

Bustling with the loud commotion of a regular school day lunchtime, the Dining Hall at Garreg Mach Academy was packed to the brim once again. Exam season had just arrived, which meant everything was fuller and busier than ever. Several students gathered together in a desperate attempt to do some last-minute cramming, while the ones who had already passed their exams either celebrated festively or cried with sorrow. By this time in the year, most students were starting to get into Intermediate Classes and one could feel the sheer excitement of students eager to grow and improve into proper knights.

Such excitement was shared by all but one of the students, who sat alone in the furthest corner of the dining hall. Face plastered with a huge frown, the young, tender Cyril idly poked his lunch with a fork. Usually, he wouldn't be one to play with his food, considering the tough background he came from. But right at this moment he simply couldn't muster the appetite. Cyril was one of the few students who had not yet taken his Certification Exam to change classes. A part of him was nervous whether he would pass or not, but more than anything Cyril wasn't sure whether he wanted to change classes in the first place...

Ever since his fellow classmates had started moving onto their Intermediate Classes, strange things had started happening at Garreg Mach. Cyril could feel it, there was something not right going on around him. But the strangest thing of all was that no matter how hard he tried to figure it out, he simply couldn't point out anything out of the ordinary. The people around him idly chatted with simple smiles, the birds chirped, the sun shone and the wind blew. Everything seemed right in the world, but Cyril just knew there was something terribly wrong in the academy.

"Oh, hey Cyril! There you are."

Cyril's attention was only taken from his woes at the call of two kind, nice voices. Slowly turning his head upwards, Cyril could see Ignatz and Ashe approaching his table with gentle smiles. As the school year started, these two had quickly become Cyril's best friends, people he could really trust. And though he could be a bit antisocial at times, he was more than happy to welcome them to his table.

Unlike Cyril who was still waiting for his exam, both Ignatz and Ashe had taken and passed their own Certification Exams. Ignatz had become a fierce, respected mercenary, master of the sword and proficient generalist. Meanwhile Ashe had upgraded into the part a stealthy and agile thief, able to sneak around the battlefield as swift as a mouse. Each of their uniforms looked quite cool, the mercenary with its slick metal shoulder pads and the thief with its jet black torn clothes. Despite his inhibitions, Cyril had to admit both of his friends looked to be much more respectable than before.

"How are you doing Cyril?" Ashe asked tenderly as he took one of the seats. "Ready for your Certification Exam?"

"Ah, yours is coming up soon, isn't it?" Ignatz asked with excitement. "Don't worry a bit Cyril! I'm sure you'll do wonders!"

Guilt and embarrassment shot through Cyril like a needle stabbing through his spine. "T-Thanks guys..." Was all that he was able to mutter, his body shifting awkwardly in his seat.

Here he was, wracking up his brain with worry over some sort of unverifiable suspicion about this year's class changes, when both of his friends seemed to be perfectly content in their new classes and lives. Cyril could tell from their entirely innocent faces that they did not have even the slightest of ideas that something might have been wrong. Clad in the gruff and shiny new uniforms, each one of these boys

proudly presented their classes without a single care in the world. Could he even bring up what he was truly thinking? And risk affecting his friend's wellbeing and satisfaction?

"By the way Ignatz, how is your painting going?" Ashe turned to his companion for some idle chit chat.

"It's been a little slower due to the recent exams, but I'm doing very well thanks!" Ignatz responded quickly, pushing up his thick glasses as he spoke. "Actually, recently I found this excellent new technique that really makes the picture pop out. The way it works is..."

It almost hurt to look at them. The way they acted so naturally, free from any kind of higher worry or dread. How was Cyril supposed to drop a bombshell like that out of nowhere? Especially when he had nothing substantial to prove his suspicions... Seeing his two best friends interact with such eager and innocent attitudes... It was moments like these were Cyril doubted his own intuition. As a boy of hard-working giber, he had always relied on his gut more than anything else. But could it be that... His gut might have been wrong...?

"Ignatz! Hey! What are you up to?"

It was then that the trio of boys were interrupted by none other than Claude von Riegan, the proud leader of the Golden Dear House. Wearing his signature cocky smirk, he slowly walked closer towards the table, his expression ripe with what Cyril could only classify as nefarious intent. Ignatz and Ashe politely stopped their conversation, their gazes respectfully shifting towards the eye-catching tanned man.

As Claude finally arrived at the trio's table, the lord wasted no time in sneaking behind Ignatz' seat. His hands gently landed atop of Ignatz' shoulders, his fingers gently squeezing it in a surprisingly intimate massage. Ignatz shifted almost uncomfortably, looking down and away from Claude's face with a tepid blush, though did not bother asking his house leader to stop. Cyril knew that Claude was physical with other people, especially considering he was Almyran himself, but the instant he saw the scene unfold he could feel his stomach churning with that ever-pervasive sensation of wrongness. Body stiffening up, Cyril glared daggers at the lord on the other side of the table. Before his exam, Cyril had always liked Claude. But ever since he'd become a lord, Cyril simply couldn't trust him anymore

"Claude! It's good to see you." Ignatz responded warmly, his body tingling as he felt Claude's fingers kneading his tensed-up muscles. "I'm not doing much, just hanging out with my good friends Ashe and Cyril!"

"That's great! That's great..." Claude gave a hearty chuckle back. For a second, his expression seemed to crack, going from a mere friendly gesture to something more sinister. "Say Ignatz, if it's not trouble do you think we could do it right now?"

The blush on Ignatz' Ignatz face grew even brigher. Cheeks growing heated, the boy quickly turned around to face Claude, though Claude's firm hands cemented Ignatz on his chair. "W-Wait- Y-You mean like r-r-right here?! A-And now?!" Sweat began to pour down Ignatz' brow, his heart thumping rapidly.

"Yeah haha, I'm very sorry!" Claude chuckled again, though Cyril found it to be less genuine than before. "Guess I must have forgotten to masturbate in the morning. Silly me. Now I'm *reaaally* pent up and I really need to get some release. You don't mind if we do it real quick, right?"

Before Claude had even gotten an answer, the Lord had already pulled up the hem of his long shirt, letting his incredibly enormous, fat, throbbing tanned penis to push a few inches away from Ignatz' face. Claude's uniform was regal and beautiful in many ways, with a long flowing cape, large boots and a bright yellow tunic. But if there was anything missing with his Lord uniform, it was a pair of pants and underwear. Not that this was anything out of the ordinary, for no Intermediate classes carried either of those things either.

Ignatz' natural reaction to such a sudden and prominent proposition was to jolt in shock. But having Claude's delicious, pulsating penis just a few inches from his face, the boy could feel his mind starting growing hazy. An incredibly virile musk traveled into his nose, shooting arousal throughout Ignatz' entire body. His mouth became watery, and all kinds of thoughts became a slushy mess. Claude waved his penis left and right like a baton, but Ignatz could not let his gaze waver from the incredibly package.

"I... I... I..." Ignatz gulped, barely able to think at the presence of such an imperative member. "I-I g-guess if my friends d-don't object then... I-I-I d-d-don't mind!!!"

Claude's gaze shifted from Ignatz towards Ashe and Cyril, his smile still curved as cocky as ever. While he waited for a response from the two, Ignatz' hands had already wrapped around Claude's cock, and his lips peppered the gargantuan shaft in a litany of kisses. "So, what do you guys think?"

"Yeah, I don't mind." Ashe responded with a smile, barely registering the fact that his friend was slobbering over another man's penis right in the open.

Cyril took a bit longer to respond. He squinted his eyes at Claude, as if he was trying to decipher some kind of riddle. His gut told him he should have said no, that there was no possible way this could be normal. But he found no logical reason why Claude shouldn't defile Ignatz right in front of them. As a member of the Lord class, Claude had an incessant desire to breed. He was constantly horny, and his penis was able to convince people. If he didn't cum inside of Ignatz, he would be in a lot of pain and discomfort. This was all basic class knowledge.

"Y-Y-Yeah..." Cyril finally sputtered, unable to convince himself to oppose Claude's desire. "I-I guess it's fine."

"Haaah~ Thank you so much~" Claude gave a loud gasp of relief.

Firmly placing his hands underneath Ignatz' arms, Claude pulled the boy up from his chair seemingly effortlessly. As he stood up, Cyril could see the pulsating erection coming from Ignatz' bottomless crotch. There were no testicles beneath his shivering penis however. Instead, a slick, feminine pussy oozed with desire, quivering at the thought of being penetrated. Claude buried the tip of his enormous penis into Ignatz' cunt, causing the cute Mercenary boy in his grasp to jolt with surprise. It looked like it wouldn't fit, and Ignatz opened his mouth as if he was about to form some sort of complaint.

But in an instant, Claude slammed his massive cock into the depths of Ignatz' folds, causing the boy's voice to drown out into a pleased moan. Slowly but surely, Claude pushed his entire length all the way inside of Ignatz. Cyril could see the incredibly large member bulging through Ignatz' pale tummy, as if it was reforming Ignatz' insides to the shape of Claude's cock. Ignatz' cock throbbed with increased arousal, his face turning into an expression of drunken bliss. Despite that initial tepid doubt he'd displayed, it was clear Ignatz was enjoying every second of this.

As Ignatz lifted one of his legs onto the seat of the chair, he left his crotch entirely spread and bare for Claude to easily conquer. Claude's arms wrapped around the front of Ignatz body in a tight hug, bringing the two as close together as was humanly possible. His hips slammed into Ignatz' pussy with reckless desire, causing Ignatz' cunt to squelch and splurt in an utterly depraved way. The more Claude continued to bash Ignatz' insides with his thick, bulbous cock, the louder Ignatz' pants and moans grew. Claude even made sure to firmly grab onto Ignatz' pulsating erection and gently rub it while his own member destroyed Ignatz' womb.

"So, Ignatz, you were telling me about your paintings?" The innocent Ashe tried to continue the conversation where it left off, totally unaffected by the violent sex that was occurring before his eyes.

"Ah~! Mmmhh~ Y-Yeah, that's right~!" The boy tried his best to shift his focus back onto his friends, but it was clear there were more pressing matters in his mind. "I-I-I w-was t-talking about c-c-colors! Aaaahhh~ T-The- Ungh~ T-Thing ab-bout colors, i-is t-that-"

Ignatz could have continued attempting to talk for a long time, even in his current situation. But he was stopped when Claude placed a hand on Ignatz' chin, shifting the Mercenary's face back towards himself to passionately and sloppily kiss him. Instantly, Ignatz' eyes went wide. Claude's lordly lips taste so good he simply couldn't help himself. Body moving on its own volition, Ignatz' hips started slamming against Claude's violently, as if to match the thunderous motions. His tongue darted into Claude's mouth in desperation, as if the only thing he wanted was to cement Claude's taste in his mouth. Cyril found the whole debacle to be utterly disgusting and perverted, but even he couldn't help but pop a slight chub at such a passionate sight.

"Ah Freckles! Just the boy I'm looking for!"

Thankfully, Cyril could get some relief from the harrowing scene as his attention was taken by Hapi, who called out to Ashe with a smile. The chocolate-skinned girl walked up towards Ashe in her big bulky, Dark Mage robe, a huge coat which covered her entire body.

"Teach told me that you still had some stuff from the last missions and she wants it back." Hapi promptly explained.

"Ah, that's right I forgot!" Ashe gently bonked his head, realizing what a silly mistake he'd performed.

Quickly rising from his seat, the boy exposed his wide, dripping Thief pussy as he lifted his torn Thief uniform shirt. The vagina seemed perfectly pink, pretty and normal, like the organ of any other Thief. Except, there seemed to be some kind of ring sprouting from its nether lips. Ashe's slim fingers grabbed onto the ring, and he began to pull it down and away from his pussy. The boy's cheeks became flushed quite quickly, short gasps and heavy moans coming out of his voice. Inch after inch, Cyril could see a fat, thick, cylindrical object slowly sliding out of Ashe's quivering mound. It was brilliant gold in color, as thick and girthy as an axe handle, but most incredible was how utterly drenched the whole thing was in Ashe's sopping, vaginal juices.

Cyril could barely believe how incredibly large the golden object the object contained within Ashe's cunt truly was. No matter how long the boy kept pulling, more and more slipped out. It was almost as if he was producing it himself, while his legs shuddered with pleasure throughout the whole thing. Finally, ringing out with a loud popping sound, the thick bulbous head of the object plopped out of Ashe's twitching vaginal lips along with a thick squirt of vaginal fluids that splattered all over the floor below.

Ashe panted and gasped, his dazed, blissful expression accentuated by deep red color of his cheeks. Regathering his strength, Ashe pulled up the enormous at least 16-inch cylinder and presented it to Hapi.

“Th-This is the bullion I got from the last mission.” The boy confessed, his voice cracked and very heavy.

Inspecting the strange artifact in Ashe’s hands closely, Cyril could tell there was some truth to it. The ‘bullion’ was in fact golden and shiny, like most bullion Cyril remembered. However, for some reason it was shaped like an eggplant, with a rounded head at its tip and a wide ring-like plug on its other end. Cyril could have sworn bullions had a more rectangular shape, but now that he thought about it further he could not recall a single one that bore such a shape.

Hapi’s face became hot and reddened at the sight of Ashe pulling out such a thick dildo-bullion from his pussy like that. The usually snappy and sassy girl had become surprisingly silent. Without saying another word, Hapi gently took the bullion from Ashe’s hands and brought it close to her face.

“Mmmfff~” Hapi moaned as she felt the still warm dildo in her hands. Taking deep whiffs of Ashe’s scent, she wrapped her lips around the tip of the dildo and slurped his juices eagerly. “Thank you very much Freckles~ That’s *just* what I needed~”

Seductively winking at Ashe, Hapi turned away from the table and made towards wherever she was heading. As she walked away, Cyril could notice a very apparent and visible bulge coming from the front of her robe. All that Cyril could wonder was what the hell had he just witnessed. Bullions had the shape of huge, fat dildos, so of course Thieves like Ashe had large, widened pussies to store their loot. It made total sense, so why did-

BLAAM!!

Cyril jumped from his seat. Instantly, he turned back towards the table, his heart thumping with concern over the alarming loud noise. Quickly he realized however, there was no need for such concern. The bang had been nothing more than Claude viciously slamming Ignatz on top of the dining hall table so he could penetrate the boy better. Claude’s hands aggressively pushed Ignatz’ face against the top of the table, his hips utterly demolishing Ignatz’ poor, twitching cunt. It honestly looked like Claude was crushing Ignatz, using his superior strength to utterly subdue Ignatz in every possible way. But judging from the expression of pure joy and the various ecstatic moans coming from Ignatz, he was enjoying every second of it.

“Take it~ Take it you little breed slut~~” Claude moaned as his cock completely scrambled the insides of Ignatz’ pussy. Any remaining bit of his cool and collected façade had entirely crumbled by this point, leaving nothing but a dominant alpha wishing to do nothing but spread his superior genes with all of his force.

Ignatz’ mind was far too gone for him to assemble any kind of coherent response. Tears of pure joy dripped down his face, a pool of his own saliva forming around the table from his mouth. Again and again, Claude’s titanic dickhead pounded against the entrance to Ignatz’ womb as if it was trying to break in. With each thrust, Ignatz’ dick eagerly twitched against the table as if it was being rocked by an earthquake. His ovaries ovulated in sheer desperation, extremely eager to be filled with Claude’s superior genetic material. Pussy tightly squeezing around Claude’s heaving member, Ignatz’ entire body surrendered to Claude’s cock.

“That’s right~! I’m gonna breed you~!!” Claude yelled with pride. His enormous stud-sized balls trembled. “Gonna fill you up with me seed~ Gonna pump you full of the heirs of house Riegan. I’m gonna~!!”

Thrusting his penis into Ignatz one final time, Claude’s urethra exploded with incredible blast after blast of the thickest, hottest jizz that had been ever produced. Ignatz’ eyes shot wide open, his screams of pleasure drowning all else in the dining hall. The boy could feel his womb grow hotter and larger as Claude’s warm cum filled up every inch of his pussy. Claude was impregnating him in real time, a sensation that was so thoroughly arousing, his own erect penis began to bob up and down uncontrollably, expelling thin dribbling lines of ejaculate all over Cyril’s tray of food.

The relief and ecstasy was plainly visible in Claude as well, who eagerly plugged up Ignatz’ vaginal entrance with the base of his girthy, brown cock. Spurt after spurt of his seed poured from his penis with high intensity, slathering every last bit of Ignatz’ cunt in his white honey. A single drop of his potent virile seed would be enough to impregnate Ignatz’ womb, but Claude wanted more. His cum would not cease flowing until Ignatz was safely fertilized with at least a set of beautiful, tanned triplets as virile and commanding as himself. Within seconds, Ignatz womb had slowly inflated to a small baby bump bulging from his stomach, and by the time Claude’s member was finally satiated, it had grown to the size of a large, playing ball. Ignatz’ pussy no longer belonged to himself, it belonged to Claude.

“Haaaahh~ That was great. Thanks a lot Ignatz.” Giving out a big satisfied sigh, Claude slowly rose from the table, popping his penis out of Ignatz’ cunt as if he’d done nothing more than borrow one of his classmate’s books.

Ignatz did not rise from the table afterwards. He was still so delirious from the pleasure of doing it with a Lord that he could do nothing but remained collapsed atop the table, his entire body buzzing with the warm pleasure of motherhood. Not that Claude seemed to really mind. Even despite all the cum he’d already shot out, an amount that was at least 5 times as much as any regular human, his titanic penis was still mightily erect and ready to go for more. Claude gripped his fat cock with one of his hands, gently masturbating the sticky length which was still covered in his own jizz and Ignatz’ vaginal fluids.

“Hey Ashe~” Like a hawk getting a glimpse of its prey, Claude’s eyes shifted towards the other cute boy beside him. His cock throbbed with eagerness, as if it had not literally been emptied seconds ago. “You’re not doing anything right now are you.” Claude slowly walked towards Ashe, rubbing his penis at the mere thought of impregnating yet another boy. “Seems like I’m still a little bit pent up. Would you like to do it with me real quick?”

Ashe gave a loud gulp. His gaze averted from Claude’s member, while a tingle of danger course down his spine. “I-I appreciate the offer Claude, b-but I think I’m fine.” The boy whimpered out as best that he could.

“Are you sure~?” Claude cooed soothingly. The man began to swing his impressive member before Ashe, showing how virile and horny he still was. “You really don’t wanna do it with me~?”

At first, Ashe tried to ignore the hot waving cock. But his eyes kept trying to sneak in glimpse after glimpse, while his nose took loud sniffs of Claude’s faint, studly musk. Before Ashe realized it, his gaze was strictly stuck on Claude’s imposing cock, and his mouth was already watering with desire. It was too late. Cyril watched as Ashe’s pussy began to gush copious amount of vaginal fluid, before his legs gave

out and the boy fell upon the chair he had been standing over. Ashe couldn't help but drift his head towards Claude's crotch, his hands firmly wrapping around the sticky length while he began to pepper the shaft with a myriad of desperate, sloppy kisses.

"Mmmfff~ *Sloorp Slurp*~" Ashe moaned out, his eyes rolling to the back of his head. The mixture of Claude's freshly produced cum and his best friend's feminine ejaculate was the most delicious thing he'd ever experienced. "M-Maybe~ Maybe just a quick little blowjob~ *Sluuurp*~" Was all the boy could mutter before his mouth lovingly wrapped around the wide, head of Claude's penis. Claude gave a wide smirk. That's what they all said at first. But he knew there was no way he wouldn't be popping at least a set of twins into Ashe's expectant womb.

By this point, Cyril felt like he'd seen enough. Excusing himself from the table, Cyril took his cum coated tray and slowly walked away without looking back. The delicious untouched food on his plate looked totally ruined with so much of Ignatz sperm splattered all over it, even though it was still perfectly fit for consumption. Cyril could clearly hear the sloppy, slobbery noises of Ashe gagging on Claude's large penis the further he stepped from the table. Cyril gave a loud sigh. He just needed to get a breath of fresh air. Surely, that would make things better...