, the Peacock Yummy leaned back while pulling Eiji nearly upright. Practically putting him on display for Ankh. His flushed skin was speckled with hick-eyes, hair sticking to his face in sweat damp strands. Eiji's voice rose, gasping as the Yummy increased the pace. It thrust up into him relentlessly, practically bouncing him on its lap as he braced against its chest.

"Ankh..." Eiji gasped. "Ankh please... Ankh..."

Ankh could barely take it. His pace broke and he shuddered, shooting his load into his own medals. He slumped, resting bonelessly on his makeshift nest as he watched the pair on the bed. He was starting to wonder how much of this Eiji could stand when he finally started to shake, the monster fucked him steadily through his orgasm. Cradling him rather tenderly on its chest when he collapsed with the beast's cock still buried inside him.

The Yummy was practically hanging off the footboard so when it stretched its long neck toward Ankh and squawked softly he only had to reach out to touch it. The wild bird eyes boggled for a second as he flicked its beak with a claw before it collapsed into a great pile of medals, dropping Eiji and half burying him in cell medals as they slid outwards.

Ankh licked his lips as he dropped to the floor, this was an incredible haul of medals. He hopped onto the bed, sliding on the medals even as he plunged his arm eagerly into them.

Eiji tried to wriggle out from under the mass of cell medals, rubbery post orgasm limbs hindering his escape efforts. He finally heaved himself up towards the head of the bed with an effort so great that he slumped forward a minute, resting with his arms hanging limply between his spread legs.

The whump of Eiji flopping back on the mattress didn't distract Ankh from gorging on cell medals. Not until Eiji knocked weakly on his left arm.

He looked. Eiji was holding a glistening cell medal loosely in his fingers, offering it to him.

"This one was inside me." Eiji said, his voice dazed.

Ankh stared at the proffered medal, doing the mental arithmetic of what part of the Yummy it had been and exactly where 'inside' was.

"You keep it." Ankh closed Eiji's fingers over the medal and gave them a pat. "For doing a good job."

"Oh." Eiji seemed to consider this for a while. Finally his hand dropped back down to his chest, the medal loosely clasped in his fingers. "Thanks, Ankh."



Wha--



YOU!!!!!!!!!!



The BIG DUCK

Fowl of Extra-Ordinary Proportions

BIG BOOK OF BIRDS

The BIG DUCK

I NEED CRABS NOW

metsuboujinrai.net

DIRT EVENT!

I NEED CRABS NOW

FASHION LEADER

Swanboatacou

Are you not seduced?

Bas-gach

Profanity

SEEDS

suspected penguin

SALE DoDo Stock up & Save!!!!

The BIG DUCK

Fowl of Extra-Ordinary Proportions

BIG BOOK OF BIRDS

The BIG DUCK

I NEED CRABS NOW

metsuboujinrai.net

DIRT EVENT!

I NEED CRABS NOW

FASHION LEADER

Swanboatacou

Are you not seduced?

Bas-gach

Profanity

SEEDS

suspected penguin

SALE DoDo Stock up & Save!!!!

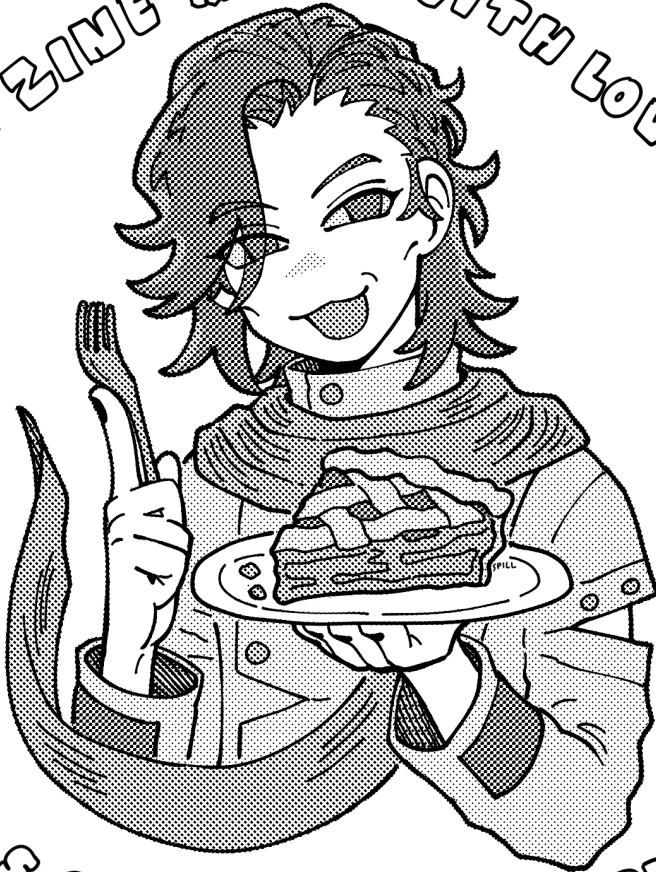
The BIG DUCK

Fowl of Extra-Ordinary Proportions

BIG BOOK OF BIRDS

The BIG DUCK

A ZINE MADE WITH LOVE



AS SWEET AS APPLE PIE

SPOOKY # X /10

SLIDE TRACKING #



1920 9121 2151 4121 5212 057719