

"Kuranosuke, can I ask you for something weird?" Tsukimi stuttered, her eyes darting around the room as if searching for an escape from the words she was about to say.

"Weird? From you?" Kuranosuke's grin was as wide as the Chesire cat's. "Bring it on, darling. I live for the weird!" He flung his arms out dramatically, his laugh echoing in the quiet apartment.

Tsukimi blushed, the heat rising from her neck to her cheeks like a mercury in a thermometer on a hot summer's day. She fidgeted with the hem of her shirt, her nails digging into the fabric. "Well, it's about... a tattoo." She paused, her voice quieter than a mouse. "I've been thinking about getting one of a giant phantom jellyfish on my butt."

Kuranosuke's smile froze, his arms mid-air. The room was so quiet you could hear the distant hum of the refrigerator. His eyes widened slightly before he composed himself, his grin returning, though it was a tad less flamboyant than before. "Ah, a jellyfish tattoo. How... unique."

He cleared his throat, trying to ignore the image that Tsukimi's words had conjured. "But, why do you want such a... large creature on your butt?"

Tsukimi sighed, her shoulders slumping slightly. "It's just that I love jellyfish so much, and a giant phantom jelly is like the ultimate representation of their beauty and power. But I'm scared. What if I hate it after it's permanent?"

Kuranosuke nodded in understanding, his expression earnest. "Tattoos are a commitment. They're like a marriage, darling. You wouldn't want to wake up one morning and realize you've married the wrong jellyfish, would you?"

Tsukimi's eyes narrowed in thought, her mind racing with the gravity of the decision. "Exactly," she murmured. "That's why I need to be sure."

Kuranosuke took a deep breath, pondering the peculiar request. He knew Tsukimi's love for jellyfish was more than just a hobby—it was a part of her soul. He'd seen her in awe at the aquarium, watched her sketch them in her notebooks, and even heard her serenade them with her karaoke rendition of "Jellyfish Girl." So, when she asked him to paint a giant phantom

jellyfish on her left buttock, it wasn't entirely unexpected.

But why him? He wondered. Out of all the Amars, she chose the one who was the least likely to say no. Maybe she thought his artistic flair would do the jellyfish justice, or perhaps she just knew he'd understand her love for these gelatinous creatures. He glanced at her, her eyes wide and hopeful, and realized she had probably approached him because she knew he wouldn't judge her. Or maybe she just didn't want to risk the embarrassment with the others.

He looked at her, the blush still staining her cheeks, and nodded. "Alright, Tsukimi. If it's what you need to decide, I'll do it." He paused, his mind racing with the logistics of this peculiar task. "But we'll use

gouache. It's water-based, so it'll wash off easily. And, I'll sketch it lightly at first. That way, if you hate it, we can just start over."

Her face lit up, and she squealed in excitement. "Really? Thank you, Kuranosuke!" She threw her arms around him, hugging him tightly. "You're the best!"

They both got ready, Kuranosuke gathering his art supplies while Tsukimi took a deep breath and mentally prepared herself. She stepped into the bathroom, looking at her reflection in the mirror. She stared at her pale skin, the curve of her left buttock, and wondered if this was really what she wanted. But the image of the majestic phantom jellyfish swimming in her mind's eye was too vivid to ignore. She took a deep breath, unbuttoned her jeans, and lowered them to her knees, along with her

panties. She stepped out of them, feeling a mix of nervousness and excitement.

Kuranosuke set up a makeshift art studio in the living room, laying down a clean bedsheet to protect the floor. He had a palette of gouache paints, a fine brush, and a mirror for Tsukimi to watch the progress. He looked at her, trying to keep his expression neutral, but the corners of his lips twitched slightly. "Ready?"

Tsukimi nodded, laying stomach down on the bed, her bare bottom exposed to the cool air. She felt her heart racing as she clutched the pillow under her chin. The anticipation was palpable, and she couldn't help but feel a little embarrassed.

Kuranosuke approached her with the brush and paint, his eyes focused on her buttock

as if it were the most important canvas in the world. He took his time, dipping the brush in water to soften the paint before applying it to her skin. The cool bristles sent a shiver down her spine, and she couldn't help but let out a small gasp.

"Are you okay?" he asked, his voice gentle and reassuring. "This isn't too weird for you, is it?"

Tsukimi nodded again, trying to keep her breathing steady. "It's just... different," she admitted. "But I trust you."

Kuranosuke's smile grew, his confidence in his skills as an artist and a friend shining through. "You know, darling, I've painted on all sorts of canvases before, but this is certainly a first." He leaned in, the tip of the brush hovering just above her skin. "But, if

it helps, just think of me as a very meticulous octopus, gently placing each tentacle... I mean, stroke, exactly where it needs to be."

Tsukimi giggled, the tension in the room dissipating slightly. She took a deep breath and felt the coolness of the paint as it touched her skin, the sensation making her giggle more. "It's cold," she squealed, her body jerking slightly.

"Just like a real jellyfish brushing against you," Kuranosuke teased, his hand steady as he painted. He couldn't help but appreciate the curve of her buttock, the way the light from the lamp cast shadows that highlighted her form.

Tsukimi gritted her teeth, the cold sensation bringing back a rush of



memories. She remembered the first time she had felt a jellyfish's sting, her little hand wrapped around its gelatinous form at the beach. The pain had been sharp, like a needle puncturing her skin, and she had cried for hours. But as she grew older, she had come to appreciate the beauty in those moments of pain, the way they reminded her of the delicate balance between fascination and fear.

Now, as Kuranosuke painted, she focused on the gentle brush of the bristles, the coolness of the paint, and the anticipation of what was to come. The pain of the jellyfish's sting was a distant memory, overshadowed by the excitement of bringing her vision to life. She watched in the mirror as the outline of the phantom jelly began to take shape, its tentacles stretching out like ghostly fingers reaching

for the surface of her skin.

"Kuranosuke, do you think my butt is big enough for a jellyfish this size?" she asked, a cheeky smile playing on her lips.

Kuranosuke's hand froze mid-stroke, the brush hovering over her skin. He knew she was trying to lighten the mood, but the question threw him for a loop. "Uh, I-I mean, it's... it's not about the size, Tsukimi," he stuttered, his cheeks reddening. "It's about the... the canvas, you know? How the art... fits."

Tsukimi giggled, the sound bubbling up from her chest. She couldn't help but playfully tickle Kuranosuke's chin with her toes, the action a silent declaration of her trust in him. His eyes shot to hers in the mirror, and he couldn't help but laugh, his

tension dissipating. "Thanks," he murmured, his eyes sparkling with amusement. "You're making this a lot less awkward."

As he painted, they chatted about jellyfish trivia, their laughter filling the room. The conversation flowed easily, and Tsukimi felt a strange sense of camaraderie with Kuranosuke that she hadn't felt before. It was as if the shared absurdity of the situation had brought them closer together.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Kuranosuke stepped back, the brush hovering in the air. "Alright, it's done," he announced, his voice filled with a mix of pride and relief. "Take a look."

Tsukimi rolled over and sat up, her heart racing as she looked at the mirror. There it

was—a stunning phantom jellyfish, its ethereal form floating gracefully on her skin. The details were intricate, the colors vibrant, and the placement was perfect. She couldn't believe the transformation.

Her eyes grew wide, and she let out a gasp of awe. "It's... it's amazing," she breathed. The jellyfish looked alive, as if it could drift away from her body at any moment.

"You like it?" Kuranosuke's voice was hopeful, and she could see the concern in his eyes that she might hate his creation.

"I love it," she exclaimed, reaching out to trace the outline of the jellyfish with her finger. "It's exactly what I imagined. If the tattoo artist can do something like this, I'll be so happy."

The two of them stared at the painted jellyfish in the mirror, their eyes meeting and holding. For a moment, it was as if they were the only two people in the world, united by their shared love of the bizarre and beautiful.

But as the reality of what they had just done began to set in, Tsukimi felt a twinge of anxiety. What would the others think? Would they understand her decision to get a temporary tattoo on her butt, of all places? Would they judge her?

Kuranosuke must have read her thoughts because he took her hand in his. "Don't worry about them," he said firmly. "This is your body, your art. You do what makes you happy."

Tsukimi nodded, feeling a surge of

determination. He was right. She had to be true to herself, even if that meant embracing the weird and wonderful. And if the real tattoo was anything like Kuranosuke's painting, she knew she'd made the right choice.

They decided to leave the artwork on her skin for the night, giving Tsukimi a chance to get used to the idea of having a permanent jellyfish tattoo. As she went about her evening, the painted jellyfish felt like a secret badge of courage, a reminder that she could conquer her fears and embrace the unknown.

That night, as she lay in bed, she couldn't help but run her fingers over the ghostly outline, feeling the smoothness of her skin and the slight raised texture of the paint. It was a strange sensation, but it was also

oddly comforting. The phantom jellyfish was a part of her now, if only for a little while.

The next day, she found herself strutting with a newfound confidence, the painted jellyfish a silent declaration of her unique spirit. She knew that when the time came to get the real tattoo, she'd be ready. And as she walked into the tattoo parlor, Kuranosuke by her side, she knew that she had made the right decision. The artist would have to be incredibly talented to match the beauty of Kuranosuke's creation, but she was ready for the challenge.

The buzz of the tattoo gun filled the air as the artist began to ink her skin, and Tsukimi took a deep breath. This was it—the moment she had been both dreading

and craving. But as she felt the sting of the needle, she thought of the jellyfish in the wild, floating with a grace that belied their power. And she knew that she too could endure the pain for the sake of beauty.

The hours passed in a blur of pain and excitement, and when it was over, she looked in the mirror. The tattoo was a perfect replica of Kuranosuke's painting, the ink as dark and rich as the deepest parts of the ocean. She turned to him, her eyes shining with tears. "Thank you," she whispered. "You made this happen."

Kuranosuke squeezed her hand, his smile genuine. "You did it, Tsukimi. You're the one who wore the jellyfish proudly."

And with that, she knew that no matter what anyone else thought, she had made



the jellyfish's leviathan scope justice.