Shadow Study (Trial Version)

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[Phase.0] A distorted peace and the twins' rule

Under a large camphor tree in the corner of the schoolyard, my twin sister, Heim, was receiving a confession from a male student I didn't know.
I was leaning on my hand on the window of a classroom on the fourth floor, vaguely looking down at the scene.
"...Again?"
The distance is too great to hear their conversation, but there's no need to see the ending.
Heim's expression remained unchanged, and he simply waited patiently for the other person to finish speaking.
Then, with a few brief words, he crossed his hands and made an "X" gesture (a mark signifying a defect, error, or deletion), and left the scene without looking back even once.
As the rejected boy ran off into the crowd of students, I let out a small sigh.
That mysterious, otherworldly aura, and her doll-like, perfectly formed features.
Apparently, this strangely stimulated the possessiveness and desire for conquest of the male students, and Heim had always been unusually popular with them.
However, he seems to have little interest in people, and he rejects every offer from anyone.

"...I'm not interested."
He always dismisses things with that one sentence, which must be incredibly frustrating for the other person.
However, the ones who found his cold attitude the most unappealing were the girls around him.
I could hear hushed, unpleasant whispers and gossip coming from all corners of the classroom.
"What's wrong with her? She's toying with men."
"He's so pretentious, it's really annoying."
Even the male students they had feelings for became infatuated with Heim, only to be rejected without a word.
That jealousy and hatred eventually took on a dark, murky form and were directed towards Heim.
Naturally, such dissatisfaction eventually escalates into insidious harassment.
Last Monday, several razor blades were found hidden in the shoe rack at Heim.
On Wednesday, textbooks and notebooks were found torn to shreds and thrown into the trash.
On Friday, his desk drawer was stuffed with rotting garbage.
There is absolutely no evidence to suggest who did it.
The crime was cleverly carried out by targeting blind spots in security cameras and choosing a time when no one was around.
Normally, one would become distrustful of people, either give up and cry in silence or skip school.
However, my twin sister was someone who could not possibly fit into the framework of "normal."
"...Hey, Shiromu."
Last Friday afternoon after school, Heim quietly called out to me, standing in front of his ransacked desk.
"Yes, what is it, Heim?"
"...Gathering evidence is a pain."
"Well, yes. Identifying the culprit is difficult."
"...I did my best."
"Thank you for your hard work, Heim..."
A despicable and insidious form of bullying.
I thought even Heim would have to accept defeat this time.
I will never forget the nightmarish scene that unfolded the following day, this past Monday.
Before morning homeroom, Heim quietly closed the classroom door and locked it from the inside.
Then, he casually picked up a metal folding chair that was placed beside the podium.
"Heim? What are you doing..."
Ignoring my attempts to stop him, Heim walked over to the boy with student number 1, who was sitting in the front row.
Then, completely out of the blue, he slammed the folding chair into the boy's face with all his might.
A dull thud and a loud scream echoed throughout the classroom.
"Aaaaahhh!?"
Heim then struck the boy's head with a chair, smashing it open as the boy's nasal bone was shattered and blood gushed out.

"……Second-rate"
Without even glancing at her, Heim grabbed the hair of the girl with student number 2.
Without hesitation, he slammed his face against the corner of the desk.
With a terrifying thud, bright red blood stained the white print red.
"Ah...! Stop! It wasn't me! I didn't do anything!"
"...To condone bullying is just as guilty."
If you don't know who the culprit is, just beat up everyone in the classroom, starting from the top.
That was the violent answer Heim had arrived at.
Punish all who are suspected.
The classroom descended into panic as the gruesome sight of classmates having their faces covered in blood one after another unfolded.
"Hey you damn bitch! Don't do whatever you want!"
Two well-built men with brightly dyed hair pushed their way through the crowd, threatening Heim and closing the distance between them.
They were the hangers-on of the girls' group, and they regularly engaged in insidious bullying against boys as well.
"Hey, are you even listening?"
The moment the man approached to make a move, Heim carelessly tossed the folding chair he was holding aside.
Then, without hesitation, he pulled a stun gun from his pocket and pressed it against the neck of the leading boy, electrocuting him with a loud discharge.
"Gah, aghhhhh!?"
"picture?"
Seizing the opportunity presented by the man's momentary hesitation as he convulsed and collapsed, Heim swung the baton he had concealed in his pocket down with great force towards the other boy's head.
"Whoa!?"
The panicked boy raised both hands above his head, desperately trying to block the blows from the baton.
However, attacks from above are merely bait.
The moment the enemy's attention shifted upwards, Heim kicked the boy in the groin with all his might.
"Guh...!?"
As the boy curled up on the ground, clutching his crotch in agony, Heim calmly picked up the folding chair he had discarded earlier.
Then, he took turns punching the heads of the two men who were down, three times each with all his might.
Bang! Bang! A dull metallic sound echoed, and bright red blood gushed out from the top of his head, staining the floor red.
"H-He's having a hysterical fit! Help me!"
"Open up! Open the door!"
The terrified students ran around desperately trying to escape, but Heim shot anyone who approached the door in the face with his modified air gun.
"Gyaa"
Five, then six, they sank into a pool of blood, and finally, the boy with student number 7 was punched in the face and fell to the ground.

Realizing that their turn was rapidly approaching, the surrounding students began shouting in an attempt to protect themselves.
"O-Okay! I'll tell them! I'll tell them, so please stop!"
"Those guys did it! All four of them!"
"That's right! Those four were putting knives and trash in the shoe lockers!"
"I saw it! So please, don't hit me!"
The real culprit's name was quickly exposed by innocent students who, out of self-preservation, didn't want to be covered in blood themselves.
The four female students who were named as the perpetrators were pale and trembling uncontrollably.
"……yes"
Heim dragged the blood-stained pipe chair he was holding and walked towards the four of them.
"N-no! We were just getting revenge for being teased a little... Aaaahhh!?"
Without giving him a chance to even finish his excuses, Heim mercilessly brought down the folding chair.
Again and again.
Heim's mechanical assault continued until all four were barely alive and their faces were unrecognizable.
As the classroom was filled with the smell of blood and screams, the grade level head teacher and the physical education teacher finally broke down the lock and burst in.
Naturally, Heim was immediately taken to the guidance counseling room.
But the story didn't end there.
The male students, who harbored intense feelings for Heim, united and began to take action.
"Ms. Heim was subjected to horrific and insidious bullying!"
"That was excessive self-defense... no, it was legitimate self-defense!"
"Those four girls were the ones who made the first move!"
The strong testimonies of the male students and the school's self-preservation motive of wanting to cover up an "unprecedented major scandal" perfectly aligned.
As a result, Heim's actions were treated as "legitimate self-defense in an extreme situation."
The four girls who were seriously injured, along with several unrelated individuals, were taken to the hospital, and Heim was allowed to return to the classroom "peacefully" with only a "stern warning."
"...Phew"
Just thinking about it gives me a headache.
As I turned my gaze back to the classroom from outside the window, the door rattled open and Heim came in.
I had just come back after rejecting the confession.
Her uniform was spotless, and her expression remained as unreadable as ever.
However, every time she took a step, the surrounding students would flinch, stiffen, and quickly move out of the way as if startled.
A peaceful class free from bullying, achieved through overwhelming violence.
That was the daily routine in this classroom at the time.
"Welcome back, Heim."
"...I'm home, Shirom."
Heim sat down at his desk and lazily rested his elbows on it.
"So you've dumped another guy, huh?"
"...Yeah. Because it was getting in the way."

"You're as merciless as ever."
"...Not really."
While exchanging a few brief words, I quietly observed my surroundings.
There is no one left in this class who would openly oppose Heim.
However, the resentment suppressed by fear was swirling like deeper, more insidious magma.
The blatant harassment has stopped, but the whispered gossip and backbiting never disappears.
"Hey, did you see? She dumped another guy today."
"Seriously, who do they think they are?"
"Even though she's a violent woman..."
"Aren't the teachers being too lenient with him?"
"Something's definitely not right. There are rumors that she's having an affair with the vice-principal."
Whispered, secretive malice.
Heim must have heard it too, yet she didn't even flinch.
"...Hey, Shiromu."
"Yes, what is it?"
"……noisy"
"Yes, that's true. But even the school can't protect them from any more violence than this."
"...I know."
Heim began to look out the window, seemingly uninterested.
To her, the jealousy and insults of those around her are probably worth about as much as the buzzing of a fly.
But I know.
This abnormal silence and distorted peace will inevitably collapse someday.
A classroom ruled by fear, and whispers harboring an unyielding murderous intent.
We are sitting on top of a bomb that could explode at any moment.
"...Haa"
I couldn't help but let out a big sigh, I don't know how many times I'd sighed today.
"What's wrong, Shirom? Does your stomach hurt?"
"No, Heim. Being your brother just gives me a stomach ulcer."
"...That's weird."
Heim tilted his head slightly, then slumped onto the desk and closed his eyes.
Honestly, I'm always the one who suffers having such a carefree older sister.
In the corner of the classroom, a group of girls were staring at me with murderous eyes.
Their eyes held not only fear, but an even deeper resentment.
A solution tarnished with blood does not lead to a fundamental solution.
They only sowed the seeds of tragedy.
When the next explosion occurs, will I be able to protect Heim, and myself?
In the heavy atmosphere, the warning bell rang emptily throughout the school.
I pressed my finger between my eyebrows, contemplating the unsettling daily life that was about to begin.
"...Oh dear, what a pain."
The whispered words, unheard by anyone, quietly dissolved into the cold air of the classroom.
The only sound I could hear beside me was Heim's regular breathing.
This is truly the calm before the storm.

I couldn't let my guard down, wondering who would make the next move.
I felt as if the temperature in the classroom had suddenly dropped.
The whispers of gossip didn't completely disappear even after the bell had finished ringing.
It lingers in this room like a curse.
All I could do was pray that Heim would never pick up that folding chair again.
The struggles of being the younger twin seemed likely to continue indefinitely.
The classroom door opened, and the homeroom teacher came in.
The teacher's face, too, was contorted with fear.
Students and teachers alike are all trying to gauge the mood of this one girl, Heim.
An abnormal school, an abnormal class, and an abnormal older sister.
In the middle of it all, I continue to sigh every day.
During lunchtime, another male student might call Heim out.
And so the girls' jealousy continues to build up.
I still don't have a way to break this vicious cycle.
All I can do is watch over her from beside Heim.
"...Shirom, you're being noisy."
"Huh? I didn't say anything."
"...My inner voice is so noisy."
"...Please don't say such outrageous things."
We exchanged a few words, then turned our gaze to the teacher standing at the front of the classroom.
Classes begin.
However, not a single person was paying attention to the lesson content.
Everyone is simply hoping that this time will pass without incident.
That distorted time slowly passed by.
Heim closed his eyes again and fell into a peaceful sleep.
As I gazed at her beautiful profile, my thoughts drifted.
Should I protect her, or should I protect those around me from her?
The answer remained elusive.
However, one thing is certain: my days at this school are far from peaceful.
The sound of turning the pages of a textbook echoed in the silent classroom.
I thought I heard someone faintly sobbing.
That likely belongs to the student who was injured and traumatized in the recent assault.
The fact that no one could blame Heim only amplified the fear.
This was the "peace" that Heim had created.
A perfect, yet utterly destructive, peace.
I clicked the tip of my pen and drew meaningless lines in the notebook in my hand.
I didn't miss the slight tremor in the teacher's hands as he wrote on the blackboard.
The older sister's presence was so powerful that it even shattered the authority of adults.
It was both a source of pride and, at the same time, terrifying.
Outside the window, the autumn breeze is rustling the leaves of the trees.
The sky was endlessly blue and clear.
In stark contrast to the chaos inside this classroom, the sky is breathtakingly beautiful.
"...Haa"
A sigh that sounded like an appeal for the umpteenth time today.
Heim didn't move a muscle.
The world she sees is probably completely different from what we see.

Her standards of good and evil, her calculations of gain and loss—everything operates according to her own unique rules.
Those around them who get caught up in it are certainly not happy about it.
Even so, I believe my role is to be her only ally.
Since we were born as twins, we cannot escape this fate.
There's no choice but to accept the situation.
A brief respite before the next incident occurs.
I opened my notebook and began mechanically copying down what the teacher was writing on the blackboard.
The stares from those around me are painful.
I, Heim's younger brother, am also being met with a gaze that seems to be a mixture of fear and contempt.
I'm used to it, but it's not a pleasant feeling.
Even so, I try my best to appear calm.
If we show any signs of distress, they might take advantage of it.
I will maintain the castle that Heim built with violence, using my intellect.
A strange division of roles was beginning to take shape.
The bell rings, signaling the end of class.
The teacher left the desk and left the classroom as if fleeing.
The students all relaxed at once and rose from their seats in a clatter.
Naturally, most of his classmates avoided walking near Heim's seat.
Only Heim's fans and followers approach him.
"...Heim, please wake up. It's break time."
"...Mm...ah..."
I sighed again as I watched my sister rub her eyes and get up.

[Phase 1] Distorted logic and petty pride

In the quiet hallway after school, I washed my face at the handwashing station and sighed to myself as I dried it with a towel.
Heim had been called by the teacher and was heading to the guidance counseling room, while I was on my way back to the classroom alone.
In the quiet corridor, the sound of multiple pairs of indoor shoes clacking against the floor approaches.
As I stopped walking, four female students stood in my way.
Their faces were etched with blatant hostility and displeasure.
Ako stands in the center, flanked by Ina and Urie, and at the very back, with her arms crossed, is Eiko.
"...Is there something you need?"
When I asked quietly, Ako, the leader, brushed her hair away and snorted as if to say:1I took a step forward.
"Hey, Shirom-kun? I have something I'd like to talk to you about, is that okay?"
"...You want to talk to me?"

"Yes, about your older sister."
As if prompted by Ako's words, Ina frowned and revealed her displeasure.
"Hey Heim, you're totally ruining the class atmosphere. Do you realize that?"
"Everyone's so scared they can't even go to school properly, right? It's just too bizarre."
Urie nodded emphatically in agreement, then gave me a contemptuous look.
"He threatened everyone with violence, and the teachers couldn't say anything either. It's unbelievable."
"So, Shiromu, tell your sister to apologize properly to everyone."
Ako crossed her arms and spoke condescendingly, as if it were a perfectly reasonable demand.
"Have your younger brother, Shiromu, talk to him properly and tell him not to cause any more trouble in class."
The oppressive gazes of the four of them pierced my entire body as I stood alone.
To be honest, given the difference in our physiques, I don't have the intimidating presence to push them back with force.
Both I and Heim are only about 150cm tall (I don't like that Heim is 1cm taller than me).
She is on the smaller side, with a physique that is not significantly different from other female students her age.
His masculine physique is still underdeveloped, and being surrounded by four girls like this even gives him a visually intimidating presence.
But I couldn't stop the cold anger that was bubbling up inside me.
"...Apologise, you say?"
"That's right. If you're family, you should feel some responsibility too."
"That's unfair."
My quiet counter-argument caused Ako's eyebrows to shoot up.
"...Huh? What's so unreasonable about that?"
"The order is reversed. You're the one who started the insidious bullying of Heim."
As soon as I said it clearly, Eiko raised her voice from behind, sounding displeased.
"What?! What are you talking about? This has nothing to do with us!"
"Irrelevant? Can you really say that?"
I straightened my back and looked back at each of the four of them in turn.
"Who was it that put a razor blade in the shoe locker, slashed up textbooks, and stuffed garbage into the desk, and then, taking advantage of the fact that the culprit couldn't be identified, the whole class gossiped about it and found it amusing?"
"That's because...! He's so arrogant!"
Ina unintentionally blurted out her true feelings, but quickly fell silent, though it was too late.
"Being insolent doesn't justify resorting to violence and harassment. I admit Heim's methods were extreme, but ultimately, it was your own malice that caused it. You sowed the seeds of your own actions, and now that you've suffered the consequences, you're playing the victim and demanding an apology—that's incredibly selfish."
As he rattled off his words in one breath, Ako's face turned red with anger.
"Hey you...! Don't get cocky just because you're my little brother!"
"I'm not getting carried away. I'm just stating objective facts."
"Is that true?! What he's doing is just plain violence!"
"So, what exactly were you guys doing behind the scenes? Wasn't that just insidious bullying?"
Seeing my unwavering stance, Urie leaned forward in a threatening manner.
"Don't talk back to me like that, you little brat!"

The word "little kid" stings me.
It's true that I'm short, about 1cm shorter than Heim (which I'm self-conscious about), and I have a slender build compared to them.
Standing here alone, I am, objectively speaking, in an overwhelmingly disadvantageous position.
If those four wanted to lay a hand on me, they could easily restrain me.
For a moment, the name "Heim" crossed my mind.
If I were to say, "If you lay a hand on me, Heim won't stay silent," they might get scared and run away.
If we use Heim's overwhelming violence as a backdrop, it might solve everything in one go.
But I couldn't utter those words even if my mouth were to split open.
I have my pride as a man, too.
No matter how small and unreliable I may be, I absolutely do not want to do something as pathetic as hiding in my sister's shadow and using her name to threaten someone.
It's meaningless unless I stand on my own two feet and confront this enemy before me with my own words.
"Physical size is completely irrelevant. I, as my own opinion, reject your demands. I will absolutely not make Heim apologize to me."
"...What's that supposed to mean? Do you even understand your own position?"
Ako said in a low, cold, threatening voice.
"Don't you think you know what will happen if you make us angry when your sister isn't around?"
"Go ahead and hit me if you want."
I looked straight back into Ako's eyes.
"However, at that moment, you too become 'perpetrators' just like Heim. You're demoted from cowardly people who hide and harass without leaving any evidence to genuine assaulters."
"Ugh...! You...!"
Ako clenched her fists and trembled, looking as if she were about to grab me at any moment.
Both Urie and Ina's faces were contorted with anger and humiliation.
My body was slightly tensed with fear, but I absolutely refused to avert my gaze.
Standing on my own two feet, without relying on my sister's help.
That was the unwavering determination I imposed on myself.
The tension reached its peak, and silence reigned in the corridor.
A fierce, almost spark-flying, back-and-forth exchange of glances continued between me and Ako.
"...Tch."
The silence was broken by Ako's deep, sharp click of the tongue.
She glared at me with eyes overflowing with murderous intent and spat out the words:
"This is the worst. Every single one of them is crazy."
"...It's true. Like sister, like brother."
Ina agreed, spitting out the words.
"It's disgusting. Just being associated with it makes me sick."
Urie also glanced at me with eyes that looked at me as if I were something dirty.
"I'm going. It's pointless to talk to someone like him."
Ako turned on her heel and started walking, making rough, heavy footsteps.
The remaining three also followed her, giving me cursed looks.

"...Remember this. Don't think this will end like this."
Finally, Eiko left a parting remark, and the four of them disappeared around the corner of the corridor.
Silence returns to the corridor once again.
"...Phew"
Once I confirmed that I could no longer hear their footsteps, I leaned my back against the wall and exhaled deeply.
The tension snapped, and I could feel my knees trembling slightly.
Looking back, I think I was being incredibly arrogant.
If they had lost their reason and attacked me, I wouldn't have come out unscathed.
But the fact that I didn't mention Heim's name and run away was a small source of pride for me.
Looking out the window, the setting sun was painting the school building a brilliant red.
A blood-red light cast a long, eerie shadow across the silent corridor.
An indescribable, dark atmosphere weighs heavily on my chest.
Nothing has been resolved.
On the contrary, I may have fueled their dissatisfaction and added fuel to the fire.
Far from disappearing, discontent and hatred are sinking deeper underground, threatening to transform into something more sinister.
The atmosphere in this school was already on the verge of becoming completely corrupted.
"...This is an unpleasant turn of events."
I muttered to myself and pressed my hand to my forehead.
I have to go back to the classroom, but my legs feel heavy.
What will those four people who stood in my way do next?
Heim no longer has the courage to directly confront them.
Therefore, the target will be... me.
Even though I understood the risk of getting involved, strangely, I felt no regret.
As Heim's younger brother, and as a man, I was able to uphold the line I couldn't cross.
"...Shirom?"
Suddenly, a familiar, low-pitched voice echoed from behind me.
When I turned around, Heim was standing there quietly, having returned from the career guidance office.
"Heim. Welcome back, you're early."
"...Yeah. The conversation was over quickly."
Heim stares intently at my face.
"...Is something wrong?"
"No, there's nothing."
I forced a calm smile and shook my head.
"I'm just a little tired."
"……yes"
Heim didn't pursue me any further and started walking beside me.
She is 1 cm taller than me.
It was only 1cm, but when we walked side by side, that tiny difference was a little frustrating.
Her profile remained expressionless, making it impossible to read what she was thinking.
She had no way of knowing that I had been harassed by the girls.
I think that's fine.
My battle is mine alone.
We walked side by side down the quiet corridor.

Students from other classes who weren't fans of Heim turned pale and huddled against the wall as soon as they saw us.
It was as if they were clearing a path for wild beasts.
On the other hand, some of Heim's fans are showering him with fervent love calls.
This bizarre scene is our reality right now.
"...Hey, Shiromu."
"What is it, Heim?"
"...I'm hungry."
"Sigh... I'll make something when I get home."
"……Yeah"
We exchanged such trivial conversation as we returned to the classroom and grabbed our bags.
The stares of the students who remained in the classroom were painfully piercing.
Ako and the other three were also in the corner of the classroom, but when they made eye contact with me, they turned their faces away without even trying to hide their irritation.
I didn't miss the lingering embers of resentment burning deep within their eyes.
The next clash is surely not far off.
Leaving school, we walked together along the route to school, bathed in the sunset's glow.
The shadow stretched long, seemingly endlessly.
"...What's for dinner tonight?"
"What would you like?"
"...Omurice. I'd prefer beef stew sauce."
"Okay, I understand. I wonder if there are any eggs left..."
Even though I pretended everything was normal, my heart remained heavy and depressed.
The atmosphere in the class has reached its breaking point.
I have to go to this school again tomorrow, carrying around an unexploded bomb that could explode at any moment.
A dark premonition wouldn't leave my mind.
Nevertheless, I continued walking beside Heim.
Even if I am small and unreliable, I cannot give up.
I clenched my fists tightly and exhaled slowly.
The wind blows through, rustling the fallen leaves on the road.
As autumn deepened, the world around us seemed to grow colder and colder as well.
In this school where verbal attacks and physical violence clash, how far can my pride go?
With unanswered questions weighing on my mind, I walked, following the shadow that was slightly ahead of my sister.
The sun is almost completely set, and streetlights are beginning to light up one by one.
The walk home felt much longer than usual.
"...Shirom, you walk fast."
"Oh, I'm sorry. I was just thinking about something."
"Hmm..."
I slowed down to match Heim's pace.
The 1cm height difference flickered in the corner of my eye once again.
I find myself wishing I'd grow taller sooner, which is quite out of character for me.
I at least wanted to go from being someone who was looked up to to someone who could look down on others.
It was a small act of pride on his part as a man.
When I got home, I unlocked the door and entered the quiet entrance hall.

"I'm home."
"……I'm home"
The two voices echoed sadly in the empty house.
This was the only sanctuary, isolated from that twisted school.
I put my bag down, headed to the kitchen, and put on my apron.
When I opened the refrigerator, there were just enough eggs left for two people.
"Heim, I can make omurice."
"...I did it."
Watching Heim sink deep into the living room sofa, I took out a frying pan.
While I'm cooking, I can avoid thinking about unnecessary things.
The sound of a knife chopping onions echoes rhythmically.
Ako and the others' parting words kept echoing in my mind.
"Remember this: Don't think this will end like this."
What kind of tactics will they use next?
Not direct violence, but something more psychological, something insidious.
They might target me to try and shake up Heim.
Or perhaps it's a major problem involving the entire school.
No matter what tactics they use, I'm determined to face them alone.
The savory aroma of ketchup rice being stir-fried in a frying pan fills the air.
"...It smells nice."
Heim had somehow made his way to the kitchen entrance and popped his head out.
"It'll be ready soon, so please sit and wait."
"……yeah"
As I watched my sister quietly walk back, I began making thin omelets.
In this distorted daily life, no one knows how long this peace will last.
But I will protect this small everyday life in my own way.
As I plated the omurice, I made a firm resolution.

[Phase 2] Humiliating kick to the groin and involuntary urination

In the quiet school building after hours, I was heading to the boys' restroom on the first floor, carrying my bag.
Heim is still in the classroom, working on extra assignments for the teacher.
Just as I turned the corner to go home after using the restroom, a sudden, violent impact struck my lower back from behind.
"Guh...!?"
Being small and light-bodied to begin with, I was slammed forward onto the floor before I could even resist.
The moment I clutched my aching knee and tried to stand up, my vision suddenly reversed, and my arm was grabbed with incredible force.
"I need you to come over here for a moment, Shirom-kun."

"What are you doing...!"
Before I could understand what was happening, I was dragged into a dimly lit women's restroom.
The door slammed shut with a heavy bang, trapping me in the narrow space.
Standing before me were the four girls from yesterday—Ako, Ina, Urie, and Eiko.
In Ako's hands, she held a neatly folded girl's school uniform skirt and sailor suit.
"Wear this. You and Heim are twins, so you look exactly alike, right?"
"...What exactly are you plotting?"
"I'm going to make you wear this, crawl on the floor, and beg for forgiveness."
Ina flashed a nasty smile and raised the camera on his Masuho (I've always called smartphones "Masuho") towards me.
"I'm going to film a video of Heim bowing his head and apologizing, and then spread it all over the internet."
"That's right. We're going to completely crush that woman's pride. Come on, hurry up and take it off!"
Urie grabbed my shoulders and reached out to try and rip off my clothes.
Standing in front of a stall in the women's restroom with no escape route, I glared straight at them, sweating profusely.
"I refuse."
At the firm refusal, the smiles vanished from the faces of the four, replaced by flushes of intense rage.
"Hey you! Do you even understand what position you're in?!"
"I understand. But I have no intention of cooperating with such a cowardly and pathetic fabrication."
"You're so cheeky, you little brat...!"
Ako yelled at me with a furious expression, but I replied coldly.
"No matter how much you threaten me, it's useless. Such an act will only turn your foolishness into misery."

Splash!!

Before I could finish speaking, there was a sound like a water bag being slammed down, and an unusual shock ran through my groin from bottom to top.
"picture……?"
My brain can't process what just happened.
Ako kicked me in the groin with the top of her foot, using all her might.
For the first fraction of a second, there was absolutely no pain.
However, there was only the sensation that "some kind of fatal damage" had been inflicted deep within the lower abdomen, in a vital area that supports the very core of the human body.
Immediately afterward, a wave of excruciating pain, like hell itself, washed over me.
"Huh...!?!?!?!"
A silent scream gets stuck in the windpipe, and breathing stops completely.
A wave of intense pain unlike anything I had ever experienced before in my life.
It wasn't just pain in the skin or muscles; it was an excruciating, destructive heat that felt like bundles of nerves were being directly burned through, and my entire internal organs were being crushed.

A wave of nausea surged up from the depths of my stomach, and my vision instantly went completely white.
My brain went into rejection mode, and every cell in my body started sounding alarms like it was going crazy.
Unable to stand any longer, I collapsed onto the floor.
"Agh... ah... ah, gah...!!"
My pride as a man, my ability to think rationally—everything vanished in an instant.
The pain was so intense that my body involuntarily curled up, bending like a shrimp and writhing on the floor.
She desperately clutched her groin with both hands, trying to alleviate the pain by applying pressure, but even the slightest vibration from her fingertips sent a desperate flash of pain through her head.
"Aaaahhh... Ah... H-H-H-H-H-H-H!!"
I no longer cared about shame, reputation, or anything else.
Large tears streamed from his eyes, and uncontrollable drool dripped from his mouth, staining the floor.
With snot even running down my face, all I could do was let out animalistic, unsightly groans like "Ugh, ahhh."
A terrifying fear that my testicles might have burst deep between my legs, and a burning heat in my lower abdomen, constantly overwhelmed me.
Each time I breathe, abdominal pressure increases, and each time, a sharp pain jumps up, making me feel like I'm going to lose consciousness.
The first time I'd ever experienced a blow to a vital spot completely shattered my sanity.
"Hahaha! Did you see that?! He went down in one hit!"
"Wow! A kick to the groin really does work!"
"Ugh, that's gross! He's drooling and his nose is running, it's seriously disgusting!"
Even the mocking laughter of the girls above me sounds hazy, as if it's happening in a distant world.
It was at that moment, when I tensed every muscle in my body to the absolute limit in an attempt to endure the pain.
The tension deep in my groin and lower abdomen suddenly reaches its limit.
(Wha... No way...?)
I had originally intended to go to the toilet, but my bladder was already full to the brim.
The combination of the reflexive relaxation of the sphincter muscles due to the intense pain and the strong pressure on my lower abdomen triggers urination involuntarily.
My groin suddenly became hot, and a warm liquid oozed out from between my hands, which were desperately trying to hold it down.
A warmth like hot water slowly seeped into my pants and underwear, dripping onto the floor.
A gurgling, desperate sound of water echoed through the quiet toilet.
"...Wait a minute. This guy, could it be..."
"You've got to be kidding me!? You've peed your pants!!"
"Hahahaha! That's hilarious! He's peed his pants!"
The four women's restroom was filled with the deafening laughter of their ecstatic laughter.
"Shoot it! Hurry up and shoot a video!!"
"We've got it all! Let's release it with the title 'Heim's younger brother gets kicked in the groin and is crying and wetting himself right now!'"
"Stop... please... stop..."

I tried to plead in a trembling voice, but all that came out of my mouth was a pathetic moan mixed with saliva.
The hand pressing against my crotch is wet with my own urine, and a cold, unpleasant sensation envelops my entire body.
The lens is getting closer, determined not to miss a single detail of my pathetic figure.
The clicking sound of the camera shutter and the red light indicating video recording.
His face was a mess of tears and snot, and he lay there in a pathetic position, his crotch wet.
My pride as a man, my dignity as a human being—everything shattered into a million pieces on the cold floor of this women's restroom.
"Haha! I want to show this to Heim! I want to tell him that his proud little brother has wet his pants and is crying!"
"If this gets spread around, you won't be able to come to school anymore!"
"Serves you right! That's what you get for being so arrogant!"
Their words pierce my heart like sharp needles.
The pain showed no sign of subsiding; on the contrary, the dull ache throughout my lower abdomen deepened and became heavier.
My body is trembling and I can't move.
I had lost even the strength to grab onto the handrail or the wooden platform, and all I could do was tremble in my own sea of ammonia.
"...Ah...Uh..."
It makes you realize just how weak and powerless you are.
This tragic situation is the result of trying to stand up for oneself rather than hiding in Heim's shadow.
In an attempt to protect his pride, he ended up having it taken away from him in the most miserable and humiliating way.
Despair, excruciating pain, and self-loathing torment me.
After the four of them had thoroughly photographed my embarrassing state, they exchanged satisfied glances.
"That's enough. I don't want to be with such a dirty person anymore."
"It's really starting to smell. Let's go."
"Bye-bye, Shirom-kun. I hope you'll enjoy school starting tomorrow!"
The lock clicked open, and the cheerful footsteps of the four people faded into the distance.
Silence once again reigned in the women's restroom.
All that was left was me, curled up with a pale face, trembling and covered in my own urine.
"......sniff...hiccup..."
In the empty restroom, I finally burst out crying.
The intense pain in my groin still hasn't subsided, and my wet clothes, which are draining my body heat, amplify my misery many times over.
How did things end up like this?
I was just arguing against something that was wrong.
I was only trying to uphold my own sense of justice.
Reality was far too cruel, and it mercilessly crushed me.
My hands, which were on the floor, were trembling and I couldn't put any strength into them.
Unable to even stand up, I simply pressed my face against the cold tiles.
If this video goes viral, my school life will be completely over.
On the contrary, it's impossible to know how much trouble and humiliation this will cause Heim.
I was the one who held them back.

It was because I was weak.
My heart felt like it was going to break from the frustration and shame.
Tears dripped onto the puddle on the floor, creating ripples.
Unable to bear the pain in her groin any longer, she curled up into a ball again.
My lower abdomen ached heavily and intensely, and I held my breath with each wave that came over me.
"……help me……"
In a voice so faint it barely registers, I call for help, a plea that will never reach anyone.
Feeling even more miserable, I couldn't stop crying.
The school building was eerily quiet after classes, and only the sound of my crying echoed emptily.
How much time has passed?
The pain subsided slightly, but in its place, an overwhelming sense of emptiness began to take hold of me.
The smell and stains on my clothes remain as evidence of the mistakes I made.
I slowly tried to raise my trembling body.
But a sharp pain in his lower abdomen prevented him from doing so, and he collapsed again.
"Ah...ugh..."
They aren't even allowed to move.
In this humiliating place, all I could do was continue to be subjected to this misery.
The twilight streamed in through the small window of the women's restroom, casting an eerie reddish-purple glow over the room.
The shadow lengthened, engulfing my pathetic figure.
In my mind, Ako and the others' loud laughter kept replaying over and over again.
"I got kicked in the groin and I'm crying and wetting myself right now."
Those words are burned into my mind and I can't get them out.
My dignity is completely dead.
The boy who once strived to be proud of being Heim's younger brother is no longer here.
Only pathetic and miserable losers lie scattered about.
I gritted my teeth and bit my lip so hard it bled.
Amidst the pain and humiliation, I could feel dark, murky emotions growing within my heart.
It wasn't fear, nor was it despair.
It was nothing but a deep, pitch-black despair and resentment.
Something akin to a cold murderous intent towards the world that had subjected me to this.
But right now, I don't even have the strength to express that.
All I could do was crawl on the floor, enduring the unpleasant, wet sensation.
My vision is blurred by tears.
In the blurry world, I could see my hands trembling miserably.
"...Ah... huh..."
I took shallow breaths repeatedly, waiting for the pain to gradually subside.
But the emotional wounds will never truly heal.
I will never forget the taste of the urine and tears I spilled on the floor of this women's restroom.
I thought I heard footsteps coming from the hallway.
Is someone looking for me?
Is it Heim?
No, please don't come.

I can't let the person I least want to see me in such a pathetic and ugly state see me.
I desperately held my breath and made myself as small as possible to erase my presence.
But the footsteps were approaching straight ahead, towards the women's restroom.
Tap, tap, the sound of footsteps was quiet, cold, and regular.
I knew all too well whose footsteps they were.
Despair surged through my entire body once again.
The footsteps stopped in front of the door.
Silence falls.
The doorknob was turned slowly.
The women's restroom door creaked open with an unpleasant sound.
The dark red rays of the setting sun streamed into the room, vividly illuminating my dirty body.
Standing there was...
"...Shirom?"
His voice was the usual low-key, emotionless tone.
It was Heim.
She slowly looked around the room, noticing me lying on the floor, the spilled liquid, and the scattered buttons from my uniform when I was grabbed.
My face shouldn't be visible.
She's pressing her face to the floor, desperately trying to hide it.
But the shallow moans I let out and my trembling body told the whole story.
"Don't come... Heim..."
The voice that barely managed to escape was terribly hoarse and pathetic.
"Please...don't look...please..."
Heim said nothing and quietly took a step forward.
I can hear the faint sound of shoe soles stepping on the wet floor.
She came right up to me and slowly crouched down.
"...Shirom"
Her hand gently touched my wet hair.
That warmth was painfully difficult for me at that moment.
"……who?"
A short, straightforward question.
But beneath that voice lay a coldness I had never heard before.
"...You don't have to say it...it's...my fault..."
"...Who did it to you?"
Heim didn't listen to what I said and asked again.
Her eyes fell upon the stain between my legs.
Heim's expression remained unchanged.
However, the aura emanating from her becomes so sharp that it seems to physically freeze the air around her.
"...Shirom"
"……yes……"
"Can you stand...?"
"...I can't... It's too painful..."
"……yes"
Heim stood up, took off the cardigan he was wearing, and gently draped it over my waist.
"...Wait for me."
She said that briefly, then turned on her heel.

"Heim... what are you..."
"……cleaning"
Heim's back is seen as she leaves the women's restroom.
The footsteps, unlike before, were eerily quiet and carried a clear intent to kill.

[Phase 3] Completely exposed pure white panties

Even after I got home, I didn't tell Heim who had attacked me.
That was the last shred of pride left in me, torn to shreds.
He was kicked in the groin by a woman, cried out in agony, and even wet himself—a truly pathetic and embarrassing blunder.
My pride absolutely refused to allow me to go crying to my sister and tell her about it.
Because I remained stubbornly silent, Heim didn't ask any further questions.
Even when I crawl into my bed in my room at night, I'm not allowed to even doze off.
Every time I close my eyes, the overwhelming humiliation I experienced during the day comes back to me as a vivid image.
The terrifying pain of that kick to the groin, something I'd never experienced before in my life.
An excruciating pain, as if my entire lower abdomen were being burned to pieces, and nausea as if my internal organs were being crushed.
The fact that I was kicked in the groin by a girl my own age and knocked to the ground is incredibly embarrassing.
And worst of all, I was so terrified and in so much pain that I unconsciously wet myself.
The coldness of their wet underwear and the loud laughter of the four of them lingered in my ears, echoing endlessly.
"......ugh....."
Clenching my teeth tightly on the sheets, I secretly shed tears in the darkness of the night.
If I go to school tomorrow, that video might have been spread to the entire student body.
What kind of looks will I receive, and what kind of ridicule will I be subjected to?
With my body trembling uncontrollably from fear, I spent the entire night without getting a single moment of sleep.
However, when I went to school the next morning, the commotion I had feared hadn't occurred.
There were no unusual occurrences within the school, and there is no indication that the video was spread on the internet.
Heim didn't go on a rampage and slaughter those four.
Heim remained calm, as usual, gazing blankly out the window from his seat.
I was about to feel relieved, but I soon realized how naive that thought was.
From the corner of the classroom, Ako, Ina, Urie, and Eiko were staring at me.
They covered their mouths with their hands and laughed at me with nasty, giggling smiles.
Instead of spreading the video all over the school, they intend to keep me as a toy with no escape route.
I walked to my seat with heavy steps and reached into the drawer to put my bag down.
My fingertips touched a tiny, folded piece of memo paper.

When I pulled it out and opened it, a few words were written on it.
"Report to the girls' restroom from yesterday after school. If you don't show up, we'll release the video to everyone."
Cold sweat ran down my back, and my heart pounded like a drum.
There was no escape route from the start.
The nightmare of having my dignity held hostage had only just begun.
The all-day classes felt incredibly long, almost like torture.
My hands were trembling as I took notes, and I couldn't concentrate on anything the teacher was saying.
Every now and then, when I turn around, the cold gazes of the four of them seem to be chipping away at my very being.
Asking Heim for help is not an option for me.
If she finds out, a bloody tragedy far more horrific than the previous assault will undoubtedly occur.
And I myself have completely fallen into becoming a miserable existence, unable to survive without relying on my sister's influence.
This is my own problem, and it's a punishment I must bear alone.
Soon, the merciless closing bell rang throughout the school, signaling the end of the school day.
"...Shirom, are you going home first?"
Heim, having packed his belongings, asked me a question in a quiet voice.
"...No, I have to stay a little longer for a committee meeting today."
I desperately tried to fix my contorted face and made up a false excuse.
"Heim, please go home first."
"...Okay. Then I'll wait at home."
Heim left the classroom slowly, showing no signs of suspicion.
As I watched her back recede into the distance, I let out a deep sigh.
This is fine.
We mustn't involve her.
This is a secret I keep to myself, and it's painful for me.
I walked through the deserted school building after hours, like a prisoner heading to the execution grounds.
With each step I take, I feel as if the pain in my groin from yesterday is returning.
I finally reached the door to that dark women's restroom at the back of the first floor.
When I try to reach for the doorknob, my fingertips slip and I can't get a good grip.
I took a deep breath, made up my mind, pushed open the door, and stepped inside.
The four of them were already waiting inside, arms linked.
The door behind me slammed shut.
"You didn't run away and came all the way here. That's great, Shirom-kun."
Ako approaches me with a twisted smile on her face.
"You don't want the video to go viral, right? If everyone saw you in such a pathetic state, you wouldn't be able to live."
"...What are you trying to imitate?"
I managed to ask the question in a hoarse voice.
"What am I imitating? It's obvious, it's punishment."
Urie flashes the screen of the smartphone she's holding.
"Do you have any idea how much we feel ashamed because of your sister?"
"So, instead, you, my brother, should pay for all of this."

Ina kicked a cleaning bucket that was on the wall, making a metallic clang.
"Okay, let's continue where we left off yesterday."
Eiko throws the girl's uniform onto the floor.
"Put that on and apologize while licking our shoes."
"...I have to decline."
When I retorted in a trembling voice, Ako's expression changed in an instant.
"You're getting carried away again...! You have no learning ability at all!"
Without hesitation, Ako shoved me hard in the chest.
As I stumbled, the cold tiled wall slammed into my back.
"Grab it!"
At Ako's instruction, Urie and Eiko held down both of my arms from either side, restraining me so I couldn't escape.
"Let go...please...!"
"Shut up, shorty!"
Ina pulled my hair hard, forcibly holding my head in place.
With both my arms and head covered, my body was left defenseless.
Just like yesterday, Ako slowly pulled back her pointed-toe slippers and took aim.
"...S-Stop..."
"I'll make sure you understand your position and commit it to memory!"
A merciless kick was once again delivered straight at my weak spot.

Thud!!

A damp, dull thud echoed through the small toilet.
"Aa
An excruciating pain, even more intense than yesterday's, pierced through every nerve in my body.
Because I was restrained, I couldn't curl my body up, and the impact went directly deep into my lower abdomen.
The pressure was so intense it felt like my eyeballs were going to pop out, and the pain was destructive, like having scorching magma poured into me.
"Gah...ah...ah...hi...!!"
My breathing completely stopped, and I felt like my eyes were rolling back.
The pain was so intense that all the muscles in his body convulsed, and he slipped out of his restraints and collapsed to the floor on his knees.
"Haha! That was a nice sound today too!"
"Look, look, we're shooting the second part of the shoot, just like yesterday!"
I writhed on the floor, desperately clutching my crotch with both hands.
The pain was so intense that I couldn't speak, and all I could manage was a faint wheeze,
"Whew, whew."
Saliva dribbled from between his teeth, and snot dripped onto the floor.
The follow-up attack on the area I injured yesterday had more than enough power to completely shatter my spirit.
"Ugh... ah... it hurts... it hurts, it hurts, it hurts...!"
As I rolled on the floor, curling up in agony, a merciless further torment awaited me.
"Hey, did you wet yourself again today?"
Ako's cold voice rained down from above, mocking me.

"I need to check on him. I'll make sure he hasn't peed himself and that he's wearing underwear."
"That's right! He's a dirty pee man!"
Ina and Urie laughed dismissively and roughly reached out their hands towards my waist.
"S-Stop it...! Don't touch me...!"
Crying and screaming, I desperately tried to hold down my belt and the top of my pants with trembling hands.
But the excruciating pain from the kick to the groin, which felt like it was burning my lower abdomen, left me completely powerless.
Eiko forcefully pinned both of my arms down, fixing them to the floor.
"Okay, behave yourself!"
The belt buckle was roughly unfastened, and the unpleasant metallic sound of the zipper being pulled down echoed through the air.
"Please...! Don't look!! Please don't look!!"
Panicked by shame and fear, I shook my head, tears and snot flying everywhere.
But my rejection meant absolutely nothing.
With rough force, my pants were pulled down to below my knees in one swift motion.
The cold air mercilessly caressed my exposed lower body.
The person who appeared was wearing pure white briefs.
"Hahaha! You've got to be kidding me, what is this?! Briefs?!"
"What?! You're still wearing briefs even though you're in middle school?! How lame!!"
Loud, deafening laughter erupts in the women's restroom.
The rapid-fire clicking of the smartphone's shutter captured my image, stripped down to just my briefs, in a brutal way.
"Don't look... please... don't look..."
I pressed my face to the floor and desperately twisted my waist to try and hide it, but even that became a target of ridicule.
"Shirom and Heim are famous for living together, right?"
Ako crouched down, peering into my face and whispering maliciously.
"Did your big sister buy you those pants?"
"I can't afford to buy them myself! My older sister told me, 'Shirom, you wear briefs,' and made me wear them!"
"Maybe it's a hand-me-down from my big sister! Hahaha!"
"No...! That's not it...!"
I wanted to scream "No!", but my voice was hoarse, smeared with tears and drool.
Briefs, a type of underwear, are designed to fit extremely snugly to the contours of the body.
The fabric clung mercilessly to my small, slender body.
As I curled up on the floor with my back arched, Urie pointed to my buttocks from behind, clapped her hands, and rolled around laughing.
"Look at this! It's digging tightly into her butt!"
"Wow, you're right! Your butt is so cute, it's like a girl's cute butt!"
"Your briefs are digging into the crack of your ass! You can see the whole shape!"
Eiko slapped my buttocks hard with her hand.
A high-pitched banging sound echoed in the bathroom, sending a humiliating shock through my body.
Through the tightly clinging white fabric, the curves and shape of my buttocks are completely exposed.
An unbearable shame that completely destroys one's self-esteem as a man.

The humiliation was so intense that I felt like my face was on fire, and I couldn't breathe.
"Stop... Please... stop..."
"A boy wearing such uncool briefs deserves a bigger punishment."
A darker madness seeped from Ako's voice.
She mercilessly grabbed both my ankles and lifted me up with all her might.
"H-huh...!? W-what are you...!"
With both my legs lifted high, my crotch and the shape of my buttocks, where my briefs were digging in, were completely exposed to their eyes.
"Wow, perfect pose! It's a really beautiful photo!"
Ina brought the Masuho as close as possible, capturing my crotch and awkward lower body in the frame from a low angle.
My ankles were gripped tightly, and I couldn't even struggle.
The excruciating pain of the kick to the groin returned to his lower abdomen, and a wave of intense nausea washed over him.
"Guh... ah... aaaahhh...!"
"Come on, spread your legs wider! I'm going to show them to your big sister!"
Urie puts her hands on my knees, trying to spread them outwards.
A never-ending hell with no escape.
The abuse and mockery from the four of them continued, as if devouring my soul bit by bit.
A dull, piercing pain in the lower abdomen, and the extreme humiliation of having one's lower body constantly exposed.
My vision blurred with tears, and the world appeared to be stained bright red.
"Agh... uh... help..."
Even though I let out a silent scream, it was only drowned out by their cruel laughter.
"Shiromu, the brief-peeing man, cry out more!"
Ako held onto my legs and shook my body back and forth.
With each tremor, the nerves in the injured vital parts screamed as if they had gone mad.
"Ouch...it hurts...stop...let go of my leg...!"
"No way! It's going to stay like this until you reflect on your actions!"
"The filming isn't finished yet, so stay still!"
Eiko stepped on my chest, putting her weight on me so I couldn't escape.
Breathing becomes difficult, and oxygen doesn't reach the brain.
The smell of my own tears and saliva scattered on the floor only intensified my feeling of misery.
I desperately held back the faint vestiges of my remaining sanity from screaming in my heart, "Heim, help me!"
If I ask for help, I'll forever become a powerless being, a "protector" for my sister.
But in my current state, I was nothing more than a pathetic toy, not someone worthy of protection.
"Look, look at the camera! Shirom, make a peace sign!"
Ina thrusts her Masuho in front of my wet face.
".....Ahhh... ahhh..."
All I could do was tightly close my eyes and turn my face away.
"Tch, you're still acting all cheeky. Maybe you need some more punishment."
Ako tightened her grip on his leg, bending it even more sharply.
It was practically a split-legged position.
"Aaaah...!? Ah... Aaaahhh!!"
A sharp pain, as if my groin were being torn apart, shot through me, and my body convulsed.

"I'm almost able to do a 180-degree split!"
"Hiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!?"
The pain in my groin was so intense it felt like it was tearing, and nausea welled up in my mouth.
"Haha! What a face! Isn't this the best shot?!"
"That's true, it's hilarious! His ugly face crying and screaming in his briefs is the best!"
The brutal cheers of the four men continued to echo in the small, enclosed room.
My dignity had already been shattered into a million pieces, leaving no trace whatsoever.
As nothing more than a lump of flesh, he continues to be toyed with according to their malicious desires.
My body won't stop trembling.
The excruciating pain of being forced to split my legs apart, and the shame of having my legs held up while wearing only my briefs, are wearing down my spirit.
"Please... just... forgive me..."
Finally, words of pleading escaped my lips.
"Huh? What did you say? I can't hear you!"
Urie puts her hand to her ear and asks me to repeat myself in a deliberately exaggerated way.
"Please...forgive me...I...was wrong..."
"What are you apologizing for? Tell me properly!"
"I'm sorry... for wearing briefs... I got carried away... I'm sorry..."
Humiliating words of apology that I was forced to say.
Masuho's video recorded every single word.
"Hahaha! He said, 'Sorry for wearing briefs'! That's hilarious!"
Far from stopping, the four people's laughter only intensified.
This is the result of complying with a summons.

[Phase 4] Bullying by a girl in the class with an electric massage

"Okay then, next I'll give this cheeky little crotch a special punishment."
Along with Ako's distorted voice, the hands gripping my legs tightened even more firmly.
She lifted one of her legs and pressed the pointed sole of her shoe tightly against my crotch, which was visible through my briefs.
"Huh...? Wh-what are you...?!"
"It's something guys often do. You know what an 'electric massager' is, right?"
"Ah...!? S-stop... not that...!"
The moment I understood the meaning of the words, all the blood drained from my body.
Electric massager—a wicked and dangerous prank that is normally played between boys as a joke.
I never imagined that a girl my own age would pull such a prank on me in a women's restroom with no escape route.

"Here we go!"
Madness exploded.

DOGAGAGAGAGAGA!!

Ako began to vibrate her feet rapidly and intensely, and the soles of her shoes forcefully rubbing against my defenseless groin.
"Aa
An excruciating pain shot through my lower abdomen.
The area that had been damaged by the kick to the groin was subjected to a series of intense pressures and friction.
The hard feel of the shoe sole crushes the thin fabric of my briefs, grinding and rubbing against my sensitive parts inside.
"Agh... ah... stop... stop it!!"
The friction and intense pressure give the sensation that your vital points are being torn off.
The vibrations travel through the bones and resonate throughout the entire lower abdomen, bringing with them a violent nausea that feels as if their internal organs are being churned up.
"Hahaha! It's shaking so much! It's working, it's working!"
"Hahaha! Shirom's face looks hilarious! It looks like he's going to make me dizzy!"
Ina and Urie laughed loudly as they brought their Masuho cameras closer and continued to film my tragedy from close range.
"Aaaahhh... It hurts... It hurts... I'm going to break...! It hurts!"

Grind, grind, grind!!
Gagagagagaga!!

Each time my groin is compressed, the accumulated waste presses against my lower abdomen from the inside, and I am overcome with pain so intense it feels like I'm going to mad.
Each time the sole of my shoe slid left and right over my sensitive spot, I felt as if bundles of nerves were being directly torn apart, and tears welled up uncontrollably.
Saliva and snot mix together and drip down the neck.
"Come on, come on! It's not over yet!"
Ako laughed, then slowed down and switched to a heavy, deliberate, crushing stroke.
With a rumbling sound, my heels, bearing my weight, sank deep into my briefs.
"Ughh
An inarticulate gasp escaped my lips, and my vision flickered with a blur of white.
Unlike a rapid vibration, a heavy, dull pressure crushes the vital points, and the flesh trapped between the bone and the sole of the shoe screams in pain.
His breathing completely stopped, and his entire body, from head to toe, became rigid.
"How is it? This is more painful, isn't it?"
"Stop... Please... Please stop... I beg you...!"
I cried and screamed, abandoning all pride and everything else, and begged for forgiveness.
Then Ako stopped walking abruptly and looked down at me with a smirk.
"Hmm? You want me to stop?"
"Yes... I can't do it anymore... I'm begging you..."
"Okay, so I have a question for you."

Ako tilted her head mischievously, her shoe sole still resting on my crotch.
"Shirom, have you peed yet today?"
"……picture……?"
Taken aback by the unexpected question, I looked up at her with tear-filled eyes.
"...Not yet..."
I was attacked by them the moment I tried to go to the bathroom after school, so I still haven't been able to go.
"Oh, I see! Well then..."
Ako's wicked smile deepened, and she commanded.
"If you pee your pants right here and now while still wearing your briefs, I'll let you off the hook for the electric massage."
"...!?"
"Come on, just like yesterday, go ahead and wet yourself while wearing them again today! Then I'll stop for you!"
"I... I can't do that...! I don't want to...!"
Just being forced to lift my legs while wearing only my briefs is humiliating enough to make me want to die, and now you want me to wet myself of my own free will?
When I refused, Ako's eyes gleamed coldly.
"Do you think you have the right to refuse? Well, I'll resume the electric massage until you give in!"
"Huh!? Noooooooooooooooo!!"
Next, an extremely intense, rapid-fire electric massage began, with both feet stomping forcefully.
The soles of the shoes slammed against my vital spots with a thud, and each time my whole body jumped up.

BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM!!

"Aaaah! Ah...! Aaaaaaah!!"
"Come on, let it out! Let it out! Stain those white briefs yellow with your pee!"
Eiko pressed her foot firmly against my chest, holding me in place so that the impact wouldn't escape.
A triple whammy of intense pain, pressure, and an overwhelming urge to urinate in the lower abdomen.
Each time her crotch is crushed, she screams as if her bladder, which is full to its limit, is about to burst.
"Ugh! It's coming out...! It's coming out...!"
"Let it out, let it out! It's time for Briefs Pee Man to show his true power!"
Urie found it amusing and clapped her hands.
Ako's legs increased in speed, and the high-speed vibrations scraped against her groin.

Grind grind grind grind grind grind grind grind grind!!

Each time the soles of my shoes scraped against something, making a noise, I felt an intense pain, as if a fire had been set in a vital spot.
"Aaaah! It hurts, it hurts, it hurts! Please stop! I'll let it out! I'll let it out!!"
Unable to bear the pain any longer, I finally threw away my reason and dignity.
I tensed my lower abdomen and desperately tried to relax my urethra.

However, the intense pain has caused all the muscles in my body to stiffen, making it difficult to urinate properly.
"Come on, hurry up! If you lie, I'll make it even stronger!"
Ako put more weight on him and ground her foot into his sensitive area, stomping on it towards the floor.
"Aaaaaaaaaaaah!?"
At that moment, the switch for urination was forcibly turned off in my lower abdomen, which had reached its limit.
A hot liquid spurts out forcefully into the inside of the briefs.
"Ah... ah... aaaah..."
A warm, sizzling sensation spread across the tightly pressed white fabric, instantly creating a yellow stain.
The hot liquid soaked through to the fabric that was wedged into the crack of her buttocks.
"Hahaha! It came out! He really did leak it himself!"
"Oh no! My briefs are turning yellow! So dirty!"
Ina perfectly captured the moment on camera and cheered.
My briefs were wet, and with my legs still raised, I continued to pee.
"Because she's lifting her legs, you can clearly see the pee soaking in and sticking tightly to her butt."
The warm, watery liquid couldn't be contained by the back of his briefs, so it dripped down his back and formed a puddle on the floor.
"Ugh... Aaaah... Hiccup..."
The undeniable fact is that I leaked it myself.
His pride as a boy was completely shattered, and he was reduced to nothing more than a pathetic urination doll.
Even after I finished wetting myself, the trembling in my body wouldn't stop.
"As promised, I'll stop the electric massage now."
Ako moved her foot away with a look of satisfaction, but she didn't loosen her grip on my leg.
"But you're not saying this is the end of the punishment, are you?"
"......Huh...?"
His words were so despairing that I contorted my wet face.
"Your briefs look really good on you, Shiromu-kun, after you've peed yourself in them."
Urie grinned and pulled at the elastic waistband of my wet briefs, flicking it with a snapping sound.
"Ouch... agh..."
"Come on, show me your ass more! Your ass is wet with pee!"
Eiko lifted my hips, emphasizing the shape of my wet briefs and buttocks.
The lukewarm sensation of the urine and the mocking laughter of the four men plunged me into a humiliation worse than death.
"How should I play with you next?"
Ako wore a sinister smile, contemplating her next torture.
Escaping from the women's restroom was never allowed from the start.
I could only shiver on the wet floor.
"Please... just let me go home now..."
"No way. I'm not letting you go home until Shiromu accepts his punishment perfectly."
Ina pokes my wet stomach with her indoor shoe.
"Come on, why don't you ask your big sister for help? Try saying, 'Big sister Heim, please help me.'"

"...No... I don't want that... Absolutely not..."
No matter how miserable I may look, that's the one thing I can't say.
That was the only resistance I had left.
"Oh, you're still being that stubborn?"
Ako looked down at him with cold eyes.
"Well, it looks like you haven't been punished enough yet."
"That's right! We need to shower them with lots more affection!"
The malice of the four knows no bounds, and they sink deeper and deeper into trouble.
The pain in my groin remains as a dull heat in my lower abdomen.
The added discomfort of the urine getting colder as it was exposed to the air was driving me crazy.
My vision blurred with tears, and their figures became eerily distorted.
"Briefs Pee Man, now strike a pose."
Urie pulled my hair and forced me to turn my face towards the camera.
"Come on, smile! Make a face that says, 'I'm so happy I peed my pants!'"
"......ugh....."
There's no way that's funny.
All that could happen was tears of frustration streamed down my face.
"How dare you! If you don't make a face, I'll hit you again!"
Eiko slapped me hard across the thigh.
A dry, sharp sound echoed, and a red handprint was left behind.
"Agh..."
My whole body aches.
But the pain was most intense in the heart.
The fact that I am so miserable, powerless, and nothing but a toy.
The pride I had held, having lived as Heim's younger brother, had completely vanished into ashes.
"Hey, let's do this every day after school."
Ako suggested with a smile.
"Great idea! Let's make it a daily routine! A viewing party of Shirom-kun wetting his briefs!"
"That would be so much fun! Let's make them do a different pose every day!"
The four of them are discussing their plan to destroy my life as casually as they would a couple of friends about buying snacks after school.
The word "despair" isn't even enough to describe it.
My everyday life had come to a complete end.
"...Uh...ah..."
They continued to look down on me with cold eyes, as all I could do was groan.
The fluorescent light on the ceiling of the women's restroom was flickering eerily.
That light glared miserably at my shameful state.
There is no escape.
There is no hope.
However, this hell of humiliation and pain will continue indefinitely.
The heavy, dull pain in my groin gradually intensified again.
The damage from the electric massager worsened terribly over time, affecting the entire lower abdomen.
"Ugh... ah... ah..."
"What's wrong? Does it still hurt?"
Ako grinned and lightly poked the surface of my wet briefs with the sole of her shoe.

"Ah...! Don't touch me...!"
"We're going to touch him! Because Shirom-kun belongs to us!"
Ownership.
Those words deeply wounded me.
I'm no longer being treated as a human being.
It's merely a tool for relieving stress, a toy meant to be played with.
"Come on, lift your butt higher!"
Eiko mercilessly pushed my hips upward.
The briefs are digging in and rubbing against my skin, causing pain.
"Uuuu...ah...ah...ah"
"Let's take more pictures! From different angles!"
The clicking sound of camera shutters continued to ring out.
My shameful parts, my humiliation, my pathetic appearance are being saved as a massive amount of data.
If these things are released to the public, I will never be able to walk in the sun again.
That fear made me completely subservient.
"Shirom-kun is so cute!"
Urie laughed mockingly as she stroked my wet cheek.
"Don't touch me with your dirty hands..."
"You're the one who's dirty, aren't you? You peed your pants!"
I can't argue back.
Because it's the truth.
I'm a dirty being because I wet myself.
My self-esteem completely crumbled, and my thoughts became disorganized.
All I can do is hope that this time will pass quickly.
However, the four showed no signs of their excitement subsiding.
"Hey, what should we do next?"
"Let's do something more interesting!"
"We need to increase the variety of our videos!"
Cheerful voices echoed above my head.
The second act of hell was about to begin.
I tightly closed my eyes and gritted my teeth.
Enduring physical pain, enduring emotional pain, simply continuing to endure.
The tears continued to flow endlessly, falling into the puddle on the floor.
I was terrified even to imagine how far I would break down.
Heim's face flashed through my mind.
I wonder if she's at home waiting for me to come home right now.
What will she think of me in this hideous state?
I don't want anyone to know.
I absolutely never want anyone to know, even if it kills me.
Therefore, I have no choice but to endure this alone here.
No matter how horrific the treatment I receive.
"Now, Shirom-kun. It's time for your next punishment."
Ako's cold hand reached out to my body again.
My scream echoed again in the dark, damp women's restroom.
An endless darkness completely swallowed me up.
All I could do was curse my own powerlessness and accept further pain.
Trapped in a cage with no escape, the tragedy continued silently, yet surely.

My consciousness sank deep into waves of humiliation and excruciating pain.

[Phase 5] Enema

As I lay on the floor, tears streaming down my face, Eiko began rummaging through the bottom of her bag.
"That's right, I actually have something good."
Saying this, she held up a fig enema in a white and blue decorated box in front of her chest.
The moment I saw the round, bellows-shaped container with the thin nozzle extending from its end, all the blood drained from my body.
Even I know what an enema is used for.
If something like that were injected into my butt, I would be overcome with an intense urge to defecate and feel like I was going to poop.
"Huh, Eiko... you were constipated?"
When Ako asked with a frown, Eiko deliberately shook her index finger from side to side.
"No, that's not me, I'm not the one who's constipated."
"Huh? Then why are you carrying something like that around..."
Ina, who had just said that much, suddenly widened her eyes and looked down at me in my briefs.
Urie seemed to understand immediately and covered her mouth with both hands.
"...You're kidding!? Eiko, you don't mean...!"
"That's right! It's a special menu just for Shirom-kun!"
As Eiko playfully fiddled with the fig enema with her fingers, a burst of laughter erupted in the enclosed toilet.
I couldn't believe my ears.
Me, a guy?
To the girls in your class?
Will I be given an enema...?
The humiliating story made my body temperature drop rapidly.
"Hahahaha! Seriously?! You're going to give male students fig enemas?!"
"Wow! That's genius! That's the worst punishment ever!"
"Wow! I've never heard of stripping a guy's briefs and giving him a fig enema!"
"So after you peed my pants, you're trying to make me poop my pants now?! My stomach hurts!"
The four of them were slapping each other on the shoulder, stomping their feet on the floor, and laughing hysterically.
"Well, you know, just peeing isn't enough, right?"
"Just making him pee isn't enough to show he's truly remorseful!"
"If you put a fig enema in, you'll definitely not be able to hold it in and you'll poop!"
"That's hilarious! I can't wait to see it! When Shirom poops his pants!"
The girls' cruel cheers echoed in the small private room.
Then Ako grabbed my hair, forced me to look up, and declared with an evil grin.
"So, Shirom-kun, it's time for your fig enema!"

"H-h-h-please stop... I beg you, anything but an enema...!"
"Hey, Shiromu, have you ever had an enema before?"
Urie asks with a smirk.
The memory of Heim giving me an enema flashed through my mind.
But the thought of telling them about such a humiliating enema experience is too embarrassing; I absolutely cannot bear it.
As I bit my lip and kept my mouth tightly shut, Ako reached out her hand impatiently.
My defenseless scrotum was grabbed and twisted forcefully through my wet briefs.
"Aa
A raw, dull pain shot through my groin, and I screamed in agony.
"Answer quickly! You're being asked a question!"
"Guh... ah... aaaahhhh...!"
The intense pain, like having my testicles crushed, almost made me answer "yes."
But if I answer here, I'll be made to look even more foolish.
I endured the pain, tears streaming down my face, and desperately tried to remain silent.
"Haha! The fact that you're keeping quiet means you've had an enema before!"
"Ugh..."
Ina laughed at my silence and clapped her hands happily.
"So, you understand that if you use a fig enema, you'll immediately feel a strong urge to defecate and feel like you're about to poop, right?"
"No... I don't want to... If you give me an enema... I'll poop...!"
"Of course you do it, you're doing it to poop! Come on, get on all fours!"
Eiko and Urie forcibly lifted my arms and waist, forcing my hands and knees to the floor.
They are forced into a quadruped position, with their buttocks sticking out high.
"Stop... Don't look...!"
The next moment, Ako's hand reached for the waistband of my wet briefs and pulled them down in one swift motion.
The fabric slipped down, exposing my deepest parts—my buttocks and anus—to the cold outside air.

This concludes the trial version.

If you'd like, I'd be happy if you also read the full version.