

“Haaahhhh~ Haaahhhh~”

The entire world around Tharja felt like a blur. Every object that crossed her vision was nothing more than a shapeless squiggle, every sound that passed through her ears no better than a bunch of garbled up sounds. Whilst her body wobbled about as if it didn't understand the concept of balance, her arms and legs clung desperately to any solid surface in hopes she wouldn't fall off into another dimension. Of course, Tharja factually understood that she was simply walking through the halls of the Order of Heroes. But the absolute sensory depravation she was currently suffering from made it feel like she had become lost in some sort of hellish world. Of all of her senses, the only one that still worked was that of her smell, and it was currently leading her on towards some mysterious, unknown goal.

As the walls of reality came crashing down all around her, the woman tried her best to figure out how she'd even gotten here in the first place. No more than five minutes ago she'd been back at her lab experimenting with hexes, that much she knew for certain. But the rest was pretty much clouded with a thick fog Tharja couldn't parse through. Not to mention how *hard* it was for her to think with the *huge, throbbing, horny erection* that had broken through her Dark Mage tights and hung from her legs with *pulsating desire*.

N-No- T-That didn't sound right... Tharja wasn't supposed to have a *deliciously titanic arm-sized penis* that swung from side to side with every step she took, w-was she?! A voice inside her mind cried out that this was wrong, the she needed to hurry and find some help. Yet, the way her *fat, heaving balls* churned and gurgled with *her steamy hot jizz* made the girl crave nothing more than the sweet sensation of release~ Tharja moaned as she remembered her first penile orgasm. It had happened right after her cock popped out of that disgusting pussy, when she accidentally cast that hex on herself- W-Wait! That was it! Tharja had been working on this experimental hex about horses or something, and then it blew up on her face! So if she just brewed up a counter hex, then Tharja should-

*Sniff sniff*

In an instant, Tharja's entire thought process was brought to a screeching halt by power one singular *deliciously musky* scent. It was a smell that dipped into the deepest parts of Tharja's nostrils, permeating pleurably within her nose and infecting the entirety of her mind. It wasn't a particularly pleasant scent by any measure, but its *strength* and *utter dankness* were undeniably addicting. It was *feral*, it was *luscious*, it was *passionate*, it was... *The best thing she'd ever smelled in her life*. Tharja didn't know exactly where it came from or what was producing it. All she knew was that she needed to have it.

With this gracious revelation at hand, Tharja felt her senses slowly returning to her once more. The world began to clear, reality around her reassembling. And as the woman's vision became more focused, Tharja came face to face with a cute troubadour clad in pink.

“M-M-Miss Tharja? A-Are you ok?”

This adorable creature's name was Forrest, and despite his undoubtably feminine appearance, he was very much decidedly male. His face beamed down at Tharja with a look of terror and concern. Which only made sense really, for Tharja was currently kneeling down before him with her hands tightly wrapped around his thighs and an utterly deranged expression on her face. Not that Tharja cared much about the boy's feelings anyways. Instead, her attention now was completely centered around discovering the source of that *exquisite* scent that had brought her back to reality. Of course, Forrest

smelled quite nice, spring flowers and zesty fruits oozing from his outfit and hair. But Tharja was looking for something more *natural*, more *animalistic*, something that laid much *lower*~

Slowly shifting her face downward, Tharja's face focused entirely on the boy's cute pink crotch. For that single moment, her heart skipped a beat in euphoria. There was absolutely no second thought as the woman smashed her face up against the boy's pants, closing her eyes and rubbing her nose against the cute boy's tiny bulge like a dog in heat. She could feel Forrest's adorable cocklet shift beneath its many layers of cloths, stirring and slowly growing erect from her excitable touch. Taking a couple more deep, intensive whiffs, Tharja's entire body shivered in joy as she felt more of that *delectable* smell seep into her nostrils. Now it was much *stronger*, *needier*, *livelier*... There was no denying it, that *wonderful* scent was coming from Forrest's-

"C-Cock..." The word spilled out of Tharja completely unintentionally. And yet... Merely speaking it somehow felt... *Right*~

Tharja's mouth began to salivate profusely, her lips quivering with a strange buzz whilst drool began to drip out dumbly. Opening her eyes into a blank, emotionless stare, Tharja merely sat there inhaling more and more of Forrest's *dank musk*. It felt like a heavenly revelation had been suddenly dropped right into her mind. That thing her nose had been guiding her to... It was cock? The thought felt ridiculous at first. Tharja was no cum-brained slut, she was a proud Dark Mage! And yet, the more time she spent thinking about it, the more alluring it become. Dicks were wonderful~ Their smell were amazing, their shapes were wondrous, and their taste- God their taste~ It had to be the best thing in the entire world~~ Dicks was all Tharja could think of at the moment. She wanted~! She needed~!!!

"COCK~! COCK~! COCK~! COCK~!" Like a feral animal, Tharja sharp nails began to claw right through the boy's pants, ripping out a large whole on his crotch so she could get right to his delicious noodle.

"M-M-Miss Tharja noooo!!!" Forrest cried out in response, his heart beating rapidly with fear. "S-Stop please!!!"

But it was for naught. In just a couple of seconds, Forrest's cute outfit had been totally turned into shreds, leaving his petite pecker completely exposed and pushing out with a tiny erection. Tharja began to sloppily lick her lips at the sight of such a delicious treat, copious amounts of saliva dripping from her mouth. Though the boy's penis was no bigger than 3-inches tall with taut peanut sized balls, it was more than enough for Tharja to gorge on. Tharja's cock pulsated with desire, every fiber of her being shuddering with lust. It was chow time~

In no more than a couple of seconds, Tharja's whole mouth had already wrapped around the entirety of Forrest's member. From its pulsating, phimosied shaft to his cute twitching balls, Tharja eagerly swallowed it all in a single gulp. Her hands gripped onto Forrest's soft, plump thighs tightly, locking him into place while she slobbered all over Forrest's dainty cock. It was almost as if she couldn't help herself. Merely slurping on the boy's penis caused Tharja's own gigantic cock to shudder in ecstasy.

And the more she sucked, the better it felt. Pushing her nose as far against Forrest's crotch as humanly possible, Tharja gave the boy the best vacuum blowjob she could muster. Her tongue greedily rolled around the boy's tiny shaft, hungrily caressing and massaging his nuts in the process as well. Though Forrest's small peanut fit comfortably in her mouth, the woman bobbed her head back and forth like it was stuck on a loose spring.

It was an absolute explosion of sensations that sent bright rays of pleasure to every inch of Tharja's body. Especially her lips, which pulsed madly as they began to grow thicker and plumper. Each one of them inflated into a pair of soft, bulging pillows that looked like unwieldy sexual caricatures. And still, Tharja didn't seem to show a care in the world. Unable to think about anything but eagerly choking on some delicious dick, Tharja was more than happy to continue sucking right through the strange morphing her body was undergoing.

A sentiment that was not shared in the slightest by Forrest, who currently found himself at the mercy of Tharja's imperative mouth. Shuddering and moaning from the woman's luscious touch, Forrest tried his best to struggle away from her possessive grasp. Of course, there was absolutely no denying how *deliciously wonderful* it felt to get his *needy cock* sucked. However, the boy had no intention of being publicly humiliated like this by having Tharja force herself onto him against his will.

"P-Please! G-Get away!!!" Placing his hands firmly around Tharja's head – the only part of her body the boy could realistically reach – Forrest pushed the woman away from his crotch with every ounce of his strength.

At first, it really seemed like he was succeeding. Forrest could physically feel Tharja's head slowly pulling further away. Yet, no matter how far he drove her from his body, the sensation of Tharja's fat, swollen lips wrapping around his cocklet remained. It should have been an impossibility, perhaps nothing more than a phantom sensation. But as Forrest's eyes gazed down upon the woman's face, he understood the what was happening. Forrest wasn't 'pushing Tharja away'. He was forcibly stretching out her mouth.

Face shifting and twisting as easily as clay, Forrest watched in absolute terror as Tharja's lips stretched farther and farther away from her body. The very structure of Tharja's cranium crackled under the weight of this transformation, her mouth quivering as it morphed into a horse-like muzzle. As her chin became less pronounced and her cheeks turned thinner and wider, the woman's moans only grew louder and impassioned. Tharja's eyes gazed up at Forrest lustfully, almost as if she was proud of her new perverted form. The thing before Forrest could barely be considered a human being anymore. Now it was nothing better than a mindless creature of lust.

And the worst part? Forrest didn't find it disgusting at all. In fact, he thought Tharja's long, dick-sucking mouth was the most attractive thing in the world.

"W-What the f-ooock is c-coing ooonnnn~?" Completely overcome with intense sexual stimulation, Forrest's pushed back against the wall as it began to convulse in ecstasy.

This pleasure was much different than the one he'd felt before however. It was more than just penile stimulation, it felt like there was luscious fire lit up deep within his core. And it all centralized around his dick, which began to pulsate with an unbearable sexual heat. As Forrest moaned out uncontrollably, he could feel his balls start to inflate in size. The two testicles exponentially increased in girth, each one growing so large they eventually popped out of Tharja's fat mouth and heaved down from his crotch with a powerful sag.

His dick didn't lag far behind either. As Forrest's shaft throbbed and swelled, it pushed further into Tharja's long, dick-sucking mouth. Her cheeks began to bulge with the increasing girth of his penis, her tongue eagerly swirling around its length as it reached the back of her throat. In just a matter of seconds, what had once been nothing more than a micro-penis had now completely transformed into a

footlong stallion sized member, a titanic trouser snake that bore a very close resemblance to Tharja's own throbbing monster cock.

"M-My c-coCK?!" Forrest gasped aloud as he finally noticed the rapid enlargement of his penis. That second word flew out of the boy's mouth almost unintentionally. The modest and respectful Forrest would never use language so crass. And yet, merely speaking it aloud caused his spine to tingle pleurably...

Cock... The word repeated within Forrest's head over and over like a spell. Images of *delicious, fat, suckable cocks* manifested in his mind. The boy's mouth started to water considerably, his expression growing blank whilst his thought process became slower. Never in his life had Forrest given cocks more than an errant thought, and now he couldn't stop thinking about them. Even the ecstatic pleasure of having his gigantic penis being expertly sucked off by Tharja's extended mouth took a back seat as Forrest's mind was utterly infected with an insatiable obsession for cock. A desire to touch them~ A desire to taste them~ A desire to suck on-

"Cock~ Hehe~ Cock cock~!" The boy began to coo melodically, any sort of resistance having been transformed into pure unadulterated lust.

Forrest could feel in real time how his brain was actively drained of any sort of intelligence in favor of an insatiable obsession with cock. His thoughts? His dreams? His aspirations? All of them were completely replaced with an unquenchable desire for dick licking. A desperate thirst began to ache at the back of his throat, his lips starting to tingle with strange sensations. Soon, they began to grow plumper, thicker, richer. Dull strands of saliva began to ooze from Forrest's mouth as his lips became so large, they were barely able to fully close again.

Inside the confines of his mouth, the boy felt his tongue grow much longer, becoming slimy and dexterous like a slithering worm. Lips slowly parting open and head aimlessly bobbing back and forth, Forrest began desperately trying to suck some sort of imaginary dick around him. With every greedy thrust of his face, his lips extended further and further. Cheekbones thinning, skull narrowing, as Forrest's mouth continued to stretch out, his head took on a more sexual, animalistic face. The boy understood clearly that he was transforming into that same mindless, horny creature Tharja had just become, but it didn't bother him in the slightest. Because Forrest was a cock sucking slut and he was proud of it~

"COCK~ COCK~ COCK~ COCK~" The once pure and innocent troubadour screamed out in utter joy as he gave into the perverted nature of his new form.

Hips swinging forth maniacally, Forrest screamed out in utter bliss as he received his first and last penile orgasm for the rest of his life. From now on, the only way this perverted boy would reach orgasm was by sucking on a myriad of delicious, girthy, fat cocks. An enrapturing sensation that the needy Tharja was currently experiencing. As the thick, steamy lines of Forrest's semen began to shoot directly into her mouth, Tharja's own penis erupted with a gargantuan, throbbing orgasm. Hot, drizzled cum sputtered out of her tip freely, coating her own member and the floor below in her virile seed. The girl's lips quivered with utter bliss, an endless array of moans escaping from her muffled voice. Her extended mouth had become so sensitive, sucking dick felt ten times better than any amount of penile stimulation!

And so, Tharja continued to swallow every last drop of Forrest's delectable cock juice, leaving the duo of transformed freaks in a state of pleasant homeostasis. Unfortunately, it was not a state that would last long. Even after their incredibly intense orgasm, their cock's pulsated with need, their throats aching with an unquenchable thirst. Now that their minds had regressed to such a primal, sexual nature, there was no way either of them could resist from pursuing their most debauched desires. The moment they smelled a new cock, the two would instantly dart towards it in hopes of claiming another magnificent orgasm. Because-

*Sniff Sniff~*

Cock addicted sluts like them would never be satisfied.