

Sitting beside her dining room table with an almost lifeless expression, the exhausted Kobayashi blankly glared on into the horizon. A plate of piping hot rice laid before her on the table, its delicious smell the only thing that kept her awake. It was a beautiful Saturday afternoon outside, sun shining and birds chirping in a picturesque scene. Within the busy and oversaturated stress of modern life, there was perhaps no better time than now to enjoy the pleasures of existence. But for Kobayashi, who had endured a long, arduous week of stressful, taxing work, the only thing she wanted to do was collapse onto her bed. Once again, the busy season was upon them. Yet instead of hiring new employees, the company had decided to double everyone's workload. While someone as skilled as Kobayashi was able to lead her team into the battlefield of coding and succeed, if not for the love and support of her personal maid Tohru, Kobayashi would not have likely survived.

On the other side of the house, Tohru leaned over the kitchen's pass-through window, watching the depleted Kobayashi with a saddened smile. From even a cursory view, it was incredibly apparent that Kobayashi was being worked to the bone. The woman's face was pale, her body wobbly and barely able to stay straight. Kobayashi looked much more zombie than human, a far cry from the woman that Tohru admired. It just wasn't fair! Despite being so amazing and talented in terms of humans, Tohru found the way her Kobayashi was being treated to be despicable.

It was for that reason Tohru had prepared Kobayashi an *extra* special meal today~ Tohru's smile widened into a devious smirk. The fresh, steaming rice bowl that sat before Kobayashi might have looked normal at first glance. It consisted of an enormous head-sized bowl, filled to the brim with rice, topped with scrambled omelet and a tender piece of fried meat. What Kobayashi couldn't have known was that the meat was actually a chunk of Tohru's magical dragon tail, and the rice itself had been imbued with Tohru's magic. By injecting these powers into Kobayashi's body, Tohru wanted to make sure Kobayashi would never be mistreated like this again.

"Ahh~ The weather is great today! Would you like to go outside, Kobayashi-san?" The dragon maid asked in an earnest tone, devoid of the worry she had been feeling. Tohru knew very well what the answer was going to be, she just didn't want to raise any suspicions.

"Hmmm... Sorry Tohru..." Just as expected, Tohru's request was met with a wave of exhaustion from Kobayashi. "I'd love to but... After this week, I think I need to sleep another 8-hours. The only reason I got up was to get a taste of your incredible food."

At this point, Kobayashi had lived with Tohru long enough to know all of her tricks. Unfortunately, the poor overworked salarywoman was much too exhausted to notice anything awry. Tohru's dragon tail disguised itself perfectly as just a succulent fried meat, the aroma of fresh, hot rice too powerful to incite any sort of suspicion. By the time Kobayashi had picked up a piece of dragon katsu, her fate had already been sealed.

"Ah- Mmmmmmm~!" The instant Kobayashi took a bite out of the cutlet, her eyes opened wide in amazement. Not only was this meat delicious, it felt as if it was literally pouring energy into her body. All of Kobayashi's tiredness melted away as she savored the fatty piece of meat in her mouth. "Mmmhhh~ Tohru- This is really tasty!"

As if enticed by the initial flavor of this rich cutlet, Kobayashi wasted no time digging into the rest of her rice bowl. She quickly picked apart the egg, greedily chowing down on clumps of rice. In just a matter of

seconds, the woman had gone from a sleepy wobbler to a ravenous eater. *Exactly* how Tohru had planned it to go~ The mischievous dragon couldn't help but feel a sensation of pride as she watched Kobayashi indulge in her meal. If all the humans refused to recognize Kobayashi's greatness, if Kobayashi continued to let herself get ordered around, then Tohru would make it so that Kobayashi was the one giving orders. She'd turn her into the ferocious boss she deserved to be!

"Yes Kobayashi-san, please enjoy your entire meal~" Tohru spoke in an ominous tone. "Eat lots and lots~ That way you can grow into a *proper* boss, like those big scary guys in suits from those movies you like~ Ehehe~"

Temporarily lifting herself from the rice bowl, Kobayashi looked at Tohru with a raised eyebrow and a confused face. Bosses? Scary guys in suits? Kobayashi chewed slowly, taking some time to think about what Tohru could have possibly meant. Unless she was talking about...

"Oh, you mean like Yakuza...?" Kobayashi asked nonchalantly, cheeks full of food and with a piece of rice stuck to her face. "No, no. Most bosses aren't like that at all. That kind of stuff is just for fiction or real shady criminal stuff. Those guys are real trash. No one would wanna be a Yakuza boss."

"Eh...?" Tohru blinked several times, face mired with abject astonishment. The dragon maid was left to blankly stare at the horizon as Kobayashi returned to scarfing her rice bowl down.

No... T-That couldn't be true. Those Y-Yakuza guys- That's how all bosses in Japan acted, right??? Tohru had made sure to do her research! Granted, most of Tohru's research had consisted of loud, thrilling action movies. Or those anime games Fafnir lent her...

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Uh oh... A cold sweat ran down Tohru's spine. There was a slight possibility she'd made a mistake. All of the magic Tohru had imbued into Kobayashi's rice bowl was based on those gruff and violent depictions of Yakuza bosses. This meant that if Kobayashi were to consume it, instead of turning into a regular, Japanese company boss, she would...

Oh dear...

While Tohru didn't mind if Kobayashi's physical body had to change in order to improve her life, what she most certainly didn't want was to make Kobayashi's life more difficult. And she *definitely* didn't want to make her mad! The only option now would be to find a way to undo the magic, ideally without Kobayashi finding out!

As a sensation of dread crept into Tohru's mind, the dragon maid approached Kobayashi with a big fake smile. She opened her mouth to ask Kobayashi had eaten enough. But before a single word could even come from Tohru's lips, Kobayashi had already slammed the empty bowl right before her. The shock Tohru felt as she looked at the bottom of Kobayashi's empty bowl was insurmountable. Kobayashi hadn't just finished any old regular rice bowl. She'd vacuumed up a bowl that was easily twice as big as her head. The piece of dragon tail meat Tohru used was as wide as a plate, the omelet comprised of several eggs. It'd be a surprise if a Sumo wrestler could ingest all that food that fast, yet Kobayashi had seemingly done it without breaking a sweat.

“That was *fuckin’* fantastic Tohru!” Kobayashi gasped in a very brusque and loud manner, much different than the reserved Kobayashi Tohru was used to. “Now bring me another one.”

Tohru’s initial thought was to deny Kobayashi’s request. She’d already messed up by filling Kobayashi up with the wrong magic. The worst thing she could do at this point was feed her even *more* of that messed up magic. Yet for some reason...

“Yes boss!!!” Kobayashi instantly responded proudly, saluting her with one arm before picking the bowl up and heading to the kitchen. Despite being quite aware of what a huge mistake she was making, Tohru couldn’t help but diligently follow Kobayashi’s orders...

Without wasting any time, Tohru promptly refilled the bowl with more rice, egg and yet another huge slice of fried dragon tail. She rushed out of the kitchen and placed the bowl in front of Kobayashi, dreading to leave her waiting for even a moment.

“I don’t know why but...” Slowly taking the bowl into her hands, Kobayashi’s smile twisted into a smirk. A much darker and malevolent smirk than Tohru had ever seen on Kobayashi’s face. “I’m feeling *very* hungry today~”

Like a ravenous beast swamped by a mire of hunger, Kobayashi started viciously chowing down on the bowl of food she’d been given. Specks of rice flew out everywhere, the sound of loud chomping and crunching drowning out the room. It was such an astounding spectacle, Tohru couldn’t help but feel mesmerized at the sight. Unbeknownst to her, the magic she’d placed on Kobayashi’s food had already melded with the person to such a degree, it was starting to affect even Tohru.

As Kobayashi began to consume even more and more of Tohru’s magical essence, all of the calories that she was consuming were quickly manifesting into her physical form. Inch after inch, Kobayashi began to rise towards the ceiling. Not because she was getting up, but because her body itself was growing taller and longer. Though she’d never participated in any sort of extraneous exercise, big, bulky slabs of muscle started to spring throughout her entire body, from her hardening stomach to her thickening arms and legs. Within just a couple of seconds, Kobayashi’s blossoming muscles were already bulging out against her thing, white work shirt. They grew and grew, stretching every scrap of white fabric to its limit until-

*RIIIIIIIIIPPPPPPPP!!!*

In what could only be described as an explosion of fabric, Kobayashi’s new body effortlessly tore through her shirt as if it had been made of paper mâché. A blizzard of white shirt scraps slowly fluttered down to the floor in the aftermath. And as they cleared, the sight of Kobayashi’s bare new form left Tohru breathless. Kobayashi’s shoulders were wide and larger, each of her arms as big and thick as logs of wood. Instead flabby, tiny A-cups, Kobayashi’s bust had turned into a set of broad, squarish, hard pecs. Her stomach had turned into a steely, rigidly defined six pack. Kobayashi looked like the definition of an Adonis in every sense of the word, her body sculpted as if she’d spent hours training every day of her life. But Kobayashi didn’t seem give it any mind.

Raising her raise bowl above her head, Kobayashi hungrily devoured the last bits of her current rice bowl, causing her to change even further. Patches of fiery red her started growing throughout her body, with a thick bush poofing up between her armpits, around her arms and legs, and a healthy jungle that surged from her crotch. Kobayashi’s skin itself too seemed to undergo quite the change, becoming lightly

tanned in the areas that weren't covered by shirts or pants. It was the type of complexion of someone who often spent time outside instead of slaving away at a computer all day.

Much more menacing than these however, were the series of scars that emerged throughout, from her arms to her ribs and chest. They varied from bruises and knife cuts, to gunshot wounds, burns and even more. It made Kobayashi's figure look battered and worn, a testament to all that it had gone through. Kobayashi's skin started to darken with ink that came from tattoos, which adorned the length of her entire form. Images of flowers and scales decorated her arms and torso, dotting her muscles with a myriad of pictures. But the most important tattoo of them all was imprinted on the top of her back, a scroll with the words that read "Dragon Tamer".

"Mmmmm~ Fuck yeah!" Rising from the table like a rocket shooting into the sky, Kobayashi stood up from the chair and slammed the empty rice bowl onto the ground with every ounce of her strength. The bowl shattered into a million little pieces, but Kobayashi didn't even flinch as she did so, basking in the surge of strength that coursed through her body. "That was some good food!"

The Kobayashi that stood before Tohru was nothing short of incredible. She towered at a mighty 8-feet, at least two full heads above Tohru. Her body was wide and muscular, a tank made of muscle and meat. The amount of utter intimidation and strength she exuded made it seem like she could crush anyone who got in her way. Kobayashi had grown so large, even her pants were struggling to keep up. Her thick, muscular legs strained against the tacky black jeans, each muscle clearly defined through the fibers. Her widening hips stretched out the belt of the pants further and further, until just like her shirt, the pants gave way to the massive size of Kobayashi's form and gracelessly fell onto the floor.

Like a curtain falling at a cabaret club, Kobayashi's falling pants blessed Tohru to the sight of the forbidden yet oh so succulent fruit of Kobayashi's bare womanhood. Tohru's cheeks instantly became awash with a red blush as her eyes looked onto Kobayashi's plump, quivering pussy. It was an organ she had long pined for, the sweet sexual temptation of the woman she loved. But as she looked at the pulsating organ, she could tell something wasn't right.

With each passing second, Kobayashi's clit throbbed and pulsed relentlessly. It tugged and pushed forth as if it had a life of its own. And every time it did so, it would grow a little bit longer. And fatter. And larger. At first it had merely increased a couple of inches, normal for any excited woman. But soon enough the member stretched far enough it gained independence from Kobayashi's vaginal hood. The clit's girth widened in front of Tohru's very eyes, becoming stiff and sturdy enough it could support its own weight. Soon enough a thick layer of skin was wrapping around the member's sensitive pinkish length. By the time it slurped up its head, it was more than just a little clit. Kobayashi had a cock.

Kobayashi's new penis continued growing heartily, stretching past what any regular human would consider normal. The tip of her member became fat and bulbous, drooping forth with a mushroom-cap shape. Though Kobayashi had so much bundled up foreskin that drooped forth, you couldn't even see an inch of her cockhead. The skin on her cock grew to a dark, almost ebony color, matching the gargantuan nature of Kobayashi's cock as it grew to an incredulous 16-inched. A row of golden barbell piercings snapped onto the underside of Kobayashi's penis, glittering with pure 18-karat gold. Kobayashi's penis wasn't merely large, it was a fat, intimidating masculine member of high caliber.

There was only one particular element missing with the growth of Kobayashi's imperative member. Except all it took was a simple grunt to fix. With little more than a light muscle flex, Kobayashi pushed out one of her ovaries out of her pussy, totally transforming into a fat, hanging ball. Every little bit of her estrogen was instantly converted into pure, unadulterated testosterone. Her feminine organ was twisted and molded to her will, squeezed out until it had become a big, fat testicle worthy of her enormous, Herculean form. And it all took place over the course of a second. Kobayashi's very femininity could be destroyed in the blink of an eye.

Then she just did it again. After a little grunt, her remaining ovary was turned into another fat, plump, hanging testicle that plopped into her new ballsack. Kobayashi's pussy was immediately sealed, her vaginal tunnel collapsing in on itself. Kobayashi's feminine organ had been entirely eliminated, disintegrated to the point it could no longer be detected. And in its place rested a massive, semi-erect, throbbing, dark cock, as well as two sagging testicles that gurgled with cum. Just as Tohru had accidentally ordained, Kobayashi was the spitting image of a big, burly Yakuza boss.

"Yo Tohru..." Kobayashi spoke in a totally calm and relaxed tone, as if the incredible transformation she'd just experienced didn't affect her in the slightest.

"Y-Yes b-boss?!" Tohru responded in a panicked and chirpy tone. She wasn't even thinking about how she kept calling Kobayashi boss, a sensation of fear but also respect consistently crept at the back of her mind, making it a totally instinctive behavior.

"You put some of your tail in that meal, didn't cha?" Though Kobayashi's voice seemed completely placid and gentle, it carried a deeply menacing undertone, the sort that demanded the utmost of sincerity and honesty.

"T-That's right boss!!" Without even taking a second to think it through, Tohru immediately confessed to her crimes. She was so nervous before Kobayashi, the thought of lying didn't even cross her mind. "I fed you my tail so you could turn into a boss for your company, but I accidentally turned you into a Yakuza boss!!!"

In most situations, Kobayashi would have probably been pretty angry with Tohru's actions. Kobayashi had always been more than happy to live a regular, albeit boring life. She had no intention of immersing herself in any sort of wild or magical adventures. But for some reason, today was different. Kobayashi felt incredibly powerful in this new body. Energy coursed through every inch of her pulsating, muscular form, a sensation of power that was downright intoxicating. Kobayashi didn't even seem to care that she was male now. Her tremendous, virile cock throbbed with a sense of superiority the likes she'd never felt before.

Looking down at Tohru, Kobayashi could see her dragon maid was trembling in fear. But most importantly, her eyes glimmered with genuine respect. It was honestly astounding. Here was a mythical, with universal powers, looking up to Kobayashi as if she was her superior. For the first time in her life, she was at the top of the pecking order. While Kobayashi hadn't minded being a mere nameless peon before, now that she'd gotten a taste... Kobayashi's cock started to twitch with arousal, muscles quivering with excitement. Maybe he didn't want to be 'Miss Kobayashi' any longer. Maybe from now on, he'd just be *the Boss*.

"I see..." As Kobayashi's fat dick grew to a full erection, his tip barely poking out of his thick foreskin, a nefarious smile crept onto his face. With a swift motion, he flung the table that stood between him and Tohru away as if it was made of paper, knocking cutlery and decorations all over the floor. Slowly he approached Tohru, each one of his steps resonating through the building. "I'm not that mad honestly. However, I do gotta punish you for acting without my permission."

At this point, Tohru could tell something was *very* off. No longer was Kobayashi merely soaking in the magic Tohru had created, he was actively embracing and using it for his own. Tohru remained on high alert, ready to react to whatever this nefarious version of her love had planned.

"Tail." Kobayashi spoke clearly, pushing his open palm towards Tohru.

Only for Tohru to instantly and mindlessly place her tail on Kobayashi's open hand. The girl kicked herself mentally. She had no idea what he was planning to do, and yet she followed his orders with such enthusiasm. But before Tohru could even utter a single word, Kobayashi took a huge bite out of her green, scaly dragon tail.

Grasping her hands in pain, the surprised Tohru couldn't help but let out a whimpering yelp. This was a far cry from the romantic bite Tohru would have liked. She intimately felt the way Kobayashi's teeth sunk into her tail, somehow able to pierce through her sturdy scales and draw blood. Jaw clenching tighter and tighter, Kobayashi really chowed on Tohru's succulent dragon meat as if he was going to tear a huge chunk out. Except... Tohru recognized there was more to the bite than just the fierce physical pain. Tohru's tail quivered, a sensation of emptiness spreading through her body. It almost felt like... Kobayashi was sucking Tohru dry of all of her magical essence...

The more Kobayashi continued to bite Tohru, the stronger this sensation seemed to get. A spell of vertigo came over Tohru, causing her to stumble in place. As more magic was sucked from her body, it became harder and harder to maintain her form. Tohru's long, yellow bamboo shaped horns started to shrink down towards her head. It was as if they were being pulled under, their long conical shape reducing inch after inch. Thanks to growing lack of magical circulation within Tohru, the once spectacular horns could no longer remain as they were, shrinking further until they were nothing but tiny, yellowish nubs that could barely poke out of her hair.

These unstable changes continued quickly manifesting through the rest of Tohru's form. Tohru's fingernails grew sharper and longer, turning from regular human fingers into black tipped claws. Scales began to appear throughout her hand too, which shifted into a thinner more reptilian appendage. Tohru's magical drainage had reached a point where even maintaining some human forms like fingers was becoming increasingly difficult! The biggest change of them all however, would soon manifest around Tohru's tail.

The long slithering tail that sprung from Tohru's backside was nothing short of impressive. It was plump and rounded, glimmering with a splendid green color. Tohru's impressive tail bore the emblematic design of the Chaos Faction, a tail whose power and importance were plentifully apparent at first sight. When all of a sudden, the scales on Tohru's tail started to crack and splinter. Its beautiful shade of green became muddied and murky, taking on a much less regal greenish brown color. A series of uncouthly ridges grew on the superior part of Tohru's tail, dividing it into two different sections: A top part with

coarse, sharp scales, and a bottom lighter colored section with a soft, pudgy underbelly. More than the tail of a high-ranking dragon, Tohru's tail now resembled that of a common, lowly reptile.

Content with his punishment, Kobayashi finally released Tohru's tail. Tohru stumbled back towards the kitchen window, body feeling weak from her thorough shortage of magic. As if to test her new form, Tohru swished her tail about. It was thick and clumsy. Handling herself now was much more thought intensive than it had been before, and it certainly didn't help that her head felt even foggier than before. Turning towards Kobayashi, Tohru's eyes winced. Magic oozed from every inch of Kobayashi's muscular form, a miasma of corruption surrounding him whole. It was clear from a cursory view that Tohru's powers now belonged to Kobayashi, and he was absolutely overflowing with them. Any desire to turn him back to his original form was nothing more than a dream.

"Now that that's been dealt with..." Lustfully licking Tohru's blood off his lip, Kobayashi sauntered towards the living room before crashing down onto the sofa. The poor little piece of furniture creaked and quaked from the sheer weight of Kobayashi's muscles. He was so large, his entire body barely fit as he laid down across the entire thing. With his fat erect penis pointing towards the sky, Kobayashi tenderly rubbed himself. "As much as I like having my own place, I fuckin' hate how comfy and cozy this shit is. It's like I'm living with a bunch of pussies! If I'm gonna have my crib, it's gotta be vile, scandalous and downright revolting! That's why..."

"Here!" Out of nowhere, Kobayashi summoned a large metal baseball bat and flung it towards Tohru. Thankfully, Tohru was able to catch it before it hit her in the face, though it made her no less confused as to how or why he'd thrown this at her. "I want you to fuck this place up. Smash everything around here until it's a shithole worthy of our gang."

"W-What?!" Tohru clung onto the cold bat in her hands tightly, her heart trembling with concern. This was their home! A place they'd cultivated together and grown to love! How could Kobayashi even suggest doing such a thing?! "W-Why are you-?!"

But before Tohru could get another word in, Kobayashi's eyebrows furrowed. A cold shiver of pure fear ran down her spine, forcing her to shut her mouth.

"Don't you EVER question my orders." Kobayashi's face was stern and firm, his sharp features brimming with intimidation. It felt as if he was glaring straight into Tohru's soul. "I'm the boss here. Whatever I says goes. I don't care what you might think about it. Your job isn't to think, it's to do. Leave all the thinking to me babe. If I say go, your only response is 'Yes Boss'"

The statement utterly mortified Tohru. But there was only one thing she could respond with. "YES BOSS!!!" She proudly spouted back, lifting her right hand to salute him with the respect one gives to their superior.

Despite being in complete opposition to what Kobayashi had suggested, Tohru dutifully took hold of the metal bat and started rampantly smashing everything that she set her eyes upon. The dining room chairs were first, smashed into thousands of little splinters. She wasted no time moving onto the living room, where she mercilessly came down on the table until it was a rubble of little bits. Even delicate items like the TV and the windows received hefty blows from the bats, causing the debris to spill all over the house. Not a single object in the house was spared of the absolute ruthlessness of Tohru's obedience.

Throughout it all, Tohru felt absolutely mortified by the extents of her actions. However, perhaps the most agonizing part of it all was how much excitement accompanied Tohru's pain. Tohru hated what she was doing, that much was true. Her body was forced to follow Kobayashi's orders, making her completely unable to stop. Yet, the mere action of following Kobayashi's orders filled her with bliss. It felt nice to just be a mindless grunt, to just stop thinking and follow your boss' every order. Using your brain was for smart people like Kobayashi, who always knew what was right. Tohru was better off just shutting her brain off and being an obedient grunt... Of course, in reality Tohru knew this was all the effect of Kobayashi's corrupting magic. But it was becoming increasingly harder to discern her original reality from that of Kobayashi's...

Unbeknownst to Tohru, with each swing of her bat, the girl's body started to grow. Muscle started to accumulate on Tohru's arms, her shoulders becoming wider and squarer. It was as if the motions of her hands were swiping the femininity off her body, leaving only a growing sense of masculine essence that filled up her form. More impressive than this set of muscles was Tohru's growing size. Her legs shot up to the sky, thighs bulking up with mass. As her torso lengthened and breasts steeled into firm pecs, even more inches of height were added to her form. By the time she finished growing, Tohru was struggling to even stay upright, as she stood an incredible 9 and a half feet from the ground, her head scraping the top of the apartment's ceiling.

With this sudden swelling of mass, Tohru found she could no longer maintain her clothes and her maid dress disintegrated into nothingness, leaving her completely in the nude. And the Tohru that now stood within the destroyed remains of Kobayashi's apartment bore little resemblance to the original one. Whereas once Tohru had been a cute, innocent looking gal, she was now an enormous, imposing beefcake. Tohru's shoulders were as broad as two people, her thick muscled arms ending in reptilian claws. Instead of fat, feminine breasts, Tohru had a firm set of squarish, masculine pecs that were equal parts firm and soft. The only evidence that there had even been tits in the first place were Tohru's nips, which poked out with stiffness and an adorable pink color. Another interesting aspect was Tohru's skin, a pale white color which glimmered as bright as snow. There was no hair on his body, not a single blemish or scar. Save for a couple of yakuza tattoos, Tohru's body was completely pristine, like that of a doll.

Staring intently at Tohru's transformed form, Kobayashi eagerly rubbed his throbbing cock. He pulled his foreskin all the way, letting his thick, virile cock musk waft into the apartment. Almost nothing of Tohru's feminine figure remained, exactly the way he liked his grunts. Looking at Tohru from the back, seeing her large back muscles and fat, winding alligator tail, one wouldn't even be able to tell she was a woman. The last bothersome part was Tohru's pussy, a detestable feminine organ that sullied Tohru's perfectly masculine form. But Kobayashi didn't need to rush, he knew that time to finish her off was soon approaching...

As Tohru started to sack through the last remnants of unbroken items in the apartment, she came across a cute picture frame propped atop of a shelf. The frame contained a picture of Kobayashi, Tohru and Kanna. The three of them were having a picnic, their smiles bright as ever as the sun shone down on them. Tohru could still remember this day, it was a precious memory she'd treasure for a long time. And yet... Without even being told, Tohru let the picture frame fall helplessly onto the floor. Its glass cracked as soon as it hit the cold wood surface. But even that wasn't enough. Lifting her bat into the air, Tohru struck the picture frame as hard as she could over and over again, shattering the wooden frame into pieces, obliterating the glass, and even tearing through the picture until the floor itself malformed.



Tohru gasped breathlessly. Her irises shook as she looked at the scattered pieces of the picture frame, heart thumping right through her chest. She hated doing this, she didn't want it at all... At least that's what she told herself, for her heart was thumping with elation from having followed her boss' orders to a tea. As the dust settled around Tohru, the only respite she could find is that it was over. The entire apartment had been ransacked, precious memories thoroughly destroyed. No longer would Tohru be forced to commit such acts again. Alas, if only it were so simple...

Noticing Tohru's slow descent into madness, a devious smirk crept on Kobayashi's face. "Now piss on it." The man spoke in a very cold, serious tone.

Tohru's face instantly shot back with a shocked expression. "W-What?!" It was a genuine reaction, as if she wasn't sure what she'd heard was correct.

"You heard me." Kobayashi confirmed matter-of-factly. "I want you to piss on it. The picture, the rest of the house, everywhere. Just let it go. This place has a disgusting girly smell. We need to stomp that shit out with something much more *manly*~"

"I..." There was a second of resistance inside of Tohru's mind. But it all instantly died out as her loyalty to Kobayashi kicked in. Turning back towards the picture, Tohru responded in the only way she was allowed to. "Yes boss!!!"

Spreading her legs wide and pointing her crotch at the picture, Tohru prepared to follow Kobayashi's commands. But something felt off... As if, there was something missing... Tohru stopped for a moment. Meanwhile, her hands began to move of her own volition. Without the slightest semblance of apprehension, Tohru's right claw pushed against her dripping pussy. Tohru let out a moan as she felt the scaly fingers push into the depth of her folds. Despite the sharpness of the reptilian talons, Tohru felt no sort of pain as her digits delved deeper inside her organ. Rather, her body seemed to eagerly pulsate with heat the further they sunk.

It was only once a huge section of Tohru's arm was embroiled by her vaginal walls that her hand finally stopped. Tohru gasped breathlessly. She had no idea why she was doing this, only that her body had guided her all the way here. The sensation of her bulky, muscular arm stretching the walls of her petite, human pussy was incredibly intense but... Tohru could tell there was something even more intense inside her. Throbbing... Pulsating... Demanding to come out. And it would not be satisfied until it had been set free!

In a sharp, violent motion, Tohru's claws gripped onto her womb and began to pull it out of her body. Tohru's voice rang out with a high-pitched yelp. Not because of any pain, but because it felt *amazing*. The more Tohru pulled, the more she could feel the throbbing inside her heat up. Her entire body quivered with excitement, as if it knew exactly what was happening and wanted nothing more than for Tohru to keep going. A sudden stiffness twitched inside of Tohru's pussy, her vaginal canal growing tighter as her insides plumped up into two thick protrusions. With each passing second, Tohru's arousal and lust kept on climbing to untenable levels. But Tohru couldn't do anything about it. She just had to get this thing out of her no matter what!

Vaginal juices splashed out everywhere, a loud, sopping pop echoing through the room. After all her efforts, Tohru had finally been successful. She'd pulled out the insides of her pussy with her own claws. The organ that protruded from Kobayashi's crotch was now much more masculine and vulgar. Instead of

an elegant feminine slit, a fat cylindrical shaft drooped down limply. Further below, a small sack clung closely to its girth, with two enormous, bulging nuts that looked like they were ready to blow at any second. Its length stretched down to 8-inches, a far cry from Kobayashi's massive penis. But what it lacked in length, it more than made up for in girth. Tohru's new member was as thick as a coke can, making it difficult to handle for even someone as large as she was now. Her cockhead protruded out in every direction, its edges stretched out like a mushroom cap out of control. Its shaft was so fat, that no foreskin could even reach up to Tohru's cockhead, leaving it exposed at all times. This was it. Kobayashi's feminine organ was no more, now just a thick, virile penis.

Looking down at her new cock, Tohru's stomach churned with revulsion. Though her face was still quite feminine, her new form was muscular, brutish and worst of all male. Tohru's arms were big and bulky, muscles tightening with every motion. She stretched up to the ceiling like a titan towering above everything else. Even now Tohru didn't want to accept it. But with his new cock, there was no longer any way for her to deny the truth. She'd become fully biologically male. A big, burly, male yakuza grunt to match Kobayashi's own transition.

Unfortunately for Tohru, her desires mattered little as her body was forced to follow Kobayashi's commands. Tohru's big, hulking hands wrapped around her fat shaft, which was so girthy she had to use both hands in order to wrap around it fully. She aimed the tip of her drooping cock at the shattered picture on the ground, ready to unleash a current of piss all over the memories she'd held so close to the heart. But as she looked at the happy faces of herself, Kobayashi and Kanna, Tohru felt her heart break. No... She couldn't just let this happen! She had to fight back!

Gathering every last shred of resistance that remained in her system, Tohru began to hold her urges to piss as hard as she could possibly manage. Her body was too much under Kobayashi's influence to completely rebel and break away, but Tohru should be able to manage at least this much. As piss started to course into her penis, Tohru winced and grunted loudly. Though she wasn't used to her male genitalia, she used her instincts to prevent the flow. Tohru held her breath and tightened her body, proudly standing in defiance of those corrupting wills that had been taking her over for so long.

Yet, as touching a scene as it might have been, the sad truth was that Tohru did not hold that much power. Regardless of all this extraneous effort she spent on resisting, Tohru's golden fluid continued to stream through her urethra. Any sort of exertion on her end seemed minimal in effect, merely slowing down the piss without ever dreaming of stopping it. As the stream accumulated at Tohru's tip, ready to explode at any moment, Tohru concentrated to put up one final stand. This family... This life... They all meant too much to Tohru. She couldn't just piss all over their memory and destroy what she held dear!

*Pssshhhhhhhhh~*

The roaring pouring of urine that surged from her urethra gave another story, however. Head rolling back and eyes crossing, Tohru let out a groan of bliss. Despite how much she tried to stop it, despite how much she hated doing it, the sensation of pleasure and relief that came from pissing onto that dear picture was nothing short of addictive. Just letting go felt so good, that once she started it became impossible to stop. For so long she'd tried to fight against these oppressive, perverted feelings. She'd given so much of herself to try and protect the things that she loved. But now, the thing that gave her the most pleasure was also completely obliterating what she had cared for so much.

After just a couple of seconds, the picture Tohru had been desperately trying to protect was now fully soaked in piss. A gross yellow tint embroiled the picture whole, the faces of each person fading slightly. Each molecule of Tohru's piss interwove with the paper's fibers, forever ruining the picture with the essence of her excretion. But now, Tohru felt no sort of angst. Instead, her body was flowing with pleasure. Pleasure from her physical relief, pleasure from following her boss' orders. But most importantly... Pleasure from just letting go.

Satisfied with completely destroying the picture, Tohru moved on and began to piss throughout the apartment. Tohru's concerned expression shifted into one of dumb, mindless bliss. Her cock slowly started to harden in her hand as she continued spreading her yellow mist all over the place. The ecstasy of just letting go overpowered any sort of negative feelings she might have experienced. It felt so nice to not hold it in, to let her body go as it naturally desired. She'd tried to force so many things, like resisting and questioning her boss. But in the end, all of that brought pain. Though perhaps Tohru wasn't ready to recognize it, the same answer seemed to shine again and again. Tohru shouldn't have to think for herself, she shouldn't try to hold it in. She was nothing more than a dumb grunt. All she had to do was let go and give herself completely to her boss, and then she'd get to experience bliss like this.

As Tohru continued to piss everywhere, it seemed the apartment itself began to change. The walls started to seep with dampness and murk, as if they'd never been cleaned before. All of the lights in the room became shades of fluorescent blues and pinks, seeping the whole apartment in a grungy ambiance. Most importantly of all however, was the smell. The previous soft, sweet, womanly smell was washed over by a miasma of masculinity. The thick stench of masculine sweat, cock musk and piss combined to create a sauna of virility. The air was so thick, it felt as if you were suffocating in a sea of men. Taking a deep whiff of this new environment, Kobayashi happily tugged at his cock. Only a den of depravity as vile as this would make a good base for a goon like him.

Once the entirety of the room was covered in piss and depravity, the helpless Tohru was finally released from her spell. Tohru panted and gasped breathlessly. She felt tired, both mentally and physically. The copious uncontrolled transformations had most certainly taken their toll. But more than anything, Tohru felt guilty. The fact that even now, with her bladder fully emptied, Tohru's cock was still fully erect and aroused send shame through her whole body. She hated the part a small part of her was thoroughly enjoying this, her thick figure, her masculine form, and even the way she was treated. Enough so that Tohru realistically considered wanting things to stay this way.

Though she lacked the will to fully resist all of these changes, the least she could do was get some answers. Slowly, Tohru began to stumble towards Kobayashi. She knelt before the couch where the enormous man was lounging, pressing her whole body against the ground in total submission.

"Why... Why B-Boss...?" Tohru pleaded. By this point, the word 'Kobayashi' had been wiped from her vocabulary. She could only think of Kobayashi as her boss, a fact that caused her cock to quiver needily. "All I had to do was reverse the magic, s-so why did you-?"

"Eeehh~" Kobayashi's voice rang out with a tone of mocking surprise. Tohru could barely see Kobayashi's face past his enormous cock and thick, muscled legs. But what she did see was a face full of dominance and sadism. The way Kobayashi relaxed on the couch full of such confidence made it feel like he was the most powerful man in the world. "Are you seriously putting all the blame on me when you're the one who turned me into this in the first place~?"

Tohru winced in response. She'd never intended for things to get this messed up and distorted, but... The fact he was totally right hurt her even more.

"You really wanna know why I decided to stay this way?" Kobayashi's smirk was just as wide and devious as before. He looked down at the defeated Tohru with pride, basking in her abject loss. "Fine, I'll tell you. Though I doubt your tiny little boy brain will be able to retain all that information."

Stretching his legs towards Tohru, Kobayashi commandingly pushed his big masculine toes against Tohru's face. Tohru instinctively flinched at first, but she did not pull away. In a matter of seconds, the thick, masculine scent of Kobayashi's feet started to invade Tohru's nostrils. It was such a powerful aroma it caused Tohru to shudder, but for some reason she just couldn't get enough of it. The more she smelled, the more enticing it became, completely pacifying the girl with a stream of strange desires.

"All my life, I've just followed the rules and laid low." The big bulky Yakuza man began to speak from his heart, his words accompanied by an air of authority. "I played the role society wanted me to play. I let myself be controlled and suppressed. That's just how life was supposed to be."

While Kobayashi pratted on, his feet continued to press intimately against Tohru's face. His large toes gently caressed Tohru, soles rubbing her cheeks intimately. There was no spot on her face that he left untouched, and Tohru was enjoying every single second of it. Face molding into an expression of pure, unadulterated bliss, Tohru eagerly allowed Kobayashi's feet to trounce over her face without restraint. She took deep, loving sniffs of his thick, masculine scent. The power of his pheromones was so intense it felt as if it was literally rewiring her brain.

"But then... You gave me the gift of experiencing this incredible body. These hearty muscles, my incredible cock..." Kobayashi smiled. While he flexed his left arm tightly, taking in the pure power of his muscles, he greedily rubbed his erect cock with the other. His strength was enough to set his arousal on fire. "For the first time in my life, I felt powerful... Confident... Like I actually had some sort of control over my life. It made me realize one important detail..."

Throughout the entire speech, Kobayashi's toes continued to intimately caress Tohru. Except they weren't simply just rubbing against her face, they were actively molding her visage. As Kobayashi's feet rubbed her mouth, it pushed forth into a thick, squarish jaw with a firm underbite. Everywhere they touched, Tohru's face became more rugged and rough. Her teeth became sharper like those of a crocodile, with two sharp fangs protruding from her lower mandible. It was as if Kobayashi was scrubbing away Tohru's femininity. Little by little, it was turned into the brutish face of a proper Yakuza grunt.

"Being a woman is fucking horrible! Women are such frail, whimpering little creatures. Their weak, inferior bodies got them suppressed by the much stronger and smarter men." Kobayashi's comments were as inflammatory as they were passionate. His penis quivered excitedly in his own hands, arousal growing to unprecedented levels. "Even their looks, the one attribute they have to their advantage, pales in comparison to the beauty of the masculine form. I finally understood, the reason I'd been held back for so long is because I was a shitty woman."

Not even Tohru's mind was safe from Kobayashi's complete takeover either. As Kobayashi's powerful footstink seeped into her nostrils, it morphed Tohru's thoughts to his will. Tohru's identity was continuously stomped out of her head, replaced with that of a dumb, brutish Yakuza gang member. Her

memories of serving as Kobayashi's maid were twisted into serving as his devoted bodyguard. Loyalty and complete submission became the only things that mattered to Tohru. Anything extra, like his intelligence or independence were completely erased in order to serve this function. Through sheer power alone, Kobayashi had implanted an entirely new reality into Tohru.

"So why should I relinquish all of this power and authority I've been granted? Why should I go back and play by those unfair rules?" A smile crept upon Kobayashi's face, precum dripping from his thunderous shaft. He knew Tohru was already fully under his control. All he needed was a little push to finish things off. "Why would I want to go back to being something like that when I can be something much more sexy and powerful~? Isn't that right... *Gatorface*~?"

Eyes rolling to the back of his head, the brand new Gatorface started animalistically humping the ground as his cock exploded all over the floor in orgasm. By this point, any shreds of the original Tohru were completely gone. He couldn't remember being a dragon, let alone a woman. The new Gatorface was nothing more than a loyal bodyguard slut, mindless slab of meat with no other purpose than pleasing his boss. And there was no better place he could be than between his boss' feet.

"That's right boss~!" Gatorface screamed in bliss, submissive ecstasy overflowing through his every muscle. Without even thinking twice about it, Gatorface opened his mouth and began to suckle on his boss' toes. His tongue slid between Kobayashi's toes, savoring every last bit of Kobayashi's musk. It was his way of thanking his boss for all that he'd done.

Recoiling back against the couch with a groan of bliss, Kobayashi felt pleasure spread through his system. And not just thanks to Gatorface's submissive gesture. On Kobayashi's back, directly below the words that read 'Dragon Tamer', a brand-new tattoo started to mark his skin. The ink took the shape of a classic western dragon, two large reptilian wings, with a long flowing tail, large horns and a fire breathing maw. It was only once Tohru's familiar green color started to dot the tattoo that its significance became apparent. This was the proof of Kobayashi's conquering of Tohru. The once powerful dragon had now been fully subjugated, turned into a lowly reptilian creature loyal to Kobayashi alone. From now on, the tattoo would stand as a symbol of his new might. The man that was able to take down a dragon all on his own.

"Mmfff~ Mffff~ Puaaah~" Gatorface gasped with a joyous voice, finally releasing Kobayashi's toes from his mouth. "I'm so happy I get to serve you this way boss. You know I'll do anything for you~"

Kobayashi felt his cock throbbing with desire for his submissive underling. "That so...?" Planting both feet onto the ground, Kobayashi thrust his crotch forward, letting his enormous erection hang directly in front of Gatorface's face. "Then how bout you start by satisfying your boss' needs? This erection ain't gonna take care of itself now, is it?"

"Of course boss!" Gatorface's eyes sparkled like the sun. Without wasting even a single second, Gatorface quickly turned around and eagerly presented his twitching butt to Kobayashi. Gatorface's plump, toned ass wiggled as if to demark an invitation, his fat soda can sized cock throbbing with a needy erection. "Please use my ass as your personal onahole! I would be honored if my body brought you any kind of pleasure~"

A shiver of ecstasy ran down Kobayashi's spine. The sight of this incredibly huge, muscular and masculine brute down on all fours, ready to give up his anus was enough to make Kobayashi's cock feel like it was

ready to blow. To think that one of the most powerful creatures he'd ever met was now prostrating himself like a pleasure-addicted slut was such a vein pumping realization. Kobayashi had really been looking forward to Tohru's complete mental degradation into a mindless, slutty Yakuza grunt. But to actually see it in action... It was so much more arousing than he could have ever dreamed of.

Elated to comply with his minion's invitation, Kobayashi dropped from the couch and onto his knees. The entire building shook in response, unable to contain the sheer amount of power and lust contained within his cock. Grabbing tightly onto Gatorface's firm waist, Kobayashi pulled the thug back until the rim of his butt was pushing against Kobayashi's fat cockhead. Kobayashi could feel Gatorface quivering in complete anticipation, every inch of his body excited to be taken by his boss. In a show of dominance, Kobayashi took his free hand and gave Gatorface's ass a fierce spank that left one of his ass cheeks palpitating with a brilliant red color. And as Gatorface gasped in delight, one last tattoo appeared on his body, right underneath his tail. It read *'PROPERTY OF THE BOSS: HANDS OFF'*

Violently hauling Gatorface's entire body back until his cheeks had kissed against Kobayashi's crotch, Kobayashi slammed his entire, fat, throbbing, 16-inch pole inside of his underling's asshole in a single motion. It didn't matter that Gatorface's virgin hole had no previous experience, or that Kobayashi's cock was so large it would have a hard time fitting inside a mare. The boss erection was so powerful, it could instantly reshape anyone's insides with nothing more than a single thrust. A single second was all it took to completely turn Gatorface's anus into Kobayashi's property.

Cock throbbing eagerly within the confines of Gatorface's ass, Kobayashi wasted no time as he began to commandingly thrust his member into Gatorface's depths. 'Thrusting' wouldn't be the accurate way to describe it, however. Instead, it was more like Kobayashi was pulling and tugging Gatorface's body as if it was little more than a sex toy. With his right hand, Kobayashi held a firm grip onto Gatorface's muscled hips. He pumped his grunt's back and forth earnestly, squeezing onto Gatorface's muscles as he did so.

Meanwhile, Kobayashi wrapped his entire left arm around Gatorface's alligator tail as if he was clamping it in a tight, wrestling lock. Kobayashi loved the sensation of this scaly tail rubbing against his bare muscles so much, he just kept squeezing it more and more. The fat, gator tail squirmed and slithered in his grasp, but it never even came close to escaping. It reacted vividly to every one of Kobayashi's actions, tensing up when Kobayashi's dick smashed into Gatorface's depths, and then wriggling uncontrollably as it pulled back. This thick, gruff and discolored parody of Tohru's once impeccable tail was the perfect limb for someone as perverted and degenerate as Gatorface.

Throughout the entire ordeal, Gatorface wasn't shy in the slightest about letting his excitement be known. Though his voice was most decidedly male, he screamed and squealed like a bitch in heat. Gatorface's anal walls lovingly squeezed onto Kobayashi's fat, twitching shaft, even as it pummeled through his insides with so much ferocity it felt like it was going to tear him apart. Kobayashi's cock was so large, each and every time it pushed inside Gatorface, he could feel his prostate being pounded and crushed to the point of breaking. Kobayashi's lust was as intense as it was violent, and he was releasing every last shred of energy on Gatorface's ass.

But more than the physical stimulation of his boss' inhuman dick, what really aroused Gatorface was being a good, loyal cumdump for his boss to use and abuse. He felt no pain as Kobayashi's cock stretched his virginal anus, only pleasure from the way his boss' penis quivered with ecstasy. Gatorface didn't care that Kobayashi was squeezing the circulation out of his tail. The warmth that came from pressing his

gator tail against his boss' toned figure was more than enough to make up for it. This is what he was meant to do, who he was meant to be. No thoughts, no worries, just being his boss' obedient, mindless cocksleeve.

As Gatorface's arousal climbed higher and higher, Kobayashi found his own body heating up with lust. The boss' hips began to move in conjunction with his arms, smashing against Gatorface's ass with thrusts so powerful they roared throughout the whole apartment building. Gatorface's anus felt so amazing, even someone as composed as Kobayashi felt like he was starting to lose his cool in the fog of desire. The anal walls were incredibly tight, yet also sufficiently malleable that they could wrap around his cock with some ease. Gatorface's musculature also gave him quite a lot of control over his anal muscles, which he used to squeeze and pleasure Kobayashi's eager dick even more. No matter how hard Kobayashi pushed, Gatorface was able to take all of punishment without question, happy to return the pleasure twofold. It was as if the two had been made to perfectly match each other.

Kobayashi's head shot back in bliss, heart and cock palpitating with lust. He had a feeling that being a man would be a much more exciting experience, but this pleasure went far beyond anything he could have ever dreamed of. Kobayashi basked in the sheer power and musculature of his form, rubbing his firm pecs against the scales of Tohru's tail. His cock throbbed with might and desire, fat balls dangling and swinging as they filled up with his musky sperm. Not only was he incredibly powerful, but he so felt sexy and confident too. Tohru too looked like a masterpiece as Gatorface, a chiseled physique and girthy dick Kobayashi could toy with to his heart's content. There was no way a woman's ass could feel as wonderfully tight and malleable as Gatorface's did right now. If ever he'd doubted his decision before, this here was the proof that he had not made a mistake.

"So- Ungghh! Gator~" Kobayashi gasped between thrusts, never dropping his dominant façade even as he was ready to succumb to pleasure. "How's it feel to get turned into my stupid, brainless, manwhore~?"

"I love it boss!!!" Gatorface squealed back without hesitation, completely in turn with the role he'd so desperately tried to fight against. "Becoming your personal cockslut is the best thing that ever happened to me~~~!!!"

That was it, the straw that broke the camel's back. After pounding Gatorface's tight ass for so long, Kobayashi was finally overcome with his own lust as he began to unload his thick cum directly into his subordinate's ass. Gatorface screamed happily, his ass tightening around his boss's shaft and refusing to let go until his insides had been turned white. Instantly, Gatorface's fat dick started to unload its own fat ropes of jizz all over the floor, his reward for having brought his boss to climax like a good grunt would do.

However, even in orgasm Kobayashi did not let up the pressure. His hips continued to slam desperately against Gatorface's ass whilst cum exploded in thick jets from his cock. The hot, sticky semen shot into the depths of Gatorface's anus, but it embroiled Kobayashi's cock. Fat globs of semen squeezed between Gatorface's anal walls and Kobayashi's penis, with more and more semen blasting backwards as Kobayashi kept slamming his grunt's ass. Before long, enough cum and pressure had accumulated around the rim of Gatorface's ass that jizz thick spurts of jizz began to overflow out of his whole, dripping down his crack in thick loads that splattered all over the floor.

Looking down at the quivering Gatorface, all that Kobayashi could feel was an inflated sense of ego and pride. Tohru's subjugation had been complete. He had risen an entity so powerful, no one could dream of opposing. There was no doubt in his mind that life as a Yakuza boss would be good. And his reign was only getting started~