

How Anon Became the Little Girl and  
Ended Up Being Sexually Violated by  
His Own Daughter (and Others) in  
Another World.

A Story With Themes Of Loss, And Faraway  
Lands

*by /a/non*

## Prologue – Loss

“I’m home Umiko” Anon announced as he dragged himself into the living room of his apartment. It was quite spacious for being located in the middle of Tokyo. He could even afford an expensive T.V. and a large fluffy soft sofa.

A girl of high school age was laying with her long naked legs spread along the length of the sofa. Her long straight black hair was styled into a hime cut, and her face looked like the Yamato Nadeshiko ideal. Only her icy blue eyes hinted at her mixed heritage.

“Welcome home, dad,” she said with disinterest while fingering something on her phone.

Anon bowed apologetically out of habit, “I’m sorry I wasn’t home yesterday, it’s the holiday season so our team leader had us crunching...”

“Ah, is that so.” She kept tapping on the phone. Looking at his beautiful daughter, Anon felt a little bit of pride.

He wasn’t the type to be interested in 3D, and his sexual experiences limited themselves to having sex with a slutty foreign exchange student from Japan. She ended up having sex with everyone in his school, so he never thought much of it (besides the stain on his honor as a 2D only virgin).

But in four years Anon received a mysterious letter from his one night-stand. It claimed she conceived Anon’s daughter from that (excessively) short encounter. And while Anon might have initially scoffed at it as a scam, the letter came with a DNA test that turned out to be unexpectedly correct. When Anon arrived in Japan, he found a shy four year old living alone with no relatives.

Now in front of him was the result of twelve years of hard work. Umiko was beautiful, athletic, and a model student.

Teachers loved her, and students adored her.

“..you’re being creepy, gross, stop staring.” She made an annoyed expression before going back to her phone

“Ah, I’m so—” Anon began bowing.

“It’s whatever.”

“Did you eat? I’m sorry I couldn’t cook somethi—”

“I made nikujaga, you just have to warm it up. And go take a bath before you sleep, I don’t want you stinking up the bed.”

“Umiko..” Anon teared up slightly while growing a sheepish smile

*She made dinner and prepared a bath! he thought Umiko does care about me! She’s acting cold and staring at her phone as a façade! No, no, what am I thinking? She’s a modern girl, she’s probably doing something very important on her phone. I mean, there are apps for trading stocks, cryptocurrency, or checking the news, right? She’s probably focused on several important apps like that.*

Anon was wrong as usual, the only app open on Umiko’s phone was the Camera, and she was furiously taking pictures with the shutter sound turned off.

*Oh this angle is good, I can use this shot later,* Umiko thought, then she realized dad was staring.

“..I just told you, stop staring like a creep,” she glared at him with the most hostile expression she could make to her beloved papa.

Then a comet landed on their apartment and they both died.

# I

“W-where am I?” Anon’s voice sounded much girlier than he remembered.

He found himself in the middle of a green flowery prairie crossed by a road, along it were sparse trees and a wooden pole with wooden signs shaped like arrows pointing in different directions.

The sunlight was dazing him, so he stood up and headed for the shade of the trees closer to the sign. Anon remembered being somewhat taller.

He noticed a tall female’s figure. She wore what looked like medieval peasant girl clothes, but the shapely body, the long legs and the hime cut were familiar.

“Ah, Umiko!” Anon rushed to her.

“Sorry, but...do we know each other?”

She didn’t sound like she was joking, Anon stopped as fear began taking over.

*The last thing I remember was seeing something very fast by the window...then I found myself here...and my daughter doesn’t even recognize me.*

Anon had engaged in several debates about the subject on [doyalo.li/greentea/](http://doyalo.li/greentea/) to know that the solution to somebody suddenly not recognizing your new appearance was to bring up personal memories. He decided to engage with a rational, calm attitude.

“Wahh...it’s me...your dad...I cleaned your *hiccup*...your...”

“What do you mea—“

“Your...when you were six years old, you...the bed...”

“Fine, I believe you’re dad now. You can stop doing this.”

“And at eleven...I found the hidden magazine...the one that had...”

Anon felt himself pushed to the ground, something pressed down his wrist. Only then did he realize his small size and the weakness of his little girl body.

*Wait, little girl body? Did I become the little girl? Nevermind that, Umiko is way too close...*

"I recognize it's you, dad," she whispered delicately into Anon's ear, "it just took me a bit to understand you're a blonde little girl now, but..." She stared at Anon's smooth flat chest that was quickly rising and lowering.

"I'm glad you understand Umiko, can you get off me now?"

"...but this works too." She moved closer.

"Wait, what do you mean this wo...hyann!" Umiko blew in Anon's ear as Anon's loli tummy ached upwards from the sensitivity.

"It means I swing both ways."

"S-stop it, I'm your father!"

"All I see is a weak little girl...how can you even become a father?" she teased Anon and licked his little girl ears.

"Hi-hhyaa...wait, something's coming."

"I like how sensitive you are, Anon."

"No, I literally mean something's coming on the horizon, I...hyaa!"

Rather than stopping, Umiko began licking with more intensity, "You don't need to be embarrassed about this."

"There's a carriage, Umiko...Umiko!"

Anon spoke the last line with the strict tone he used to scold her (very rarely), and she jumped back like a scared dog.

Umiko stood up, her face was red and she was holding back heavy breathing. She used her fist to clean up the drool from licking anon's ear while staring at the panting little girl lying on the grass, Anon's white one piece stuck and became transparent wherever Anon released his lewd little girl sweat.

"Don't...do this again," Anon stared to the side, waiting for his body to calm itself down.

*Umiko is probably reacting irrationally from all the stress of being in an unfamiliar place, and her dad turning into a little girl...yeah I think I read an article about something like this,* thought Anon.

*Ha...dad...but no blood relation...but a legal loli...ha... a blonde loli, Jackpot! Wohoo!...ha...I'm so turned on...* thought Umiko.

She looked at the horizon.

"I see...so you weren't lying when you said a carriage was coming."

It was a rounded jet black wagon with several dragon styled motifs over-embellishing the corners. It was lead by four jet black horses, and the driver was also covered in black. He wore a thick black suit that was too heavy for the summer weather.

The carriage rushed and stopped abruptly by the signpost. A blue haired girl with twintails peeked out while holding a parasol, she motioned for them to come closer.

"I don't think we should be following some strangers we meet the first time in an unknown world, dad," said Umiko, as Anon rushed happily to the suspicious young girl from the carriage.

"You must be the servants from Potatoburg, come inside."

"Potatoburg?"

She pointed at the sign behind them, it read.

HERE BE THE DISTINGUISHED TOWNSHIP OF POTATOBURG  
POP 1500

"I don't think we're the locals she's looking for, dad," said Umiko, as Anon rushed happily inside the comfortable and chilly wagon.

Unlike the jet-black outside, the interior of the carriage was a colorful crimson red with some brown from the mahogany wood.

The girl sitting across from them was wearing a frilly black dress. It wrapped around her thin athletic body, highlighting its erotic, thin, shape.

"I really changed my opinion of Potatoburg after this sacrifice," she laughed in a crystalline tone, "Really, it's been what?"

Five decades? I was about to go and steal the first virgin I could find, but this..." she closed her eyes and nodded with a sagely expression, "No offense, but you don't look like the average Potatoburgian, at all."

"Well...I'm sorry, but could you be a tad more specific on the 'sacrifice' part?" Umiko raised her hand carefully.

"It's a normal Vampiric Sacrifice, don't worry," the blue haired girl winked.

"What does that...entail?" Umiko asked with a nervous tone.

"Also we want to know your name, yeah," Anon declared loudly.

"That's...haa, I knew Potatoburg was the sticks, but this..." she began trailing off before stopping herself from a rant.

"My name is Her Ladyship Lucretia Bloody Di Soda the 1vth, and a Vampiric Sacrifice is...well, it used to mean something else, but now it means that you will be my servants."

"For life?"

"What barbarity, no! Just a decade of indentured servitude is all."

"Ha..." Umiko sighed, a desire to escape began growing inside her.

"Do you mind if I partake?" Lucretia pulled out a foul smelling bottle.

"No, not at all" Umiko noticed Anon was staring intently, it rubbed her the wrong way but she made the unfortunate decision of saying nothing.

Anon observed respectfully as Lucretia pulled out a martini glass and poured foul smelling, slightly coagulated blood then drank it with gusto.

"Ha...that really hit the spot, I tell ya'wha...oh no I'm starting to sound like an old lady, I apologize," she blushed lightly and removed the blood from the glass with her fingers then licked them intently.

Anon was staring, less respectfully.

Lucretia glanced sideways while licking her fingers and shot a flirty smile.

“As a vampire I can smell a woman going in heat.”

“What does tha-“ Umiko began reacting with outrage, then she noticed Anon was turning beet red.

“You’re a bit on the young side, but otherwise...come sit on my lap, I will please you in such ways...” she smiled and reached her open hand to Anon across from her. He was dumb enough to reach out and almost grab it, but Umiko slapped him away. Then she grabbed Anon by the shoulders and whispered with frustration.

“Did you seriously get wet from her eating blood?”

“Well, somebody posted some very nice vampire...pictures on a...forum, last night.”

“...Do you mean on /greentea/?”

“H-how do you know of...”

“I was the one posting those vampire girls, ha...” she let out a dry chuckle, “I can’t believe dad posted on the same imageboard, this is so embarrassing, but also kind of...”

Then she noticed the little girl was making a stone faced expression.

“You posted on doyaloli.”

“...We’ve arrived by the way,” Lucretia pointed at a large sprawling mansion growing in size as the carriage came closer, but Anon didn’t care about that.

“You posted on doyaloli despite being A WOMAN.”

“It’s not like I was going out of my way to shitpost or some...”

“A WOMAN can’t post on DOYALOLI!” Anon shouted in a shrill childish tone.

“That’s it. I’m not talking to you anymore,” he declared proudly and jumped off the carriage, straight into a muddy puddle.



## II

“A-achoo!” Anon let out a sneeze, his fifteenth since he stepped off the carriage into a puddle, got rapidly introduced to the maids, and sent to take a bath.

“Still, this is pretty impressive,” Anon stared at the large bathroom. A large warm bathing pool stood in the middle of several tall marble columns and statues. The pool’s edge was rimmed with what seemed to be gold. *Or at least some expensive metal*, thought Anon.

“...Not like it has anything to do with me,” he headed to one of the showers by the side, ran the water over his head for two minutes, and headed to the exit.

It was a perfect Anon shower, and he would have gotten away with it too, if the Head Maid wasn’t waiting for him by the glass door separating the bath and changing room.

She wore sharp square glasses, her black hair was tied in a bun, and her maid uniform was concealing her figure.

*But she must be hiding some huge ones down there, I can tell*, Anon nodded sagely to himself.

“That’s...it?” she crossed her arms

“Ah...yes, I’m done.”

She sighed and adjusted her glasses with annoyance.

“This is why children are so...”

“Sorry, but can you move, I can’t...pass,” Anon tried to squeeze past her but was grabbed by the hand and dragged to one of the stools near the pool.

The Head Maid forced Anon to sit and began soaping up his body with trained professionalism. Her sharp mechanical movements betrayed no emotions even as they went over more sensitive spots.

She soaped, washed, scrubbed until the dirt and mud was gone from Anon's soft loli body. "Next is the hair," she said in monotone, and took a strand of Anon's long blonde hair into her hand, "Anyway, your hair is in terrible shape. Did your mother never teach you how to take care of it?" she lectured Anon.

"My mother, she's..." Anon looked away with a pained expression.

Oh, Anon's parents were fine. At least the last time he'd seen them, which was a decade ago. Who knew that a joke about having left this homeland for Okinawa to run a child trafficking ring doesn't work with parents that just found your Comic Lo stash? Not Anon. At least there were upsides to being disowned this way, such as making friends with Interpol agents.

"Ah, I see, you must have had it rough, huh..."

*Is it me or is the Head Maid's voice surprisingly soft this time around?* thought Anon before being grabbed from behind. The Head Maid's arms wrapped themselves around Anon, and her large breasts (Anon's assessment was correct) pushed through the thin cloth of the maid uniform against Anon's wet naked child back. He shivered from the sensation of being rubbed by large soft breasts.

"Shh...you don't have to try so hard anymore."

She whispered gently, "You're just a little girl."

"I'm not a..." Anon tried to struggle against her hold, but his little girl body could do nothing against the strength of an older woman wrapping herself around him.

"Don't resist."

"I...I..."

"Shh...just give in."

*Why am I fighting this?* thought Anon.

"See? It's not so bad," she whispered gently.

And Anon realized he had let her win. He reluctantly resigned to closing his eyes and focusing on the sensation of boobs pressing against his back. Other than turning him on, the feeling was oddly relaxing.

"There, there..." the Head Maid whispered.

*Ah, I get it, it's her...motherly...aura...* Anon thought as he fell asleep in the Head Maid's arms.

Anon woke up in the changing room leading to the large bathroom. He jumped up and saw a mirror in front of him, that was when he noticed his blonde loli body had been thoroughly cleaned. His skin looked soft and pink, the long hair gold and fuzzy. He wore a cute frilly maid uniform. Below it were white socks and cute round black shoes.

*I have to admit, this is pretty nice,* thought Anon and began raising his uniform's skirt in front of the mirror to study his panties, as one does.

"Did you have a good rest?" Anon turned to a female voice to his side.

"Head Maid? You were observing me this whole time?" He blushed with embarrassment.

"Call me Dahlia-san, Anon..." She brought a hand to her cheek while grinning.

"Anyway, you sure can be cute with just a little bit of effort..." *...Which means I'll have to look after you and put in effort until you're always cute,* she thought of adding, but realized it would be too creepy to say to a child.

*Wait, what am I thinking? I never had these proclivities.* Indeed, she had to acknowledge that Anon awakened something perverse in her.

*A bad influence is all*

She coughed and returned to her strict tone.

"Anyway, Her Ladyship is waiting for you in her studio. Follow me."

Anon nodded and began following the light of the Head Maid's candle through the dark labyrinth-like corridors of the vampire mansion. Halfway through, Anon realized something.

"Head...I mean, Dahlia-san."

"Yes, Anon-chan?"

"Were you the one that dressed me?"

"Indeed."

"I am thankful and everything, but...regarding my panties..."

The maid turned to stare at Anon with a bewildered expression.

“I swear I didn’t look! I put them on, but I was looking to the side! Oh, and I don’t mean the side by the mirror! Anyway, it’s…”

“Hehe, it’s good that Dahlia-sama is a gentlewoman,” Anon gave her a bright smile with closed eyes, showing his delicate clean child teeth.

“A-anyway, we’re going!” Dahlia turned her back to Anon, the candle in her hand was shaking for the first time since she started on the path of Maidcraft.

“Un!” Anon hopped behind her with gladness.

*It’s good that we’re on the same wavelength!* he thought. It wasn’t.

### III

Lucretia's studio also served as a guestroom and minor library. The whole entrance wall was dedicated to a large bookshelf hosting hundreds of books. On the opposite side was a window blocked by large thick red curtains.

There was a desk covered with scribbled documents. And closer to the entrance stood two long red sofas with a coffee table between them.

Lucretia and Umiko were sitting on opposite ends of coffee table and drinking tea with elegant movements. Umiko had changed into a maid uniform similar to Anon's. But, he noticed with some embarrassment, hers was less frilly and more practical.

"Oh-hoo," Lucretia nodded knowingly as Anon walked in, followed by the Head Maid.

"This is good, this is really good, yes..." she stared intently at every nook and cranny of Anon's body. He felt embarrassed and glanced at Umiko for support, but she was also staring, with an even scarier expression.

"Yes, yes..." Lucretia muttered to herself while bringing a hand to her chin, she finally looked at Anon's face, "Can you show it from different angles?"

Anon nodded and extended his arms by the skirt's length, then he did a fluttery twirl while accidentally letting out a pure smile. *This is fun*, he thought, before stopping the dangerous train of thought.

"L-like this?" He asked, then he noticed Lucretia was holding back a smile while covering her blushing red face with one hand.

"Ha...I just wanted you to turn to the side, but this service...ha...thank you very much, thank you, really, thanks..." Lucretia began saying creepy things before stopping herself.

“Dad, you really...” Umiko was no better, she was holding back her desire for rape.

Only the Head Maid retained her neutral expression.

*At least somebody here is not a pervert*, thought Anon, underestimating the skill with which a veteran Maid can hide her excitement.

After several deep breaths, Lucretia calmed herself down, she realized something.

“Wait, what does your dad have to do with this?” she asked Umiko.

“...Nothing. Anyway about what we were talking about...”

“Ah yes, I have the right to touch my servants once per day. Dahlia-san, can you confirm this? Umiko here didn’t believe me when I said it.”

“Yes, initially it was the right to bit-“

“Skip the history lesson, I just want an outside party to confirm this for Umiko.”

“Yes ma’am, legally you are allowed to touch your servant once a day...but it has to be a bodypart that both sides consent to.”

Lucretia’s blue twintails jumped behind her and she stared at Umiko with a smug expression.

“Tsk, you win this one.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll just touch Anon’s hand or something.”

“H-handholding?!?” Umiko jumped up, “No way, get out of here with your perverted whoredom!”

“I’m not a...” Experience as a governor stopped Lucretia from starting a scene over Umiko’s outburst.

“Fine then. Where can I touch, the feet?”

“I won’t let a foot fetishist spoil my da-little sister’s foot touching virginity!”

Perverted whore was one thing, but the foot fetishist accusation enraged Lucretia, she also stood up and brought a hand to her chest.

“Ha!?! Foot Fetishist? I would rather rub Anon’s little round butt, Anon’s soft girlish thighs, Anon’s cute tummy, Anon’s budding little girl chest, Anon’s neck and shoulders!”

“No you can’t touch Anon’s butt, you can’t touch Anon’s thighs, you can’t touch Anon’s tummy, Anon’s chest, Anon’s neck or Anon’s shoulders! Illegal! I forbid it! But I understand!” Umiko shouted and crossed her arms with a confrontational expression.

“Gunenenene” Lucretia turned red with anger and stared at the floor.

“Hey, Umiko, maybe you shouldn’t...” Anon began asking feebly.

“What is it, Anon? Weren’t you ignoring me because women can’t post on doyaloli?”

“This and that are different, I mean, maybe you could tone it down with the...”

“No, no, Anon, I agree. Women shouldn’t be posting on a board for VIRGIN otaku men, you’re being so righteous by not talking with me.”

*Ah, there it is, Anon thought, Umiko can be very stubborn when she gets mad, this part hasn’t changed since she was a kid. Maybe I should set my principles aside this once, and...*

“Fine, I’m so—”

“I GOT IT,” Lucretia shouted loudly, everyone turned to stare at her.

“The head, you’ll have no issues with touching Anon’s head, right?”

“So you reveal your true colors. You want to stick your lewd W-WHORE fingers in Anon’s small childish mouth, rub her little teeth, grab her small tongue, until Anon produces her lewd little girl saliva that you will then spread across her delicate face, and...”

“What? No! I wasn’t thinking of that at all!” Lucretia shouted with embarrassment.

“Ah, so Anon’s soft nose...”

“The head! Not the face! Is that fine?”

Umiko stopped to think, Anon braced himself for another rant about how lewd his blonde little girl hair can be...but instead Umiko gave up, to everyone's surprise.

"Yes, you can do the head."

"'Do the head'...can you not say it in such a lewd way?"

"Ah, maybe I'll change my mind after all..."

"No, that's fine, that's fine, I'll 'do' Anon's head, come here," Lucretia motioned for Anon to come over with a gesture used to call cats.

Anon walked over with the apprehension of a scared kitten. He lowered his head forward in a semi-bow and closed his eyes.

He felt The Countess gently patting his head, it was embarrassing, but there was something pleasant about the rhythmic patting.

"See? I'm not so scary," Lucretia whispered. Hearing those words relaxed Anon, and he instinctively pushed his head closer to the Vampire's hand.

"Haha, so you want more headpats?"

Anon opened his eyes, he noticed Dahlia and Umiko were staring at him, it filled him with embarrassment. He shook his head vigorously.

"Liaaar," Lucretia dragged the word, opening her mouth and showing her sharp white fangs.

Then her patting increased in intensity, Anon couldn't resist the pleasant sensation and let out a subtle moan.

"Ha...you were putting your head forward you little...you actually love this, admit it! Take this!" Lucretia raised her left hand to scratch behind Anon's ear while still patting vigorously with the right.

"Hiiiiinn! Not the ears...hya...s-stop," the intensity of the patting and scratching was getting to Anon, he couldn't handle how comfortable it felt.

Then she stopped, Anon stood in a daze for a few seconds, then he realized what happened.

*Ah, somebody knocked.*

"Come in," Lucretia ordered with frustration.



Anon was coming down from the pleasurable trance caused by the intense headpatting he had received, as he observed a younger maid walk in, whisper something into the Head Maid's ear and leave.

“So, what is it?”

“An intruder by the Main Hall, ma'am.”

“Let me guess, is it Ulther again?”

“Ah, well...”

## IV

It was Ulther again, of course.

He was wearing silver and red armor with tactically useless spikes poking out of his forearms and boots. He wore wolf fur on his shoulders, it provided no defensive or heating advantage. On his sides were two large swords that couldn't be wielded simultaneously. To add insult to injury, he wore several black belts that served no purpose and had a long cape that rolled across the floor and gathered dust.

"Talk about chuuni JRPG designs, right dad?" Umiko asked Anon, only to reach the horrifying realization that Anon was entranced by his appearance.

"Haa...so cool..."

"Wait, dad, you shouldn't..."

"I admit it, the armour looks cool" Lucretia nodded "But the problem is the shitty person wearing it."

*If the armor looks like shit, and the person inside is shit, then isn't it all shit?* thought Umiko.

Ulther removed his large lion-shaped helmet and swung his long blonde hair side to side while stretching his neck.

"Ha...that's better, now..." he pointed to the top of the victorian entrance stairway.

"Lucretia Bloody Di Soda the 1vth! Your oppression of the people of Potatoburg ends now! I shall..."

"If it's Potatoburg you want I can pass it to you," Lucretia spoke dismissively. "I had enough of managing those country bumpkins, you'll be doing me a favor, let's go to my studio, some paperwork and it's yours." She was about to turn around but Ulther stopped her with a "Wait!"

"What is it? Weren't you saving Potatoburg?"

“Yes! I mean no! I mean...” he thought for a second. “Actually, thy vampiric race is a blight, the ancient text say to kill a Vampire is...”

“But Sir Ulther, if I remember correctly, the Pope’s last encyclical adds Vampires to the list of races fit for receiving the Good Word...”

“Tsk, I hoped you didn’t read it,” Ulther whispered.

“What were you saying?”

“N-nothing...Lucretia Bloody Di Soda the 1vth! For the crime of imprisoning young virgins...”

“I have legal indentured servant contracts with all my maids, the law is on my side I fear.”

“Argghhh...You have so many cute girls, just give me one! Please!” Ulther’s real thoughts slipped out.

Lucretia stepped one foot forward “Over my dead body!” She turned and winked to Anon and Umiko, “Get it? Because I’m a vampire!”

Umiko groaned, while Anon’s eyes sparkled with excitement.

“S-so cool.”

“Haha! So you accept a duel at last, this time...”

The Head Maid walked over to Lucretia and began whispering something in her ear, the blue haired vampire nodded with some frustration.

“You make a good point about the property damage costs, yes...I agree...yes...”

The maid stopped whispering, and Lucretia sighed deeply, then she shouted.

“Ulther!”

“Yes, my rival!” He sounded like an excited dog.

“I cannot give you my maids! But I can invite you to have a tea party at my inner garden! You can look at my cute maids all you want there! What say thee?”

“Khh...you tempt me, foul Vampire...what is the...catch?” he grabbed at his (healthy, uncursed) eye.

“When we’re done, you’ll have to go home without starting a fight or breaking anything.”

“Tsk...a devilish bargain...fine, have it your way, you villain!” He pranced with barely-hidden happiness after a cute maid showed up to lead him.

## V

The inner garden was located in an opening within the large mansion, it was surrounded by the tall mansion walls on all sides. Atop it was a glass ceiling that refracted the orange evening light in a way that wouldn't damage Lucretia but would still feed the surrounding plants.

There was a feeling of crampedness caused by the overbearing glass ceiling and tall walls, but it was offset by the careful arrangement of the red flowers and green shrubbery surrounding the central gazebo.

Ulther was sitting on the bench in the middle of the gazebo. His serene expression, perfect posture, ideal manners gave an unearned impression of noble dignity.

He sipped from a teacup while raising his little finger. He placed it down with a downcast glance.

"so, let us get to the point," he let out a dignified sigh.

"You got two new maids, didn't you? The cutest so far."

Lucretia matched his manners, but she couldn't hold back an arrogant grin.

"I know, right? I think they're my favorite. The older one is called Umiko, it means 'seachild'."

"Wow, seachild so cool!"

"And the younger one is called Anon, I think it means 'nameless one'."

"Wow, nameless one, so cool!"

"I know right? They're both way too cute and way too perverted. I still have to housebreak the older one..."

"Housebreak, ha...You do know that I'm standing right here?" Umiko interrupted Lucretia's bragging.

"Oh my, are maids allowed to speak out of order? I do not think so, are they?" Lucretia faked an overly sweet tone turning

to the Head Maid.

“No ma’am, a maid is not to speak unless spoken to.”

“Right?” She grinned at Umiko.

“Tsk” Umiko clicked her tongue loudly.

“Well, anyway, about these maids...”

“Tsk.”

“Like I was saying, Anon is very...”

“Tsk.”

“Can you stop doing that?”

“Stop what? But I wasn’t talking, Your Ladyship, was I?”

Umiko copied her overly sweet tone.

“Despite your looks, you really...gah, whatever, this is dumb. Let’s change topic, Ulther. Any news from the capital?”

“Nothing of importance...ah, the Demon King seems to have died.”

“Well, he was old.”

“And his Four Demon Generals are fighting each other in a civil war.”

“Well, sounds typical for the Demon Kingdom.”

“And this causes lots of instability, crime and banditry.”

“Well, it is a civil war.”

“Which means an Orc Tribe is heading for Potatoburg.”

“Well, that would happen...wait, did you say Orc tribals are going to assault Potatoburg?” Lucretia forgot her manners, she quickly put her cup down.

“Why didn’t you say that sooner?”

“I had to give the right context, you see.”

“I mean when you came to my mansion...ah you probably forgot.”

“Yeah I forgot.”

She put her hand to her face, then shouted “Head Maid!” Dahlia rushed closer to her.

“Yes, your Ladyship?”

“Did you hear that?”

“Indeed.”

“What do you propose?”

Dahlia glanced both ways, making sure there was nobody but the knight and Lucretia's favorites.

"Can I speak freely?"

Lucretia nodded.

"If an Orc rapes a Potatoburg native, would the children look any different?"

"D-Dahlia-san?" Anon stared with horror but Lucretia seemed to be considering the proposal seriously.

"Indeed, Potatoburgians are so butt-ugly that the Orcs might even find themselves at home and integrate...wait, what am I saying? If the Duke hears that I left my holding unprotected, I'll only see the moon from a prison cell...haa, such a bother."

"I'm sorry, my Ladyship, I hadn't considered the implications of my proposal."

"No, it was a good idea..."

"Was it?" Anon and Umiko whispered in unison.

"Let's see, sending my Combat Maids might be a waste. I will head out myself, Dahlia you will come as insurance."

"Good luck, we'll look after the place while you're gone" Umiko grabbed Anon's hand and began dragging him.

"What are you saying? I'm taking you two with me, it's your hometown isn't it?"

"Ah!" Dahlia reacted with surprise "Are you two Potatoburgians? I'm very sorry for being so rude to your...home," she said with barely hidden disgust.

*How bad can it get?* thought Anon, cluelessly.

## VI

Midnight. The muddy streets of Potatoburg were swimming in blood and fecal matter. Several houses were already destroyed down to their frame, and a couple were still burning. Grunting bald pig-like looters crawled in and of the burning buildings, sharing their loot and guttural inhuman sounds. A couple of them began screaming and fighting each other in the mud over an earring the size of a fingernail, they broke some barrels of loot in the process, causing the barrel's owner to join in on the fight. A fourth bystander grinned creepily and joined the fight out of sheer love of violence.

"I was...too late..." Lucretia whispered and fell to her knees.

"Dammit! If only I was a little quicker!" She cried.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

One of the bald pig-like monsters noticed her and walked closer, he let out a creepy grin that showed his yellow sharp teeth.

"Ah guv'na, been a while since your last visit!"

Lucretia quickly raised her head from the ground, "Wait, are you Potatoburgians?"

"What else? Me's bald and fat as me dad! Hahaha!" he turned and shouted.

"Oy lads, look lively! We've got Her Lad'ship visitin'!" More Potatoburgians began coming closer as Lucretia quickly jumped up and cleaned the mud from her dress with a towel that the Head Maid quickly passed to her without saying anything.

"Anyway, we'ze sorry we ain't been able to send you a virgin 'nall...you know how loose our lasses are guhuhhihihi," he emitted a sound between aroused pig grunting and laughing. His friends laughed the same way.

"It's fine, you already resolved that issue," Lucretia pointed at the girls in the carriage behind her, but the man turned his head



to the side in confusion.

“Whatsoomean?” she didn’t hear, or rather didn’t understand, his question.

“Why are these houses burning?”

“Well, ole’ Jives here got a new oven and guhihihi...it burned his house guhihihi... we’ze help ‘im out youknow, lightenin’ his load so to speak.”

“I see, what about the other house?”

“Jives house ain’t got enough loot, ma’am! Guhhuhuhuhuh” He emitted a laughter mixed with greedy pig-like grunting, his friends imitated him.

“Why do I have to look after these...”

“Whatsoosay ma’am?”

“I said I came because I received news that an Orc War Tribe is coming your way.”

“A-an Orc War Tribe! By the pope’s dirty toenails! Those sub-human pig-like savages...” His friends joined in with several off-color remarks about Orc hygiene and appearance.

“Thanks for the warning guv’na,” the leader nodded, “We’ze going warnin’ the townsfolk, youse come with?”

“No, I’ll...I’ll stand guard here, in case the Orcs come..yeah,” Lucretia didn’t want to go any further into the town, for her own sanity.

“Good thinkin’, quick thinkin’, yeah youse vamps are smart ‘nall...we’ll come when we’ze get fighting age males ‘kay?”

“Y-yeah,” Lucretia forced a nod. She watched them abandon the gleeful looting to run and scream “DAMN ORCS BEEN COMIN’” into every window they could find. This warning system wasn’t without attrition, as some Potatoburgians were angry about being woken from their sleep and got out to start fighting the messenger. But in an hour, Lucretia was staring at a group of around two hundred randomly armored balding pig like grunts gathered in a loose formation.

They managed to stay upright for ten minutes, before getting restless and bored. Some fell asleep, a couple started a fight, and someone started drinking heavier than usual.

“The duke ha-hates me...” Lucretia whispered while her eyes began tearing up, then she noticed Anon running out the carriage.

“They’re coming! Your ladyship! The Orcs!” he was pointing behind the carriage. Anon’s figure distracted the crowd of Potatoburgians.

“Whossat?”

“Must be a lass.”

“Ain’t seen a lady that thin...’cept her lad’ship of course”

“Must be a vamp’re then.”

“No way, that got’s to be an elf.”

“Maybe one of ’em vejtariuns?”

“Vejtariuns...ain’t right...” The crowd joined in, repeating random “ain’t right” and nodding with intellectual expressions. They had completely forgotten about the Orcs.

By that time, the War Tribe had reached the town’s edge.

As the Head Maid stated, the odd three hundred-something pig-like Orcs didn’t look much different than the Potatoburgians. If anything, they were better armored and cleaner. The only real difference was that the Orcs had an even gender split, or rather, the whole tribe had come to fight.

The two armies faced each other with the distance of less than a mile, the only separation was Lucretia’s black carriage in the middle.

The tallest and largest of the Orcs stepped forward.

“LEADER...WHERE?”

## VII

The crackling of torchlight and random grunts were the only sounds as Lucretia walked in the middle of the two armies. She raised her hand.

“I own the village, what do you need?”

“A HUMAN RULING OVER ORCS? WEAK!” the leader shouted.

Lucretia sighed, she didn't want to show this to Anon, but she had no choice. Two large jet-black wings, five feet each, extended from her fragile thin back.

“AH VAMPIRE, WE RESPECT, YES” he threw a shortsword into the ground “DUEL!”

“Is there a peaceful resolution?” Lucretia asked while raising the sword from Potatoburg's mud using two fingers, she wondered if touching the clean side was hygienic.

“DUEL IS PEACEFUL, NO? YOU WIN, YOU TAKE TRIBE. I WIN I TAKE TOWN, ONE DEATH, FAIR?” he grinned in a Potatoburgian way while getting closer.

“Fine, when do we begin?”

“NOW,” the Orc shouted and rushed at Lucretia. She was disoriented for a second, but managed to get out of the way using her wings. She prepared a spell for a quick counterattack but then she heard cheers and shouts of “GUV'NA!” “GUV'NA!” while the Orcs grumbled something in their own language.

Lucretia didn't know she was dealing with a professional. In the seven seconds that it took for her to fly sideways and prepare a spell, the Orc Leader managed to slip on Potatoburg's mud, ski all the way to Ole Jives home and split his skull against the house's stone foundation.

Both armies unanimously declared Lucretia as the victor, and she became chieftain of the Iron-Break Tribe by Orc tradi-

tion. She ordered the Orcs to settle in Potatoburg, but after seeing the town's state, the old Chieftain's daughter begged her to spare the terrifying fate. She kept hitting her forehead against the ground and crying, with snot, torrential tears and all, until Lucretia agreed to let them settle in the wilderness nearby.

"It's times like this that I hate being Countess," Lucretia sighed, and stretched her hands forward.

"Be as it may, Your Ladyship, the way you handled the issue was beyond reproach!"

"Dahlia-san, can you say this without rubbing that towel all over Anon's legs?"

"Ah, yes," the Head Maid stopped with embarrassment, "It's just that I was cleaning the mud from...and..."

"They're all clean now! Thanks," Anon shot her a pure bright smile, and she stopped to stare, then Dahlia collected herself and sat next to Umiko. Anon was sitting on his daughter's lap like a kid, causing Umiko to have several conflicting thoughts, most of which were words that ended in "-ape" and didn't refer to fruits or simians.

Lucretia sat alone on the opposite seat. The reason for this arrangement were her large shiny black bat-like wings. They filled the full width of the carriage even while narrowed.

After a few minutes, Lucretia noticed Anon's stare, she broke the silence with a "...what are you looking at?"

"...wings," Anon answered with some shyness.

"They're gross and creepy, like a bat right? You don't have to rub it in," she crossed her arms with embarrassment, but Anon shook his head.

"I like them,"

"Haaa??" Her hands dropped and she stared at Anon with a surprised expression, she didn't notice how red she got until her hand reached for her face automatically, she covered a growing smile. "You have a perverted way of flattering."

"It's not flattery!" Anon bent forward "I like them! It's cool how the skeleton is a dark bony black and the cartilaginous surface has this dark black shine, the puffs of hair on the peaks..."

“Ah, mouu!” Lucretia shut him off while closing her eyes from the embarrassment, “I understand! I understand now! You don’t have to keep going!”

Anon went quiet but kept observing Lucretia’s wings respectfully while slowly falling asleep. The vampire put her elbow against the wagon’s window and stared outside. Her face was still red.

“Geez, this child...” she muttered, the happiness over being accepted by Anon caused her to flutter her wings a bit.

And this would be a touching moment, that Lucretia would remember as such for the rest of her life. Except she happened to notice Umiko was staring at her with an evil grin.

“Well, I think your wings look like SHIT!”

“Ah, you bit—” Lucretia began to say something, but the feeling of a notification spell stopped her.

“We’ve arrived.”

As soon as the carriage stopped, Umiko got out with a smug expression, holding Anon’s sleeping body like a trophy. She was followed by Dahlia. They stopped upon seeing somebody.

Lucretia was the last to get out, she noticed a black winged girl with short curly blue hair standing in front of the Mansion’s entrance.

“Ah, Onee-sama, were you out on a late-night flight as well?”