

JANUARY 2023 PROMPTS

LIST OF PROMPTS:

PROMPT1: Hard Dreams

A sleeping girl grows a cock through the night and wakes up with morning wood. Except instead of her waking up in her body, she has woken up in her new cock.

PROMPT2: Manuela's Drunken Disaster

An angered Hanneman reprimands Manuela after she's destroyed several sacred artifacts in a drunken tirade, only to discover that everyone else in the monastery has been turned into a horny, self-loving Manuela!

PROMPT3: To Relieve

Soleil is stuck on guard duty, finding herself very horny and bored. When her mom, Felicia, passes by and offers to help (by taking over her duties), Soleil misinterprets it as an invitation for some incestual sex. Without even waiting for her mother to explain, Soleil promptly starts dicking down her mother right on the spot until her balls are empty.

PROMPT4: Futa Delinquent Unleashed

A big, beefy delinquent girl gets fed up with soft femboy and violates him, blasting fat ropes of cum into his ass and mind breaking him for her pleasure.

PROMPT5: Asian Delicacies

A young Asian woman has made food for her unsuspecting family. As the family eats, they grow hornier and more unhinged, until the woman reveals she's been possessed by a ghost and has ejaculated into the food with her futa cock, causing the rest of the family to also lose control of their body and become possessed by the same ghost.

PROMPT6: Soren, Onahole Strategist

Soren is summoned to the world of Heroes, but something goes wrong during the process and he transforms into a sex toy midway through! Not that the Futa!Summoner minds, as she's more than eager to use this cute new onahole.

PROMPT7: Unworthy of His Love

Fem!Soren is pregnant with Ike's children. While she's happy to be starting a family with Ike, she's worried that her huge belly makes her unattractive. However, Ike feels the exact opposite and finds her pregnant body a huge turn on. He is more than willing to show Soren how much he loves her and how attractive he finds her by having passionate, romantic sex with her.

PROMPT8: Anything it Takes

After reuniting with Corrin, Hinoka is desperate to be the center of her brother's attention. She's willing to do anything. Even if that means turning from a tomboy into a submissive femboy...

PROMPT1: Hard Dreams

A sleeping girl grows a cock through the night and wakes up with morning wood. Except instead of her waking up in her body, she has woken up in her new cock.

Nighttime. The time most people reserved for rest and relaxation. A time for all to wind down and go to sleep, in hopes that they can wake up the next day feeling renewed. These long, dark, winding hours of the night were especially important for Cindy, an auburn-haired office lady who was constantly busy and stressed out every moment of her waking life that she wasn't sleeping. If not for the reinvigorating effects of sleep, an important businesswoman like her wouldn't be able to handle the endless amounts of meetings and business proposals that she did on a daily basis. Even now as she slept, all of Cindy's dreams were filled with thoughts about what sorts of business she would get to in the morning.

And yet... Despite being submerged in the depths of rich, heavy sleep, a part of her body began to throb and itch restlessly. Cindy shifted uncomfortably in her sheets, an instinctive attempt to quell the sudden searing sensation that emanated from her loins. But there was only so much Cindy's unconscious body could do, and the woman herself was far too submerged in the world of dreams to help much further either. In this totally helpless scenario, the twisting sensation continued to fester deep within her, forever changing the inner workings of Cindy's physiology.

Most of the quivering sensations seemed to manifest on the tip of Cindy's pussy, which twitched and oozed in a consistent manner. However, the actual changes to Cindy's body were occurring much deeper inside of her body. Immersed within the depths of Cindy's mature womb, the woman's ovaries began to thicken and bulge. The production of estrogen stopped in its entirety, all of the ova contained in her chambers being converted into thick, creamy sperm. Then, with a thundering sensation that shook Cindy's entire organ, Cindy's growing ovaries soon began to push out of her body. They retreated through her fallopian tubes, forcefully delving back into her urethral chambers. It was as if Cindy's ovaries were rebelling against her own biology.

Legs trembling left and right uncontrollably, Cindy let out a stiff growl. The process of having her insides remodeled was certainly an uncomfortable one. Perhaps if Cindy had not been so exhausted from her work, she might have woken up and somehow stopped the process before it was too late. As soon as the worst trembling stopped however, Cindy returned to a state of complete unconsciousness, and Cindy's innards resumed their complete and total remodeling of Cindy's tender, feminine form.

The entirety of Cindy's cervix basically inverted in on itself. Its head began to push out from Cindy's pussy. The further it pushed, the larger and girthier its circumference became. It was almost as if it was incorporating her sensitive vaginal walls into its throbbing length, fattening up like snake swallowing its unsuspecting prey. Up until the halfway point of her vaginal canals, Cindy's crotch continued trembling with that discomforting aching. But as soon as most of her insides had been absorbed, every last bit of pain was instantly transformed into pleasure.

All of a sudden, the entirety of Cindy's demeanor changed. Her anguished, dismal expression changed into one of tepid excitement. Instead of desperately twitching to contain the pain, her crotch began to thrust up and down as if it couldn't hold back its stimulation. Thick blasts of feminine arousal shot through her labia, thoroughly soaking her panties and sheets. Her legs convulsed with lust, breathing growing erratic and heated. Blood pumping with the igniting sensation of arousal, Cindy's body began to actively push that bulging protrusion that coursed through her insides.

When the tip of Cindy's cervix finally popped from her pussy with a sloppy splurt, it no longer resembled the beautiful feminine organ which had been housed within her body. Its head was enormously fat, rounded and thick, like that of a capped mushroom with a ridge denting into its front. The hole which had been an entrance to her womb was now a long, vertical slit that constantly oozed with a sticky semi-white liquid. Rather than a pristine and tender vulva, it bore the appearance of a fat, grotesque cockhead.

And this was only the beginning. As Cindy's hips began to tremble with ecstasy, the girthy cockhead began to emerge from in between Cindy's legs bit by bit. Pushing against Cindy's panties, its sheer strength and size quickly tore the woman's underwear asunder. Its mighty length snaked past her nightwear and against her sheets, pitching an enormous tent that caused her bedsheets to rise up into the air. Covered entirely in heated vaginal juices, the member that sprung from Cindy's crotch stood tall and erect. Every inch of its length was covered with thick, throbbing veins. The masculine musk that emanated from such a pole was overpowering and intoxicating. From a simple glance, it was clear that this Cindy hadn't just grown a normal penis. She'd been blessed with a monster cock.

By now, the last remnants of Cindy's pussy were slowly ebbing away. Her labia and clitoris slowly began to melt into her enormous, twitching shaft, sinking deeper and deeper into her skin until there was nothing remaining. Her vaginal hole seemed to remain intact. But this lasted no more than a few seconds, as soon the entire whole imploded on itself, and two heavy, rounded, voluptuous testicles popped free from Cindy's womanhood and flopped onto the bed. Though Cindy herself could only react with a pleased whimper in her state of deep sleep, her womanhood had been entirely eradicated.

With her body totally remodeled and hormones running rampant in her mind, the slumbering Cindy couldn't help but focus her idle dreams on that amazing, throbbing sensation that twitched between her legs. The girl couldn't exactly tell what it was, only that it was the most amazing, pleasurable feeling she'd ever experienced before. The sensitivity of her cock far outmatched that of her old pussy. Merely rubbing the tip against her sheets felt better than masturbation ever did, even beating several of her past sexual partners by miles. A full-on sexual heat embroiled her mind. She wanted to feel every last bit of this exhilarating lust, she wanted to absorb it, to revel in it, to become one with that unending lust.

Almost as if to answer Cindy's booming desires, a strange force began to pull on Cindy's mind. It was a foreign, ethereal sensation. Though Cindy's body itself remained completely still, it felt as if her consciousness was drifting down her form. She could feel herself slowly slipping down her throat and through her chest, past her tummy and all the way to her crotch. Then with a little nudge, Cindy's mind was finally pushed deep into the depths of that fiery lust that had been consuming her, causing her to merge with the length of her cock.

Immediately, Cindy's new penile body began to throb and shake with desire. Cindy might have been half asleep, but all of that pent up frustration and desire from being a busy businesswoman was really

coming out. The cock's shaft started twitching uncontrollably, its length wiggling up and down with various outbursts of lust. Here, being surrounded with so much of that overbearing sexual heat, Cindy felt like she'd been lifted to heaven. Every one of her little movements was responded with a tenfold of ecstasy. Even the slightest of twitches and throbs was enough to inundate Cindy's brain with a ton of that so addicting dopamine. All of this pleasure~! All of this lust~! Cindy hadn't felt as alive and energetic as this in years! It was all just too much- The poor girl couldn't bear sleeping anymore!

GLUPK~!!

Jolting upwards, Cindy let out a blissful sigh as she embraced all the overpowering sexual desires that blessed her forceful awakening. The woman tried to open her eyes, eager to let the warm morning sun complement these buzzing desires that swelled within her. But... She couldn't. Cindy's surroundings were embroiled in total darkness. For some reason, Cindy couldn't see a single thing. It wasn't just that her eyes were closed, it more felt like she never had any to begin with!

Panic quickly began to spread through her mind at this sudden realization, temporarily putting all of her sweltering lust in the background. The girl tried to move her hands, only to find the same ghostly sensations. Her legs and torso gave no result either. Any attempt to move would only cause her thick, throbbing torso to twitch and shudder, but she lacked substantial control over any part of her body. In fact, she couldn't even feel her legs or arms or anything!!! The only things Cindy seemed to be aware of were her quivering mouth, fat head and heated torso.

A torso which started to become less and less familiar the more Cindy explored it. Most noteworthy of all of course, were the clear lack of any sort of arms, but Cindy also noticed several strange oddities with her current torso. First, it was almost completely conical, with a very slight plump curvature that gave it a fat appearance. Its length felt incredibly stiff, but also quite flexible and bendy. Her heartbeat was accompanied by a thick, continuous throbbing which caused her mind to thump and thump with arousal. Far from just not being a human torso, there was something about her new body that Cindy simply couldn't get over. It almost felt like...

'Am I a cock...?'

The instant that thought surged into her mind, Cindy's entire body throbbed with arousal. Her lips quivered blissfully, shooting a thick line of gunk onto her sheets. Cindy quickly recomposed herself, her a thick thumping sensation beating through her midsection. I-It was impossible right? Cindy was a human! There was no way she could possibly be a penis. The only reason that errant thought ran into her mind was because the texture of her torso and its strange heated throbbing reminded her of a penis- But there was no way. She didn't even have a penis in the first place, so could she possible be her own-

BLURK~~

Another thick glob of precum shot through Cindy's lips unimpeded, this time thick enough to ooze through the other side of the sheets. The more Cindy thought about being a cock, the more aroused and heated her body became. It wasn't necessarily that she wanted to be a dick. Rather, it felt like more of a natural reaction. A truth that brought pleasure for merely accepting, as if she was finally accepting her correct place in the world. In a desperate attempt to maintain her sanity, Cindy used her businesswoman brain and tried to find a solution to her dilemma.

'I'm not a cock- I'm not a cock- I'm not a cock- I'm not a cock-' She endlessly repeated to herself as a mantra.

But it seemed the mantra itself was counterproductive, for the more she materialized the word 'cock' within her mind, the harder and hotter everything became. Soon Cindy's shaft began to swing up and down with increased force. She could feel her thick cock-lips smearing precum against her sheets, her cockhead throbbing blissfully from the sensation of the soft linen rubbing its most sensitive spot. Cindy's world seemed to be collapsing around her. Logical thought was replaced with arousal. Her senses were betrayed by overwhelming pleasure. Her own body had forsaken her in favor of chasing that ever-enticing climax.

'-cock- cock- cock- cock-' Before Cindy had realized it, her precious mantra had already been corrupted beyond repair. At this point it was too late, and Cindy clearly knew it. Whatever kind of smart and competitive businesswoman she might have been in the past, her brain had totally surrendered to this new form. *'I'm a cock~~ I'm a cock~~ I love being a cock~~ I'm cuuumminnnnggggg~::~'*

With a set of thick powerful blasts, sperm began to explode from Cindy's tip and splatter absolutely everywhere. Cum spurted through the sheets and up into the air like a fountain. It slathered all over Cindy's cock-length, even covering up her human face, arms and legs. It was an absolute mess that would take ages to clean up, but Cindy didn't seem to care one bit. Mind entirely enraptured in this one powerful orgasm, Cindy tepidly accepted the fate of her new form. Her brain had been hardwired into that of a cock after all, so embracing the pleasure of penile climax was all she could really do.

Once the liters upon liters of endless cum finally stopped spouting from the geyser of semen that was her urethra, Cindy could feel a wave of sleepiness overcome her once more. This was the job of a penis after all, to explode with abject ecstasy then return to its peaceful slumber. What fate awaited her body she had no idea. Was another consciousness going to rise and take over? Or would her body simply sit there idly for the rest of time? In all honesty, Cindy couldn't bring herself to care. Cocks didn't bother with such business after all. The one thing that remained certain from now on was that Cindy would get a lot more pleasure and rest than she ever did before.

PROMPT2: Manuela's Drunken Disaster

An angered Hanneman reprimands Manuela after she's destroyed several sacred artifacts in a drunken tirade, only to discover that everyone else in the monastery has been turned into a horny, self-loving Manuela!

BANG! BANG! BANG!!!

The doors to Garreg Mach's infirmary rang loudly with a thunderous set of desperate knocks.

"Open the door right this instant, you devilish woman!" Hanneman's voice soon followed the myriad of banging noises, seeped in a veritable amount of disdain and rage. "I know you're in there, so come right out!"

To say that Hanneman was fuming would be an understatement. It was not often that the aging professor would get this riled up, especially now that he had so much more experience and patience. Yet somehow that Manuela, that dastardly witch- She had a way to get under his skin unlike anyone else. Today particularly, his nerves were on edge more than any other time as well. After some new artifacts had been uncovered from the Holy Tomb, Hanneman had started investing every single inkling of his time researching some never-before-seen crests. He studied the ancient relics to the high hours of the night, pulling several severe all-nighters that were ill-befitting of his age. In fact, Hanneman overexerted himself to such a degree, the poor old man had passed out from exhaustion in his office just last night.

Only for his peaceful, well-deserved slumber to be interrupted by Manuela's voice. A myriad of cries rung out from the hallway, all of them devilish and teasing. Hanneman's head was made such a twirl, he even thought he'd heard multiple of Manuela's voices, all crying in ecstasy as they passed by his office. Disrupting the peace in such an honored and holy institution was one thing, but what really bothered Hanneman was the fact that when he finally regained his senses, the man found his office absolutely ransacked. Books were scattered everywhere, thrown about the floor with no care. Many of the important artifacts he'd been studying had been smashed into pieces, if not outright missing. And a thick stench of alcohol and vomit festered within the room. There were many possibilities as to who the culprit of such an abominable act could have been. But Hanneman knew exactly who it was.

"Do you know the trouble you've caused, you- you-!!! Absolute harlot!!!" Hanneman detested using crass language like that, but his anger was all-pervading. He'd never been this infuriated in his life. "Thousands of years of scientific research down the drain!!! This isn't just petty act of stupidity, it's an affront to humanity itself!! If you think you can get away with this then-"

"Alright- Alright! I get it, Goddess..." With little fanfare, the doors to the infirmary slowly swung open, revealing the troublesome woman Hanneman had been rearing to see.

Manuela leaned against the door post with a sour expression as she faced Hanneman. Not just because she found him annoying, but also because she wasn't feeling in her top shape this morning. The woman held her forehead with one hand, a vain attempt to try and hold in her pounding migraine. It felt as if all of her senses and were being drained from her body, her inner organs twirling in revolt from yet another destructive bender last night. Regardless of how many times she went overboard with the alcohol consumption, she could never overcome the tremendous hangovers that followed.

"What are you going on about so loudly in the morning...?" She asked with sincerity, her brain too sickly to properly process the world around her at this time.

"You broke into my office and destroyed all of my research in a drunk stupor last night, didn't you?!" Manuela winced as she heard Hanneman's barking voice, but this little to incite empathy in the enraged scholar.

Taking a couple of steps back, Manuela tried her best to search through her troubled brain and recall the events of last night. Her expression slowly turned into one of embarrassment as the sparse memories returned to her mind. What she'd hoped was nothing more than a pleasant dream turned out to be a real life event with actual consequences. In her defense though, she'd had a really bad date last night...

"I cannot believe the gall of you woman!!" Hanneman didn't even need Manuela to verbally admit to her crimes, the moment he'd seen the state of his room her guilt was instantly apparent. "I'm well aware how much you detest me, but to think you'd go so far and rip away historic scientific knowledge from the rest of humanity. The church won't be happy either, I'm sure this will warrant some sort of severe punishment for heresy as well. And to think that you would be so belligerent you'd laugh at and taunt me from outside of my office the entire morning... You really have no common sense do you?"

However, as Hanneman mentioned the laughing and taunting, Manuela's guilty demeanor shifted to one of genuine confusion. "What do you mean laughing and taunting?" She asked him with a frown. "I've been sleeping this entire morning."

Hanneman opened his mouth to argue with her, thinking this to be another one of her tricks. The more he thought about it though, the less it made sense. Why would Manuela stand outside his office laughing the entire morning. If she wanted to escape responsibility, she'd try to hide her presence as much as possible. She wasn't denying her guilt of the even either, which made her confusion about the laughing all the stranger. Not to mention Manuela seemed to be in genuine hangover-induced pain at the moment, there was no way she could have been taunting him this whole morning.

"But if that wasn't you, then..." Hanneman pondered to himself, a pit of dread forming in his stomach.

"Teeheehee~"

In that moment, the same teasing and excited giggles that had bothered Hanneman to consciousness rang out from the other side of the hallway, along with the shadow silhouettes of two people. This wasn't Hanneman's exhausted imagination running rampant either. Manuela turned down in response to it too, her curiosity piqued by the sounds. The voices rang in a tone that was eerily similar to Manuela's, if not exactly alike. Neither of them had any idea how such a thing could be possible, considering Manuela herself was standing right here. It was clear that there was something else going on here, and despite that inkling of fear thumping inside of Hanneman's heart, the man was going to find out what.

Stomping all the way down the hallway with indignation, Hanneman rushed towards the feminine giggles that were the source of his torments. Manuela followed closely behind, her heart thumping with excitement for some unexplainable reason. Deep within her core, she could feel a strange sensation of bliss permeating through her, as if she was walking towards her destiny.

Once the two had arrived at the end of the hallways, they quickly hurried down the stairs. The Manuela-like voices grew louder and more numerous. They weren't just giggling either. They were gasping, moaning, screaming out into the monastery air completely unimpeded. Each one of them was seeped in a thick tone of sexual desire, bliss oozing from every little sound. It sent shivers of dread through Hanneman's spine, though it made Manuela's pussy start to quiver with excitement. Hanneman didn't want to consider the thoughts that were forming in his head. He didn't even want to contemplate the reality his senses were informing him of. But as soon as the man turned into castle's main hallway, all of his fears were confirmed.

Right before his very eyes laid Manuela. But not just one. Not just two. Tens... Hundreds... Perhaps even thousands! A countless number of Manuelas spread about every single inch of the main hall, each one identical to the original in every way. The Manuela's found themselves completely devoid of clothes, but

they made up for their lack of warmth by pushing their nude bodies closely together in sexual embrace. Everywhere Hanneman saw, these copies of Manuela were having copious sex with each other. There was not a single Manuela left alone, several of them even had multiple partners. They all pushed and fucked without inhibition, happily embracing a total sexual freedom. Without a doubt, it had to be the most horrifying and disgusting thing Hanneman had ever seen in his entire life

The original Manuela's eyes opened in wonder as she came upon the same exact scene. Her body quivered in anticipation, her heart thumping through her chest with fierce longing.

"This... This..." Manuela whispered to herself, basking in the glorious orgy developing in front of her. "This is the most beautiful thing I've ever seen~~!!!" She confessed, caring little about Hanneman's obvious dread. "I remember now! I was thrashing your office with so much frustration over my date, I wished I could just date myself! Then one of those strange little stones merged with my body and..."

Without any sort of warning, a nude Manuela snuck up behind the original one and wrapped her arms around her own clone. The nude Manuela wasted no time groping and squeezing onto Manuela's fat breasts, eliciting a blissful moan from the original Manuela's mouth. The nude Manuela was more than happy to push her breasts against her original's back, letting their warmth combine as their bodies came ever so closer.

"That's right Manuela~" The nude Manuela continued, her slender fingers pinching Manuela's nipples through her clothes. "When you came back to the infirmary, you accosted that sick boy and turned him into a beautiful Manuela before passing out~ He made sure to return the gift by turning the rest of monastery into Manuelas, so you would wake up to a wonderful Manuela paradise. Isn't that just amazing~?"

Before Manuela could respond, the nude Manuela forcefully pushed her lips against her clone's, locking the two into a tight, passionate, sloppy French kiss. Manuela's eyes rolled to the back of her head, her pussy blasting thick spurts of vaginal fluids through her panties. All of her thoughts, all of her worries, all of her migraine pains were slowly drained from her head, replaced with nothing more than the sweet embrace of Manuela. It was a completely intoxicating sensation of self-love Manuela had always dreamed of.

While the two Manuelas occupied themselves in their romantic exchange, several more Manuelas began to surge from the sides and surround them. Like servants gathering around their queen, they began to undress the original Manuela bit by bit. On the one hand, they didn't want another Manuela to be different to them by wearing clothes. But more than anything, the Manuelas couldn't bear to see another one of their beautiful bodies being covered. They were all so dazzling and wonderful, to cover themselves in any way was nothing but an insult.

Hanneman could only watch the entire even develop with abject horror. One Manuela was already more than a handful to deal with, so having an endless amount of Manuelas all acting in perfect unison to each other was downright terrifying. It was honestly incredible how there was literally nobody else in this filled up hall other than him and an uncountable number of Manuelas. Everyone in this room was Manuela, everyone in Garreg Mach was Manuela, hell Hanneman wouldn't be surprised if much of the surrounding towns were already Manuela too. And the worst part was how eagerly and blissfully they all embraced it. Their voices rang out with ecstasy, bodies pushing together with unfiltered lust. This was a

cataclysm of unprecedented magnitude, but they were all treating it like some sort of blessing. Hanneman couldn't let it stand.

"M-Manuela! Stop all of this nonsense right now!" Hanneman desperately pleaded at the group of Manuelas gathering around their originator. "Can't you see all the destruction your little stint has caused so far?! This new power of yours must be contained before things get any worse!!!"

"Worse? What the hell are you talking about, you rabid old man?" A Manuela stepped in front of Hanneman, defiantly standing between him and the original Manuela with a look of disdain. "Things have only gotten better ever since I started transforming everyone into me. And they're going to get even better yet~"

"That's absolutely correct, my beautiful lovely self~" Another Manuela surged from this Manuela's left side, eagerly wrapping her hands around the standing Manuela's waist and pushing their plump hips together. "I was also a bit uncertain at first, but now that I've experienced this wonderful new world of ours there's no way I can willingly go back~ No longer do I have to suffer the pain of heartbreak, because every single one of my partners is as wonderful and caring as myself. There is no more loneliness, no more conflict. Since we all equally love each other so much, this world of ours has become a flawless utopia~"

Bodies shivering in unison, the pair of Manuelas let out a myriad of moans. Their pussies quivered with utter desire, clamping together in tight orgasm. Merely thinking about their paradise was enough to bring them to climax, a display that frankly disgusted Hanneman to no end.

"What the hell are you going on about woman!?" The aging professor shouted back in anger. "I knew you were delusional, but surely even you must know that forcing yourself onto the world like this is evil! Have some common sense woman!!"

"The only one missing common sense here is you, old fart." The right Manuela snidely commented with a roll of her eyes.

Slowly, the pair of Manuelas began to walk towards Hanneman, their nefarious intent clear in their eyes. The left Manuela flung herself towards Hanneman without any mercy, pouncing on top of the older man and slamming him onto the ground. Poor Hanneman could do little else than groan and gasp as he felt Manuela's body weight pinning him against the floor. Despite being much smaller and lighter than him, he couldn't shake her off for some reason.

"I thought I would enjoy teasing you to no end, but honestly I'm already tired of hearing your annoying voice." Manuela teased the old man, gently rubbing her bare cunt against his pants in a dominating fashion. Though Hanneman hated the fact that Manuela was humiliating him so, even his own body was unable to fight off against Manuela's overbearing beauty, forcing him to pop and embarrassing boner that pushed against Manuela's body.

"If you do not cease this right now then- MMFFFF!!!" But before he had any time to complain, the other Manuela promptly sitting on top of his head with her enormously fat ass.

Hanneman's muffled screams rang loud through the hall, his hands wrapping around Manuela's tight butt. Unfortunately, just as he couldn't get the first Manuela off his crotch, there was no budging the Manuela sitting on top of his face. It wasn't just a matter of physical strength. It was also the fact that

being encased between Manuela's hot, sweaty cheeks was dulling his mind, causing his thought process to slow down to a crawl.

Before long, more and more Manuelas began to endlessly gather around Hanneman. One Manuela sat on his chest, another one sat on his stomach. Neither his arms nor his legs were safe from being accosted by multiple Manuelas. While his senses might have been overwhelmed by the power of Manuela's ass, he could feel the Manuelas start to make out with each other while on top of him. Their voices reached into his ears, their juices oozed onto his figure. The pressure and warmth coming from the Manuelas continued to increase further and further, until it was the only thing inside of Hanneman's mind.

And then... It stopped. Just as suddenly as the Manuelas had gathered around him, they started to dissipate away. Hanneman's senses slowly returned to his body. He could feel his arms, his body, his pulse. The moment that final Manuela had risen from his face, Hanneman gave a loud gasp of relief. Except... The gasp had not come from his own voice...

Looking down upon his body, Hanneman could see that he had a pair of enormous beautiful breasts. They were covered in disgusting, old man clothes, but they were as large and plump as Manuela's. The rest of his figure too had changed. His limbs were long, dainty and slender, his ass plump and full of fat. And down in his nether regions, Hanneman found a plump, womanly pussy instead of that gross penis he'd bore all his life. Slowly lifting his hand to touch his face, Hanneman realized what had happened to him.

However instead of panicking, all that filled her new face was a brilliant smile. In an instant, she understood what Manuela was talking about. All the excitement flowed through her body, inner bliss filled every part of her soul. The pressure from all those Manuelas had stomped the 'Hanneman' out of her soul. Now, this new Manuela was ready to enjoy their paradise together.

PROMPT3: To Relieve

Soleil is stuck on guard duty, finding herself very horny and bored. When her mom, Felicia, passes by and offers to help (by taking over her duties), Soleil misinterprets it as an invitation for some incestual sex. Without even waiting for her mother to explain, Soleil promptly starts dicking down her mother right on the spot until her balls are empty.

There was nothing worse for a happy, energetic girl like Soleil than being stuck on guard duty. The pink haired girl didn't particularly dislike being a soldier per se. It was a good outlet for all of her pent-up energy, and more importantly it was a perfect way to pick up chicks. Nothing caught a cute lass' attention than a being saved by a gallant and confident lady like Soleil. No, it was the boring, stationary waiting that really bore into poor Soleil's mind. Being stuck on a single place, unable to train, flirt or enjoy herself in any way. Truly, these were the worst parts of Soleil's duties.

To make matters even worse, things had been so busy around camp as of late Soleil hadn't gotten any proper 'release'. In short, she was horny. Real fucking horny. Soleil leaned back against the pole behind her, trying to hold back a muffled moan. Despite her best attempts to contain her lust, the girl's cock

pushed free from her panties with a girthy erection, enough to cause a bulge in her skirt but thankfully not too large to be very noticeable. A tired sigh escaped from her pretty pink lips. It wasn't even her fault that she was so aroused all the time. It was a genetics thing. Everyone knew Laslow was a hornball, and Soleil had heard wild stories about her grandmother's crazy nights. Poor pent-up Soleil had just been dealt the short end of the stick.

The fact that Corrin's army was comprised of so many beautiful women certainly wasn't helping Soleil's situation. Were she just guarding an empty warehouse or some foul smelling stables, Soleil would have probably been able to keep it in her loins. Unfortunately, Soleil was standing guard directly in front of the Mess Hall, giving her a clear view to every single busty woman that came across her path. The girl bit her lip as she noticed Camilla's gorgeous royal ass walk along the sidewalks. Her pulse escalated quickly at the sight of Charlotte's scantily clad muscled physique. God, when the pair of titty Hoshidans Kagero and Orochi passed by Soleil felt like she was going to explode!

Despite trying her best to take her job of guard duty seriously, after being exposed to such a wide array of beautiful women Soleil couldn't help but let her imagination run rampant. Eyes growing glazed, the girl began to drool as pictures of her voluptuous allies began to dance around in her mind. She could perfectly picture Azura's soft plump lips wrapping around her entire length whole. Or that insane woman Peri twisting and playing with her cock like it was a stress relief toy. Or even the buff, muscled Rinkah dominating Soleil's penis with her pussy. God- At this point Soleil would pay *unimaginable* amounts of cash to try and plunder Forrest's tight anus. Anything would be better than the infernal desire that had built within her so far.

"Ah! Here you are Soleil!"

It was during this wild session of sexual fantasizing that Felicia, Soleil's mother, came upon the distracted girl. Felicia smiled warmly at her daughter, the sight of her pinkish hair color on Soleil's head bringing her a surge of happiness.

"How are you doing today?" Felicia asked earnestly. "Stuck with guard duty again, huh?"

However, Soleil did not respond. Gaze pointed straight up towards the sky, the horny mercenary had totally lost herself in her perverse fantasies. At this moment in time, her cock was aching harder than ever. Had Felicia not been one of the most airheaded people in existence, she would have certainly noticed the tremendous bulge that pushed forth from Soleil's skirt. There was such an incredible amount of lust building up in Soleil's body, it felt like she was mere seconds away from public masturbation.

To say Soleil's situation was troubling would be an understatement. It got to the point that even Felicia could tell there was something wrong with her daughter. One could call it motherly instinct, but it was really more common sense. Soleil was twitching against the pole behind her, her body quivering with pent up desire. Yet despite seeing the obvious signs of distress coming from her daughter, Felicia could not exactly discern what was bothering Soleil. Felicia had always been a bit slower at getting these sorts of things than her peers. The fact that Soleil was also a bit of a weirdo also made things harder. But being a proper mother, Felicia was determined to help Soleil out no matter what!

It was only after a couple of seconds of deep, thorough contemplation that Felicia's eyes lit up with an idea. Poor Soleil was just bored! Soleil had always been an active girl, so of course she'd become

exhausted after standing around all day. Felicia was her mother after all, she had pretty good insight into these sort of things~ If only Felicia took over for Soleil's guard duty, then surely she'd get to see her daughter's brilliant smile once again.

"Don't worry Soleil!" Felicia spoke in a cocky, confident voice. "I can relieve you if you want!"

The moment the words 'relieve you' pushed through Soleil's ears and registered into her mind, the girl was violently brought back into reality. Soleil's gaze sharply shifted towards Felicia. Her body temperature rose, cock throbbing with further intensity. R-Relieve her?!? Did... Did a cute girl really just offer to have sex with her?! Was she still in a dream or were her well-earned fantasies finally becoming a reality?! Of course, there was the little problem that her *mother* had been the one to suggest such a thing. But oddly enough, Soleil didn't seem to mind in the slightest. Whether out of sheer desperation or because of her innate perversion, the thought that she could plow her mother was utterly arousing to Soleil.

"W-W-Wait- M-Mother-!!!" Soleil gasped, barely able to process the suggestion in her mind. "A-Are you serious? D-Do you really wanna do it?"

"Of course!" Felicia affirmed proudly, her tone totally smug and superior. "For you Soleil, I would gladly do anything."

"Oh mother~!!!" Unable to hold herself back, Soleil flung herself towards Felicia. The older woman accepted her daughter's embrace with a smile, completely unaware of Soleil's much more perverse intentions.

Face beaming with excitement, Felicia opened her mouth in order to express the love she held for her daughter. However, that pretty little mouth of hers quickly found itself entirely blocked as Soleil forcefully pushed her lips against those of her mother's. Felicia's eyes shot wide open. A surge of confusion and abject shock spread throughout her entire body. Her brain could barely even process the fact that she was getting thoroughly French kissed by her own daughter!

In a desperate attempt to regain control of the situation, the maid began to struggle against Soleil's grasp. Unfortunately, whether it was how off guard she was caught, or how much more forceful Soleil was, or simply because of how good it felt, Felicia was completely powerless to stop Soleil's deep, sloppy kiss. Soleil's mouth sucking was simply intoxicating, incredibly similar to the way Laslow totally conquered Felicia's mouth. The longer their kiss continued, the faster Felicia's resistance seemed to die off. Her legs dutifully followed Soleil's directions, her body entirely at her daughter's mercy. Little by little, Soleil pushed Felicia out of the main street and into one of the secluded back alleys, where Soleil could get that relief she needed without any distractions.

Before long, the mother-daughter duo found themselves in the dimly lit alley between two buildings, where they would no longer be disturbed. Soleil forcefully pulled up the hem of Felicia's maid dress without any resistance, her mother much too overwhelmed to do anything but moan. Hips bustling with desire, she needily rubbed her cock between Felicia's thick legs, more than ready to conquer the pussy which had spawned her.

"Oh mother~ Thank you so much for the offer~" Soleil gasped breathlessly, every inch of her body pouring with desperate need. "You can NOT imagine how badly I need this~"

“N-N-No S-Soleil waiiiitttt-“ Felicia tried desperately to plead one last time. Though her body was quaking from Soleil’s flirtatious advances, her arms flimsily attempted to push her away to no avail. Unfortunately, it was much too late. “NGGGGGGHHHH~~~”

Hips viciously slamming against Felicia’s crotch, Soleil’s cock smashed through her mother’s sopping panties and plunged directly into the maid’s tight pussy. She gave Felicia no time to rest either, as her waist began to piston away at Felicia’s cunt at incredible speeds. Each time Soleil’s cock pushed into her mother’s pussy, it left Felicia’s mind entirely blank. As much as she wanted to forsake and despise these feelings, all she could do was robotically moan in response to her own daughter’s motions. It was horrible to admit but... She was slowly becoming addicted to her daughter’s cock.

Deep within Soleil’s mind, the main driving force of her lust was a desperate desire to breed and dominate. She wanted to completely subdue every little aspect of her partner, from her sexual desire to the very way she stood. Grabbing onto both of Felicia’s legs, Soleil promptly plucked her mother up and pinned her against the wall, taking away Felicia’s very spatial independence. Her mouth pushed against Felicia’s lips once more, sucking up all of the maid’s air while she cleaned Felicia’s mouth from the taste of anyone but Soleil’s. Everything that Felicia was, everything she desired- It all belonged to Soleil now. It was a lesson that was slowly and forcefully engraved in her mind.

As Soleil’s complete and utter domination over her mother’s body continued, any last shreds of resistance slowly began to mellow out. Felicia’s pussy tightened around Soleil’s cock in a welcoming manner, her voice began to moan out happily in response to Soleil’s kiss. Instead of pushing Soleil away, Felicia’s arms began to wrap around her daughter’s body, as did her legs, clamping the two together in a tight loving embrace. A little bit of Felicia’s mind told her that she was supposed to reject this. Loving memories or her commitment to her husband Laslow played in her mind. But just as soon as a doubt seemed to reemerge, it was instantly shattered to pieces as Soleils slammed the tip of her fat cockhead against the entrance to Felicia’s womb. Soleil’s dominion over Felicia’s mind was too large, and her submission only continued to grow the more the two fucked. Felicia loved her husband but... He’d never fucked her as well as Soleil did~

“Ahhhh~~ M-M-Mommy!!” Soleil exclaimed breathily into the air, her hips moving on total autopilot. “Your pussy is too tight~ I-I can’t- I’m gonna~~!!!”

With one final dominating thrust, Soleil slammed her entire cock into Felicia’s cunt, burying the tip of her cockhead against her mother’s womb, only to unload blast after blast of her thoroughly thick and creamy ejaculate inside. Felicia screamed in ecstasy, her eyes rolling to the back of her head while her entire body quivered in orgasm. She could feel her eggs getting fertilized in real time, Soleil’s superior genes bonding with her own. Though it was so wrong, it only made Felicia’s desperate orgasm all the stronger. Soleil’s hot steamy cum filled up every recess of Felicia’s pussy, while Soleil’s warmth infected every inch of Felicia’s mind. The last thing Felicia thought before she passed out from overwhelming ecstasy was how happy she’d be to carry Soleil’s children.

Grunting and gasping with bliss, Soleil gave little mind to her mother collapsing on top of her with a drunken smile. It was far from the ordinary after all. Most of the women she had sex with passed out their first time with Soleil. Instead, Soleil focused on dumping every last ounce of her excess cum inside of her mother’s womb. It was such a refreshing feeling, to finally get all of that pent up lust out of her

system. It made her feel ready to stand guard for many hours more! Perhaps if her mother kept 'assisting' Soleil with her needs then guard duty would not be as boring as Soleil thought~

PROMPT4: Futa Delinquent Unleashed

A big, beefy delinquent girl gets fed up with soft femboy and violates him, blasting fat ropes of cum into his ass and mind breaking him for her pleasure.

The young delinquent Homare sat at the back of her classroom with a proud, cocky smile, putting up her feet on top of the desk and reclining backwards like a queen fitting snugly into her proper throne. It felt good to be the most feared and respected person in the entire academy. Her naturally blond hair was already intimidating to most of her pale, black-haired classmates, but it was only when she tanned her skin and started to act like a top-grade ruffian that she'd truly found her place. Nowadays, not a single teacher dared ask about her homework or bother her about her grades. Every single one of her classmates scuttled in fear at her mere presence. There was no one in this entire school that could even dream about coming up against Homare's absolute reign of terror.

"HOMARE!!!"

That is, except for that annoying little member of the moral's committee, the cute femboy Arata.

"So this is where you are!" Arata huffed and puffed in an annoyed tone, seemingly unintimidated by Homare's larger presence. "I can't believe you're skipping PE again!! Please take your shoes off the table, you're going to get them dirty! And fix up your uniform! You should act more like a proper lady!"

Homare merely rolled her eyes at the boy's suggestions. After all of the rumors about her had been spread and how bad her reputation had gotten, Homare had no idea how a tiny boy like Arata could even think about confronting her. Their size difference was absolutely enormous, for starters. While Arata had just barely reached his five feet, Homare was already a monstrous 6'1. Their strength difference was also quite obvious, for despite constantly skipping PE class, there was no doubt that Homare's thick, muscled arms could totally break through Arata's paper thin body. If Homare really wanted to, she could completely annihilate Arata without even breaking a sweat.

"I head you haven't been doing your homework either. That's no good!" Arata continued reprimanding the girl, getting much closer than any before him had ever done. "Your studies are very important, you should take them more seriously! What are you going to do when you grow up, huh?"

The only reason why Homare hadn't taken care of that little brat Arata was actually quite simple. He was so freaking cute!!! What Arata lacked in masculinity, he more than made up for in a deliciously perverse body. His face was cute and round, as shiny as any girl's face even with no hints of makeup. Whilst his body was slender and his waist was tiny, the boy's bottom was absolutely tremendous. His thighs were as fat as missiles, his ass so large and plump it was literally straining against his pants. Every little movement that he made was enough to make his fat butt jiggle and bounce rapidly. As much as a heartless bitch as Homare liked to think of herself as, the truth is that even she could not resist the temptation of such a sweet piece of candy. The moment she gazed upon his delicious body and heard his soft, chirpy voice, it felt like she'd come under a spell...

“Honestly Homare, it’s about time you dropped this delinquent act!” Arata crossed his arms in frustration, sighing sadly as if he was personally responsible for Homare’s growth. “I’m really worried about what’s going to become of you, you know?”

BANG!!!

All of a sudden, Homare slammed the palms of her hands onto her desk, causing the cute Arata to recoil back in surprise. The girl’s face was totally obscured in darkness, though a menacing intent was clearly visible within. Slowly, she rose up from her seat, really accentuating the incredible difference in their heights. For the first time ever since Arata had been bothering Homare, the boy felt thumping, genuine fear. A series of chills ran down his spine, his body instinctively stepping backwards. Being naïve and optimistic, Arata never wanted to believe the rumors about Homura’s terrible deeds. There was no way she would do something rash and bad... Right?

“Alright Arata, that’s quite enough.” The woman spoke in a menacing tone that caused every bone in Arata’s body to freeze up with fear. “I’ve been hearing you yapping and barking at me for all this time. But it seems you don’t really understand the hierarchy of this relationship. The one who is really in charge here is not you, it’s me.”

Thick hands flying onto Arata’s shoulders, Homare was able to effortlessly seize the boy’s body into her grasp. Poor, fearful Arata began to shake and shudder with fear, dreading that his life was finally about to come to an end. However, Homare’s intentions were much different. That face that was supposedly mired with murderous intent was actually oozing copious amounts of arousal. What Arata thought were angered shivers were actually the quivers of desire coming from Homare’s body. Homare absolutely loved hearing the powerless Arata complaining to her, completely unaware how outmatched he truly was. But when she’d heard that she was worried for her, it became too much to contain, and her arousal finally exploded into a physical form.

Unable to contain her urges any longer, Homare slammed Arata face down against the nearest desk. The boy groaned helplessly as his face was pushed against the wooden table and his ass was propped outwards. He could barely breathe, barely think, wondering if Homare would crush his skull for a quick merciless death or slowly asphyxiate him and enjoy his pain to that last moment of his pathetic life. However... No such torture ever came Arata’s way. Though he was completely immobilized and at Homare’s mercy, the bully never went as far as finishing the job. Instead, Arata could feel a strange, rod-shaped object start rubbing against his fat, femboy ass.

“H-H-Homare?!?!?” The boy asked in a panicked state. “W-What’s that?!?”

“Heheheh~” Homare merely chuckled ominously in response. “This is what I’m going to use to teach you your place~”

Arata gulped loudly in response, his imagination filling in the gaps of what such an object could be. Before he could give any further response, Arata yelped sheepishly as he felt his pants getting pulled all the way down in one swift motion. His entire plump, voluptuous ass was left exposed in the process, not even his underwear remaining to cover his shame. Luckily, Arata’s butt was so thick and round, it basically covered his cute cocklet and anus of its own accord.

It was only in this state of total undress that Arata could finally discern the strange protrusion that was pushing between his fat buns. The unknown object was large, girthy and cylindrical. Without even

looking at it, the boy could feel its massive warmth. Homare let out a blissful groan as the rod rubbed against his cheeks, which caused the thick member to twitch excitedly in response. This rough veiny texture... The hot, sweaty musk... Arata dreaded to consider the possibility, but as his mind worked overtime there was only one thing this foreign object could be. The enormous rod nestled between Arata's asscheeks was Homare's fat cock, and she was intending to pound his virgin ass with it.

"D-D-Don't do it Homare!!!!" Arata pleaded, desperation and fear oozing from his character. "W-W-We can't do t-this sort of thing a-a-at school!"

"See?" Homare responded cockily. "The fact you talk to me this way is why I have to retrain you with my cock. Once we're done, the only thing you'll be able to think about is being a good cocksleeve~"

Without even giving Arata a single second to process his situation, Homare slammed her hips against the boy's ass with one vicious swing. The sound of their bodies colliding reverberated throughout the entire school, ringing so loudly it drowned Arata's gasp of pleasure mixed with pain. Homare's thrust had been sharp and accurate. Using her overwhelming strength, she'd been able to push past Arata's thick amounts of ass fat and skewer the depths of his boy pussy like a lance piercing through the enemy's armor. Groaning and gasping happily, Homare basked in the sensation of his boyhole. Arata's anus was tight, as uptight as the nosy rule-following nerd was normally. It was a sensation of pristine virginity that Homare would take pleasure in utterly breaking.

Using the same amount of absolute, brutish strength as before, Homare started to plow Arata's tight butt over and over and over again. The sadistic girl gave poor Arata no room to even breathe between the tremendously powerful thrusts of her hips. His ass got totally squeezed with each and every one of her pushes, the circumference of his anus widening the more her enormous cock wiggled inside him. Homare was completely merciless in the way she used his ass, pounding away at his rim without even the slightest care of what the aftermath might be.

For most people, such a foreign and violent experience would have been mire by nothing but the utmost of pain. However, the worst part of it all was that Arata was enjoying every single second of his torture. The boy's groans shifted from pain to oozing arousal, spit and drool sputtering out of his mouth with every yelp. He could feel his ass eagerly tightening around Homare's shaft, as if his very physiology was shifting in order to please the girl's cock. All of his life Arata had been a proper and diligent student. Doing things as dirty as these had never even crossed his mind. So why was it that this was the most pleasurable thing the boy had ever experienced?!?

"See~? Isn't this so much better than being a stick in the mud~?" Homare taunted him, happily demolishing his virgin hole with her meaty cock.

No, Arata didn't want to accept it. Though his body was slowly surrendering to Homare's dick, the boy didn't even want to consider himself to be such a perverted brute that would lose himself to arousal. It was only then that Homare finally decided to push things into overdrive.

Climbing on top of the same desk she'd planted Arata, Homare began to fuck the defenseless boy with ever increased intensity. No longer needing to help her stand, her legs focused entirely on destroying Arata's tight bussy. Her arms wrapped around the boy's slender body, while her fat breasts pushed against the back of his head. Every single inch of Arata's body was embroiled in Homare's warmth. It was like his entire body had become a part of hers.

As the butt pounding intensified, Arata did his best to steel himself. He ignored the sloppy sounds of anal sex that came from his butt, which grew louder and sultrier as his anus expanded to fit more of Homura's cock. All the blissful sensations of his oozing cock and thumping heart were pushed away from his head, despite the fact they continued to wreak havoc at the back of his mind. Arata's job was to be a good boy who followed the rules! He wasn't supposed to fall into this temptation. The only reason why he'd bothered Homare in the first place was to set her on the right path. The only reason he decided to talk to her in the first place- It was- It was-!!!

"Come on bitch boy, stop resisting~" Homare whispered into his ears, completely shattering his defenses. "You were mine the moment you saw me, weren't you~"

In an instant, every last inkling of Arata's resistance was torn asunder and the boy's cock began to spurt thick ropes of cum all over the desk. His eyes rolled to the back of his head, his body pushing against Homare's in a submissive gesture. All of his values, all of his morals, it felt like they'd been replaced with sex. He didn't care for breaking the rules as long as he got to keep getting Homare's dick. In truth, Arata didn't know if Homare had been right, but one thing remained for certain. Whether it was from the moment he saw her or somewhere later down the line, Arata knew his body now belonged to Homare.

PROMPT5: Asian Delicacies

A young Asian woman has made food for her unsuspecting family. As the family eats, they grow hornier and more unhinged, until the woman reveals she's been possessed by a ghost and has ejaculated into the food with her futa cock, causing the rest of the family to also lose control of their body and become possessed by the same ghost.

Cooking is an absolutely fundamental part of oriental cultures. That is what Mana, mature wife and mother of two had been desperately trying to impart on her daughter. Aiko had just gotten accepted into college and was still too young to think about such things, but Kiyoko was most definitely long overdue in learning. For many years Mana had tried cementing into Kiyoko the importance of being able to cook. How the easiest way to a man's heart was through cooking, how a proper wife was supposed to cook for her husband and children without any problem. At 29 already, it seemed like Kiyoko was going to be a lost cause. Until today...

As Kiyoko placed a plate of delicious fried katsu curry with rice before Mana, the woman couldn't help but shimmer and smile with pride. Their entire dining room table was filled to the brim with food, and not just curry either. Traditional Japanese dishes, sushi, fresh fish and so much more. Kiyoko even mentioned that she had a 'special dessert' prepared for them all. Mana had no idea where this had come from. Neither did her father Yasuhiro nor her younger sister Aiko. All of them looked at the table full of food with surprise and excitement. After all this time, Kiyoko looked to have finally taken her mother's words to heart.

Without wasting a single moment's notice, the family started to ravenously dig into the amazing food laid before them. Aiko was absolutely shoveling food into her mouth, no amount of self-restraint or self-control as rice and fried pork rushed through her digestive system. Her father too, was happy to gorge himself on sushi which soothed his soul after a long day of work. Mana took things a little bit easier,

wanting to enjoy the moment as much as the food. Taking a sip of the warm miso soup, she couldn't help but groan happily. It was delicious! Everything Mana could have hoped for had come true.

"Oh Kiyoko, I'm so happy that you've finally decided to get into cooking!" Mana gasped with a blissful expression. "If you're going to keep living with us for so long, the least you could do was help us a little bit. Plus, with food like this you're going to get a husband in no time!"

"Hell yeah big sis!!!" Aiko grunted in between bites of her curry, food sputtering everywhere as she spoke loudly. "This is the best food I've ever had in my entire life! It's got this superb sweetness, but this tangy, salty aftertaste I can't describe! It's totally awesome!"

"I never imagined my little girl would grow into such a fine young woman~" Yasuhiro sighed happily, letting the flavors of the sushi swivel and explode in his mouth. "For your first time cooking, it really ended up superb! Tell us, how did you manage to make such an amazing meal?"

All of a sudden, an ominous shadow came upon Kiyoko's face. Mana was the only one who really noticed it, a shiver of fear running down the spine. She could see a reddish glow start to come out from Kiyoko's pupils, which was strange because Kiyoko had always had beautiful green eyes.

"It was no big deal really..." Kiyoko spoke in a strangely threatening voice. Slowly, the woman rose up from her chair. She began to unbuckle her pants, which seemed to be bulging with a strange protrusion. "All I did was use a little bit of my special sauce to add *extra* flavor~"

Pulling her pants all the way down with a swift yank, Kiyoko gave a nefarious chuckle as a thick, veiny cock sprouted forth from her crotch. The penis had a demonic red tint to its skin, its size as girthy and long as a fat sausage. There was no pubic hair to cover its base, making it appear even large and more imposing. With two fat, heavy balls hanging down freely like a pair of pendulums, and a deliciously round and bulbous cockhead to tip its shaft, Kiyoko looked to have the most incredible, throbbing penis ever seen on a human.

"Kiyoko?!?" Immediately overwhelmed with dread and shock, Mana surged from her seat. She was just as disgusted as she was confused. She'd seen Kiyoko naked many times- Hell, she'd given BIRTH to Kiyoko. So why did her little girl suddenly have a mean, unnatural penis attached to her body. "What on earth is that thing?!?"

It was a mostly reasonable question. All of Mana's concerns were more than understandable. However, for some reason she was the only family member that even reacted to Kiyoko's reveal. Her father had a dazed expression on his face, looking like he was in between this world and another dimension of fantasy. Aiko meanwhile, seemed actually encouraged. The ravenous girl started to eat her food with increased fervor. She could feel her heartbeat rising, every inch of her body burning with a strange new feeling.

"Special sauce... Special sauce... Special sauce, huh...?" Aiko muttered to herself almost like a madwoman, burying her face into the curry until there was nothing left on the plate. Rising up from her chair light a lightning bolt, girl looked towards her sister with a serious expression. "That's no fair Kiyoko!! I want to make my own special sauce too!!!"

Slamming one foot on top of the table, Aiko quickly pulled her mini-shorts down and began to finger her bare pussy. Mana looked at the scene with a horrified expression. She could see her youngest daughter

violently moaning and grunting before her own eyes, Aiko's damp vaginal juices squirting all over the table. But the worst part was when Aiko's pussy began to twist and deform. Little by little, Aiko's cute little clit grew forth from its folds. The member fattened and extended into a massive reddened shaft that was the same size as Kiyoko's, allowing Aiko to switch from shlicking her pussy to rubbing her newly grown cock. The rest of her pussy wasn't left intact either. As Aiko pumped her new demonic penis, her vaginal entrance began to close and fatten until they'd fully transformed into a fat pair of hefty balls, forever sealing Aiko's feminine organ.

"Special sauce~ Special sauce~" Aiko moaned blissfully, her masturbation growing even more intense and violent by the second. "My special sauce is coming oouuuutttt~"

Head rolling back and hips pushing forward, Aiko gave a cry of ecstasy as her new cock began to unload its thick juices all over the table and food. Every inch of her body trembled with pleasure, her new figure having integrated with her penis. And as if to truly seal her new fate, the girl's previously bright purple irises began to glow the same red as Kiyoko's.

"Aiko!!!" Mana screamed in shock and disbelief, utterly horrified to have seen her youngest daughter's corruption in real time. "Yasahiro!!!" She called out to her husband, hoping for a little bit of support in these desperate times. "T-There's something wrong with our daughters!! W-W-We have to get help!!"

To Mana's dismay however, Yasahiro seemed as strange and unaffected as her daughters. With a vacant, empty look on his face, the man grumbled and wobbled helplessly.

"I-It's alriiiiight dear..." He grunted, movements sluggish and uncontrolled. "T-There's noooo need to worry or shouuuut... How about you have some more of that **yummy** special sauce~ I sure know I could use some myself~"

"Oooohhhh you want some more special sauce 'daddy'~?" Aiko cooed excitedly. "Don't worry! I'll give you some more sauce straight from the source~"

Hopping on top of the table, Aiko stepped through the food, smashing and squishing it with her shoes until she'd arrived at her father's side. She kicked the plate of sushi in front of him to the wall, causing it to shatter into pieces and having the pieces of sushi scatter all over the floor, just so she could kneel down directly in front of him. With her cock just a few inches in front of her father's face, Aiko grabbed Yasahiro's head and slammed her hardened dick into the depths of his mouth.

Mana let out a gasp of sheer terror at the sight of her daughter raping her father's mouth with her new cock. Yasahiro's response was much different however. As the delicious taste of Aiko's cock and its juices seeped into his taste buds, Yasahiro's eyes shot wide with excitement. The middle-aged man grabbed Aiko by her hips and began to slovenly slurp up her cock. His head bobbed back and forth rapidly, his tongue swirling around the length of Aiko's dick. It seemed his blowjob was quite incredible, because soon Aiko was moaning and gasping happily to the powerful suction power of her father's mouth. Yasahiro had already given in to his new role, which was all the more obvious when his eyes too turned a brilliant blood red.

"Heh... It seems that old fool is already under my control." Yukiko spoke with a deep, threatening voice. "The only one that's left is you..."

“Yukiko- N-No!!!” Mana yelped with fear, stumbling backwards from the imposing aura her daughter was producing. “Why would you do this to us?!?”

“You still don’t get it, do you?” Yukiko gave a maniacal chuckle that sent shivers down Mana’s spine. “There is no more Yukiko. I am the ancient Euronymous, and I have taken over your family’s body. Your daughter Yukiko, your daughter Aiko, even your husband Yasahiro. I control them all. They tasted my seed, so they belong to me. You too have tasted it, which means it’s too late for you to resist.”

As the words came from Euronymous’ mouth, Mana finally realized that her body was being wracked in arousal. Mana’s pussy pulsated with excitement, copious amounts of vaginal juices overflowing from her panties to make a giant damp spot on her pants. As much as she despised the sight of her finally being corrupted to a couple of mindless, perverted drones, at the same time it was also the most arousing thing she’d seen.

Pumping her cock with a menacing expression, Yukiko slowly began to approach Mana. The mother tried her best to move away from the threatening girl, but her body refused to respond in any manner. It was as if she’d lost control of her faculties, leaving her a prisoner inside of her own body. Even as Yukiko stopped beside her mother began to take the clothes off Mana’s body, Mana herself did not budge an inch. Staying completely static, she allowed herself to get fully undressed until her mature MILF-y body was ripe for Yukiko to claim.

There was not an ounce of remorse inside of Yukiko’s body as she lifted Mana’s legs up into the air in order to expose her mother’s sopping pussy. Mana wanted to give a cry of bloody murder, but all she could manage was breathy, needy whimpers. The feeling of her daughter’s fat dick pushing against her anus should have inspired nothing but horror, yet the only thing she felt was excitement bursting forth from her cunt. This entire situation was so wrong! What this thing had done to her family could only be described as downright evil! So why the hell was she so aroused?!?!

Mana screamed out in delight the moment Yukiko slammed her hips forward and pushed her cock into the depths of her mother’s ass. Her eyes opened as wide as possible, her body quivering in utter delight. For a single moment, it felt as if a swath of clarity surged into her mind. In some unexplainable manner, Mana could feel everything else her family was feeling. Her mouth tingled as if she was sucking on Aiko’s cock, her crotch trembled like it was Aiko’s dick itself feeling her husband’s dexterous tongue rolling around it. She could even feel the tightness of her own anus, squeezing down on a phantom cock that sent shivers through her entire body. It almost felt like... She was the same as every one of her family members.

Soon Kiyoko began to violently thrust into Mana’s asshole. Her crotch slammed against Mana’s fat ass, causing it to jiggle and sending ripples of sound throughout the entire room. Mana’s moans grew louder and more intense. Not just because of how amazing it her daughter’s cock felt either. All of Kiyoko’s lust was pouring into her body, as was Yasahiro’s and Aiko’s. Their combined pleasures and desires were overwhelming her mind, sending her into a frenzy which no sane person could even dream to resist.

“You can feel it, can’t you~?” Kiyoko spoke in this powerful, all-knowing voice.

“Your consciousness is merging into mine.” Aiko continued, completely in sync with Kiyoko. “All of your thoughts, your dreams, your individuality, I’m absorbing it into our superior mind.”

“There’s no need for you to resist any longer.” Kiyoko’s voice boomed loudly, as if it was projecting directly into Mana’s mind. “In just a few seconds, you’ll just be little part of my grand subconscious.”

All Mana could respond with was a howl of ecstasy. Despite how horrifying the implications of it sounded, the words only filled her with more arousal and pleasure. Focusing down on her crotch, Mana could see a huge cock growing forth from her pussy. Without even the slightest of second thoughts, Mana’s hands flew down onto the throbbing shaft and began to masturbate it. She didn’t even care that it wasn’t finished growing, the woman rubbed and caressed it until it was fully formed and completed. This wasn’t just her cock, it was *their* cock. The same juicy, reddened, demonic penis all of their bodies possessed. The incredibly girthy and powerful source of their desires. Nothing made her happier than having one of her own.

“Noouuuuu~ I-I can feel you inside my heaaadd~” Mana cried blissfully, her hands rubbing her throbbing cock with increased fervor. “S-Stoop ittt~ I-if you keep going I’m-!! I’m just going to become a part of yoooouuuuuu~”

As Mana’s cock began to throb violently, sputtering thick loads of white liquid all over the table in a powerful orgasm, the woman’s eyes finally started to glow a fierce red. Mana’s expression turned into a nefarious one, her body twitching as it accepted its new host. There was no more Mana anymore, or Yukiko or Aiko or Yasahiro. There was only Euronymous.

“Finally, that bitch’s body is mine!!!” Mana’s body cried in ecstasy. The perverse body happily started to grope Mana’s large tits while her cock bounced up and down with orgasm. “These MILF-y tits and sagging ass are the best!! Aren’t I the sexiest whore around~?”

“Yeah, you look fucking amazing~” Yukiko answered Euronymous’ own question. “There’s nothing better than forcing bodies into some immoral incestual sex~”

Locking eyes together, Mana’s and Yukiko’s body pushed their lips together and began to passionately kiss each other while they continued fucking. Yukiko’s hands started to caress Mana’s thick, saggy breasts, her hips thrusting forth until her cock finally exploded inside of her mother’s tight anus. The pleasures of Euronymous’ victory were so intense, that even Aiko’s body succumbed to its orgasm, sputtering thick loads of cum into Yasahiro’s throat while the middle-aged man came inside of his pants. Their minds were in total sync, their bodies connected as one. After so many years being dormant, Euronymous was finally back in his full power. But for an ancient deity like himself, this was only the beginning...

PROMPT6: Soren, Onahole Strategist

Soren is summoned to the world of Heroes, but something goes wrong during the process and he transforms into a sex toy midway through! Not that the Futa!Summoner minds, as she’s more than eager to use this cute new onahole.

Like a spark of lightning crashing down from the sky, a bright flash of white light embroiled Soren's body whole. The entirety of Soren's surroundings disappeared, the flow of time ebbing away into nothingness. In a matter of seconds, reality itself seemed to have shifted, and Soren found himself in this strange blank place between worlds. However, for some strange reason Soren didn't panic in the slightest. His mind was imparted with a little bit of knowledge that made the experience a little bit less harrowing. Soren wasn't dying or crumbling through the cracks of reality. He was being summoned to another world as a *Hero*. He would become an important soldier in an army that protected the weak and kept the peace in the multiverse. It as a fate that albeit abrupt and uncalled for, was nonetheless welcomed.

What Soren *hadn't* been expecting was for his body to suddenly start twisting and shifting in strange ways. As a strange bubbly sensation formed in the pit of Soren's stomach, the boy could feel his, insides start to churn with this... Almost plastic-y sensation. His limbs became malleable and flimsy, like they were made of clay. His skin became rubbery and stiff, much tighter than that of any regular living being. Soren tried his best to struggle and fight against this sensation, but stuck this in this vacant white purgatory, there was nowhere he could go. He was basically a sitting duck for this strange ailment affecting his body!

The first signs that something was *really* wrong to Soren were the way his clothes suddenly exploded into pieces, leaving his entire body completely nude and exposed to the elements. The boy gave a little yelp of embarrassment. In a desperate attempt to save some of his modesty, he tried to cover his bare body parts with his hands. Unfortunately, just as he tried to do so, his arms instead began to shrink into his own shoulder pads. Little by little, from his forearms down to his hands, every last inch of Soren's hands retreated back into his shoulders until they'd been swallowed up completely, leaving nothing there but a perfectly smooth round stump. It was like he'd never had any arms to begin with!

His legs wasted no time in going through a similar experience. No matter how hard Soren flailed them, the boy could do nothing to prevent them from getting slurped back into his own form. To make things even worse, the more of his legs that were consumed, the more his ass inflated and grew. Like a pair of balloons endlessly being filled with air, Soren's asscheeks grew fatter and fatter. His anus too ballooned in size, its rim growing meaty, plump and perfectly round. Despite the intense dread that coursed through his body, the sensations of stimulation were enough to cause his cute cock to grow into a full erection. However, since the rest of his fat bottom had grown so large, his penis looked downright pathetic in comparison. By the time Soren's legs were completely gone, was nothing but a cute little stump of a man with an enormous ass and an incredibly fat asshole for a bottom.

Just when it seemed the changes were at their end, Soren's skin began to tingle with bubbling sensations. Looking down upon his midsection, the boy could see a wave of pink materialize from his belly button and spread out to every corner of his body. Wherever this pink substance touched, it caused a spike of pleasure through Soren's mind, replacing his soft human skin with squishy, malleable pink plastic. His entire torso had been turned into pink mush in seconds, the area up to his shoulders and down to his hips gone in the blink of an eye. Not a single inch of Soren's cute body was spared by this conquering pink slime.

When the pink wave reached his nether regions, it swallowed up Soren's tiny cock without mercy. The boy's penis became incredibly sensitive and permanently erect, stuck in a wave of arousal that sent shills through Soren's brain. The slime wasted no time entering his asshole either, wrapping completely

around his fat rim and deep inside of Soren's insides. It wasn't just coating Soren's body, the slime was shifting his very physiology. Soren's complex intestinal system was demolished and replaced with one singular fleshy tube. All of his organs were absorbed and turned into nothing more than clear see-through pink plastic making him more plastic than man with every passing second.

Severe palpitations of panic surged through Soren as he felt the pink come up from inside of his body and rise towards his face. The boy tried to scream, only for his throat to squeak in a plastic-y tone as the pink overtook his body. Any attempts to keep the slime contained by shutting his mouth close were doomed to fail from the start, as it broke through Soren's feeble resistance and coated his face whole. The boy's terrified expression was forcefully reformed into one of mindless pleasure, his mouth twisting into a perverted O-shape while his eyes became crossed. All the singular strands of hair on his head combined into a singular mesh of pink, while the rest of his face effortlessly succumbed to the pink invasion. By the time the spread of pink was done, every single part of Soren's body was made of soft, squishy plastic.

Just as Soren's transformation finished, the entire world around him finally seemed to return to normal. The endless void of white was slowly reconstructed into a real physical plane of existence, the laws of physics returning to act like they were supposed to. As time began to pass once more and gravity started to affect Soren's body, the boy found himself helplessly falling down towards the ground. Somehow, it seemed like he had shrunken down to the size of a rod while floating in the air. And now that he lacked any sort of control over his plastic-coated figure, there was nothing he could do to prevent himself from crashing onto the hard stone floor.

Pomf!

However, instead of feeling his body smash into the cold, sturdy surface of the ground, the boy landed atop of a pair of soft, feminine hands that embroiled him in a tender embrace. Looking up towards the owner of the hands, Soren found a beautiful woman looking down upon him with a smile. The woman's eyes were covered by a hood, making it hard to see. But the white robe and air of authority made it clear to Soren that she had been the one who had summoned him here in the first place.

"Oh my goodness!!" The Summoner exclaimed with an excited smile. "Those special pink summoning orbs Anna made work perfectly! Now I have a cute little Soren to use as my cocksleeve~!!!"

Immediately, any sensation of hope or relief Soren had placed on this woman had instantly vanished in favor of pure unadulterated fear. This woman-!!! She had been the one who'd caused Soren's complete degeneration into a sex toy?!? How could such a beautiful woman smile so happily at the utter corruption of Soren's form? It was an utterly despicable act! To use her powers in such a nefarious manner... Soren had dealt with people as terrible as her before, there was no way he was going to leave things like this! And what did she mean by cocksleeve? There was no way a cute lady like that could have-

Unfortunately, as the Summoner slowly lowered Soren towards her crotch, the boy's fears were completely confirmed. Instead of having a cute little pussy, the Summoner was packing the largest cock Soren had ever seen. It was easily twice as big as Ike's, utterly dwarfing even Soren's new body in size. If Soren could have screamed, he would have let out the most terrified howl his vocal cords could produce. Poor Soren's face was perpetually stuck in a perverted expression though, and his body was completely at the Summoner's mercy. No amount of mental resistance was going to make the

Summoner's slender hand release its tight grip around Soren's torso. Regardless of how many times Soren insisted he was going to break, there nothing that could stop the summoner from pushing the tip of her fat penis against Soren's large anus. Right this moment, Soren was nothing more than a toy. It was a lesson he was about to learn the hard way.

Tender digits squeezing down on Soren's plastic body, the Summoner mercilessly smashed her cock into the depths of Soren's anus. Though it should have been an incredibly tight fit for the virgin toy, his butt was now producing copious amounts of slimy lubrication that allowed the Summoner's fat cockhead to conquer his insides. Thrust after thrust, the Summoner's hips made quick work of Soren's hole while her hand firmly held him in place. Soren's plastic anus wrapped around every inch of her length with a rubbery grip, his cock throbbed happily in a bout of never-ending arousal. Despite his initial resistance, it seemed Soren was very rapidly capitulating to the Summoner's sexual superiority.

The Summoner was far from done having her way with Soren as well. So far, she'd barely managed to push about half of her cock inside of Soren. But for someone as horny and hung as her, there was no way she'd be satisfied until her entire member rested deep inside of Soren's tight folds! Readjusting her grip and grabbing onto Soren's body with both hands, the Summoner began to thrust her penis deeper and deeper inside of Soren. The boy could feel his insides stretch and tear to the shape of her fat, gigantic cock. The more of her cock that overtook his tight pleasure hole, the more Soren felt his entire body was bound to be torn in half. His entire body shivered with a mixture of pure ecstasy and utter fear. There was no way she could fit her entire length inside him, right?!?

But just when the task seemed most impossible, the Summoner's cockhead finally popped out of the other side, pushing right through his O-shaped lips and totally violating his pretty face. Soren moaned blissfully inside of his mind, his entire body twitching along to the beat of the Summoner's cock. Soren was all dick now. From his fat ass which pushed against the Summoner's crotch, to the tip of his lips which lovingly kissed the underside of the Summoner's dickhead, every inch of his body was wrapped to the warmth of the Summoner's cock. It was such a nightmarish situation, the worst humiliation Soren could have thought of. Yet, he didn't seem to hate it in the slightest. Rather, this was the most aroused Soren had ever felt in his entire life. It was at this point that Soren realized the futility in fighting against the physiology of his new form. He was a sex toy, it was his job to be used and abused in order to pleasure huge cocks.

The true reality of Soren's situation only settled in his mind as the Summoner began to violently slide him up and down the length of her cock. While her hips swung up and down rapidly, her hands made sure to thoroughly pump Soren's body against her length. He could feel every inch of his insides squeezing down on the girth of the Summoner's penis, almost as if it was begging to have it fill him. All that filled Soren's mind were his pleased moans and the dank, powerful musk of the Summoner's cock. Little by little his will was being slowly eroded, his senses and desires getting completely overwhelmed. Soren was being turned into a cocksleeve in real time! And he was loving every second of it~

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity of being squeezed and manhandled, Soren could feel the Summoner's cock twitching uncontrollably. The woman let out a pleased scream, her cock throbbing up and down rapidly as her tip blasted thick jets of ejaculate all over the floor. The way the Summoner's fingers dug into Soren's body with increased tightness felt absolutely incredible. The toy absolutely basked in the sensation of the Summoner's urethra expanded to finally release that incredible load.

Though Soren could not achieve a physical orgasm, it felt as if he'd reached an apex of bliss. Especially as the Summoner began to praise his performance.

"Haaa~ Haaa~ That felt absolutely amazing!" The Summoner cried happily, her cock still skewering right through Soren's body. They were words that shouldn't have made Soren happy, but for some reason his entire body tingled blissfully. The fact he'd made someone cum with his body- It was incredible! He was so happy to be a sex toy!!

"I'll be sure to use you lots from now on Soren~ Hehe, I can't wait to summon more cute onahole boys too!!"

It was all a sex toy like Soren could ask for.

PROMPT7: Unworthy of His Love

Fem!Soren is pregnant with Ike's children. While she's happy to be starting a family with Ike, she's worried that her huge belly makes her unattractive. However, Ike feels the exact opposite and finds her pregnant body a huge turn on. He is more than willing to show Soren how much he loves her and how attractive he finds her by having passionate, romantic sex with her.

As Soren settled herself down on top of her bed for sleep, the woman couldn't help but let her eyes fall upon her enormous belly. Honestly, there was no way she *couldn't* focus on her stomach considering how large and bulging it had become. Every time she looked down, every time she made sharp movements, even standing in place was enough to bring her attention towards it. As happy as she was that she finally got to bear Ike's children, it was clear that the pregnancy was having steep effects on Soren's body. Sure, it was nice that her breasts had grown, but she totally looked like a beached whale ready to explode. The fact that her body was naturally petite didn't help matters much either. It all served to make the already timid Soren even more self-conscious.

When her husband Ike snuck onto the other side of the bed, Soren did her best to keep all of these ugly feelings bubbling inside her away. He gave her a bright earnest smile, the brilliant expression of compassion she'd fallen in love with, and Soren responded with a smile of her own. But Soren's smile was far from genuine. It was filled with sadness, pain, and most importantly disappointment. Ike was such a beautiful and caring man. He only deserved the most gorgeous and fit women to be his lovers. But Soren? She'd let herself go so far- She wasn't deserving of Ike's affection. It was a fate entirely of her making. Ike was a perfect man, and she was nothing but a phony who'd roped him in.

Little by little, Ike started to slide towards his wife. Soren knew that look in his eyes. It meant that he was backed up, that he wanted to spend a passionate night of hot love-making. Though Soren would have been the first woman to throw herself in Ike's arms, right now she knew better. She knew that having sex with Ike would only be taking advantage of his generosity, his unending kindness. A man like him could have easily gone and pounded three women in a single night, yet here she was with her bloated figure holding him back. No, she couldn't do that to him. She loved him too much.

That's why when Ike reached towards Soren's face, the woman sharply pulled away, detesting the thought of the man she loved touching her. Ike's eyebrow rose in confusion. Damn it. She'd made

another mistake. Now she was making him think he'd done something wrong, when it was clearly her depressive moods which had fueled her actions.

"T-That's okay Ike... I-I'm not in the mood tonight..." Soren lied through her teeth, unable to return Ike's gaze from the shame. "I-It's been a long day so... Why don't we just go back to bed?"

Usually, Soren was pretty competent at keeping her emotions hidden and not letting anyone know what she really thought. However, she'd spent too much time with Ike. He knew her too well, and he was able to cut through her lies without even blinking an eye.

"What's wrong Soren...?" Ike asked in complete earnest. The way his eyes glowed with such genuine concern over his wife's wellbeing was enough to make Soren's heart melt into puddle. "You know you can tell me anything, right?"

"Ohh Ike..." Soren gasped. She could feel her belly rumbling, though she wasn't sure if it was her babies or her thumping heart.

When she looked upon Ike's puppy-eyed expression, it became so hard to keep all of her worries inside. Soren knew Ike was a busy man, he already had his shares of worry. Thinking about the war, managing the entire company, after those, Soren's concerns were downright childish. But... When he asked her with such a tender voice, there was no way she couldn't break that moment.

"I just..." Soren sighed, rubbing her belly as if it would make her anxiety go away. "I'm just not the woman I used to be... My mood is all over the place, I've gotten so fat and slow, and I can't even help out in battle. I feel like I'm just weighing you down now. I don't think I can be the wife you deserve..."

Soren prepared herself for a litany of answers. Agreement, mockery, belittling, silence, and so on and much more. What Soren hadn't expected was for Ike to grab her hand with the utmost of sweetness, and look into her eyes with a loving smile.

"Soren, what the hell are you talking about?" He spoke as if she'd just said something nonsensical. "You're the *perfect* wife for me. I couldn't imagine marrying anybody else!"

A blush of embarrassment grew on Soren's face. "B-B-But just look at me!!!" The woman exclaimed. "How am I supposed to please you like this?!?!?"

"Hahaha! Is that what you're worried about?" Ike chuckled with a soft smile.

Without saying a single word, the man cupped the underside of Soren's chin and lovingly pressed his lips against hers. Soren's eyes rolled to the back of her head, her entire body twitching with bliss. There was a mixture of fighting sensations running rampant in her mind - lust, disappointment, need, sadness - but the most powerful one of them all was happiness. Happiness that her husband accepted her for who she was, even with her faults.

As the two separated from their kiss, Ike continued to caress Soren's face, his most precious treasure of all. "Soren, you're as beautiful as the day I married you. Belly or no belly, you will always be the woman I love the most in this entire world." The man spoke softly but firmly. Ike was not one to sugar coat words, it was clear he meant every single thing he'd said. "Plus, I think you look pretty hot with that big tummy of yours anyways."

Instantly, Soren's eyes shot wide with excitement, a light blush coming upon her face. "R-Really?! Y-You do?!?"

"Of course I do! I mean, just look at what an amazing tummy you've grown..." Placing his hands on Soren's big, pregnant stomach, the man began to lovingly rub his wife. Shills ran down Soren's spine as she felt her husband's thick, masculine fingers tenderly caress the circumference of her stomach. Her body quickly shifted into overdrive, and all of the lust she'd been trying to contain until this point began to overflow from her pussy.

"You're so much larger than all the other girls I've seen. You've gotta be carrying twins- If not triplets!" Ike's words were coated in desire and admiration. Where Soren perceived fat, disgusting flab, Ike could only see the beautiful act of nature taking its course. "Your womb must be so fertile and ripe... Gods, you haven't even given birth and I want to impregnate you again!"

Ike's words became all the more poignant as Soren noticed the man sprouting a hardened erection within seconds. With a loving but also naughty smile, Ike pushed his cock against Soren's soft tummy. He eagerly rubbed it all over the top of Soren's belly, making sure Soren could feel how firm and stiff his penis had gotten. The more Ike rubbed his cock against Soren, the hotter and wetter Soren herself became. It was almost like a magical spell was being cast on her, the more Ike gently rubbed his cock against her soft skin, the less she felt self-conscious about her oversized body.

"See Soren?" Ike shot an excited smile at his wife. "I think you're **-huff-** absolutely radiant right now~"

"I-Ike!!!" Was all that Soren could mutter at the moment, her entire body overwhelmed with emotion. Like an automaton unable to go against its programming, Soren's legs spread wide open of their own accord. There was already a pool of arousal between her legs, her pussy clamoring for the man that always treated her with such affection.

"Ike!! Ikeeee!!!" She could scarcely form a coherent thought. All of Ike's affection combined with the rampant pregnancy hormones running through her brain, she had devolved into a creature of basic instinct with only one thing in her mind.

"Yeah, yeah~" Ike smirked smugly. "Don't worry honey, I'll make sure you forget about all of those meddling thoughts and show you how much I really love you~"

Without even the slightest of regret in his mind, Ike knelt between Soren's legs and pushed his erect member against her crotch. Instead of focusing on Soren's endlessly overflowing cunt however, the man nuzzled the head of his cock against her ass. As much as he wanted to slam his penis into the depths of his wife's oozing pussy, Ike wished to be careful with his unborn children. Not that it really mattered to Soren which hole Ike intended to use. The woman had become so infatuated with Ike, even the thought of copulating with her hunk of a husband was enough to send her over the edge.

Unlike most of the time, where Ike's big burly muscles allowed him to plow Soren into pieces, Ike slowly and gently pushed his cock inside of Soren's asshole with all of the care in the world. Soren gave a howl of maddened bliss, her eyes rolling to the back of her head in ecstasy. After all the many violent and fierce sexual escapades she'd had with Ike, she'd expect his current soft and tender movements to be ineffective. Yet they were driving her completely insane, sending intense waves of pleasure and lust throughout her whole body.

It wasn't just that Soren's body was so desperate for Ike's cock, even the slightest of stimulation was multiplied tenfold in sensitivity. It wasn't just that Soren's love for Ike was artificially her pleasure without her noticing. No... What was really causing Soren's mind to go crazy was the way Ike was treating her with such incredible love and care. Soren could feel every ounce of Ike's affection pouring into her, from his slow, tender thrusts. It was clear from his motions that he wanted to give Soren as much pleasure as he could, while making sure she didn't overexert herself and get hurt. She wasn't just an object of his arousal, or an annoying task he had to fulfill. Soren was Ike's beloved wife, and he wanted nothing more than to please her. It was that which made Soren's arousal skyrocket higher than anything else.

As Ike's continued slow and meticulous thrusts attained a consistent rhythm, the man himself leaned forward towards Soren's bulging belly. His arms wrapped around the entirety of Soren's stomach in a big, warm bear hug. Meanwhile, his lips began to plant an endless number of loving kisses on Soren's belly. Each time his lips gave Soren's tummy a big smooch, Soren's pussy tightened and squirted in ecstasy. The woman could hear Ike lovingly whisper 'I love you' between breaths. Soren had no idea whether these were directed at her, or their beautiful children which were housed inside of her womb.. Nevertheless, the result was the same. This symbol of Ike's affection was so powerful, it felt like he was shooting an arrow directly through Soren's heart.

After experiencing such copious amounts of affection and stimulation at the hands of her loving husband, the only thing a woman like Soren could do was cum her brains out. With one final moan of bliss, Soren's pussy began to squirt all of its love juices against Ike. Her mind had been completely overwhelmed in a world of happiness and love. Her body had been totally consumed by unending desires. It seemed that all of Soren's worldly woes had finally disappeared, making her clearly remember why she married this man. He was the sweetest, most caring husband a woman could ask for.

Ike was far from done however. The man was ready to sit next to his wife and continue pleasuring her for hours. The two would not stop until he'd squeezed the last bit of insecurity out of her... And also because he loved that big belly of hers so much~

PROMPT8: Anything it Takes

After reuniting with Corrin, Hinoka is desperate to be the center of her brother's attention. She's willing to do anything. Even if that means turning from a tomboy into a submissive femboy...

Fighting. If there was anything Hinoka felt confident with, it had to be fighting. The one place she truly felt in her element was when she was out in the battlefield swinging her lance around with all her might. There were no sorts of doubts in that moment, no troubling thoughts to distract her mind. It was the purest form of communication in a way, two combatants giving every part of their selves in order to squeeze a victory. Hinoka truly enjoyed it. She was God damn good at it too.

Yet, no matter how skilled she was at fighting others, the poor princess became an absolute mess when it came to love. Specifically, when it came to her beloved younger brother Corrin. Letting out a warrior's howl that rocked the training grounds around them, Hinoka proudly swung her lance at Corrin. The young prince used his legendary Yato to deflect it, and the two continued to clash again and again as a

little training exercise. Being the fighting junky, Hinoka was overjoyed to get to fight her sweet brother. However... It seemed fighting was the only thing the two ever did. Hinoka often invited Corrin to train together, and the prince agreed without question. But the two never spent much time together other than that. After all this time they had both finally reunited, but they were basically acting as if they were strangers!!

With one final swing of his Yato, Corrin pushed Hinoka back and blew the woman's lance out of her hands. The two were pretty evenly matched in terms of strength, but it seemed in Hinoka's distraction, she'd given her brother the upper hand.

"Phew... What a good session!" Corrin commented with a gasp, wiping the sweat off his brow. "Though I think I'm going to call it a day here big sister."

Hinoka's eyes shot wide open with dread. "What?!?" The woman yelped loudly, uncertainty brewing in her heart. It was happening again! Hinoka wanted to spend time with Corrin, but in the end they only trained together!! "B-But Corrin! W-We've only been training for a couple of hours- You can't stop now!"

"Haha- Sorry big sis..." The boy's expression shone with a tired smile. "I'd love to keep going, but I just can't keep up with you! We can just pick things up tomorrow if you'd like."

But that wasn't good enough. Hinoka clenched her fists, frustration and awkwardness simmering in her heart. She was so good at training... She was so good at fighting people... So why was it so hard for her to express her true feelings to Corrin? Why couldn't she get him to care for her the same way she cared for her?

"Hey Corrin... Do you..." Hinoka swallowed. She knew that the question would be blunt, but she had no idea how else to say it. "Do you not like spending time with me...?"

The unexpected Corrin let out a little gasp, completely caught off guard by the question. "Whaaat?! No way Hinoka! I love getting to train with you again!"

"Then why do you keep spending your free time with your Nohrian siblings and ignoring me?!?" Hinoka flung herself at Corrin. The prince could see the sheer dread and desperation on her face. She needed him, and she needed him badly.

"It's just..." Corrin sighed. He didn't want to hurt his sister's feelings, but he had to be completely honest with her. "You're a bit too aggressive for my liking. Camilla and Elise are so much more carefree and relaxing to hang around with. Even Leo and his cute son... Mmhhhh~ I-It's nothing against you of course! Just a personal preference!"

But the answer didn't make Hinoka any happier in the slightest. In fact, realizing her personality was the whole reason for her dismay made her even more frustrated with herself. "I-Is there anything I can do about it?! I-" Hinoka took a deep breath. She knew the repercussions of what she was about to say, but the truth is she couldn't hold herself back anymore.

"T-The truth is that... I love you, Corrin. Ever since you were taken from me, you're all I've been able to think about. I know that I've never been good at this sort of personal stuff." Hinoka clasped Corrin's hands firmly, her eyes glimmering with conviction. "I-If it's for you, t-then-!! I'm willing to do all it takes to change!"

“Wow, Hinoka... I never knew you felt this way...” Corrin gasped, taking in all of his sister’s honest feelings. Yet as flattered as he felt, he simply could not reciprocate. “While I appreciate the kind words... I don’t just think it could work out. I have a very specific type of partner that I like, and I’m just not sure if you’d-”

“That’s alright!!!” Hinoka quickly interrupted him, not even wanting him to finish his sentence. The woman gripped onto her brother’s hands harder. “I don’t care what you like Corrin. As long as I get to spend the rest of my life with you then... I’ll do anything! I’ll change myself in any way you desire, I don’t care!!!”

Corrin let out a little sigh. He really wanted to convince Hinoka to change her opinion, but when he saw that look on her face he knew it to be impossible. Once Hinoka got one of those ideas in her head, there was no way to change her mind. She was absolutely adamant about becoming Corrin’s partner one way or another. All Corrin could do was accept her.

“Very well then...” Corrin smiled at his sister warmly. “Just don’t say I didn’t warn you...”

Pushing his chest against Hinoka’s body, Corrin brought his sister even closer to him. Hinoka made a little blush, her body heating up due to being in such close proximity to the one of her desires. However, Corrin’s wasn’t just giving her a simple, wholesome embrace. His intentions were much more nefarious. Hands dipping down towards Hinoka’s crotch, the boy pushed Hinoka’s tight shorts out of the way and slid his fingers into her sopping vagina. The unexpectant Hinoka let out a little groan, leaning her needy body closer to Corrin’s. It was all happening so fast, she could scarcely process it. Her beloved brother and crush was finally giving her the love she’d always desired! What she didn’t expect was for his eyes to start glowing a menacing purple as she turned down to face him. Such a beautiful, mesmerizing, swirling purple...

The moment Hinoka found herself snared by Corrin’s gaze, she could feel a flash of heat come over her body whole. Her sense of balance stuttered, causing her to shake uncontrollably. A pervading arousal flowed from her loins, slowing her every thought. The area around her pussy was especially sensitive, her insides twirling around Corrin’s fingers as if they were being molded by clay. Though Hinoka wasn’t sure exactly what was happening to her, she could sense copious amounts of dark magical energy flowing from Corrin’s finger tips and into her body. Every little jolt of pleasure that surged from his digits was accompanied by thick amounts of transformative energies.

Energies which wasted no time traveling through Hinoka’s body. Bit by bit, the once rugged and squarish and rugged warrior physique Hinoka possessed slowly began to melt away. Her stiff muscles sank back into her body, leaving her arms slender and her tummy perfectly smooth. All that mass didn’t simply disappear however. Instead, it traveled all the way down to her ass, filling up her cheeks with thick, supple mass until they strained and bulged against her tiny shorts. Even Hinoka’s height was sapped away. Hinoka hadn’t been the tallest woman before, barely standing a couple of inches above Corrin. But once the strange magic dissipated through her whole form, she now found herself forced to stare up at Corrin’s superior height.

“Co-Corrin...?” Hinoka moaned, her heart torn between her desire for Corrin and her confusion over his actions. “W-What are you doing...?”

“I’m doing exactly what you asked, Hinoka~” Corrin smiled dominantly at her. “I’m making you into my perfect lover.”

Hinoka had no idea what this statement entailed. But for some reason, she didn’t care at all. The longer she looked into Corrin’s eyes, the more she could feel her fighting spirit slowly fizzle away into nothingness. Corrin, the cute little brother she’d always wanted to protect was starting to become a more imposing figure. Instead of wanting to keep him all to herself, Hinoka wanted Corrin to be the one who took her. For some reason, the idea of him forcing himself onto her like this wasn’t scary- It was positively arousing. Hinoka still loved Corrin quite a lot, that hadn’t changed. No, the main thing that was different was the nature of her feelings. What had once been a possessive desire had quickly turned around into a completely submissive one.

As Hinoka’s mental faculties continued to be rewritten, the woman began to embrace her situation more and more. Her hips began to grind against Corrin’s fingers, pussy desperately aching with a need for release. The way his fingers tenderly massaged her inner walls was fantastic, but it was also far from enough. It felt as if he was getting so incredibly close to a special spot inside of her pussy, a super sensitive and pleasurable bit that was making Hinoka’s mind go crazy with desire. Hinoka’s legs quaked in utter passion. He just needed to grab her! He just needed to touch her! Corrin was so close to her special place, it was agonizing!

And then it finally happened. Feeling Corrin’s tender fingers wrapping around this sensitive little appendage, Hinoka gave a howl of pure bliss. Corrin didn’t just grab it either. The boy began to pull down on the strange little appendage, sending further waves of ecstasy through Hinoka’s mind. Poor Hinoka had no idea what the hell he had gotten hold of, but it didn’t matter. All she knew was the further he pulled, the harder he grabbed, the more pleasure would spread through her body. Corrin was so forceful, so dominating~ It made her want to help Corrin in pulling this sensitive organ until-

POP!

With a deliciously satisfying pop, Hinoka could feel a strange organ sprout from her nether regions. It felt like she’d experienced somewhat of a micro-orgasm, one which left her breathless and shaking, leaving her with a throbbing, needy sensation. While another pleased moan escaped her lips she held onto Corrin’s firm body like she was clinging for dear life. Finally breaking away from Corrin’s hypnotic gaze, Hinoka slowly shifted her sight towards her nether regions, where the source of all these pulsating sensations originated. There she saw it, clear as idea. Instead of a vagina, she now had a cute little penis.

“A boy...” Hinoka gasped, not sure how to react in such a situation. “You made me into a boy...?”

“Hehe... I told you my tastes were unconventional.” Corrin confessed. His head leaned towards Hinoka’s ears, his mouth whispering in a luscious tone. “Instead of an aggressive tomboy wife, I’d much rather have a cute, submissive femboy boyfriend~”

Hinoka should have felt utterly enraged. Corrin had taken advantage of her love and transformed her into a guy without her permission. It was perhaps one of the greatest violations of trust one could commit. However, the only thing she felt was pure love and admiration. She was so happy that Corrin had asserted his desires in such an imperative way, taking her femininity without even asking. Not to mention the excitement she felt that the love of her life finally found her desirable. As Hinoka’s body pushed against Corrin’s larger and thicker frame, her cock throbbed in ecstasy.

Feelings which were only enhanced when Corrin quickly forced her against a nearby wall, pushing his erect penis against her in a dominating manner.

“Don’t worry Hinoka.” The man spoke in a tender voice, yet one that was completely seeped in authority. “I know this might be a bit daunting, but I’ll make sure you come to love that fat ass and cute cock of yours~”

Hinoka’s heart skipped a beat, her penis throbbing uncontrollably. If this was what it took to earn Corrin’s love then... *He’d* be more than happy to accept it~