

Bright dazzling rays of sunshine descended warmly upon Rhea's chamber, seeping the entire room in a heavenly multicolored glow. From its many beautifully crafted stained-glass windows, to the impressive classical pillars that adorned the sides of the room and the litany ancient artifacts littered throughout the chamber's halls, the impeccable chamber had to be one of the most marvelous sights in the entirety of Fodlan. And to top things off, there at the back of the room, before the most beautiful stained-glass window of them all, was Rhea's magnificent throne, a glorious chair which the majestic Archbishop herself was currently occupying.

With a smile and a happy sigh, Rhea gleefully took in the dazzling sight of her chambers. She watched her guards dutifully standing watch like statues, happily observing many of her followers flitting about with excitement. These times of peace were truly the most enjoyable ones for her to experience. Especially now that so many new interesting things were starting to occur! Like the return of Jeralt and that new professor Byleth~

"Lady Rhea!!!"

Unfortunately, the calm within Rhea's chamber would soon be interrupted as the loud, boisterous voices of Catherine and Shamir pierced fiercely into the room. Slowly turning her gaze onto her unexpected guests, Rhea could see each one of her knights energetically dashing towards her. Despite their mature age, they looked like a couple of roughhousing kids pushing and shoving each other with each step they made. The scene was cute enough Rhea couldn't help but let out a pleased giggle.

Sharply stopping before the throne, these two grown women arched forward with exhaustion, panting and gasping as they tried to catch their breath.

"L-Lady R-Rhea..." Catherine was the first one to speak up. "W-We need y-your... Help..."

Rhea nodded along, attentively waiting for the duo. Considering that they both seemed to have come running at top speed, it was safe to assume this was a matter of utmost importance. However, judging from their faces it didn't seem to be anything terribly bad.

"We're having..." Shamir continued, managing to keep her composure a slightly better than Catherine. "A bit of an... Argument..."

Ah~! So that's what it was. Rhea's mouth formed into a gentle, dignified smile. This was quite the often occurrence between the pair. Though Catherine and Shamir were like two peas in a pod, they always found themselves fighting and arguing about some unimportant matter. One could call it concerning, but in the end the two always seemed to make up and become even closer. By this point, Rhea had much experiencing arbitering between the duo's dilemma, so she was more than happy to provide her assistance one more time.

"Catherine. Shamir." Rhea spoke in the dignified, holy tone that she normally used. "I would be more than delighted to help you both resolve your differences. Tell me now, what is it that's bothering you?"

"Well- Um... It seems we've..." Shamir's cheeks grew uncharacteristically red, the emotionless sniper become quite flustered. "It seems we've both found we're interested in-"

"Dating!" Catherine interrupted bluntly, with the delicateness of a hammer. "We both found a guy we're really into!"

Shamir gave a sigh of disappointment. "Ahem." She then coughed in an attempt to maintain her serious demeanor through her blush. "And the problem is that we're both attracted to the same guy."

"How could we not be, honestly?" Catherine eagerly added. "He's super handsome! And soooo strong! I can spend all day sparring with him and never get tired!" The swordswoman went on and on like a proud child bragging to their parent.

"We've both got it pretty hard for this guy..." Shamir sighed again in defeat. "Do you know how we could solve this?"

Rhea did her best not to giggle at the girls' quaint little dilemma. She did not mean to mean to make fun of them of course, but she couldn't help but find the whole situation humorous. Humans were such interesting and fickle things~ Having these little love quarrels and rivalries when there was so much more going on in the world was simply adorable.

"Of course~ Every problem has its peaceful resolution." The archbishop spoke with her motherly demeanor, ever the experienced orator that she was. "And this one is quite simple too~"

"Come on Lady Rhea! Spit it out!!!" Catherine yelled excitedly, unable to hold her tongue back as usual. "I can't keep the professor waiting any longer!!!"

In a single moment, the entirety of Rhea's façade of composure and benevolence shattered into pieces. Her expression first became perplexed, as if the words that had come from Catherine's mouth did not make any sense, but soon it would turn into a wary, mistrustful scowl.

"CATHERINE!!!" Shamir quickly snapped at her partner with anger, her cheeks growing as red as they could physically get.

"Oh-! Hehe... Oops!" Was all that the reckless swordswoman could muster as a response.

"I-I'm sorry..." Rhea gave a long heavy sigh, her head shaking slightly. "D-Did you say... The professor. As in... The new professor Byleth...?"

"Ehehe..." With a flustered smile on her face, Catherine awkwardly scratched her head. "Looks like I can't keep anything from you Lady Rhea!"

The Archbishop's reaction was much less friendly however. Her eyes stared off into the distance pensively, not even deigning to look back at Catherine or Shamir. "Oh my... That *is* a problem." She muttered in a quiet voice, almost as if she was speaking to herself.

Fingers idly scratching the bottom of her chin, Rhea kept quiet for an uncharacteristically long amount of time. Shamir was quick to pick up the awkwardness, but even the carefree Catherine had started to notice that perhaps something might have been wrong. Long before either of them could say a word about it however, Rhea instantly snapped back into her regular demeanor. The aura of holiness and authority surged back like an explosion. Her smile grew wide and sincere, her eyes glowing brightly with kindness.

"You know what girls? I think I have the *perfect* solution for this problem~!" Rhea sang soothingly. Slowly standing up from her dignified throne, the woman motioned for the duo to follow her. "Come with me. We will resolve everything right this instant."

An inkling of doubt still scratched away at the back of Shamir's mind though. She felt as if she'd seen a warning sign, something she wasn't supposed to.

"Of course Lady Rhea!" Not Catherine though, she was still more than happy to blindly follow behind Rhea like loyal little puppy wagging its tail.

With a sigh, Shamir decided not to worry too much about it and accompany them. Luckily, the walk wasn't very long, as they'd simply made their way to the room adjacent to Rhea's chambers, a small private Advisory Room where Rhea did all of her official business. It was a room much less grandiose than the one that preceded it. Nonetheless, the beautifully carved desk, grand comfortable chair and windows of stained glass showed it was nonetheless a very spectacular sight.

As Shamir and Catherine made their way inside, Rhea instantly locked the door behind them. Again, alarm bells rang in the back of Shamir's mind, but she did her best to ignore them. Without saying a word, Rhea dove into the cabinets of her desk, her hands digging through many papers, folders and other trinkets contained inside. Though her face was completely calm and serene, her hands moved with a force and vigor that was almost violent, uprooting every corner of her cabinets until she could find it. Until she could find...

"Ah! Here it is!" Rhea called with excitement, two strangely colored treats rising up inside her palm.

The treats were small and stout, looking almost like candies. They seemed generally innocuous, beside the dark murky colors each one of them was made of. Dashing towards Catherine and Shamir, Rhea eagerly presented the treats to the duo, urging them on to take them.

"*This* is what's going to solve everything!" She exclaimed with confidence and bliss. "They're magical treats giving to me by Heroes of different worlds. Just ingest them quickly, and the problem will be forever resolved."

Catherine took the treat into her hand without question. Shamir was a bit less secure about it, but still she reluctantly grabbed onto the treat as well. The sniper inspected the strange object in her hand with utter bewilderment. It wasn't hard, but it also wasn't soft. Its texture was a strange plainness that Shamir had never felt before. Shamir *really* did not want to put this thing into her mouth. But by this point, Catherine had already gulped it down and burped eagerly. So deciding not to throw a fit, Shamir popped the treat into her mouth and hoped for the best.

The flavor itself wasn't too bad actually. It didn't taste good either, it was more of a totally tasteless sensation that made just swallowing the whole thing quite easy. With a big gulp, Shamir felt the treat go all the way down her gullet, a strange sensation that even made her burp. She waited a couple of seconds for something to occur, but as nothing continued to happen her mind was awash with relief.

"So, what's this little treat thing supposed to do anyways?" Shamir asked in a dismissive and incredulous tone.

"Its going to do what I said it would do~ Take care of the problem..." Rhea clarified. "That is... It's taking care of *MY* problem~"

"L-Lady Rhea?!?" Suddenly, both Catherine and Shamir shouted with utter shock as they observed Rhea stripping right before them.

The Archbishop's ample bosom was fully exposed, a beautiful set of heavy G-Cup breasts. Her porcelain white skin shone against the colorful shine of the stained glass. A cute trimmed bush of green rested upon her pert and holy pussy. And most important of all, her titanic, seat-crushing ass protruded out with pride!

"Catherine... Shamir... I must admit that I am extremely thankful for all the wonderful things you two have done for me. Your loyalty has been glorious and your work impeccable, truly one of the best humans I've had the pleasure of working with. However..." Rhea's smile was definitely perverted, but more than that it was also evil, an undying selfish desire running deep within her. "Professor Byleth has become an incredibly important person to me, so much more that you could even dare to imagine. Because of that, I cannot allow for anyone else to harm him... Or take him away from me..."

That was when Shamir could feel a painful churning emerging within her stomach. Strange sounds surged from Catherine's belly. The pair of Knights buckled forward, holding their aching midsections whilst a foreign heat began to overcome them.

"Wh-What... Did you do to us...?" Shamir coughed with a deathly scowl, anger and pulsating energy coursing through her.

"Oh, nothing bad, I promise! There's no way I could bring myself to harming my dearest, most loyal knights!" Rhea answered with a smug, pompous tone, her hips rhythmically swaying left and right with each one of her steps. "The two of you want to be with Byleth, correct? And I don't want you to take him away from me. So I've come up with the most perfect solution to our dilemma! From now on, you will both become one with my ass~ That way, you can get the affection you desire from the professor, and I get to keep him for myself~"

"W-What?!" Catherine snapped back in complete disbelief. Not just at the ridiculousness of the statement, but also at the idea that the perfect, flawless Rhea could betray her like this. "L-Lady Rhea w-w-what are you talking about?!"

"Come on Catherine, I believe I've made myself quite clear." The Archbishop coldly continued. "Do you recall those treats you just ate? They're slowly transforming your bodies until all they can do is merge with mine. Here, allow me to demonstrate~"

Still bearing a shiny, nefarious grin, Rhea turned around and presented her plump, pillowy asscheeks to the duo of girls. Instantly, Shamir and Catherine could feel cold shivers run down their spines. Their bodies began to vibrate with intensity, their minds aching with foreign desires. Merely standing still suddenly became quite physically and mentally taxing. It felt as if... It felt as if Rhea's deliciously fat cheeks were calling to them, priming them closer. And it was almost impossible to resist their sweet allure!

With a breathy grunt, Shamir was able to hold herself back somewhat. A strange dampness spread forth from her cunt, her eyes squarely stuck onto the beautiful sight of Rhea's bare bubble ass. The Archbishop kept moving backwards with such a hypnotic and endearing manner, it was taking every fiber of the mercenary's iron will not to jump into it right then and there. And yet, Shamir was still holding on ten times better than Catherine, who's drooling mouth and glimmering eyes told Shamir only one thing.

“C-Catherine no!!!” Shamir desperately tried to warn her friend of the oncoming danger.

But it was of no use. Even if Catherine wanted to hold back, her body had already given up to its innate desires. As soon as Rhea’s fat booty was within reach, the swordswoman eagerly flung herself towards its mass. Her hands quickly landed on the smooth, bubbly surface of Rhea’s left asscheek. Except, instead of simply staying there, they somehow began to sink in like a desert mouse caught in a pit of quicksand.

Catherine couldn’t help but moan as she felt Rhea’s ass slowly begin to swallow both of her arms, a warm, bubbly sensation filling the rest of her system. The feeling of her arms being wrapped and embroiled in the supple warmth of Rhea’s form was so overwhelming, it left the poor woman completely defenseless to its continued assault. In a matter of seconds, Rhea’s left asscheek had completely consumed the entirety of Catherine’s arms, and the more it consumed, the fatter and girthier it became.

Like an insatiable, hungry goliath, the butt moved onto absorb Catherine’s torso and chest, greedily adding it to its endlessly increasing mass. It violently slurped up Catherine’s waist in a maneuver that should have broken her entire spine, yet all that Catherine’s head could do as it poked up from Rhea’s ass was shudder in bliss. With only her legs left dangling from Rhea’s ass, the real dread of the situation was finally starting to sink into Catherine’s mind. All of Catherine’s pleasure turned into panic, her legs wildly flying up and down in a desperate but fruitless attempt to escape.

“H-H-Help!! Shamir- H-HHELP!!!” The woman screamed hopelessly at the top of her lungs.

However, it was too late for Catherine, and the swordswoman’s legs were abruptly consumed into the titanic, bulging mass that was Rhea’s left asscheek. Rhea’s butt gurgled and wobbled with a sort of nefarious satisfaction, its left cheek having grown much larger than its right one thanks to the total ingestion of Catherine’s body. Now all that was left of Catherine’s original self was her head, which poked out in panic and defeat from her neck stump on Rhea’s massively inflated ass.

Shamir’s blood boiled with fury and heat. Perhaps she could have resisted the magical allure of Rhea’s ass and the transformatives, but if there was anything Shamir couldn’t take lying down it had to be seeing her best friend and partner in such a perilous state.

“Catherine!!!!!!” Unable to hold back her emotions, Shamir dashed forward with a courageous battle cry, hoping that she could somehow beat Rhea and rescue Catherine.

*Gloooooop!*

Only for her to suffer the exact same fate as her companion when her hands unwittingly sunk into the ass-flesh of Rhea’s right buttcheek. Just like Catherine, Shamir released a breathy, pleased groan the instant she felt herself sinking into Rhea’s butt, a sensation of loss of independence surging through her. However, Shamir was not ready to go down without a fight. Body arching back with as much power as she could summon, Shamir desperately pulled against the invisible force that brought her closer to Rhea. She tugged and she yanked, using every type of motion and moving towards any kind of direction that could have helped her escape. Yet no matter how hard she tried, it seemed her efforts were only delaying her inevitable consumption.

Then came a new idea, a change of plan that could turn the tide. Adjusting her position, Shamir placed her left foot against Rhea's butt and pushed, using it as some kind of support while she pulled. Unfortunately, this would be the last mistake Shamir committed, because instead of actually supporting her, Shamir's left foot instantly sunk deep into Rhea's bubbling ass along with the rest of her arms and a huge portion of her torso. A single misstep was all it took for Shamir's resistance to come to an abrupt end and for her fate to be finally sealed.

As a thick amount of heated pleasure entered Shamir's mind, the woman let out a howl of pure, desperate pleasure. She could feel in real time the way her limbs slowly dissolved inside of Rhea's engorging bottom, her organs and limbs feeding these ever-hungry pounds of ass that grew around her. Shamir's senses, her very nerves were attached to Rhea's plump rump to such a degree that she could barely even feel as her last free legs was sucked into Rhea's body. Soon, Rhea's right cheek had grown enough in size to match her left one, leaving very little difference between Shamir and Rhea.

"Marvelous girls! Simply excellent! That was a wonderful absorption!" Rhea sang out proudly. Her hips shook left and right, causing her titanic ass to ripple behind, rattling both Catherine's and Shamir's heads. "However, there's just *one little* detail missing~"

Arms slowly reaching towards her backside, Rhea dominantly placed one hand on top each of her trapped Knights' still intact heads. Then, without any sort of remorse, she began to slowly push both girls' heads deeper and deeper into the flesh of her backside. Catherine and Shamir trembled with grumbled moans as their necks were effortlessly consumed by Rhea's butt. Sinking into Rhea's flesh was like a descent into madness. It felt so good to have her warm body slowly surround them, yet at the same time both of the Knights understood how horrible of a situation they were truly in.

Before long, the duo's heads and faces were being absorbed as well. The back of their heads and their ears disappeared without effort. Their chins and cheekbones vanished without leaving a trace. Skulls and hair melted away until there was nothing left of Catherine and Shamir except for their faces and a couple hair tufts hanging above their eyebrows. These two once proud and powerful warriors had been reduced to nothing more than a pair of faces sticking out from Rhea's succulent ass.

"Come now, girls~ There's no use in resisting!" Rhea chuckled with an utterly nefarious grin. "You're more buttcheek than human now! Just let go of your previous selves and become one with my ass~"

Lacking any sort of inhibition, Rhea's hands sunk into the depths of her thick, meaty buttcheeks as she began to grope and massage her own ass. Now that Catherine and Shamir had shredded the entirety of their bodies, their minds had become intimately connected to the sensations on Rhea's plump butt. Both girls could feel the way Rhea's thin digits deliciously poked and squeezed them. It was almost as if Rhea was reaching into their heads and playing with their brains, each one of her luscious massages sending billions of pleasurable reactions into their minds. Every time Rhea's ass shook the duo powerlessly swayed along, jostling their brains and muddling their thoughts in the process. Slowly but surely, Catherine's and Shamir's realities were being shattered, and all that they could feel throughout it was the mind-crushing pleasure of Rhea's ass groping.

"Ngghhhh~ Haaa~ Gyaaahh~" Finally, when all the pleasure became too much and her mental faculties were completely debilitated, Catherine's mouth screamed out in pleasure. Her tanned face had

morphed into a broken, mindless expression of bliss, as if Catherine no longer cared about anything but the cascades of stimulation constantly assaulting her.

Rhea felt more than content with the sudden burst of acceptance, leading the Archbishop to further toy and tease the crumbling Catherine. Her thumb rubbed away the area closest to Catherine's face, causing Catherine's darker, more tanned skin color to mellow out into the shiny, pearly skin color of the rest of Rhea's ass. Her index finger dipped towards Catherine's quivering lips as the previously serious swordswoman now began lusciously sucking and slobbering onto her owner's hot digit. Catherine was never one for appearances, and now the façade of her resistance had completely melted off to reveal a face of ultimate ecstasy.

In the meantime, Rhea made sure not to ignore Shamir either. Though the amounts of pleasure she was experiencing were quite similar to those Catherine felt right now, Shamir was much too proud to be mewling and moaning like that. Not that Rhea really minded either way, fingers squeezing Shamir's cheeks and rubbing away at her stress. Seeing Shamir gritting her teeth and quietly shivering while deep inside the mercenary yearned for more was just as good of a reaction to Rhea. No amount of grumbling and eye-crossing could convince Rhea that Shamir was not completely enjoying herself.

As their souls and wills were further subdued by Rhea's rubbing, so too did the last features of Catherine's and Shamir's begin to fade away. The small amounts of hair remaining atop their faces slowly wilted and fell until Rhea's butt was as smooth and shiny as that of a baby. Catherine's darker skin tone and Shamir's paler skin tone slowly homogenized into the same brilliant color that was the rest of Rhea's skin. Rhea could feel her finger being pushed out from Catherine's mouth as it became filled with mass while Shamir's eyes sunk into Rhea's butt like a ship into the sea. But even then, Rhea did not stop. She continued thoroughly massaging, her fingers kept un rubbing and groping. Rhea's anus twitched and her pussy reverberated with pleasure as her hands rolled pushed down on the duo's deteriorating faces until-

"YESSS!!!" Rhea screamed blissfully into her room, a harrowing grin on her face. "BECOME ONE WITH YOUR ARCHBISHOP~~!!!!"

Legs shivering with ultimate pleasure, Rhea's cunt exploded in orgasm as she felt the last vestiges of Catherine and Shamir combine with her gargantuan ass. The duo's cries of bliss echoed throughout her mind, further feeding to the dominating pleasure that surged throughout Rhea's core. Their pleasure was her pleasure. Her desires were their desires. Any sense of individuality or independence had been stripped from Shamir and Catherine, leaving them as nothing more than Rhea's voluptuous ass.

"Haaaah~ Haaaahh~" The Archbishop panted happily, her tongue lolling out of her mouth and copious amounts of drool dripping from her regal face. With her hands still stuck to her engorged backside, Rhea groped and caressed her ass some more. It was sooo much more sensitive than before~ So much bigger and more arousing~ The thought that these two beautiful buns before her used to be Rhea's favorite knights also served quite a lot to fuel the burning arousal which still dripped from her groin with greed.

"Hehe~ That's more like it~" Rhea chuckled to herself while kneading Shamir and Catherine with her hands. "Now, I think it is time we all resolve this professor problem once and for all~"

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*Knock-knock-knock!*

Standing before the door to professor Byleth's bedroom with a dominant stance, the holy Archbishop Rhea patiently waited for her dearest professor to present himself. Her titanic ass protruded out of her dress with mighty force, the round, plump, spherical bulge it created in her outfit giving a crystal-clear view of her ass. And view people did, because all around her both men and women would shoot lecherous looks of surprise and desire towards Rhea's incredibly endowed assets.

Rhea gave no mind to the onlookers. In fact, she actually enjoyed them. Her loins grew hot with excitement at the thought of people staring lustfully at the places where Catherine and Shamir would rest from now on. Having her best knights be no more than objects of other people's arousal made Rhea's heart thump with bliss. However, out of all the people in the world that could experience Rhea's enhanced butt, there was only one Rhea was interested in...

The shuffling on the other side of Byleth's door indicated that he would soon open. Rhea straightened herself out, producing the same regal, holy aura she often bore in front of her followers. Her smile was as kind as warm as usual, but there was an apparent lust in her expression that Rhea rarely exposed to other people. As the door knob turned and the door slowly creaked open, Rhea finally came face to face with her beloved Byleth.

The first thing Byleth noticed was Rhea's face, which he met with a kind and polite smile. The second thing he noticed however, would leave the professor completely stunned.

"G-Guh! L-Lady Rhea!?!?" Byleth gasped as his eyes turned down towards Rhea's massive hips and buttocks. His expression instantly turned from one of tepidness to one of shock and confusion, his body stepping back instinctively. Though he was looking directly at Rhea's front, he could perfectly see Rhea's monstrous butt poking out from behind her.

"Professor!" Rhea responded in a formal matter, intentionally ignoring his reaction and stepping closer inside. "I hope I'm not interrupting anything~"

"Wha- Uhhh... I, no-" Byleth stuttered, cheeks as bright red as tomatoes. He knew it was rude to stare, but the professor simply couldn't avert his eyes from Rhea's magnificent backside.

"Excellent! Then if you'll excuse me..." Without waiting for any sort of invitation, Rhea gracefully pushed Byleth aside and stepped into the room. "There are several important matters I wish to discuss with you."

Byleth's eyes followed the sweet, rhythmic motion of Rhea's butt as she slowly waddled towards his bed. His heart thumped through his chest, drool dripping from his lips. The poor professor found himself totally mesmerized by Rhea's ass. It was only once Rhea sat on top of his bed with a huge plomb that his spell was broken and Byleth realized what he was doing. Using both hands to obstruct his crotch, Byleth quickly closed the door and sat on a nearby chair to attend to Rhea's needs.



Quiet ensued for some time after. Breath heavy and sweat pouring down his face, Byleth awkwardly placed both of his hands atop his crotch to prevent a sleeping creature to rise from its cave. His gaze darted around the room like a ping pong ball, only resting on Rhea's supple assets for a bit before shyly flittering off in some random direction. The poor professor wanted to treat Rhea with the respect she deserved, even if he wasn't being very good at it. Rhea on the other hand, was quite enjoying the situation she found herself in. Byleth's cute non-confrontational attitude was adorable. And his reaction made it quite obvious that he was just as interested in her as she was in him. It was only once she had tired of seeing the professor continuously shying away from her body that Rhea decided to finally address him.

"Now, I am sure that you are probably wondering why it is that I've come here." She continued, her body completely still and tempered. "And that reason is... Well..." Suddenly, all of Rhea's confidence seemed to have melted away. The Archbishop averted her eyes, looking like a lost little animal in the woods. "Something very serious has happened. In fact, I am sure that you might already know what it is..."

Of course, this demeanor of shyness and powerlessness was nothing more than an act for Rhea to further entice Byleth. Deep inside, the woman was as shifty and manipulative as ever. And Byleth bought it all hook, line and sinker.

"I think..." Rhea stuttered for a second, taking a long, winded breath before going further. "I think I've fallen in love with you! I'm sorry- I know it's inappropriate for a woman of the Church such as myself to fall for another person, much less one of my teachers but... Do you think perhaps there is a chance we might be together?"

Byleth was left in a total state of shock. No sound left his gaping mouth, his body sitting on the chair in a totally motionless form. It was at this point that all of Byleth's attempts to restrain his arousal failed, and his erect cock bulged fiercely from his tight pants. The professor could scarcely believe what he had just heard, and he was already having a hard time believing what he was seeing. The hottest, sexiest woman in the entirety of Garreg Mach had just come to his room to confess to him, of course he wanted to say yes! A part of him even wanted to know what all this had to do with the expansion of Rhea's luscious ass. But his brain was so overwhelmed with the information he was given, it instantly shut down.

Arms clasping together to push her bust forward, Rhea shifted left and right with a saddened face. "Is that... Is that a no?" She asked timidly, while knowing the exact answer Byleth had in mind.

This was exact type of response that energized Byleth however, as the man sprung up from his chair with renewed vigor. "Wh-wha-?!? N-No!! L-Lady Rhea-!! I-I also- Umm..." Byleth blushed, lust and embarrassment running rampant through his mind. Nonetheless, his determination was clear. "I also have feelings for you! I'd like to... I would love to go out with you!"

"Oh professor!!" This time, it was Rhea who jumped from her seat with excitement. Heart thumping with excitement, the Archbishop could feel her façade crack from her genuine excitement. "Thank you, thank you!! Bless the goddess herself!"

Arms extending forward with excitement, Rhea eagerly flung herself onto Byleth. Her soft pillowy breasts pressed against the professor's body as she held him close in a tight hug. The delicious womanly scent~ The welcoming warmth and supple softness~ Byleth accepted it all with bliss, more than happy to

reciprocate Rhea's loving hug. No longer did the man feel the need to hide his throbbing erection. His true feelings were more than apparent as he rubbed the pulsating bulge of his cock against Rhea's crotch, his hands sneaking down to cop a feel of her heavenly ass.

"Mmmh~ You're quite right professor~" Rhea whispered lusciously into Byleth's ear, sending little static pricks throughout his whole body. "Let us not waste any more time. We shall celebrate our lovely union in a very *special* manner~"

With the rippling motion of a serene river, Rhea's fingers gently lifted Byleth's chin, allowing her to claim his lips for her own. It resulted in a sensation that could only be described as magical. Byleth could feel himself melting away from the Archbishop's tender kiss. Like a powerful enchantress crafting a terrible spell, Rhea weaved Byleth's heart into her control using only her lips until all that Byleth could think was his unwavering desire for Rhea's earthly form.

Once their kiss had finally ended, lines of thirsting drool dripping down from their mouths, the professor's soul and mind belonged entirely to her. Rhea smiled at his face of lustful dizziness, ever the proud seductive goddess feeling satisfied at her successful capture of the man's heart. Fingers cupping around his cheeks, Rhea slowly guided towards the bed like the shepherd herding his flock of obedient sheep. Byleth, of course, showed no sort of resistance as he was pushed against the bed, his eyes completely mesmerized by the beauty of Rhea's face.

Soon, Rhea was prowling on top of him like the hungry cougar she was. Her hands tugged and pulled on his clothes, stripping him of shirt and pants alike. Her fingers deftly slipped Byleth's boxers off, allowing for his massive, pulsating penis to rise with a throbbing erection. Rhea let a cute moan of surprise slip from her mouth as she felt the professor's huge rod slap against her plump butt with desire, its length and girth growing larger and bigger with each passing second. It was so big~ So meaty~ The pure sexual heat that emanated from its powerful shaft was so powerful, it caused her butt to quiver her desire, her buttcheeks... Coming alive!

Consciousness returned sharply to Shamir and Catherine like a brick being dropped in their brains, as if they'd been snapped awake through violent force. Shamir reflexively shook the aching from her mind while Catherine tried to stretch her sore body. Everything was so... Dark... Constricting... Hot...? For a second, both girls had completely forgotten about the events that had taken place no longer than an hour ago, settled in a state of deep and drowsy ignorance where their only concern was regaining their bearings.

"*Come on girls~ Time to wake up~*" Suddenly, the serene, almost angelic voice of Rhea shot directly into Catherine's and Shamir's mind, instantly bringing both of them into reality. "*I'm about to make your dreams come true~*"

Hearing Rhea's voice sent a sensation of fear and dread through Catherine and Shamir the likes neither had ever experienced before. Terrifying memories of their previous experience began to flood into their minds, along with the horrifying reality that they were currently attached to Rhea as her plump, pillowy buttcheeks.

"*Damn you Rhea!! Stop this crap and release us at once!!*" Shamir screamed back into the ether, though whether or not Rhea had heard it was left completely unknown.

The right buttcheek shook and trembled with righteous anger. Catherine meanwhile said nothing, the left buttcheek shivering lightly in uncertainty and disbelief. Not that their actions or thoughts mattered much in the long run, for the duo's fate was totally relegated to the whims of Rhea's will.

*"Now, now girls~! There's no need to keep on resisting like that~"* Rhea tried to convince them in a smooth yet menacing tone. *"Can't you see I've finally gotten what the three of us have so dearly desired~?"*

That was when the two of them could feel it, a pulsating heat surging from the other side of Rhea's thin dress. The hardened rod beat with a temperate, erotic rhythm, thumping against Rhea's backside over and over again. Catherine's and Shamir's temperament quickly shifted in response. As the Archbishop slowly undressed herself, the duo of buttcheeks was left entirely stunned. All that either of them could do while Rhea meticulously discarded every piece of her ornate dress was shudder in shock and amazement.

There was absolutely no denying the pure amount of desire and attraction both Catherine and Shamir held for Byleth. Even now in their current state, as a pair of succulent buttcheeks laid bare before Byleth's throbbing cock, the pair relished in the idea of finally being able to become intimately involved with the professor. With no more clothes to keep them separated, Catherine and Shamir felt first hand hot, veiny length of Byleth's shaft against their own smooth, supple skin. His pulsating member eagerly nuzzled comfortably between them, filling each of the buttcheeks with his heated, luscious warmth.

The possibility that this cock belonged did not belong to Byleth was quite real of course, that Rhea was tricking them now that most of their senses had been removed. However, though they did not know how or why, Shamir and Catherine were sure that this hot, titanic cock was that of the dazzling professor they both held dear to their hearts. Its size was absolutely titanic, easily outgrowing that every man in the monastery, with heavy, cum-filled balls that rivalled those of stallions. Its head was bulbous and wide, its shaft so fat and girthy it would break any girl it decided to take. More than anything though, there was a hot beating sincerity and lust that could belong to no other.

*"Oohhhh~ Professor~ Your cock is so large and hot~"* Rhea lusciously cried aloud to both Byleth and her captives, eagerly egging on their lusts further and further. *"Let me pleasure such a marvelous, masculine dick with my big, fat, bouncy ass~"*

Kneeling comfortably on top of Byleth, Rhea began to shake her ass up and down wildly, encasing the entirety of the professor's penis between her soft cheeks in the process. Shamir and Catherine groaned out lustfully as they felt Byleth's hot shaft ferociously rubbing against them. Their minds jostled about like a pair of ping pong balls, muddling their every thought to its basest form. The heat and rumbling of Byleth's virile member seeped deep into their bodies, infecting every part of their souls with pure desire. As Rhea continued to twerk her jiggling butt with intensity, Catherine and Shamir became lost in an utter haze of merciless arousal.

*"Tell me professor, how does it feel~?"* Rhea teased with a panting voice, her breath growing heavier and her sex becoming hotter as she approached the culmination of her plan. *"Don't you just love my huge, deliciously fat asscheeks~"*

*"I do! I do Lady Rhea!!!"* Admitted Byleth while his enormous cock was enveloped and caressed by the soft mass of Shamir and Catherine. *"I love your ass more than anything in the world~!!!"*

Unable to hold his lust back any longer, Byleth's arms swiftly sprung towards Rhea's backside. Each one of his hands squeezed onto one of Rhea's asscheeks with thunderous force, his fingers sinking deep into the bubbly mass of her ass. Using both of his thick, muscled legs, Byleth slammed his hips against Rhea's butt needily, eager to release all that pent up desire that had been building up in his body ever since he'd laid eyes on the Archbishop for the first time.

This was the last straw for Shamir and Catherine's mind, as the duo instantly screamed out in climax. Their thoughts were warped and disfigured by Byleth's strong, masculine fingers, which made it feel like they were scrambling the girls' brains with his lecherous grasp. Soon their desire to resist had vanished in its entirety. Independence and humanity faded until they'd lost all meaning. As Byleth's thick penis continued to ravage Rhea's bouncing cheeks, the only thing left in Catherine and Rhea's mind was how much they loved being fucked by the professor's cock.

*Spuuuuuurt~~~*

Byleth's cock trembled madly, his moans of pleasure ringing without inhibition whilst cum blasted out of his urethra like an exploding geyser. Cunt quivering and eyes crossing, Rhea happily joined his chorus of pleasure when she experienced an orgasm of her own. She sharply threw herself onto of Byleth, embracing him arms, lips and her ever lasting love. Behind them, Shamir and Catherine basked in the glorious sensation of the hot sperm showering over their forms. Now that they'd gotten a taste of Byleth's impressive member, they could never go back to how they were before. As time went on and Rhea kept having sex with Byleth, the two would soon forget their previous lives in their entirety. In the end, it seems Rhea did manage to solve their problem.