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Toku Slide *Presents*

PAKIGE

A BEACHY CELEBRATION OF 4 YEARS OF SLIDE!



*Fun in the sun*  
**art \* fic \* crafts**  
GUARANTEED BUGS!  
*100% Slide Nonsense*

*Summer  
Buggin'!*



# PAKIGE 3

3 volumes, 4 years, limitless nonsense.

Featuring, as always:

**ART!**

**FIC!**  
**CRAFTS!**

and bugs!

*Another satisfied PAKIGE fan!*



PAKIGE: not for kids! ...Probably ok for demons

This issue of Pakige is dedicated to the memory of

**William Perry Jr.**

(May 31, 1965 – August 7, 2023)

also known as

**DJ Casper**

**Mr. C the Slide Man**



We would not be Toku Slide without you.



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Summer bug hunting with Gatakiriba by Linky

# Shōbits

by SleepySapphire

“Like this~!” Hands adored by the sun and so very, very warm guided Stacey as Kaito appeared in front of him and took him to the river’s edge. An old man at least four heads shorter than Stacey grinned up at them and gently yet skillfully placed a tiny lit candle in Stacey’s lantern as they placed it down, letting the lazy flow of the stream take it away. They watched for several minutes, and Stacey couldn’t help but notice that through the dimming light, Kaito would take a quick glance at him every now and then.

“What?” Never one to forgo a confrontation, he addressed Kaito.

Everyone had just set their lanterns down to float; it was a tradition with the festival they were attending, which happened at the end of every summer. Stacey didn’t remember what they had called it, but it was a celebration to help guide spirits from the world of the living back to where they belonged. It was an occasion where everyone ate lots of food, played games, and contemplated those of importance who had left them. A lot of festival attendees were also dressed up, himself and Kaito included, and it hadn’t been easy for Stacey to keep his eyes from wandering back to Kaito.

It wasn’t the sparkle of the fireflies that pulsed with life, or the haunting glow of dozens upon dozens of little paper lanterns floating down the river that kept catching Stacey’s eye. But rather Kaito himself.

He was always handsome, but there was something especially breathtaking about the way Kaito’s yukata rested against his broad shoulders, and the way his dark blue sleeves were loosely rolled to the shoulders. It was fitted



with a pale violet obi that perfectly complimented the body of Stacey's own yukata, however, and try as he might Stacey couldn't ignore the fact their outfits nearly matched for even ten minutes in rotating intervals.

"Nothing~ I just think it's cute we ended up matching after all. Zenryoku Kawaii~"

Stacey looked up at Kaito as the other man laughed, his cheeks throbbing with heat.

"You-!!"

"Ready to find the others? I think Juran is leading a firefly catching competition." He took Stacey's hand once again, leading them away from the ebb and flow of festival attendees and down a wooded footpath. Soon, the echo of nightlife overtook the beating of festival drums, broken only by the shuffling of their feet on the compact soil below.

"Did we go the right way?" Stacey huffed.

It was darker now; they followed dimly lit stone lanterns, hands still clasped, and Stacey was content as he listened to Kaito talk and talk, somehow avoiding the need for oxygen as he went. Wasn't the shrine ground supposed to be close by? It had been a while. "Kaito-" Stacey tripped all of a sudden, caught off guard as something sticky gave his ankle a tug. He let out an undignified gasp as he was suddenly lifted in the air. Kaito spun around and quickly snatched his other hand in a powerful grip.

"Stacey!! Wait, what's tha- Uwah!" A tendril wrapped around his waist, lifting him as well. There was no time for either of them to react as several other moist tentacles suddenly descended on them, slipping into their yukata from above and below with needy prods.

"Release me!" While Kaito remained calm, squirming only a little, Stacey was overcome by his instincts as a fighter.

He thrashed and pulled, refusing to be handled. “I won’t let-hah?!” Stacey nearly jumped out of his skin as he felt several tendrils start to rub him, both at his chest and rear. Kaito fared no different, except unlike Stacey he didn’t struggle.

“K-Kaito, these... things...”

“I know... I th-think they need... something.” Kaito’s cheeks were pomegranates, ripe and darkening with every press and slither. Stacey’s mind raced, wondering what kind of breeding methods this disembodied being was capable of. He squirmed, about to bite one as one of the tendrils slipped along his metal lobe “W-wait, Stacey!”

Stacey felt his yukata loosening down to his shoulders, and tentacles began to circle and tease his nipples. Kaito wiggled a little in his direction and the tentacles seemed to listen, bringing them closer together until Stacey could feel the heat radiating from Kaito. The tentacles then shifted, pressing Stacey heavily against Kaito from above. He let out a small moan as he felt Kaito press against him, aroused. “It wants to... with us. I think it n-needs... um, haa~” Kaito suddenly pressed his nose into Stacey’s neck, panting lightly. “Relief...”

“W-what? I can’t do that!” Despite his refusal, Stacey couldn’t deny the burning neediness that was swelling in him. He wiggled his hips as the tentacles continued to tease and massage them. Kaito gasped against him suddenly, and Stacey felt one of Kaito’s arms wrap around him.

“S-s’fine, it w-w- won’t hurt us!” Kaito’s lips suddenly found Stacey’s, and Stacey knew then he was going to short circuit as Kaito kissed him, greedy yet gentle. Immediately Stacey found himself giving in, finding it easier to trust Kaito than fight the fun and pleasing sensations he was overcome by.

“Okay...” Stacey gave a little nod as they parted lips, feeling breathless already. The tentacles took his consent





as their opportunity to proceed like they had with Kaito, and rather quickly something gooey began to press into his hole. Stacey gasped, his forehead falling against Kaito's collarbone as the tentacles worked him over, caressing him and beginning to rock gently until they-

Stacey blinked his eyes open, on his back with his head on Kaito's lap. He smiled, looking relieved. "You're awake!" Though he was particularly moist, Kaito was clothed and relaxed. Stacey sighed, trying to ignore how embarrassed he felt...

"So..."

"So...?"

"So, Stacey...?"

"Mmm?" Stacey's eyes fluttered closed as Kaito began to stroke his head; it was quite soothing.

"Stacey... Are Kikainoids like GLAMP's Shobits??"



# George's Marvelous Medicine

by Lucy

(Henrietta created by, and appears with permission of, Aqua. Daiji dating Henrietta occurs in Yuuto's fic "Daiji's Girlfriend.")

Karizaki George had just finished working out. He was toned, sweaty, and his entire workout had been caught on camera. Now all he had to do was send it to Hiromi, who would surely be overcome with lust and accept George's invitation for dinner (and possibly more) that evening.

George sat at his computer to edit together all the sexiest scenes from the footage, then sent it to Hiromi with the message: Check out my summer body xoxo.

A few minutes later, his phone rang. It was Hiromi! George congratulated himself on his powers of seduction, "Hey, baby," he said in English.

"Karizaki! We have an emergency!"

"Oh my God," said George. Why was there always some kind of disaster going on whenever he wanted to send Hiromi a sexy video?

"It's Henrietta," said Hiromi.

"Oh, Daiji's ex?" Henrietta lingered at the edges of George's social circle. Daiji was still bitter about the fact that everyone except him had noticed she was a chicken. George thought Henrietta could have been a bit more open about her background, but then, it was nothing to do with him. She still showed up occasionally, when she wasn't doing bird business



that was for birds. “What happened?”

“She’s grown to the size of a skyscraper and now she’s rampaging downtown,” said Hiromi. Sure enough, George could hear screams in the background. “Bluebird estimates that within two hours, she will have destroyed the whole of Tokyo and moved on to the rest of Honshu.”

“What,” said George. He could think of various ways that a chicken might grow to a giant size; but he wouldn’t expect any of them to happen on an average day.

“Can’t you do something?” Hiromi wailed. “Don’t you have a futuristic shrink ray thing in your lab?”

“No, actually. I’m working on it, but that tech won’t be ready until the 55th anniversary of Kamen Rider. It’s a plot point.”

Hiromi sighed. “Try something else, then! Hurry up or we’ll all get killed!” He hung up.

George quite liked the idea of not being crushed to death beneath the foot of a giant chicken, so that he could continue his voyage of scientific exploration and marry Hiromi one day. But he’d have to be very careful with Henrietta. He knew about altering states of matter; but didn’t know much about chickens. This was really a job for an experienced vet -

Perfect! The idea came into George’s genius brain that he could make a medicine for Henrietta. That should cure her mysterious affliction and get her back to her regular size! He did some quick calculations in his head. He should have most of the necessary pharmaceuticals, but there were a couple of things he couldn’t procure at short notice. For that, he would just have to improvise.

He combined various unpronounceable and highly dangerous chemicals in a saucepan. Then he went around the house and added a few extra ingredients:

- Shaving cream
- Hair bleach
- The remains of this morning's green smoothie
- Lube for hot sex purposes (he'd just have to buy some more before asking Hiromi out)
- Flea powder
- Wasabi
- The powdered bone of a wombat's knee
- Some kind of herbal tincture (actual medicine, for added punch and muscle)

George's extensive knowledge of chemistry told him this was the right mixture. He just had to hope his hasty calculations were accurate. He couldn't test this on himself, because he'd either shrink away into nothingness, or (if he'd made even the slightest error) suffer a very nasty death. This would have to do.

He gave the mixture a quick boil on the stove, producing clouds of magical blue smoke and wonder. Then he placed it in a vacuum-sealed container and headed over to Hiromi. Given the situation, Hiromi and the Bluebird team were looking just a little bit frazzled.

George ran forth, holding aloft the wondrous substance he had just invented, "Hiromi! We need a crane!"

"Why?" said Hiromi.

"To reach up to Henrietta and give her the marvelous medicine I made her! Bluebird has cranes. I know you do!"

"We can't!"

"Oh?" George smirked. It couldn't hurt to keep Hiromi on his toes, "That's too bad. I might have to go see Olteca and



ask him to pretty please get me a crane in exchange for one of my finest blowjobs.”

Hiromi rolled his eyes and said “No, you can’t use a crane. One bagok! from Henrietta and the sound vibrations will send you plummeting to your death!”

George hadn’t thought of that. Hiromi was right, “We need to get up to Henrietta! But how?”

“I know a guy,” said Hiromi.

Within a few minutes, schoolboy Kamen Rider and alchemist Ichinose Houtarou was on his way. The right combination of Ridechemy cards summoned a flying form so that he could get up to Henrietta’s level. George probably should have thought of that first.

“BAGOOOOOK!” cried Henrietta, glass smashing for miles around due to the vibration. George covered his ears and was very glad he hadn’t used a crane after all.

Houtarou took advantage of her momentarily opened beak to toss the bottle of medicine in there. George would have liked the container back, but under the circumstances, he couldn’t really complain.

Within seconds, Henrietta had shrunk back down to the size of a regular chicken. Houtarou floated gracefully back to earth, amid the cheers of the assembled crowd.

George and his marvelous medicine had saved the day. For a moment, he had touched the edge of a magical world with his fingertips. No one gave a shit because they were too busy fawning over Houtarou and wanting to interview him for the evening news. George thought it was a bit unfair that this kid had come along and stolen his thunder. But since he got to wake up next to Hiromi the following morning, and wasn’t dead, he considered this experiment a complete success.



# Normal Teenage Problems (Like The Horde of Evil Spiders)

by Aquabluejay

Sometime between the breaking of the seal on the undead and meeting Mutsuki, the Spiders had obtained a motorcycle license.

The Spiders' interest was a relatively recent development. After all, there had been no motor vehicles at the time of the last Battle Fight. They had become aware of the Humans at BOARD developing Green Clover to complement the belt intended to control them. The Spiders watched and listened and learned to operate the motorbike. It would be a useful skill, the Spiders thought. The Spiders liked the motorbike, even if they didn't like any of the humans who tried to fuse with them.

Each candidate provided by BOARD, they discarded. Even the milky boy they stole for themselves they quickly abandoned. None were a true fit. None felt fight. Until they found the boy.

The boy's mind was filled with visions of a small, dark space. Cool, enclosed. The coin locker that featured in his nightmares was an inviting retreat for the spiders and they quickly made themselves at home in the crevices of the boy's mind. Like all spiders, they loved a nice crevice.

They returned then, to liberate Green Clover from the remains of BOARD. The spiders were many but their chosen boy was one and the motorcycle proved useful for moving him swiftly from one location to another. Also, it was nice. To drive. The spiders discovered they enjoyed the feeling of the wind in their pedipalps.



All of this Mutsuki understands from what the Spiders whisper to him as they assure him he is the specialist boy in the whole world and they will never ever leave him. What he does not understand is how and why they'd gone as far as obtaining the proper government certification.

He holds the license card in his hand, staring at the picture of what ought to be a person's face, but instead is definitely the upturned collar of a trench coat and a fedora tipped low over what seems to be a few hundred eyes glinting from the shadowed gap between.

“How the f--”

---

Mutsuki finds a note on his desk reading:

We are out of peanut butter. Also, canned pineapple.

The writing looks strange and when Mutsuki squints at it, the characters suddenly dissolve and he jerks back, realizing that the “writing” had been formed not by ink, but by a dozen, very small spiders assuming the necessary shapes on top of a slip of paper.

A shopping list. From the Spiders. What use the spiders would have for either item is unclear, but if they're out they're out. So Mutsuki decides to stop by a store while he's out.

Later that night, Mutsuki notices a jar of peanut butter near the foot of his bed, almost indistinguishable beneath the spiders swarming over top of it. Apparently noticing his attention, the mass begins to shift, taking the jar with it until the whole thing disappears beneath his bed. Mutsuki does his best to forget about it and goes back to his school work.

---

“You know, you don't have to be evil. You could be good spiders.”

*“nooo! evillll!”*

“If you were good spiders... you could have McDonald’s.”

The spiders seem to consider this.

*“mac fry potatooess??”*

The spiders are obsessed with fries. He’s pretty sure even undead spiders don’t eat potatoes so he really isn’t sure what they do with them. But he has seen them excitedly carry off the individual fries like tiny, oily prizes.

“Yes, but only if you let me teach you about right and wrong,” says Mutsuki.

In his head there is an immediate chant of *“yesss! wrong! wrong! wrong!”* from the spiders in response.

---

Mutsuki’s tongue pokes out of his mouth in concentration as he pens a small 5 in black permanent marker on the back of a spider.

“Hold still or it won’t be neat.” Mutsuki admonishes the spider held carefully between two fingers of his other hand. The spider, obligingly stills it’s wriggling. He adds a 6 beside the five and lets it go. The spider scuttles off and down the wall beside his desk to join a mass of similarly labeled spiders who all seem to be showing each other their numbers. It is difficult to identify enthusiasm in spiders, but that must be it.

Mutsuki plucks another spider from the group milling about the other side of his desk impatiently. They’d tried forming a single-file queue but excitement had gotten the better of them. Now they jostle about and rely on Mutsuki to pick who will be next.



The Spiders seem to operate as a sort of collective. But when Mutsuki offhandedly mentioned numbering them, they were oddly interested. There is a novelty in being identifiable to him. In having their individual identities acknowledged -- by Mutsuki -- their “boy” as they have taken to calling him.

Mutsuki numbers “57” on the next spider and lets it go. He reaches for another spider and pauses. This one is already labeled “21” in his own handwriting.

“You already got yours.”

“Noooo.” comes a faint, unusually singular whisper in the back of his mind.

“Yes you did, go on.” Mutsuki admonishes but the spider stubbornly doesn’t leave.

“Where would I even put another number on you?” Writing space is limited on a spider. The spider seems to consider this for a moment, then flips itself acrobatically onto its back, exposing the pale, unmarked underside of its thorax.

“No. If you get two, everyone will want two. Just one number each or I’m not doing any more.”

Immediately, a flood of yet unnumbered spiders rush across the desk. There is a brief, violent struggle that costs “21” a leg before it is hoisted by the others, still upside down and wriggling helplessly. The other spiders carry 21 to the edge of the desk and cast it over the edge. The unmarked spiders then return to their disorganized queue at the side of the desk. Two spiders rush back, collecting the discarded leg, and removing it from the workspace quickly.

“Numberssss?” comes in the expectant chorus of many tiny voices echoing in Mutsuki’s mind. There is a limited tolerance to newfound individuality, it seems.

Mutsuki stares for a minute with a sort of detached horror at where the leg had been. Then, sighing, Mutsuki picks

another spider and carefully writes “58” on its back.

---

The spiders carry over the lunch box, bearing it between them. They navigate around the human girl’s legs to bring it closer to Mutsuki.

*“we made this for you.”*

The human girl starts to protest that she made that for “Mukki” and they’re stealing.

“It’s fine, just ignore them,” Mutsuki says and takes an onigiri from the proffered box. None of the other riders have to deal with this kind of thing, Mutsuki is pretty sure. Although he doesn’t think any of them actually have girlfriends either. Or spiders... It’s probably the spiders though.

“Thanks,” he says, and though he might possibly be thanking the human girl, it’s definitely to them, the Spiders decide. Spiders - 1, human girl - 0. They are winning.

The Spiders attempt to hide in the lunch box when it is empty, but the human girl loudly objects when she finds them. Mutsuki makes the Spiders get out so that the human girl can take the lovely, inviting box home with her. This is only a minor setback for the Spiders.

Still, the spiders decide they will also try calling the boy “Mukki” as the human girl does and perhaps this will give them an edge in the next contest for the boy.

---

At the club, Mutsuki turns when he hears a bottle shatter in the middle of the floor.

The spiders try again. About 10 minutes and two more shattered bottles, a considerably larger contingent of spiders buoys a bottle of alcohol onto the table in front of Mutsuki.





“we got this for you” say the spiders.

They also bring him approximately one orange, conveyed slice by slice from the bar, and a rather nice engraved lighter. Mutsuki looks over at the two suited goons and observes that they’re looking more traumatized than average in their usual corner.

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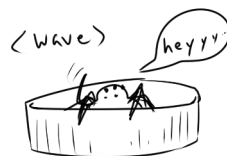
A box is delivered to Mutsuki at University. It is somewhat battered from its journey, and there is a small hole in the one corner through which he can see many tiny shiny eyes peering from the dark.

The box is labeled in shaky handwriting “Not Spiders”. It looks very much like it had been written not by a person, but by a marker manipulated by several dozen spiders.

“Mukkiiii... heyyy...” come the still familiar whispers of the spiders.

“Nope.” Says Mutsuki and pushes the box back across the counter to the postal worker with a request to have it returned to the sender.

“noooooo” overlaid with “we miss youuuu” comes faintly from inside the box as he walks away.



**THE SLIDE CREAMSICLE BOIZ**



AND I'M ZIGGY




I'M CAESAR

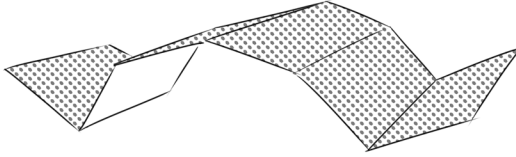


# "Just a little guy"

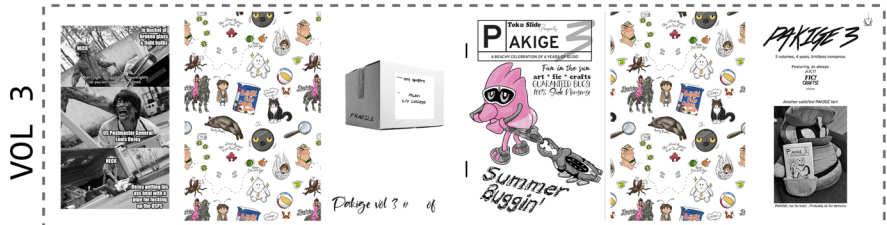
Make them their own miniature editions of PAKIGE

A tiny papercraft by Aquabluejay 

- 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 below.



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



**SUMMER BUGGIN, HAD ME A BLAST**  
**SUMMER BUGGIN, THERE'S SAND IN MY ASS**

by Yuuto

“Oi, onii-sama.”

Ikki blinked up at the shadow that had fallen over him.

“Lemme bury you in the sand.”

“Eh? Um, I don’t know about that...”

“Why not? Love-chan makes it look like the best thing ever,” Kagerou said, indicating the large mound of sand where Sakura’s demon was laying, gently toasting in the warmth of the summer afternoon sun. Ever so often, a soft “love” or “kobu” came from her direction.

Ikki hesitated. This could potentially be a terrible idea... but, well, it had been a while since Kagerou last tried to kill him, right? At least a few months! Plus the whole family was here; surely he wouldn’t do anything with so many witnesses around, right..?

Against his better judgment, Ikki finally agreed.

\*

“This is really coming together. Great work, Lovekov.”

“Love!”

Lovekov’s round hands patted more moist sand carefully onto the majestic sandcastle that she and Hiromi had been building over the past hour, then she uttered a soft “kobu?”

Had the ground shaken just a bit?

She blinked. Was she seeing things? She was a demon, and a snake to boot; surely this wasn’t heatstroke, was it? Did



she need a break? Some water?

“Lovekov?”

The ground definitely moved a little that time. Even Hiromi seemed to notice, if that startled “what in the world?” meant anything.

That was all well and good—at least she wasn’t hallucinating!—but that movement was making bits of their sandcastle crumble and fall apart, and Lovekov let out an alarmed noise.

The shaking increased, and by the time Ikki broke through the surface of the sand, most of the castle was destroyed.

“Ikki? What were you doing under there?”

“Kobu...our castle...” Huge tears welled in Lovekov’s eyes.

“Nii-chan?” Daiji questioned, having seen everything that has transpired.

“I’m fine!” Ikki wheezed. “I think Kagerou went a little overboard burying me in the sand earlier, that’s all.”

Daiji turned to Kagerou, who looked remarkably unbothered. “What the hell! Nii-chan could’ve died!”

“What? I gave him a straw to breathe through,” Kagerou said, examining his nails. “Ugh, there’s sand all under my nails...ouch! Oi, what’s the big deal...!”

There was a splash and a shriek: both from Kagerou, who was now taking a swim whether he wanted to or not, and from Orteca, who had been contently relaxing on his giant squid floatie, and was now drenched.

“Why are you bugging me? I was minding my own business and behaving!”

“Don’t yell at me! Daiji’s the one who tossed me in here!”

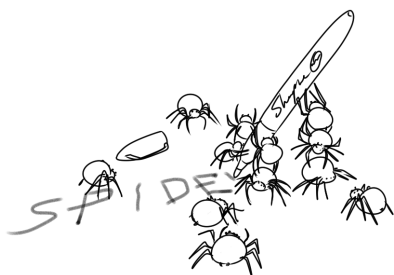


Everyone who laughed at them suddenly found themselves soaked, not with water, but with the watermelon that Muramasa had absolutely mutilated with his sword.

“Like I said, you’re supposed to use this stick...”

“That seems ineffective at subduing the enemy.”

“It’s not an enemy, it’s just a watermelon,” Tamaki sighed, wiping watermelon splatter from his face.



# one Buggy Summer

by Mara

Himeno sighed as she leaned back in her comfortable beach chair, reaching a hand out for the cool drink she knew Sebastian would have ready at that moment. Taking a sip through the straw, she watched her...teammates? Associates? Fellow kings? Well, whatever they were, they were mostly missing the point of this excursion.


Kaguragi seemed to be the closest to understanding the concept of a visit to the beach, since he also had a chair and a drink. (A highly suspicious drink, she decided. Was that...a mist over it?) However, he also had a notebook in his lap and seemed to be scribbling in it regularly. And smirking.

She sighed. The man couldn't stop plotting something, even on vacation. Seeming to feel her gaze on him, Kaguragi raised his head and smiled at her, wide and toothy. Definitely suspicious, she thought with an internal sigh.

Yanma...well, he had taken off his shirt at least, even if he was still wearing that odd pair of pants. He turned out to be surprisingly well-built for someone who supposedly spent all his time hacking or coding or whatever it was his people did. But did he *have* to bring his dratted computer to the beach? Shouldn't he be concerned about water or sand getting in it?

He was mumbling at someone or something in the computer, one of his usual barbaric insults. Himeno cast her gaze up at the nearly cloudless sky, hoping for inspiration. "Sebastian, please give Yanma a drink. Perhaps that will loosen him up."

"Of course." He bowed and conjured another fruity concoction up, offering it to Yanma, who mumbled a thank you



as he took it, but didn't look up from his computer. Sebastian glanced at her and she shrugged, so he returned to her side.

Gira was demonstrating swordfighting to a group of children who she could have *sworn* weren't there when they arrived. He had an almost magical ability to conjure loud and dirty urchins out of thin air, which (Himeno thought) wasn't exactly the most useful or practical skill for him to have. But there they were, oohing and aahing as Gira slashed and jabbed at an imaginary enemy.

At least he seemed to be enjoying himself, which was better than nothing.

Rita was... Himeno couldn't actually suppress her sigh this time. Rita was perched, ramrod straight, on the edge of the most upright beach chair Himeno had ever seen. Had the judge brought it with them? It somehow managed to look boring even sitting in the sand.

And Rita didn't appear to have moved since they'd arrived, except for their eyes, which were darting everywhere, as if Bugnarok were likely to leap out of a nearby sand dune and attack them.

Himeno paused. Well, to be fair, that was a reasonable concern, although perhaps Rita could relax just a tiny bit?

Really, you would think they'd never been to a beach or taken a break. On the other hand, she thought, maybe they hadn't. Well, she had her work cut out for her if she was going to teach this lot how to relax.

How could Rita even breathe like that? Well, at least Gira looked like he was having fun, even if swinging his sword at imaginary Bugnarok wasn't exactly what she'd had in mind.

Jeramie was the only one who seemed to have truly grasped the concept, in a pair of white swim trunks and his Bugnarok features on display as he floated atop the water.

She strongly suspected it would go poorly if she tried to surprise him.

This was clearly going to be a long-term project. Well, she'd have to keep trying.

Even if the others were hopeless, at least she could enjoy herself. The sun was shining, the waves were lovely, and the drink was (of course) perfectly made to her specifications.

Himeno breathed in the sea-salt air and smiled.

Which was when a low rumbling sound made itself known. Everyone's heads shot up and hands reached for their previously hidden swords.

The Bugnarok (a ladybug of all things) erupted from the nearest sand dune and Himeno sighed, taking one last sip of her drink. Really, they were quite impolite.

Rolling off her chair to evade a sword strike, Himeno transformed. Downright rude, even. Well, perhaps they could dispatch this villain in enough time to still have the bonfire feast. Maybe.

It was sometimes quite tiring to be the King.



Despite everything, Kagawa-sensei kept making him sit on the sidelines. All their experiments, all the studies on the mirror world, and he could only approach them as a gopher.

“You’re [Your Deck is] too valuable to the project to risk losing.”

The mirror world was dangerous.

But the tiger that was actually meant to hunt in it was tied up while some pretend grasshoppers acted like they could handle it. Handle it with their imitation weapons and imitation decks.

Imitation heroes, holding back the real one.

“Sensei.” Tojo avoided touching him. As much as he wanted to wrap his paws around him, dig his claws in and secure him. Hold him. Nuzzle his face into him. Drag his teeth across his skin and remind him that there was more to him than some failure kid.

Kagawa-sensei took the deck from him, pocketing it.

“You did great today.” Sensei didn’t need to be reminded. He’d never seen him like that. He’d never written him off. He knew nothing but trust. He only ever offered love.

It wasn’t that he was weak. It was because he was loved.

Kagawa-sensei loved him. He would never say it. He couldn’t. There were so many things in the way. So many annoying things. Things that shouldn’t matter when you love someone, but Kagawa-sensei was the kind who insisted they did.

He wasn’t his real student so why did it matter that he was someone else’s? Why did it matter that he was younger than him? It wasn’t like he was a kid. Sensei had a wife and child but would either of them be willing to sacrifice everything for him?

Would they die for Sensei's sake?

Would they be willing to let Sensei die so that they could be the hero he believed in?

They probably didn't even understand his ideals. They saw the sweet side of him. The nice man who reaches out his hand. The man who remembers their first date perfectly. The man who praises. Who teaches and loves.

They wouldn't see the ugly side of him. They wouldn't know how many he would sacrifice for the greater good. They wouldn't understand that their lives don't matter.

And that's how it should be.

Tojo loved that side of him. He loved all sides of him but to see his ugly side was to be enraptured by it. To long for its love and approval far more than the easy words of praise the other gave.

It was just the two of them. Hajime had already left for the day.

If he wanted to do something, this would be the chance. This would be when he could find out if Kagawa-sensei felt the same way. If the connection had been instant and requited. If his hard work and determination had been enough to make Kagawa-sensei see him. Or if this was his chance to convince him. To introduce him to the possibility.

Tojo looked out the window as Kagawa-sensei turned to him. The sun was streaming across the courtyard. There were still some students around, but none close enough to see through the window. They were all wanting to get back to their dorms, only lingering in the sun as they waited for each other.

"Tojo." Kagawa-sensei approached him, but Tojo kept his focus on the window, watching the pale reflection in it.

Watching that monster lingering.

Its claws grazed Kagawa-sensei's shoulder, sliding over his collar bone, but stared at him as it did.

It probably had the right idea.

Kagawa-sensei,

You've been in the mirror world. Still, I don't think you ever saw what I did.

I don't think it would have changed anything.

I loved you. So it would have ended the same.

I did what I had to.

I did the right thing.

I hope you're proud.



-fic by Graham, illustration by Spillingdown



## A Very Short Poem About ACE

by Lucy

I love Ukiyo Ace

I want to kiss him all over his face

His lips are perfectly shaped like a heart

He captured my interest right from the start

I am his second best fan after Ziin

I wrote a poem for him in this zine.

Sadly his character died. But I've still got Kan Hideyoshi.



Yanma is thinking, “I love you so much, Himeno” in Tagalog.  
Himeno is thinking about chewing the castle baseboards.

Bunny!Kingohgers by Lucy

# Bang! Bang! vacance

by Tai

It's hot. It's ungodly hot, and it doesn't help that Ren is wearing black jeans. When Kido grabbed his wrist and pulled him off to the little patch of trees across the street to hunt for beetles to make fight -- and something about that made the back of Ren's head itch uncomfortably, like there's something *wrong* about that but he couldn't remember why -- he hoped the shade would be cooler.

It's not. It's hot and humid and oppressive and there's bugs biting him and -- and everything else would be tolerable if it wasn't for *Shinji Kido* and his *fucking* tanktop. It's blue, and already stained with salt and watermelon juice, and hangs so loose as to be obscene, the armholes so wide he can see where Kido's ribs end. And when he lifts his arms he can also, crucially, see the soft mounds of his chest, tanned and perky.

Truly the problem is that Shinji's nipples are *right there*, gently tenting his tanktop and Ren doesn't know how to stop staring.

Especially when Shinji lifts the bottom of said tanktop and flaps it, trying to get some cool air moving, effectively flashing Ren over and over.

The cicadas are screaming for a mate and Ren's brain is cooking inside his skull. Shinji leans over to peer into a bush, and the tanktop hangs so low his nipples are *out*, so pink on his tanned skin and it would be so easy to slide his hands in the huge arm holes and *squeeze--*

"Ren!" interrupts Shinji, waving a large bug in his face. "You didn't listen to a word I said!"

Ren snorts. "Of course not."

"Ughhh, you're so--!!" complains Shinji, puffing his cheeks.

He's so fucking cute. Ren shoves him against a tree.

"Ren?"

Ren hooks his fingers into the loose neck of the tanktop and pulls. It slides easily off Shinji's slightly peeling arm, exposing his shoulder and his chest all the way almost to the navel.

"Oh," he says, finally catching the hint.

Ren likes it when Shinji's voice turns husky and thick. His pec fits in the palm of his hand like it was molded from it. Ren squeezes, fingers digging into Shini's ribs. Shinji sighs, turning into putty against him.

"Ren," he breathes, his back arching into Ren's rough touch. "Were you looking at me the whole time?"

"Shut up," he grunts.

He pinches Shinji's nipple, twisting it just enough to make him squeak. Bug forgotten, Shinji's hands clamp on Ren's biceps, palming up his shoulders to cup his head and pull. Ren lets himself be led to Shjinji's other nipple, still very barely covered with loose cotton. He mouths it through the tanktop, bending Shinji into the low branches of the tree. He nuzzles his way in through the armhole, nipping at the gentle swell of Shinji's pecs. They aren't *quite* breasts but somehow they drive him even more insane than they would if they were.

Shinji makes a strained, stuttering whine before pushing Ren away.

"Hang on, let--let me, just a sec," he mutters, shucking the tanktop and sliding off the tree. He makes a grossed out face

as his bare knees hit the dirt. Ren braces onto the tree while Shinji unzips his jeans, bark under his fingernails.

Shinji mouths up his cock and slips the tip between his lips, the texture of his scar dragging on the most delicate part of him. He pulls himself up awkwardly, trying to arrange himself, Ren's dick trailing shiny marks on his tanned chest like slug trails. "This is harder than it looks," mutters Shinji, arms looped around Ren's waist.

Ren bends his knees just a little, leans a little forward and -- *there*. It's not much but there's enough pressure, enough *soft* enveloping him as he thrusts along Shinji's breastbone. He drops a hand to grip the back of Shinji's neck, holding him steady, glides easily on his soft skin, popping the head in Shinji's slack mouth. He hears himself make a quiet, wrecked sound.

"Oh, you *like* that," mumbles Shinji, his lips curling smugly around Ren's cock. He squeezes his shoulders closer and it's so soft and so hot and his tongue is teasing at his slit and the sound of the cicadas becomes deafening. He pulls on Shinji's hair and comes messily on his chest and lips. It's obscene and hot to watch him lick his lips like he's the one who's enjoyed this the most.

"That was fun," he grins, releasing Ren's waist. A droplet of cum beads on his nipple and Ren considers that if Shinji had a nipple piercing he'd *never* get enough. He tucks himself back in his pants and zips up, ignoring Shinji's hopeful look and tented shorts.

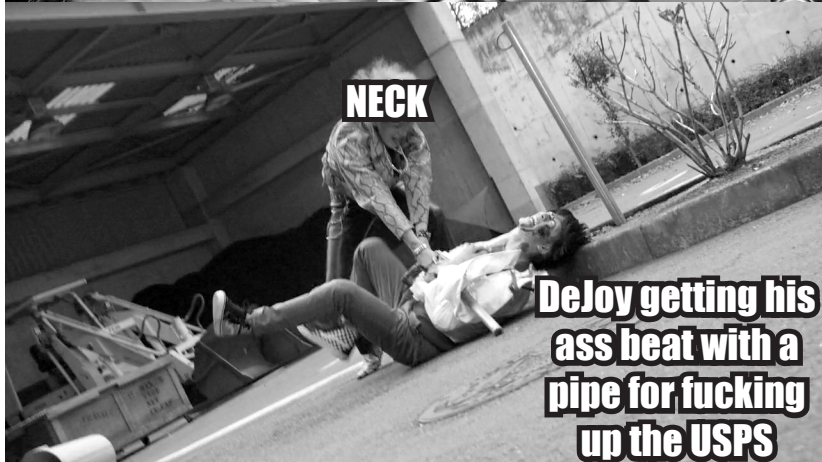
"You're not even helping me clean up?" he says miserably as Ren stalks away back to the beach, blood thumping loudly under his skin. "Ren!"

Ren waves his hand at the outraged sputtering behind him, head light and knees weak. He knows he's got a stupid smile on his face Obachan and Tezuka will make fun of him for.

If Kido doesn't show him any more beetles, he thinks, maybe he'll dunk him into the sea and drag him towards the rocks to return the favor. Maybe.



Gatakariba feeding the bird by Linky







The Worst Anyone's Ever Done It

Bug Solidarity

CRIMES

Barbie

Barbie

Panty Model

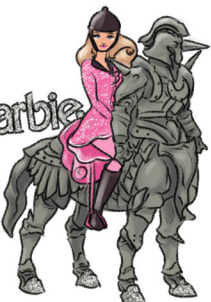
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The Worst Anyone's Ever Done It

Bug Solidarity

Barbie

Barbie







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