

When Marth was first summoned to Askr, serving as just a regular soldier rather than commander directly in charge of others seemed like a breath of fresh air. It's not that Marth disliked being the prince of Altea, far from it. Marth loved his country and his people. If it was up to him to lead and defend them, then he would eagerly do so to his dying breath. Rather, it was just that acting as a proper prince could be such a tiring affair at times... There was so much politicking and strategizing involved, not to mention how the slightest of errors in judgement could lead to the death of his fellow colleagues. Even in the worst of times where hope was lost, Marth always had to maintain the façade of a confident leader bringing them to victory.

But now that Marth was just another random Hero in the sea of Heroes serving the order, he no longer had to worry about any of those complex issues. There was no sort of strategizing or leading on his own end, no need to weigh complex moral or political quandaries. Marth could continue to do what he loved best, helping other in need, without all of the pressure that came with being a prince. He could just depend on his own strength and the strength of the bonds he made with his allies.

What Marth didn't expect was the incredible amounts of physical labor that came with being another grunt! Whilst Marth didn't even have to hold his own silverware, the boy now had to perform an enormous number of chores that were necessary to keep their base maintained. From acquiring supplies, to taking care of the stables and even cleaning up the restrooms, Marth's days were just as busy as they had been before. And that was before taking into account his daily training, which was important for every soldier to follow. It was quite the strenuous routine, but at least it gave Marth some good perspective for a prince to have. Even the grunts had it tough.

As Marth shakily trudged through one of the many halls of Askr's castle, he tiredly pondered over this interesting duality. At least, he thought about it as much as his tired brain would allow him to. Now that the sun was slowly sinking into the horizon to demarcate the late afternoon, Marth's duties had officially concluded. All that was left in his brain now were these random, errant thoughts that plagued one's mind after so many hours of continuous work. Marth's arms ached from carrying bags all day, legs trembling with each and every step. If there was any respite to be had, it would be the fact that he could now take the time to relax.

Perhaps Marth would go to the Mess Hall and get some late lunch/early dinner. Taking a big nap also sounded like a good idea, giving him some rest so he could enjoy the pleasures of nighttime. Or maybe he could try to push through his sleepiness and spend time with some of his friends and allies, both new and old. As Marth continued on into the depths of the castle however, his eyes caught sight of a peculiar set of doors, lighting a new feeling within him. He could really go to the bathroom right about now.

Though neither of the doors had any sort of markings or signage, Marth instantly knew they were the doors to a restroom. His bladder quivered with need. It wasn't anything as exaggerated as a life-or-death situation, but taking some time in the bathroom to relief himself did sound nice. Just a couple of minutes on the toilet, a little bit of a face wash, and Marth felt like he would be revitalized for the rest of the evening! Feeling a slight spring in his step, Marth continued to drag himself along the wall toward the closest one of the doors. Marth picked the one to the left without much thought, a very random and nonchalant decision. Little did he know this one choice would massively change his life as he knew it.

Stepping through the door to the bathroom, Marth's body was filled with a wave of vitality that awoke all of his senses. Much of his tiredness suddenly vanished, the aching easing off his bones like water washing off glass. Marth didn't much think to question this change in state as he continued onwards through the long initial hallway that led to the bathrooms. Even now, his mind was still a little bit scrambled from work. Or perhaps the oddities of the mystical bathroom were already working their way into the depths of his mind. Regardless, the fully oblivious Marth turned the corner entered the bathroom, completely unaware it was the WOMEN'S bathroom.

Upon a cursory glance into the insides of the restroom, nothing really seemed out of place. Several square ceramic tiles decorated the floors and walls, a row of mirrors and sinks displayed on the other end of the room. What did call Marth's attention, however, was the complete lack of urinals. Whilst the right side of the room was littered with a large number of stalls, for some reason the left side remained completely empty. Not a single urinal laid in sight, as if they never even belonged there. It was a tad bit odd, considering all of the other restrooms Marth had been here in Askr had urinals. But honestly, it didn't matter *that* much to Marth. Even if he only had to take a tinkle, Marth had planned on using a toilet in the first place. That way, he could give his legs a little bit of rest while he himself took a breather.

Turning his focus back on the stalls, Marth noticed yet another interesting detail. The stalls seemed to be divided into two different groups, a set of blue and red stalls. Stretching from the entrance of the bathroom to about three quarters into the room, the blue stalls seemed to be the most numerous. These stalls looked completely normal and unassuming, like any other stall Marth had seen before.

The red stalls on the other hand, looked quite special. Their vibrant red color made them very catching to the eye, its walls brighter and shinier than anything in the bathroom. Displayed on the door of each stall was a golden plaque with the words '*Relief*' engraved on them, which glimmered brightly even in the dim bathroom light. In comparison to the blue stalls, these red stalls seemed completely superior and very fancy. Marth wondered if the toilets inside were made of some special material, or if their toilets paper was six ply... He had no idea what it could have been, but the word *Relief* did ignite something inside him. Marth could certainly use some of that right now, so...

Unable to resist his sheer curiosity, Marth opened the door to the closest red stall and promptly stepped inside. He wasted no time turning back and locking the stall, making sure he'd have all the privacy that he would ever need. Except... When Marth shifted to look at the insides of the stall, he found no fancy toilet paper, or soft carpeted floor, or aromatized interior. Hell, there wasn't even a toilet!! The only thing inside the stall with Marth was a large circular hole that seemed to lead to the adjacent room! What sort of purpose this hole might have held, Marth couldn't begin to guess. What did remain obvious was the fact that this stall was most certainly *NOT* a regular restroom!

"What on earth is going on here...?" Marth couldn't help but speak to himself aloud. "Where is the toilet?!"

The answer came almost instantly from the stall to Marth's left. "Oh, these aren't the toilets! These are the relief station stalls." Except... The voice that came from the other side of the wall had no shred of masculinity, as Marth would have expected from another member of the same

sex. This voice had a high pitch with a soft tender tone, its words sounding as wise as they did understanding. It almost felt as if it was the voice of a woman...

"It says so on the doors of the stall!" The voice continued, speaking as if it was the most obvious thing in the world, yet somehow managing to not sound condescending in the slightest.

Between the shock of this incredibly feminine voice and his seemingly silly mistake, Marth found himself completely unable to muster any sort of response. Poor Marth couldn't believe he'd made such a silly mistake! Of course this was a relief stall and not a regular restroom! It had all the telltale signs of a relief stall! Only a fool could commit such an error. How Marth was supposed to recognize a relief stall beforehand, he had no idea. Not only had he never seen a relief station before, it wasn't like relief stations were commonplace anyways! Yet, the embarrassment Marth felt at this moment was very real. For some reason, he felt as if he knew exactly what a relief station was supposed to be. Why would he go into one otherwise?

In an attempt to not humiliate himself any further, Marth turned right around and reached back towards the door. Maybe if he left quietly, they could all just quickly forget this ever happened in the first place.

Unfortunately, Marth's plan was stopped dead in its tracks as the voice reached out from the other stall once again. "This is your first time as a relief station, isn't it?" The voice called to Marth, as gentle as that of a mother. "I can tell, you seem a bit nervous."

Marth shook his head sharply. That wasn't true! Marth hadn't come here to be a relief station! He'd-! He'd... What *had* he come here to do? For some odd reason, as Marth tried to think about it, he couldn't come up with anything. He remembered wanting to use the restroom for some reason. His body did seem to be quaking with the desire to do... Something... But after that, everything came up blank. All that Marth had going for him was the fact he *had* entered the relief stall willingly. And there was no way he could enter it by mistake, knowing what it was. Though it seemed improbable, could it be that he actually was here to be a relief station...?

"Yes, that's right..." Marth finally admitted with a sigh of defeat. He clasped his hands together shyly, embarrassed to admit his hesitation out loud. "I came here to be a relief station, but I'm a bit uncertain what I'm supposed to do..."

"Awww~ Don't worry dear! We all have to start somewhere!" The next-door voice was filled with so much brilliance, it made Marth's tummy warm and eased much of his anxiety. "My name is relief station Cecilia. This is not the type of content I usually intruct, but... How would you like it if I taught you how to be a good relief station~?"

Cecilia...? The name rang familiar to Marth. Wasn't she the green-haired troubadour who taught Roy? Marth remembered her being a woman who was both dashing and quite full of mature beauty. The idea of having her as a teacher was certainly exciting, but... What was she doing in the same bathroom as Marth? Though the question might have appeared somewhat important, Marth showed no interest in following this mental thread. Rather, it seemed like the prince was much more excited about Cecilia's guidance and becoming a proper relief station.

"I would love that miss Cecilia!" Marth spoke up with a tone of excitement. "Err- I mean, *relief station* Cecilia. Learning from an established relief station would be an incredible experience!"

“Oh my! I’m glad to hear so~” Even though Marth could not see Cecilia in the other stall, he could tell the compliment had swelled her with pride. “Let us get started then. Being a relief station might be daunting, but it’s a really simple affair. First off, take off all of your clothes.”

Without even the slightest inkling of hesitation in his mind, Marth began dutifully following Cecilia’s instructions. The prince tenderly clipped off his armor piece by piece, shredding off the long, silken blue robes that adorned his body one after the other. In just a matter of seconds, he was already fully nude. His body was slender and thin, but most decidedly masculine. A slight amount of muscle definition showed up on his stomach, which ran up the way to his boyish, square pecs. Marth’s cock wasn’t particularly enormous, but it seemed more than sufficient for a prince of Altea as it nestled softly within his crotch.

Having shred all of his clothes and left his body bare, Marth set his outfit aside on a corner as he awaited for further instructions. It was such a strange feeling. Just a couple minutes ago, he hadn’t heard of what a relief station was. Yet now, his heart was thumping with excitement at the thought of learning how to become a good relief station from a master relief station herself. Even now, Marth wasn’t exactly sure what being a relief station entailed. Nevertheless, a sense of duty propelled him forward without fear.

“If you’re done, head towards large hole in the wall.” Cecilia continued her instruction, her voice perfectly calm and serious throughout it all. “On the corner, you’ll find a little stool. You can get on top of that, then turn away from the hole and push your butt inside it. Once your butt is through, the hole will close around you and you’ll be all ready to be a relief station!”

Just as Cecilia had indicated, Marth found the little stool in the corner of the room. He followed Cecilia’s directions closely and stepped on top of the stool, before stopping to take a close look at the gaping opening before his very eyes. The hole was about the size of a barrel, thick enough that it looked like Marth wouldn’t be uncomfortable sitting on it. Standing at about crotch size to Marth, the boy probably could have hopped on it without needing the stool. As unassuming and innocuous as the hole might have seemed, a part in the back of Marth’s mind couldn’t help but question its purpose. Sticking his butt through a hole seemed like quite a bit of a... Lewd act. Was this truly necessary...?

It was yet another irrelevant question, for without halt Marth continued to follow Cecilia’s instructions. Turning around so that his ass would face the hole, Marth wasted no time hoisting himself onto the hole’s rim. He pushed his butt back a fair amount, until his calves were hitting the wall. For a couple of seconds, Marth simply awkwardly sat on the open hole. It seemed... Wide enough to fit him snugly. It was large enough he could have even easily jumped onto the other side if he really wanted to. Was he really supposed to hit like this nude in the open?

As if to answer his question, the edges of the hole suddenly began to collapse in on themselves. While Marth had originally expected the shrinking edges to be stiff and solid, they had more of a goopy consistency. This goopy wall slime slowly wrapped around Marth’s body, slipping into his every crease and crevice. The goop descended up from the top of the wall as well, pressing Marth’s back downwards and further popping his ass towards the other side of the hole. With each passing second, more and more of this slimy liquid filled up the hole that Marth was sitting it until it was a hole no more.

Just as fast as the goop started to descend onto Marth, it instantly solidified into firm, completely unbreakable material. Marth gasped at the sensation of that sticky liquid tightened around his form. Instinctively, his body tried to pull forward and free himself from this sudden

encasement. But no matter how hard he pulled, the wall wouldn't budge. The solid material around him was harder than any brick or cement he had been forced to carry. Marth couldn't even pull his hands out, which he had unintentionally allowed to get caught up in the goop and were now sealed within the wall itself. There were no two ways about it. Marth was stuck in the wall.

On one side of the wall, Marth's torso protruded forward, leaning down slightly. A bit of his legs popped through this side too, while Marth's arms were stuck next to his body thanks to his constrained hands. On the other face of the wall however, the picture was much more perverse. All that stuck out from this side was Marth's large, plump ass, a pair of two round jiggling cheeks that sprung out in the open for anyone to take. The way Marth's tight butthole rested between his cheeks and his cock drooped down made it look more like Marth was a sexy toy than a human!

This embarrassing state of affairs would soon become the least of Marth's concerns as some foreboding tingling began spreading from the wall onto his genitals. A cold shiver ran down Marth's flaccid penis, causing it to tremble and shrink in the open air. However, the exposed member was shrinking far past what would ever be considered normal. Marth's shaft slowly receded inwards, losing inch after inch of its length as it nuzzled against his crotch. His foreskin merged back into the rest of his skin, melting fold after fold melting away until there was nothing left on Marth's pelvis but a bulbous, red cap. Even Marth's ballsack suffered a similar fate, its round sack deflating until Marth's testicles were straining against his skin. Every little part of Marth's organ seemed to be inverting on itself!

Things would only truly escalate when Marth's testicles were somehow sucked inside him. Marth's head shot back, a groan of genuine bliss escaping his throat. Somehow, he could feel his nuts carving a deep tunnel inside him. The process of his ballsack inverting, turning into a hole that was damp and squishy, filled Marth with immense amounts of lust. In the exact place where his nuts had once been, a slender, feminine slit with pink folds blossomed as his cockhead finished shrinking into a clit. Deeper inside, Marth's testicles constructed a brand new womb, forming its every part until they could rest easy as the womb's ovaries. Instead of a penis, the prince of Altea now bore a very feminine, womanly pussy.

"Woah... T-That was intense..." Marth gasped, his heart thumping and his lungs short of breath. Though he wasn't sure exactly what had occurred down in his nether regions, the pulsating sensations of heat that emanated from his quivering pussy send shockwaves through his body.

"Oh yes. Becoming a relief station revitalizes one's body." Cecilia explained in a calm demeanor. "It's important for all relief station to have bodies in top condition, that way they can properly give relief."

"I-I see..." A part of Marth was doubtful about Cecilia's comments. It felt as if there was something wrong with him, like the sensation of heat currently spreading through his body should not have been there. Yet at the same time, it was hard to resist the way his nether regions throbbed and twitched with sopping excitement. "So, uhh... What do we do now...?"

"That's very simple!" Cecilia spoke very matter-of-factly. "You just wait until one of our hard-working heroes decides to use you for relief!"

*'Use for relief' ...?* Though Marth wasn't exactly sure what that was supposed to entail, for some reason the idea didn't sit quite well with him. What sort of relief would require Marth to be in

such a position? And why was his body being used for relief? All of these sorts of questions revolved around Marth's mind, yet for some reason he couldn't bring himself to be worried. It was as if his rational mind was fighting against his own intuition.

"A-A-Ahh! U-Uh-! H-Hi!!" While Marth pondered these odd thoughts, a cute boyish voice chirped from the stall to Marth's left. "M-My name is r-relief station Abel a-and I-"

Loud rustling emerged from behind the wall. Marth could hear Asbel anxiously shuffling in his seat. His gasps were obviously breathy, a slight tinge of embarrassment in his voice. Asbel might have been completely obscured to Marth at this point, but Marth could tell he was melting in place. Whatever they were doing to him was having an enormous effect on his body and psyche.

"W-W-Wait!! H-H-H-Hold on!!!" Asbel cried out desperately, his breath growing more heated with each second. "Y-Y-Your penis is- t-t-too big, I-!! GGYAAAAHHHH~::~"

*Plap~ Plap~ Plap~ Plap~ Plap~*

Like a ferocious thunderstorm emerging out of thin air, the restroom was filled with the most passionate and vicious slapping noises Marth had ever heard in his life. Marth's pussy instinctively tightened, a slick line of lubrication oozing from his fresh folds. Every single one of Asbel's salacious sounds was perfectly audible to Marth. From a series of incredible slaps that came from bodies intimately smashing together, to delectable squelches of a goopy hole being torn asunder by a hefty pole, every single noise was so thick in lust it sent shivers down Marth's spine. There were also Asbel's mindless gasps, a series of unabashed, moans of passion that echoed freely through the stalls. With each shuffled movement, his voice rang out with bells of bliss that would make a sex worker blush.

Connecting all of the dots in his mind, it did not take a genius to figure out what was happening in the adjacent stall. Asbel was getting *fucked*. A slight tinge of panic filled Marth. He hadn't realized that this was the purpose of relief stations, but now that he did, he wanted to do nothing with it. Marth pulled his hands as hard as he could from the wall, fruitlessly pushing his body away from the hole to no avail. It wasn't that Marth thought he would hate it. Rather, the problem was he thought he would *like it* too much. Just hearing the sounds of Asbel getting mercilessly pounding was setting Marth's pussy on fire. The idea of being used like a toy for relief gave Marth excited goosebumps all over his skin. If Marth were to get viciously fucked like that, have his pussy rearranged by a big fat cock, then... He was sure he wouldn't be the same...

"Oh don't mind *her*." Noticing Marth's concern, Cecilia tried to reassure him calmly. "Asbel is one of our best relief stations, but *she* can get *very* loud. You don't have to go as far as *her* if you don't want to."

The fact that Cecilia had referred to Asbel as a girl, despite his voice clearly being that of a boy, completely flew over Marth's head. He instantly acknowledged the fact as true, without even questioning it. She was getting fucked after all, and she was a relief station. All of those elements clearly pointed Asbel towards being a girl, even if Marth himself was in a similar situation. Little by little the wires in Marth's brain were crossed so that he could only perceive the reality the bathroom wanted him to perceive.

"O-Okay, I-I see..." Marth stuttered awkwardly, still tugging at his limbs in a desperate attempt to free himself. "And um... Just out of curiosity- How do I get out...?"

“You don’t have to worry about that!” Cecilia responded in a tone of absolute joy. “Once you’ve provided enough service, the wall will open automatically. There’s no other way to leave!”

Marth felt his heart sink. He could tell that Cecilia was being completely truthful. Even if there was some other way to escape, Cecilia most certainly didn’t know. It didn’t seem like she’d even bothered to think about it in the first place. Being a relief station was part of her core, part of her soul. And soon enough, it would be part of Marth’s too. Marth was now trapped until someone decided to fuck his insides out too.

“Ooohhhh~ It’s my turn now~” Cecilia commented in a giggly tone, her excitement clear through the stall wall.

“Hello there~ My name is relief station Cecilia~” The woman spoke in an utterly sultry tone, seeped with an incredible amount of sexual tension that had been totally lacking before. “Please feel free to use me as you please~ Oouuhhh~ You’re a big boy, aren’t you~?”

As the slapping noises started to echo from Cecilia’s side of the wall, Marth knew that he was on his own. The prince anxiously quivered in place, his pussy pulsating with maddening heat. He’d gotten himself in this position, now the only way to get out was by going forward with it! Marth just hoped that the man that picked him would be gentle!!

... ..

Walking up to the wall of relief stations, the only thing on Chloe’s mind was how much he really wanted to fuck some cute girl’s pussy up. Like any other respectable man, Chloe knew *exactly* what a relief station was and how to use it. Over on the side of the bathroom that divided the women’s restroom from the men’s, one could find a series of fat, feminine asses sticking out of the wall, each one of them possessing the sloppiest and tightest pussies a guy could dream of. These were relief stations, and men like Chloe were free to use them as they pleased. From slapping, to licking, touching and thorough fucking, their only purpose was to provide men relief and they did so with excitement.

By this point, Chloe’s cock was full mast with excitement. Testosterone flowed freely through his system, the manly desire to reproduce driving him onwards. All that was left now was for Chloe to pick which pussy would be graced by his cock. There were a myriad of perfectly acceptable choices. But the one that caught Chloe’s eyes was a perfectly pristine and regal relief station that sat in between two other relief stations that were already in mid use.

To its left Chloe saw prince Leif, bending forward and gasping like a mad beast as he wildly buckled his hips forward. Passion oozed from every one of Leif’s motion. He wasn’t merely using the relief station, he was *mating* with it. Whoever that relief station might be, it must have meant a lot to Leif. Meanwhile, a cute little Tiki stood atop of a little stool on the right, his arms clasped together while his legs hungrily propelled his cock into the tight relief station before him. The enormous, womanly ass that Tiki was fucking had to be almost as big as Tiki himself. If the boy had wanted, he could have easily dived in and lost himself in all that heavenly mass. Thankfully, his draconic cock was thick and girthy enough it slammed directly into the woman’s pussy, letting the timid Tiki effortlessly fuck the relief station’s sappy organ.

It was right in between these two other studs that Chloe found the relief station of his dreams. Like a little worm dangling from a hook, the most beautiful pussy stuck out of the wall before Chloe, perfectly within his reach. The relief's station ass was quite shapely and round, though not overly large by any extent. Copious amounts of vaginal juices oozed from its folds, as well as an incredibly sweet aroma of pure desire. From just a first glance, Chloe could tell this pussy was special. It was a royal pussy of the highest caliber, and most importantly, it was most certainly the tight pussy of a virgin. If Chloe's cock wasn't already fully erect, it would have certainly gone entirely full mast.

Stradling forth with no semblance of shame, Chloe confidently walked up to the relief station and placed both hands around its supple ass.

"Eeeeeep!!!" Came a shrill, panicked voice from the other side. It was a little high pitched, though surprisingly boyish for what Chloe had expected. Not that he really cared. This had to be the girliest pussy he'd seen in his life.

"Mmmm~ You got a good ass on you too~" Chloe spoke in a gravelly, cocky voice. His hands continued mercilessly groping the relief's station ass, not caring to even ask permission first. "So, you gonna introduce yourself or what?"

"O-O-Oh! T-That's right! Nggh.." The relief station gasped from the other side, its voice a tad bit timid but also surprisingly self-assured. "M-My name is relief station Marth! P-Please feel free to use me as you please... I-I guess..."

"Well, Marth~" Chloe began to lusciously lick his lips, eyes hungrily digging into Marth's sopping pussy like a predator about to pounce on its prey. "I must say, you have the prettiest pussy I've ever seen on a girl~"

The moment Marth heard the word girl, his head perked up. "E-Excuse me one moment sir, b-but I am not a girl!" The prince spoke up confidently despite the deep embarrassment that he felt.

"Huuu???" It was incredibly hard for Chloe not to let out a very brutish and demeaning guffaw at the moment, but he held off in order to not insult this dainty lady's presence. Not a girl? How could Marth say something like that with her equipment. "I'm sorry to inform you, pretty *lady*, but... *MEN* have big fat dicks like mine, not dainty little pussies like yours~"

As if to accentuate his statement, Chloe stuck two fingers into Marth's desperate cunt, spreading Marth's vaginal lips as wide open as they went. Marth instantly started groaning in response, his ass shaking up and down with pleasure. This was the first time anything had ever gone in his pussy, and his vaginal walls were reacting with candid arousal. Marth could feel his insides eagerly quivering to the touch of Chloe's digits, letting him stretch and rub her inner walls in a totally submissive manner. For some reason, the thought of Chloe's big manly fingers inside him send Marth's pussy into overdrive.

Still, Marth held on against the pressure. Taking a couple of deep breaths, he stood by his beliefs.

"Y-Yeah!-! I might have a pussy b-but-" Marth took a second to think about it. Did he always have a pussy? It seemed wrong, but for some reason having a pussy was all he ever remembered. Sitting down to pee, wearing panties and having periods, all normal things for



people with pussies were exactly what Marth felt he had experienced. Marth shook his head, trying to focus back on the moment at hand. "But I'm still a man!"

While Marth's confidence in his gender identity was strong as steel, the evidence was slowly creeping against him. He had gone into a bathroom with no urinals and willingly decided to be a relief station. The fact that the two other relief stations next to him were women didn't help his case, as did the fact men didn't usually have pussies. It seemed like the world around him was trying to force Marth into accepting this reality, but Marth continued to refuse. Little did he know all it would take was a little push...

Chloe merely chuckled at Marth's assertion, giving it very little mind. A perverse smile came upon the cute man's face. "Let's just see how much of a man you feel like after I give you the best female orgasm you've ever had in your life then~"

Fingers still stuck deep inside of Marth's shuddering folds, Chloe kicked up his vaginal assault a notch by sliding more and more of his digits deep inside of Marth. Unlike the first time, Chloe's newest attack was so much fiercer and dominant in nature. Chloe's index fingers violently twirled inside of Marth's tight cunt, his middle fingers reaching into Marth's deepest recesses and caressing the tip of his womb. With both hands stuck inside of Marth's pussy, the man spread and stretched Marth's inner wall far and wide, whilst his thumb rapidly circled and pressed on Marth's throbbing clit. Marth's pussy was nothing but a toy to be broken in Chloe's grasp.

The results were instantaneous. Unable to contain the pleasure, Marth let out a bellowing scream of utter bliss. His pussy eagerly squirted in orgasm, body madly rocking back and forth as if to contain all of the building pressure. Marth was feeling so much stimulation, he could barely process it all. A continuous wave of bliss crashed into his mind with each passing second, deleting any sort of rational thought in favor of pure ecstasy. Worst of all, there was nothing Marth could do to dampen the blows either. Stuck in the wall as he was, Marth was forced to endure every last bit of Chloe's vicious attack.

And things would only continue to get worse for poor Marth. The more Chloe greedily rubbed and caressed his pussy, the more his body would give in to the pleasure. Marth's pussy quickly started reciprocate the touch Chloe's fingers, eagerly suckling onto them and refusing to let go as if they were asking for more stimulation. His nipples became fully erect, heart thumping faster and blood pumping throughout his body with luscious desire. It was such a strange turn of events. Though Marth felt as if he shouldn't be enjoying this, every part of his body was screaming in mad ecstasy.

With what little mental power Marth had left, he tried to make sense of it all. As a man, Marth shouldn't have found Chloe's touch to be so intoxicating. Yet here he was, with his pussy fully lit aflame with just a couple of fingers. The mere thought of a man dominating him sent shivers down Marth's spine, and his pussy quivered greedily with the desire to take a man's cock. Despite the fact that all relief stations were female, he was also somehow a relief station too. Not to mention how men usually had cocks, not pussies! Little by little, the contradictions started piling onto Marth's mind, combining with Chloe's sexual stimulation to create and utterly terrifying foe. They all pointed to one direction.

As Chloe's fingering started to reach its apex, Marth's troubled expression slowly shifted into that of a drunken smile. His ass started to push towards Chloe's fingers, pussy eagerly quivering to Chloe's masculine touch. But it was no longer a subconscious reaction. Now Marth

was intentionally submitting to Chloe's might! With a feminine howl of arousal, Marth happily embraced all of the incredible feelings that surrounded him. Though a part of him still felt doubtful, he'd fully lost the will to resist. Marth's pussy was shuddering like that of a girl in heat, his heart happily thumping to the touch of a real man. Chloe's fingers were so skilled, they were rewriting Marth's brain in real time. He was turning into a giiiiirllll~~!!!!

"CUMMMINNGGGGG~~ Pussy quivering with splattering reverberations, *Princess* Marth's entire body was consumed by an incredible orgasm that overpowered her every sense.

No longer was her mind fighting against the physical sensations of her body. Any sort of inner conflict she'd felt before was already washed away by the powerful waves of pleasure that continued to surge through her form. Marth was a *woman*. She'd gone through a *female* orgasm the likes many other women could only dream of achieving. Every part of Marth's mind was wired to be a girl, her innards perfectly crafted to fit her feminine form. And from the way her pussy gleefully pulsed afterwards, she wouldn't have it any other way~

Standing before Marth's quivering cunt, Chloe merely smiled and watched with a prideful expression. Copious amounts of precum were already oozing from his cock by now, his erection harder and fiercer than ever before. Looking down upon the quivering relief station, Chloe gave Marth's ass one last commanding slap.

"So, what do you think now?" Chloe asked smugly, salivating at the sight of Marth's pussy oozing with even more arousal than before. "Still think of yourself as a guy?"

"W-W-What?!" Marth shook her head vehemently, the mere suggestion of her maleness bringing a sense of disgust. Her ass wiggled about in rightful indignation. "T-That's a... p-preposterous assertion! I'm the proud *PRINCESS* of Altea. I've *ALWAYS* been a woman!"

The way Marth confidently shook her twitching vaginal lips at Chloe made it seem like she truly was proud of her feminine biology. "And I'm also a dutiful relief station, which means I strive to bring you relief." She continued, words just as headstrong as before. "Though that doesn't mean you can insult me. I would still like to be treated with the modicum of respect I deserve."

Seeing Marth's plump, round ass shifting left and right while he claimed for respect was a highly humorous sight for Chloe to behold. He couldn't believe Marth was still so defiant even after being defeated so hard, he'd forgotten he was ever male at all. Perhaps a lesser man would have taken insult to Marth's continued transgressions, but Chloe didn't feel much bothered. In fact, he found it quite amusing. If Marth wasn't going to roll over and become the submissive relief station he was meant to be, then Chloe would reshape his body into the perfect, breedable form.

"Respect, huh..." Chloe placed each one of his hands on Marth's buttocks. He kneaded his fingers into her soft ass, letting that delicious fat seep in between his fingers. Little by little, Chloe inched his cock towards Marth's eager pussy until his dickhead was pressed against her glistening vaginal folds. "Don't worry babe, I'll show you the kind of respect a relief station like you should be treated with~"

The words of complete, and total domination that oozed from Chloe's mouth sent shivers down Marth's spine. His voice was soft and feminine, but the tone was so incredibly masculine and commanding, it left Marth wanting for more. With soft, poking motions, Chloe tenderly rubbed the bulbous head of her had on against Marth's vaginal lips. He was teasing her! His cock was oh so close to Marth's pussy, and yet the only thing Marth would feel was its pulsating heat

pressing against her labia. It was almost downright maddening! Wiggling her ass with need, Marth bit her lip as she awaited for Chloe to finally penetrate her. Until finally...

*PLAP!!!*

All it took for Chloe to completely fill up Marth's pussy was one single thrust! For a split second, Marth's brain froze, trying it's best to process all of the feelings inside her. In just one thrust, Chloe's cockhead smashed right past Marth's vaginal lips, his shaft effortlessly coursing through Marth's tight inner walls, until its tip crashed directly against Marth's quivering cervix. The proof of his conquest was easy to see, as Chloe's fat cock bulged through Marth's crotch, forming into the shape of a thick, bulbous rod that etched itself on her pelvis. Despite the fact that Marth was a virgin, and this was her first time ever being a relief station, her pussy had expertly swallowed Chloe's cock as if it was made to do so.

When Marth's mind regained its senses, the only sort of reaction she could make was squeal out in like a maddened beast as her entire body reverberated in pleasure. The way Chloe's cock filled up every little square inch of her pussy was nothing short of incredible. Her tight, vaginal walls trembled in delight, quaking which spread throughout her entire body in reverberations of bliss. Never in her life, could Marth have imagined penis would feel so good. It wasn't just physical pleasure either. It felt as if she was fulfilling her true goal. Marth's biology was desperately begging her to complete its intended purpose, and Marth was more than happy to indulge in it all.

Luckily for Marth, her pleasure was only getting started. Having already conquered Marth's pussy, Chloe was more than happy to show the relief station the strength of his masculinity. Hips powerfully gyrating back and forth, Chloe slammed his cock in and out of Marth's eager pussy over and over again. His legs shot him forth with swiftness, allowing his pelvis to slam into Marth's ass with enough force it would echo loudly through the bathroom. The swiftness and smoothness of his motions allowed Chloe's cock to slide against Marth's tight inner walls without issues, his shaft effortlessly grinding her insides with each pump. Chloe was a Pegasus Knight after all, he knew exactly how to ride a willing beast.

Despite this complete dominance however, there was much passion in Chloe's movements. The gruff man couldn't help but gasp in bliss as he thrust inside of Marth. His fat, wobbling breasts bounced about wildly, plump nipples erect and twitching with lust. An intense desire to breed drove his thick, curvy hips forth, masculine plump ass wobbling from each swish of his thick legs. The divine sensation of Marth's pussy was just the perfect fit for Chloe's massive stud cock. Chloe couldn't help it, this was the natural order of things all. Men like him craved ripe pussy like Marth's to fertilize with their seed.

Every last bit of passion that oozed from Chloe translated directly into pleasure and ecstasy for Marth. Where once she had been dubious about serving men's cock, the princess was now more than happy to take more and more of Chloe's dicking. Marth's tongue rolled out of her mouth, eyes twisting in cheer ecstasy. The thrusts. If there was anything that was driving Marth insane, it had to be the thrusts. Those powerful, poignant propulsions were so potent, they sent reverberations that went directly through the wall and forced Marth's body to flail. They were ingraining themselves not just into her body, but into the very core of her cells.

With each continued thrust, Marth found herself getting lost in the sheer miasma of ecstasy. Her pussy lovingly trembled as Chloe's cockhead smashed into her womb over and over again. Pure pleasure filled every fiber of her being. It was as if her body was trying to tell her this is what

she was meant to do all along. A relief's station true pleasure came from relieving needy cocks with their pussies, just as she was doing now. They had no need for dignity, modesty or respect. Relief stations were tools, and tools could only be happy when they were being properly used. It was only now that this incredible realization settled inside of Marth's mind. Marth's pussy spasmed as it eagerly squeezed onto Chloe's shaft. Before she was a woman, Marth was first a relief station.

The heat in Chloe's body rose as Marth's pussy tightened around his cock. It was the sign of a proper relief station, meant for nothing other than servicing penis, and it was taking Chloe to the edge. But before he fully succumbed to his orgasm, Chloe was gonna give Marth one final show of force. Gathering every scrap of strength within himself, Chloe tripled the speed of his thrusts. The sound of Marth's ass slapping against Chloe's pelvis whistled like music in Chloe's ears. Marth's moans didn't come too far behind. Her voice grew loud and chirpy, no longer afraid to express the true extent of her arousal. Each one of Marth's feminine, submissive screams sent a tingle through Chloe's body. It built up his arousal to insane levels, forcing him to keep fucking and fucking her till-

*SPLUUUUUURT!!!*

Plunging his massive cock into the depths of Marth's pussy, Chloe unabashedly released every last bit of his seed directly inside of Marth's womb. The thought of finishing outside didn't even cross Chloe's mind, so that he wouldn't risk impregnating Marth. As a relief station, it was Marth's duty to take every last drop of their user's semen, even if it meant getting fertilized. And boy, was Marth in the danger zone. Thanks to Chloe's studly cock, the amount of semen that poured from his urethra was absolutely breathtaking. Each spurt was enough to fill a small cup, and that damn snake was spurting like crazy! Today especially, Chloe's were incredibly backed up. For some reason, it felt like this was his first orgasm ever!

It took no longer than a couple of shots for the entirety of Marth's pussy to be slathered in Chloe's sticky white sauce. After that, Marth's womb was inundated in the man's genetic material, all but guaranteeing Mart would be carrying Chloe's heir. A small bulge even started to grow on Marth's belly, his womb too loose to fight against the growing pressure of Chloe's never ending jizz. Thankfully, before the little baby bump could grow larger than the size of a head, Chloe's jizz started to overflow from the sides of Marth's trembling vagina, past Chloe's thick shaft.

Seeing the results of his handiwork on the horny little relief station before him, there was only one emotion inside of Chloe's mind. Pride. Pride at having such an incredible, pride from being able to set rebellious relief station in her place. From the other side, Chloe could hear Marth breathily gasping. Though he could not see her face, Chloe knew the princess had orgasmed hard enough to reset her brain. However, most important of all was the pride Chloe felt at being a man. Nothing beat that.

"So... What was that about respect princess cumdump?" Chloe chuckled in a derisive manner.

Marth took some time to respond. It felt like her head was in the clouds, her thoughts fizzy and empty. The moment Chloe started to cum inside her, she instantly orgasmed as well. All of her body cried in joy at the sensation of warm, male semen filling her womb. She had fulfilled her job, completed her purpose. That satisfaction was powerful enough to completely overwhelm her brain.

“Ehehe? Did I say something like that~?” Marth giggled mindless, still savoring the incredible sensation of Chloe’s hot jizz inside her even as she recovered from her latest orgasm. “You fucked me so hard I forgot. Teehee~”

Chloe chuckled heartily. Slowly, he pulled his cock from Marth’s tight pussy, causing his semen to splatter out of her widened hole like an avalanche. Marth shivered and moaned at the sensation. Her pussy pulsed needily, almost as if dreading to lose all of that precious semen. Nonetheless, she didn’t seem to complain or be bothered one bit.

“It doesn’t matter anyways.” Marth cleared her throat, taking a breath to recover her faculties. Once her mind was somewhat stable again, she made sure to address Chloe in an appropriate manner. “As relief station Marth, I would be happy to be used in any way to satisfy your needs~ Feel free to insult, slap and demean me if that’s what you’d life~”

The sound of this relief station’s utter submission caused Chloe’s already tired cock to tremble with desire. A perverted smirk crept onto Chloe’s face. He had just finished but... Chloe had to admit, the sight of Marth’s gaping pussy, shivering with oozing cum... Her twitching asshole, and bouncy royal cheeks. It was all very arousing. There was honestly no other way to put it. Relief stations were awesome. Chloe LOVED being a guy.

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A young lady Elise happily skipped through the Askr’s castle with a bright smile on her face. It was getting a bit late, so she was taking one final bathroom break before bed! Reaching the closest bathroom she could find, Elise completely failed to notice neither bathroom had any markings. It would be impossible to tell from where she stood which was which, yet she was too invested in her humming to give it any mind. As she extended her arm towards the handle, she began to pull the door open, when...

All of a sudden, reality itself wobbled around her. Elise took a dizzied step back. Looking back at the door she was holding, she could clearly see the MALE symbol next to the door. Elise giggled to herself. She’d almost gone in the wrong bathroom! What a silly mistake she’d made! Without giving it further thought, she turned to the left door and entered the bathroom without trouble. A totally normal, and unassuming female bathroom.

Thus were the whims of the cursed bathroom. Swapping from location to location at random, picking its victims without any sort of reason or care. While Elise might have been saved this time, whoever went to the bathroom that had been replaced would likely suffer its curse. Luckily, the rumor of the cursed bathrooms was nothing more than unsubstantiated rumor~