



Otherside Subs - Divide & Conquer

Far out in the mountainous regions of forested land that were common sights around the countryside and rural locales in the Land of The Rising Sun. Two foreign souls wandered the vast stretch of verdant greenery, ducking between sturdy tree trunks with careful steps as they trudged through the thicket with minor difficulty, slipping on gnarly roots jutting out from the earth hidden beneath a dense blanket of dried grass, brittle twigs and fallen leaves or knocking themselves on the head when they weren't able to pick out low hanging branches from the redundant scenery of muddied browns and greens blending together.

One wrong step and it could spell the end to their little trip out in the backwoods of Japan, and if the resulting injury was serious enough, then they had better hope the cell reception in the region was good enough to call for rescue when they were miles away from civilization with a lengthy trek through dangerous woods to get to them from the nearest off road path.

But a closer look through the overgrown forest sprung from mother nature's bounty would quickly give anyone an idea as to what the two men were looking for as they seemed to follow along a hidden path marked by strange man made structures that had long since withered away and been reclaimed, barely noticeable when their original teal coloration had faded away under mud and grime.

And down by the foot of these ruined posts, curious little statuettes surrounded them, coming in various sizes and shapes but all depicting weasels, Itachi. Some were hunched over, others diminutive and seemingly meek, while others took on a more lackadaisical posture.

While there were many of these stone weasels scattered across the hidden path, the curious thing was that each post harbored no more than three of the carved critters, facing inward as if to welcome visitors to whatever laid ahead in the depths of this long forgotten sanctuary. Something the men braving the unknown wanted to see for themselves as they continued pushing on, unabated by the potential dangers that laid within. All for their next big post on the adventure blog they both ran.

Farther ahead, dressed in a protective vest with long legged pants to protect from any potential threats lurking on the forest floor was Robert, a well off thirty something year old Caucasian man with a penchant for travel and urban exploration, hobbies that would come together to inspire the creation of the blog he now ran alongside his partner as they traveled the globe looking for fabled locales no man had ever seen before.

And a little further behind with a little more caution to his step was Robert's partner; Mario. Wearing a lightweight black t-shirt with short sleeves atop similar sweatpants of a different, woolen make compared to Robert's, the man was a jack of all trades standing at a modest height of six feet. Without his technical expertise and mechanical know-how, Robert would never have been able to maintain their equipment and other electronics for this long, saving on expenses greatly.

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But this particular excursion to the wilds of Japan was a particularly lightweight one, for the terrain simply didn't allow for them to haul cameras and other heavy baggage around without making the trip harder. And even stranger still, the entire area seemed to be located within an indeterminate sphere where electronics didn't seem to function properly. Affecting the ability for them to take proper pictures when the resulting image being produced was a mess of pixels and strange glitches, deepening the mystery behind who or what had built these long abandoned structures and carvings...

...And the purpose behind its creation.

In truth, the place had been a coincidental discovery made when Robert had decided to wake Mario up for an early breakfast as the modest hotel the two were staying at for a vacation in Kawagoe just a little ways north of Tokyo. There they would meet the wizened old head chef with a surprising understanding and skill in speaking English with the faintest hint of an accent who would regale the two with tales of an ancient settlement built deep within the forests in an unrecorded locale while they ate a hearty meal of fragrant rice balls, providing only a worn out photo taken in black and white of the beaten path that would lead the two there alongside a cryptic message to further clue them in;

"Walk the path under weasel's gaze, there, you shall have your prize..."

And now that they were finally there after a few hours of travel by car to the surrounding forested areas on the lookout for the same scenic location depicted in the photo albeit being more overgrown after god knows how many years since the photo was last taken, they finally understood the chef's words after finding the first ruined post sheltered beneath a thick canopy, guarded by a trio of the weasel carvings that must've numbered in the hundreds by now as they crossed the vigilant watch of the immobile sentries manning what they counted as their twenty ninth derelict post with many more they could've missed.

But even as the sapping heat of the afternoon sun soon begins to beat down right on top of their heads and multiple return trips to their rented SUV after realizing they couldn't lug their equipment in with them, hopes remained high that what they would find here today would be on a whole other scale. A historical discovery big enough to have their names on the headlines of newspapers in Japan and beyond for sure. Unbeknownst to the two however, they would indeed be walking out of the forest by day's end with something...rewarding...just not in the way either men would ever think possible.

If they were sharp enough, then maybe they would've been able to spot the subtle cyan glow emanating from somewhere deep within the bowels of the weathered old chef's eyes. Or the fact that the location they'd been provided seemed a little bit too exposed for a site this large to have gone by unnoticed for decades despite the isolated setting. Surely there must've been more adventurous souls before Robert and Mario who had gone wandering into the depths in a bid to rediscover the past. But oversights were a common occurrence

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throughout history as well, so maybe the duo really were the first humans to lay their eyes on this secret path ever since its abandonment.

A believable argument...until the thought of why a local resident would even give up the location of a supposed secret to a pair of foreigners enters the mind, much like it did to Mario, who was already beginning to grow weary of the trek and suspicious of the whole thing. Unlike Robert, he wasn't as enthusiastic as his long time friend was when she first divulged the information to them, especially when she seemed to shoot him a knowing glance right as he left to catch up to his overzealous friend who had sped off to fetch the car the moment she passed them the photo. True, they did find the location described in the photo relatively easily. And yes, her words made sense now that they had seen the weasel carvings. But it seemed almost too easy...a lure to bait them into a trap maybe?

"Hey, Rob? How much longer are we gonna do this thing? Sun's already about to crest and I don't wanna be out here when night falls!"

Scoffing with a sideways glance before continuing his speedy gait through the woods, Robert hops down a raised root jutting out of the mud with a splat, clearly having no intention to turn back.

"Getting scared now Mario? I figured you for the tough guy type y'know? Didn't know you'd be scared of the night!"

"C'mon man, it's not that...it's just...don't you think this is all too easy? Something isn't right here, I don't trust that old crone..."

"Really? A crone? She was just looking out for us there! Didn't you hear her? She knew we were explorers! If anyone's fit for the job of finding what lies at the end, it's us!"

Shaking his head in a mix of disbelief and embarrassment, Mario sighs before continuing on his way, picking up the pace to avoid being left behind. They'd been leaping from root to upturned root, hefting their boots from sticky mud and pushing through dense foliage for up to three hours now, and the only thing they had to refuel their bodies with since breakfast had been simple seaweed wrapped energy bars they'd bought from a convenience store and a bottle of water. Neither of them had expected the journey to last so long but the two were also unaware that geographically, they were no longer anywhere to be found within Japan, having dropped off the radar ever since they crossed the first pair of posts that served as the threshold to an interdimensional gateway that shouldn't normally be open unless fluctuations in the fabric of space time coincidentally open a one way portal leading into the strange realm beyond. A place known only to a few as the Otherside.

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In recent years, doorways leading into the Otherside have been increasing thanks to the ever growing power of its mistress, who had originally been sealed deep within its bowels as a captive by a group of humans hailed as heroes in their time, turning the inhuman lady's own home against her. But in their efforts to seal her, none would return to tell the tale of their harrowing venture into what was formerly a mansion whose interior spaces combined aesthetics from across human history, albeit sporting a predominant Victorian era finish throughout most of the halls and rooms within its endless depths.

With the re-emergence of its mistress and her powers gradual return however, the mansion had grown to encompass impossible spaces bordering on pocket dimensions ranging from entire apartment blocks, forests like the one Robert and Mario were currently in and even spaces cut from other universes altogether.

But this wasn't enough, in order to grow her power even further, the Otherside would demand more tribute, more humans to fill its once populous bowels with. And from these ordinary souls, new ones would be fashioned in the searing fires of change, empowering them with new purpose and life with which they would feed the Otherside and its mistress in turn without any negative effects. A beneficial relationship that left none wanting.

Unfortunately for Robert and Mario in particular, the two were now waist deep in the Otherside, lured in by promises of a lost historical site and the fame associated with its discovery. But in truth, the old chef hadn't lied. There was once a settlement populated by an ancient clan of supernatural beings built within those forests, and the place still existed to this day, empty and forgotten. Simply plucked from the real world and deposited into a new room within the glowing blue lady's domain as she flits through the skies above, watching in mild boredom with aimless eyes directed on Mario as he struggles to free his foot from a particularly gnarled root, slim lips breaking into an expectant smile. She had found memories of this place before its inhabitants were completely cut down to the last man. With her being sealed long before then, she could not raise a finger to stop as others of her ilk were either hunted down or banished by those who let fear rule their hearts.

But what she could do, was make a new place for them to. A haven for them to begin anew, carried on by a new generation borne from the blood of those that had wronged them, just like she'd been doing for quite some time now ever since she could move again, itching to enact her revenge plan against the humans.

Unlike her foes however, she wasn't just some ruthless warlord without a plan. If the humans who found their way into the Otherside managed to prove strong enough to survive with their minds intact, then she wouldn't lift a finger, simply allowing them to carry on with their human memories intact. Although she had yet to encounter any particular resistance from the many humans taken under her wing, something told her today's batch would be an interesting sight to behold if memory serves her right about the mythical beings she fully intended for Mario to be the first to join as she watches the sharp eyed yet clumsy human free himself before catching up with Robert who had already stepped out into a nearby clearing in the

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woods surrounded by immense trees and dotted with abandoned wooden huts and collapsed straw roofs arranged in a smooth circular pattern.

"Hahah! What did I tell ya man? See? It wasn't some hoax!"

"Yeah, yeah...you were right...pretty small place though ain't it? And damn old too....who even lived here?"

"Whoever they were...they must've been good climbers. Check it out, up there!"

"This...This doesn't make any sense!"

Gawking upward, Mario takes in the sight of more abandoned living spaces constructed high up above them, connected to rotted planks of wood with weathered rope platforms strung up between them for a perilous walk across. The sight of more than five floors worth of broken homes left the man stunned in abject disbelief.

Unlike Robert who seemed to take the sight with glee and excitement, Mario was beginning to have second thoughts about the place. With trees that tall dotted with interconnected bridges and pockmarked with ruins, they should've been able to at least see a glimpse of it from where they walked even with the canopy above being as thick as it was. Hell, anyone should've been able to see the place from a mile away! And it wasn't as if they'd been going on a downward slope either to warrant them missing out on sight of the towering trees above.

Common sense told Mario that they needed to assess the situation before making any further ventures into the abandoned village, but another, louder part of him was unwilling to turn back, partly because there was no other option considering how dangerously close it was to nightfall and the dangers of trekking through that forest in the dark. Already he had gotten stuck, tripped over and suffered minor knocks to the head, and that was when he could see where he was going. Chancing it in pitch black conditions just wasn't worth it.

But as his eyes scanned the place, he was beginning to grow concerned about where the pair could even take shelter in. Sure, they could hopefully get a campfire going, but in the rush to get out here, they hadn't packed a tent or sleeping bags. They were expecting to get back to the hotel by nightfall, yet here they were deep in a forest with no working equipment as Mario pulled out his phone, only to be greeted by a glitched display that didn't seem to respond. Bad news that dashes the hope of calling for help if things go bad.

So focused was Mario on trying to figure out the best course of action to take that he had become oblivious to the fact that Robert had left him alone as he wandered off toward the closest tree the forest settlement above was being held aloft by. Neither was he aware of the strengthening gusts of wind beginning to pick up

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speed around his feet as the weasel statuettes that lined the hidden path begin to move, craning their stone necks toward the vicinity of the clearing as one, empty eye sockets burning with a faint green glow that blends with the bella wrought by the retreating sun and approaching evening. Creating an ephemeral scene straight out of a picture book with Mario looking up just in time to notice the unusual wings kicking up loose twigs, fallen leaves and withered grass in a sphere around him.

"W-What the hell? H-Hey?! Robert?! I need he-ack!"

Opening his mouth to call for Robert would prove to be the man's doing as a quick burst of air shoots down his open maw, flowing with such ferocity that the intangible gust feels like an ice cold tendril jetting down Mario's throat, filling empty space within the man like a balloon, forcing him to his knees while his arms pawing madly, flailing in a futile effort to stop what couldn't be held in the palm of one's hand.

It scorched the back of his throat, his insides felt filled to capacity, his bones were screaming against the tension as every single bit of space that could be filled was occupied, including gaps in the body that were never meant to be filled, causing immense pain throughout his body from muscles cramping up and blood vessels being blocked, further dulling his resistance as strength and vitality is immediately sapped away from Mario's muscular body, so utterly beaten in an instant he couldn't even muster the faintest gurgle as his feet soon lifts up and off the ground like he was a puppet dancing to the tune of an invisible master pulling his strings .

Yes, Mario was as strong as he was smart. But muscle and brains could do little when faced with something as simple as the air everyone needed to breath in order to live...except now it was trying to kill him through hyperventilation and beyond, eyes rolling up to their whites as his vision begins to blur alongside a mind boggling dizziness that left him barely conscious.

But just as he thought he was about to faint, the supernatural flow of air ceases, loosing its hold over Mario as he collapses into a heap on the muddy forest floor, coughing spittle into the air as he struggles to catch his breath. But after taking in so much oxygen against his will, the panic stricken man was trying as hard as he could to keep his jaws shut, fearing yet another traumatic experience at the hands of whatever had assaulted him earlier, cursing at Robert for being such a kid and at himself for not being firm enough to keep him from pulling vanishing stunts like this, oblivious to his friend's plight just below as he gazes out at the setting sun from a platform high above.

Whatever had assaulted Mario however, definitely wasn't done tormenting the poor man as a sensation akin to being punched in the gut knocks him back down onto his knees, groaning as an audible bubbling begins to fill the air, accompanied by sickly wet pops and the alarming crunch of bone, but unlike before, the pain was completely masked to Mario as he hunches over on all fours, gritting his teeth as his once solid navel

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begins to bubble and bloat, surging forward in an eerie display as his t shirt peels away at the hem to reveal a swollen balloon of skin, almost as if the man had become...pregnant!

But just before Mario could scream in utter terror at the sight of his belly hanging out right before his eyes, his neck suddenly expands into a ring of blubber, stifling any attempt to do so as his arms too, begin to lift off the forest floor against his will, sticking out to the sides as muscle is subsumed by voluminous layers of thick blubbery fat that now threatened to consume his entire being.

Within seconds, the well built man had become a human balloon, left helpless to resist as his skin and clothes miraculously holds his increased mass together, albeit with intense strain placed upon them when a low shredding noise signals the defeat of his boxers as a new hole rips into its back end to make way for two massive cheeks, struggling all the while with shrunken legs kicking in the air like a toddler being carried by their parents.

'Can't...move...hard....can't...Rob...ert!'

Mario could not think, nor did he have the breath left in him to talk. As fast as all that oxygen had been pumped into him, he now felt as if he'd been drained of it just as fast, left as a comically enlarged peach colored human pincushion pumped so full of obese fat the only way he could move was if he began rolling forward. It was an unthinkable fate, one that made him want to close his eyes and wish it was all a dream as his numbing skin and internals blind him to the rhythmic ripples being sent through his rotund hide as something begins to kick and squirm beneath his flesh just out of sight, pressing skeletal hands just beneath his skin before the faint silhouette of a thigh bone passes by briefly alongside a bevy of other alien appendages that seemed too sleek and inorganic to be normal human arms and legs. Becoming more clear and distinct by the second as whatever had taken root within the hollowed out sphere that was Mario's disfigured body continues to develop...and judging from the multiple pairs of legs and the faint curvature of an hourglass figure sporting a perfect set of hefty D's, there were more than one of them...and they were most definitely female.

As the alien creatures mature, Mario's consciousness in turn, begins to fade, dipping in and out of darkness as his eyelids soon grow too heavy to keep open. Eventually, even his limbs go limp, hanging lifelessly as the last of his bodily energy flows inward to be fed to new life within. He didn't even have the time to mentally utter any sort of prayer as his eyes closed for the last time while his ears deafen themselves to the forest's breath as his soul began to fragment within him, drawn towards the three new bodies currently floating in limbo.

From there, the strange, and final step in this grotesque form of rebirth would begin as Mario's essence; his memories, experiences, skills and affinity with the people he met are split more or less evenly between the three vessels. Instilling the gift of sentience within their nubile young forms, causing long slender arms to

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twitch while soft silken fur colored a sheen green ruffles to attention across their enticing forms, especially prominent around the wavy tails extending from just atop round, perky rumps leading down to legs of varying quality. One sported diminutive, doll-like legs while another bore lengthy, mature ones sporting thick thighs clad in pliable fat with sturdy, yet highly sensitive calves beneath connected to waifish feet.

But with Mario's soul diced into three, his will in turn would be weakened, melding easily with the three base personas already present within the organic shells without much resistance. Resulting in a sudden influx of information provided by an ancient hivemind that quickly fills the void left behind by the ones he was losing as a result of the diffusion and sudden merging of his soul amongst three other fully formed, yet immature instances of a whole, sharing their total collective will for a final time as one soon becomes three with the idea of ever being a human going by the name of Mario soon washed away in the raging rapids of spiritual energy. Leaving only vestiges, scattered as faint memories within the minds of the three inhuman women slowly rousing from their slumber as they gasp and kick, struggling to breathe in a thick suffocating muck of protective gel and elastic webbing while the largest among them moves to free her kin, forging a razor sharp implement akin to a sickle out of thin air before gyrating her body into a lethal whirlwind that instantly cuts apart the fleshy cocoon they had been encased in. Sending a reverberating boom throughout the forest as a combination of air and organic slurry goes flying in all directions, including withered bits of hide and fabric that begins to disintegrate. Leaving two young oriental women standing in the spot where a bloated Mario once laid. Coming to fully as they conjure new apparel and equipment much like their eldest had done with her sickle blades to cloth themselves with, furry ears twitching in the cool evening air as night sets in while golden eyes gaze over what they now saw as their home, beaming with a familial warmth instead of the uncertain frown their predecessor bore.

Even with the aid of heightened senses however, the trio remained oblivious to the sole member of the audience watching from high above them, seemingly pleased by the successful reintroduction of the fabled Kamaitachi back to the once abandoned settlement.

“Hmhmhm~ Isn't this an interesting development? Even transformed, they really do come in triplets! But I wonder...is there anything left in there of dear old Mario...”

Based on the weasels they shared their name with, the Kamaitachi were a race of demihumans, otherwise mistaken for yokai in far Eastern mythology, that used to be common sights all around Japan back during the years where ninja were still highly sought after warrior spies, of which the swift footed weasel people had a hand in raising as they taught them the art of subterfuge and sabotage over brute force assaults .

Predominantly ruled by females, the Kamaitachi depended upon the selection of a single human man from which they would mate with in order to ensure the survival of their species since the birth of natural male Kamaitachi was a rare occurrence. In a compact of sorts, the women of the demihuman race had agreed to teach the humans their ways if they were given willing men to breed with. Things would carry on like this until the Warring States period where man fought man over the right to rule Japan, and the Kamaitachi,

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being natural pacifists, sat it out. By then, they had a vast number of human converted Kamaitachi males to secure a good future with, and with stragglers from all over the country gathering at that little settlement in the forest thanks to the war, the weasels sought to keep to themselves and make a haven for themselves.

Unlike other species of demihuman currently living within the Otherside's halls however, not a single Kamaitachi had survived the massacre that would follow soon after the Warring States period had come to a close. With their enemies destroyed and paranoia rife amongst the troops and leadership, the ninjas they had helped train would be let loose upon them, utilizing the same techniques they had been taught alongside new atrocious methods targeted towards dealing with the Kamaitachi's ability to manipulate air. Thanks to her imprisonment a thousand years earlier, by the time the blue lady had mustered the strength to return, the village was nothing but a collection of cindered wood and rotting grass.



In a single night, the Kamaitachi had been rendered virtually extinct, wiped off the face of the earth...until now that is. With her powers more or less back up and running. The mistress of the Otherside had begun to

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reseed extinct demihumans back into existence through ancient techniques and spells only she would know of. Grinning proudly to herself as she watches the three newborn weasel girls sniff around and get a feel for their home, smiling wider once an air of tension sets in as the sole surviving human finally takes notice of his friend's prolonged silence, alerting the girls in turn as he runs back down the platform toward the forest floor.

Landing on strong feet with a notable jiggle to her buoyant breasts and voluminous ponytail. The third returns her weapons from whence they came as the solidified air and fur holding it together breaks apart, leaving nothing behind while she begins to dress herself in a black, skin tight yukata sewn from luxurious yet sturdy fibers with a short hem hanging down to cover her flat, toned navel but not enough to conceal her moist snatch from prying eyes. An encompassing set of old fashioned Japanese clothes that fell in line with the ones her fellow sisters were already adorned in, as revealing as it was modest with plentiful cuts and gaps in the sleeves and thighs to show off their buxom bodies and creamy smooth skin. Already the Kamaitachi trio could sense a disturbance in the air as fluffy ears perked up like sound sensitive radars while lashing tails stood high on alert.

“Mario?! You hear me??? You alright down there?! That bang better not be what I think it is!”

But it wasn't danger that put them on edge. Rather, it was a fourth entity wandering around somewhere above them, an unknown. One whose scent begins to turn nipples erect while a burgeoning itch begins to build in the women's loins; the scent of a human male. A single glance exchanged amongst each other was all they needed to know that it wasn't a coincidence, that they weren't just imagining things before they divert their eyes from each other toward the bewildered young man approaching them at full sprint, only to come to a stop once he had caught sight of them, shouting in a language they could somewhat understand as the tallest rearms herself while the middle, more bodacious sibling kneeling on the grass pulls out a vase from her voluminous sleeves, dipping a petite hand inside only to withdraw an animate string of clear, aquamarine goop that hangs around her like an aureole. Taking advantage of the man's awe, the third begins to build up an incredible aura of air around her feet unnoticed, preparing to pull off the maneuver that earned the Kamaitachi their misunderstood reputation as the triplets leap forward, with *Mizuki* brandishing blades that make quick work of the human's sturdy top while *Mizuha* blasts the stunned human with a whirlwind of concussive air, knocking him off his feet to leave him open for *Makoto* to tackle him, splashing the precise cuts delivered by her sisters blows with a special salve derived from all their energies, leaving the raven haired human powerless to resist as his will to fight is instantly snipped at the bud, blushing furiously once he realizes his life wasn't in danger as the other Kamaitachi move to join Makoto who was already busying herself by rubbing the ointment suggestively over the warm skin of the human's surprisingly well built torso with Mizuki slinking behind to secure his shoulders with a motherly grip while Mizuha joins Makoto, glomping the man at the waist in a childish bearhug.

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In a surprising turn of events however, the human resists the burning sensation of the salve slowly spreading through his system and the soothing warmth of the Kamaitachi, shoving Mizuki off of his back before moving to pry Makoto away from him, eliciting a series of furious hisses from the rejection. Leaving poor Mizuha to hold the resisting human down like a living anchor.

“G-Girls? C-Can you s-stop...shit, I don’t have time to...need to find Mario!”

Upon hearing that name again up close however, the trio stop their efforts to subdue their target, turning as one to stare blankly at him with wide golden eyes as their synapses jolt and tingle with the emergence of faint memories clawing their way to the surface as if something was responding to the man, depicting a life lived in a modern civilization far beyond the borders of their forest home. Raised by human parents before coming upon a younger man in school bearing a heavy resemblance to the one in their clutches.

And as the flashback speeds forward past university and finally a few years into adulthood, the Kamaitachi lighten their grip around Robert, unable to fully grasp that life as theirs when they remembered an entirely different one altogether. But it was enough for them to regain the familial link their former self had to Robert, dropping the aggression and instead crowding around the man who seemed to have lost the fight he had displayed earlier, eyes brimming with fire and annoyance now gazing at the trio with unbridled lust...the work of the Kamaitachi's secret salve produced for medicinal purposes...as well as to subdue human males by amping up their libido and altering biochemical processes in the body, changing him from human to Kamaitachi in everything but form. An unfortunate early application in their haste to satiate their lust right after their forgotten rebirth.

To the sisters, they had always lived in the heart of this forest, bearing fragmented memories of the massacre at the hands of the humans, the proceeding decades of solitude as the rest of their burnt down commune rotted away to leave only scraps. But only now did they truly come to live it, awakening only seconds earlier as nothing more than wild animals with their instincts to bear against the unknown world they had been born into, hiding fear and panic from being caught in a strange situation behind each of their individual masks, gaining some semblance of awareness as to whose despair they felt for a brief moment before their own minds grappled for control in the flurry of souls they'd been forced into.

And now here they lay, with the man they now recognized as a friend panting heavily in their midst, growing too weak to stay standing any longer with Mizuki offering her bosom as a backrest. Rubbing Robert's trembling shoulders with an uneasy smile on her face, a move that earns jealous looks from her sisters as they trade hesitation for assertiveness, with Makoto returning to her gentle application of more healing salve while Mizuha does her best to embrace Robert's side despite her diminutive stature.

By now the man was a sweaty mess, fighting the feverish haze that had suddenly consumed him in a bid to look for his friend, but the heavenly warmth and the women's gentle caress only served to sink him even

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deeper into the unnatural calm he felt. He knew it was wrong to feel this peaceful when Mario could've been stuck somewhere out in the dark as the light of the full moon shines down upon his face.

"R..Robert..."

"M-Mario? Is that...you?"

He had thought himself to be hallucinating, driven mad by fever and adrenaline, but then his ears perk up once more as a steamy breath delivers the words once more in a heavily accented soprano, turning his neck weakly to find Mizuki staring him right in the eyes with the expressionless look she had earlier wavering slightly, her true feelings betrayed by the crimson blush on her cheeks and the trembling line of her pert lips.

**"Did you...h-how do you...know...my name?
Robert..."**

Turning back around after watching Mizuki point a dainty finger his way, Robert was somewhat flabbergasted by the sight of the other two pointing as well. Swallowing his doubts as excitement begins to build at the possibility of communicating with these animal girls, mistaking them for fox girls despite everything he had seen till now pointing toward their weasel heritage...classic hardheaded Robert. Deciding to try his luck anyway, he vocalized Mario's name, slowly and in the clearest voice he can muster despite the dryness in his throat.

Sharing an uncertain look with each other, the younger Kamaitachi follow in Mizuki's example, turning their fingers around to point at themselves.



"Y-You...this can't...be real right? You're lying! You can't really be saying...fuck me..."

Laughing despondently, the trio once again affirm the fact that they could understand Robert's words as they nod their heads in unison even though they themselves weren't really sure what had happened to Mario, but from the recent memory surge they all experienced, that was the only assumption they could lean on. But unbelievable occurrences stacked one on top of the other was sure to do a number on Robert's psyche. The excitement of discovering this place, the panic upon watching three fox girls pounce on him with one bearing wicked sickles and finally, the oppressive fever hanging over him. Add to all of that the

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news that Mario had somehow been replaced by three beautiful Japanese women, and he was done, slumping lazily backwards much to Mizuki's surprise as she vocalizes worry in the form of a startled 'oi!' only to realize he had simply fallen asleep...though that was putting it lightly considering Robert had keeled over in Mizuki's arms.

Cradling Robert gently in her arms, Mizuki rises to her feet before scanning the ruined settlement, quickly finding a good spot that had remained relatively intact over the years to serve as serviceable shelter, making a beeline for it just as her sisters begin to gawk and speak for the first time.

"Big Mizu...what now?"

"Yeah! Do we...y'know...have our way with him now that he's all tuckered out?"

"We will do nothing of the sort...he...Robert...needs rest. As much as I would like to satisfy my urge to 'get back at him'...I think that can wait till the morn yes? Besides, we still have much to do if we are to return our home to its former state. And given enough time...I'm sure Robert will come round to us...eventually~ I'd like to take the long route with him!"

"Boo! Speak for yourself!"

"I think we should...let him rest...yes...unlike us, humans aren't as...virile as we are...you understand don't you? Little Mizu?"

"Che! You two are no fun!"

Kicking up dirt before speeding along to help Mikoto as the two girls speed off to effect immediate repairs however they could, Mizuki lays Robert down over a bed of dried grass, running a gentle hand down over his cheek before giggling softly to herself. The memories depicting another life with this man definitely wasn't a coincidence, and whether or not this Mario fellow truly did give them life and form didn't matter much to her. Despite her stoic display, she truly did want to bed Robert the first chance she got, but something inside her heart was strong enough to fight against her Kamaitachi instinct to procreate, stifling a gasp as her legs go weak, collapsing to her knees beside Robert's unconscious body, doing her best to fight the roiling wave of carnal desire flooding through her entire body just by being so close to him.

That being said, Mizuki certainly did better than her sisters at hiding her urges. Compared to the vivacious Mizuha, who represented Mario's innate childish curiosity mixed with an unabashed lust for Robert and the unpredictable Mikoto, whose brooding heart was hidden by an exuberant mask akin to Mizuha's boisterous pep. Leaving Mizuki to shoulder the tact and wisdom left over, alongside most of Mario's memories, technically making her the closest one to Robert among the trio. A fact that filled her tummy with

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butterflies as she mustered the strength to pull herself away from Robert, eager to help her sisters to get her mind off of those pesky desires. At the end of the day, they were meant to share him, as did all other Kamaitachi when each trinity eventually found their destined mate.

One thing was for sure though, when Robert next awoke, his body would fully be adapted to furthering the Kamaitachi lineage. And by then, he had better hope he still had the stamina required to satisfy all three girls before his own fiery urges could be quelled, a curious genetic 'curse' of sorts that essentially made sure all within a trinity could 'have their fill' before their husband could rest. Unlike human ceremonies, paths were made through coital bliss and the time they spent in each other's company. For each act of kindness, his wives would pay him back for it thrice.

Wishing the sisters and their man the best of luck with a mental note made to introduce more unwitting folk into the rebuilding Kamaitachi community before they bred out of control like rabbits, the mistress of the Otherwise blinks out of existence, off to handle other affairs within and beyond her domain.

Come morning, the SUV would be left abandoned on the road side and the hotel chef would be back in business as usual after taking a few days off after falling ill out of the blue. But strange tales would begin to surface of a forested community of Yokai, awaiting unlucky travelers to wander by, never to be seen again if they were to ever find the weasel's path...

THE END